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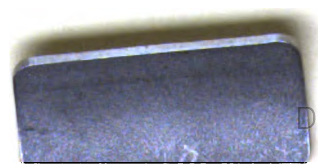
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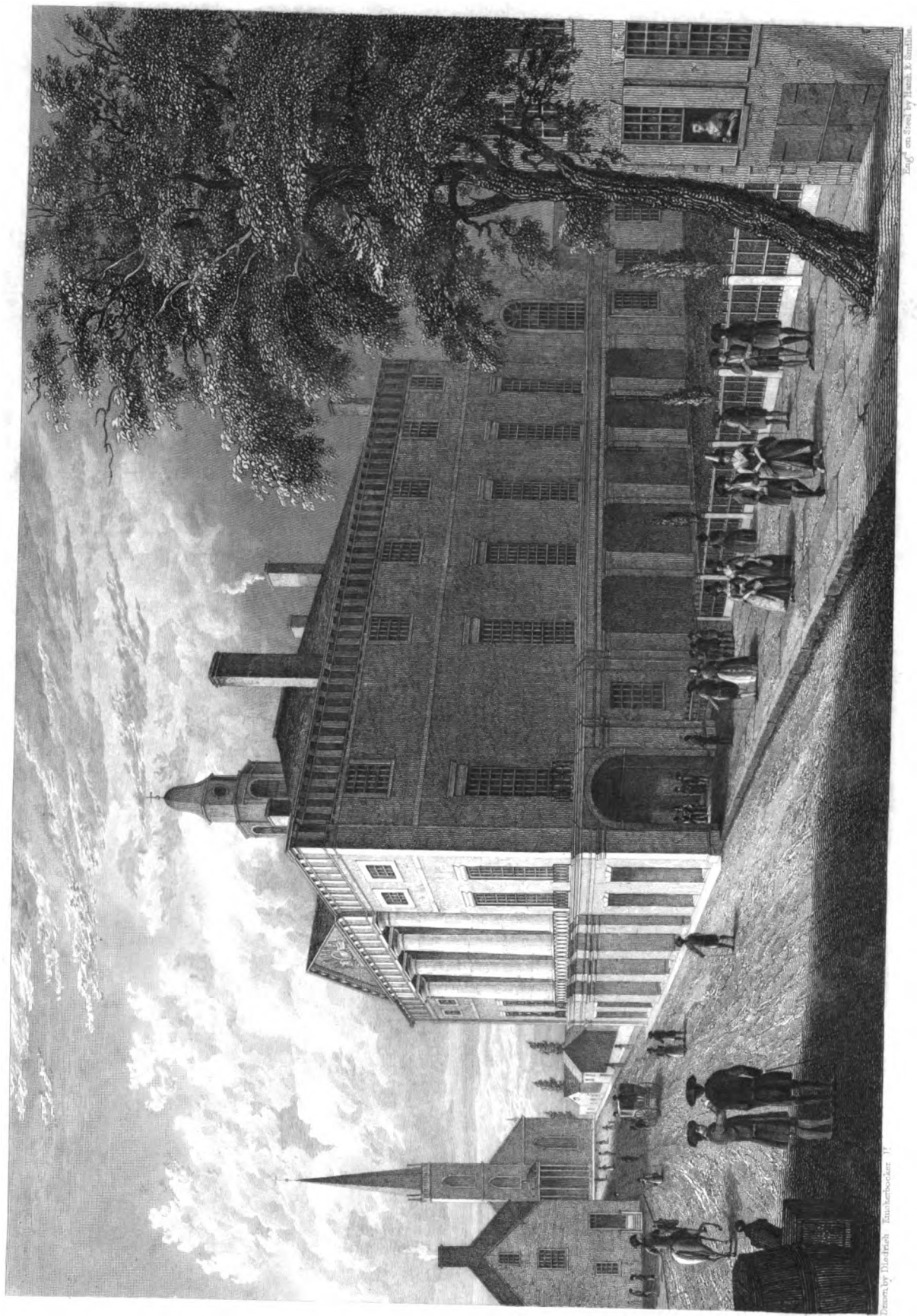
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(THE)
NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A Weekly Journal,
Devoted to Literature and the Fine Arts,
Embellished with Engravings and Music.



WOLFE & CO.

(New-York:)

1854.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANN.]

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, THE NEW FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, CORNER OF NASSAU AND ANN STREETS.

[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1831.

No. 1.

WE give the following *verbatim* as we received it, and feel ourselves indebted to the writer for his ingenious and amusing favor.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

GENTLEMEN—In reply to your note, reminding me of my promise to contribute for your journal, I have prepared the enclosed, which, as you will perceive, is intended for the opening of your new volume. I need not here assure you of the sincere interest with which I have regarded the Mirror, and the pleasure I have experienced in its success. I will endeavor, for the future, to be a more regular correspondent. Make whatever alterations you think necessary. With best wishes, I remain yours sincerely.

THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY.

A DRAMATIC MEDLEY—IN ONE ACT.

Dramatis personæ.

IMMORTALS.

APOLLO, patron of all the fine arts.
Clio, the muse presiding over history.
Euterpe, the muse presiding over music.
Thalia, the muse presiding over comic poetry.
Melpomene, the muse presiding over tragedy.
Terpsichore, the muse presiding over dancing.
Erato, the muse presiding over lyric and tender poetry.
Polyhymnia, the muse presiding over singing and rhetoric.
Calliope, the muse presiding over epic poetry.
Urania, the muse presiding over astronomy.
Cupid, apparitions, &c.

MORTALS.

FIRST EDITOR, SECOND EDITOR, COLLECTOR, LIBRARIAN, and PETER the printer's devil, &c.

SCENE I. The Battery by moonlight. Music in Castle garden. Enter three muses, viz. POLYHYMNIA, ERATO, and TERPSICHOE.

Pol.—When shall we three meet again,
In honor of the Mirror's reign?
Era.—When the present volume's done,
When the NINTH is number one.
Terps.—That won't be till June has run.
Pol.—Where the place?
Era.—Within the Park.
Terps.—There to meet with
Era.—M—s.
Terps.—Hark!
Pol.—I come, Euterpe.
Era.—Clio calls,
From the Castle garden walls.
All.—Fair or foul, we pay no fare,
Hover o'er the bridge, and through the air.
[Exeunt into Castle garden, and out of the port holes.]

SCENE II. The Park. Evening. Moon-light. Theatre lighted up. Music in Peale's Museum. Enter EUTERPE, THALIA, and CLIO.

Eut.—Where hast thou been, sister, say?
Tha.—Strolling up and down Broadway,
Stripping vice of its disguise,
Shooting folly as it flies;
Pauding now demands my aid,
That's a call I can't evade.
Hallock asks no favors, bless him!
All the sisters so caress him.
Cor, you know, in Albion's Isle
Waits for my inspiring smile;
Thither in a shell I'll sail,
Banneted with a peacock's tail;
He will folly's emblem view,
And then he'll do, he'll do, he'll do!
Eut.—I'll give thee a favoring wind.
Tha.—Thank thee, sister, thou art kind.
Clio.—I'll supply thee with another.
Tha.—I myself have all the other.
Where hast thou been with thy flute?
Eut.—Austin's voice has kept it mute;
For I cannot wake such tones
As Cinderella breathes with Jones.
Brichia, Gillingham, and Knight,
Fill their hearers with delight;
Feron, George, and tuncful Poole,
Pupils of a Sterling school,
All have won such high repute,
I've a mind to break my flute!
All that I can now pretend,
Is their sweetest airs to blend,
Copied weekly from the stage
For the Mirror's music page.
Tha.—Where hast thou been, sister Clio?
Clio.—In the classic Isle of Scio,
Gathering facts to form a story
Of Moslem hate and Grecian glory;
Present times and former ages,
Fit to grace the Mirror's pages.
Buried archives, deep and loamy—
Look what I have!
Tha.—Show me! show me!
Clio.—Here I have Minerva's thumb,
Dug from Heraculeum.
Eut.—Be dumb! be dumb! our sisters come!
Enter POLYHYMNIA, ERATO, and TERPSICHOE. All join hands and sing in chorus:
Aonian sisters, hand in hand,
Thus shall bless Columbia's land,
Where they go about, about,
Inviting native talent out.

Pol.—Volume eighth its course has run.

Era.—Volume NINE.

Terp.—Has just begun.

Enter MELPOMENE, CALLIOPE, and URANIA.

Eut.—Thrice to thine,

Cal.—And thrice to mine,

Ura.—And thrice again,

All.—To make up NINE.

Clio.—Peace! the charms wound up.

Enter 1st and 2nd EDITORS, reading communications by moonlight.

1st Ed.—Here let us halt a moment on the green.

So foul and fair a scroll I have not seen.

2nd Ed.—How far is't called to Flushing? What are

So strange in their attire—yet formed to please;

That look not like the belles of gay Broadway,

And yet are near it! Ladies, if I may

So far presume, I beg that you'll command me

In any thing. You seem to understand me!

Mortal or not, you know what I am saying

By each at once her taper finger laying

Upon her lips. As females you appear,

And yet your silence baffles that idea.

1st Ed.—Speak, if you can! What are you? Why de-

Clio.—All hail the Mirror's senior editor!

Tha.—All hail to thee, whose fame shall long exist!

Eut.—A thousand names are added to thy list!

Mel.—All hail to thee, who shalt be rich as Ceresus!

2nd Ed.—Why do you start, good sir, at what should

(to the muses) please us?

Are ye fantastical, I fain would know?

Or 't'hat indeed which outwardly ye show?

You greet my partner, here, with present fee,

And great prediction: why not speak to me?

Who neither beg nor fear your love nor hate.

All.—Hail! lesser than thy partner, yet more great!

Cl.—Thou shalt have fame that ne'er can fade or fall,

All.—So all hail M—s, F—y and M—s hail!

I know that I am senior editor;

But as to fame, and wealth, and all the rest,

The thousand names which you have just exprest,

Stand not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be rich as Lydia's chief.

How know you this? or why, here, after dark,

Stop you our way in this triangled Park,

With such prophetic greeting in our path, [they vanish]

2nd Ed.—The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath.

And these are of them. Whither did they fly?

1st Ed.—Into the air, or theatre, just by;

Would they had staid and told their story out. [about?]

2nd Ed.—Went such things here as we do speak

Or have we breathed exhilarating gas,

And merely dream that such things came to pass?

1st Ed.—Why I fancy shall still increase.

2nd Ed.—T'hy wealth shall grow.

1st Ed.—And reputation too; went it not so?

2nd Ed.—To the self-same tune and words. Whom

have we here?

Enter COLLECTOR, in haste.

Col.—The news of my success will charm thine ear.

One thousand new subscribers swell our list,

Which still increases, and they all insist

On paying in advance. There's the amount,

Which you will find correct, sir, if you count.

2nd Ed.—What! can their words be true? [aside]

1st Ed.—Sir, you are kind. [musing]

Thanks for your pains—the greatest is behind.

Wealthy as Ceresus! the hope within me stirs

Our children's children may be editors!

Two truths are told—the one a golden fact,

As happy prologues to the swelling act.

2nd Ed.—Look how our partner's rapt.

1st Ed.—Come what, come may,

Time and the hour run thro' the roughest day. [Exeunt]

SCENE III. The Battery. Evening. Enter the NINE muses.

Clio.—Speak, sister, speak! Is the deed done?

Tha.—Long ago—long ago;

'Tis volume NINE and number one.

Era.—Great acts are seldom slow,

Nor single; new ideas on former wait,

The brightest thoughts the fastest propagate.

CHORUS.

Many more volumes must this one ensue:

New pictures will abound,

And elegance surround,

As if in plates were found

Propagation too.

Clio.—He must,

Tha.—He shall,

Eut.—He will spillink a flood,

And labor hard to make his title good.

Chorus.—He must, he shall, he will, &c.

Terp.—Now let us dance.

Tha.—Agreed.

Eut.—Agreed.

Chorus.—We should rejoice when books succeed.

Clio.—When poets woo, what should we do?

When freedom's voice in thunder

Bends tyrants' chains asunder,

And fills the world with wonder,

What should we do?

Chorus.—Rejoice—we should rejoice.

Tha.—When genius, bold and daring,

The laurel wreath is wearing,

While ignorance flies despairing,

What should we do?

Chorus.—Rejoice—we should rejoice.

Enter APOLLO, in a rage.

Tha.—How now, Apollo! what's the matter now?

There seems to be a cloud upon thy brow.

Pol.—Have I not reason, modellers as you are,

Saucy and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic, after dark,

With F—y and M—s in the Park,

And I the leader of your choir,

"The bright-haired master of the lyre,"

Was never called to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art?

But make amends now; get you gone,

And meet me there to-morrow morn;

From thence we'll go to Clinton-hall,

Where I expect you, one and all.

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms, and every thing beside.

I'm for the air; this night I'll spend

To show that I'm the Mirror's friend.

APOLLO hands TERPSICHOE into the car of a balloon, just

then inflated; the cord is cut, and they slowly ascend,

singing:

Now we go, and now we fly,

Sweet Terpsichore and I.

O what a dainty pleasure's this!

To sail in the air,

Along with the fair;

To sing, to toy, to dance, and kiss.

Over woods, rail-roads, and mountains,

Over seas, canals, and fountains,

Over steeples, towers, and turrets,

We fly by night o'er poet's garrets.

Chorus.—We fly by night o'er poet's garrets.

APOLLO and TERPSICHOE ascend in a balloon, and pass

over the city just as the clock on the hall ought to strike

twelve. The rest of the muses form a dance on the

Battery, and then disperse.

SCENE IV. Clinton-hall Library. Sunrise. In the centre,

the magic urn. Enter the NINE muses. Music.

Clio.—Thrice has quarter day been round.

Tha.—Thrice and once has S—s called.

Eut.—T—s a cry, 'tis time, 'tis time!

Clio.—Round about the urn we'll go,

In our contributions throw;

All who wish to aid the Mirror,

Quickly bring your offerings hither.

Works by genius wrought upon,

Days and nights full many a one;

Pictures brought from gallery wall,

Arcade bath, and City-hall;

Fancy's sketch and faithful view,

History's scenes and portraits too;

All your wonted treasures bring,

On this NINTH year's opening;

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,

Bring them to the charmed urn.

Chorus.—Taste and genius shall combine

To embellish volume NINE.

Euterpe.—Novel, romance, moral tale,

Female fancy to regale;

Essay grave, and satire keen,

Strictures on the drama's scene;

Female manners, dress, and beauty,

With some hints of moral duty;

March of sciences and arts,

Letters sent from foreign parts;

Travels over land and sea,

Sketches of biography;

Weekly literary news,

Candid, liberal reviews;

Fairy tale, and mirthful sketch,

All that's useful hither fetch.

All your wonted treasure bring

On this NINTH year's opening;

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,

Bring them to the charmed urn.

Chorus.—Taste and genius shall combine

To embellish volume NINE.

Tha.—Native scenery, grand or fair,

By our tourists sketched with care;

Mountains, cataracts, and springs,

All that mark their journeyings;

New inventions as they rise,

Aphorisms of the wise,

Fresh discoveries of note,

Great improvements just afloat;

Reminiscences of things

Fled on time's unwearied wings;

Curious legends and relations,

Known to former generations,

(When the Park was out of town)

By their children handed down;

Newest fashions as they pass,

Poetry of every class;

Anecdote and humor chaste,

Polished wit for ears of taste;

Weekly list of strange events,

Current facts and incidents.

All your wonted treasures bring,

On this NINTH year's opening.

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,

Bring them to the charmed urn.

Chorus.—Taste and genius shall combine

To embellish volume NINE.

Enter APOLLO.

O well done! I commend your pains,

For nothing's lost the Mirror gains.

And now about the urn we'll sing,

Like elves and fairies in a ring,

Enchanting all that we put in.

SONG.

Grave essays and light,

Sad stories and gay,

Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may.

Pol.—Sedley, Sedley, aid the medley.

Terp.—Wit of Pauding, sharp and scolding.

Era.—Verse of Palmer, that's a charmer.

Mel.—Tale from Leggett, readers beg it.

Chorus.—Around, around, around, about, about,

Put in the good, and keep the others out.

Tha.—Pauding's Dutch and Yankee chat,

Apot.—Put in that—put in that.

Ura.—Here's Butler's brain.

Apot.—Put in a grain.

Tha.—Here is Cor's latest letter,

That will please the reader better.

Apot.—Put in all these, 'twill raise its worth the higher.

Hold! here's three stanzas from Ianthe's lyre.

Chorus.—Around, around, around, about, about,

Put in the good, and keep the others out.

Apot.—By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something sentimental comes.

Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter LIBRARIAN, with a pocket.

Era.—What have you there? Show me—show me!

Say, is it prose or poetry? [Exit Librarian.]

Oh, I perceive, there's both. Who sent

This bucket-full of sentiment?

Pious thoughts and moral feeling,

Tender wishes, hopes revealing;

Home's enjoyments, pastoral pleasure.

Apot.—Pour it in—'tis Woodworth's measure.

Chorus.—Around, around, around, about, about,

City view, and rural chart;
Leave them all to tasteful Weir,
He will see that they appear.
Though we highly prize such treasures,
They must yield to music's measures;
For our spells are not complete
Till we add an art so sweet.

But—Let the grateful task be mine—
Haydn's splendor here shall shine;
Handel's solemn grandeur roll,
Weber's horrors fright the soul;
Sweet Rossini's strains that move
E'en the sternest hearts to love,
With the grave Mozart's combined,
Here shall charm the ear and mind;
While a thousand more, in turn,
Shall contribute to the urn.

Apol.—Such shall be our spells of power,
Meet for chamber, hall, or bower;
So our labors we conclude,
Now the charm is firm and good.

All.—Hail to those whose kind assistance
Gave our protégé existence;
Hail to those who with renown
Did its earliest labors crown;
Hail to those who now may grace
Its prouder rank and prosperous race.
Hail to all, whose generous aid
Has a sure foundation laid,
On which the *Mirror* long shall stand,
Reflecting light throughout the land.
While your smiles our labors cheer
Through another rolling year,
We will go about, about,
Drawing native talent out.
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up mine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

[Exit Apollo.]

Enter First Editor.

1st Ed.—How now, you promisers of wealth and fame!
What is't you do?

All.—A deed without a name.

1st Ed.—I conjure you by that which you foresee,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me,
To what I ask you.

Clio.—Speak.

Tha.—Demand.

Terp.—We'll answer.

1st Ed.—The *Mirror's* fate? thou dancing necro-
Clio.—Wouldst know it from our mouths, or from
our master's?

1st Ed.—Conjure them up—let's see these poetasters.
Clio.—Pour in the milk of roses, and the dew
Gathered by star-light when the moon was new;
Nine pearly drops from Helicon's spring,
With gold-dust shaken from a humbird's wing.

All.—Come, high or low,

Thyself and office deftly show.

[music.]

First Apparition, the genius of the Port-Folio.

1st Ed.—Tell me, thou well-known power—

Clio.—He knows thy thought,

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App.—Beware of politics! avoid such stuff;
Beware of party strife! I've said enough. [descends.]

1st Ed.—What'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks!

Thou'lt harp'd my fear aright—we'll shun their ranks.
But one word more.

Clio.—He will not be commanded:

Here comes another—less polite, but candid.

Second Apparition, the genius of the Analectic Magazine.

App.—Attend! attend! attend!

1st Ed.—Had I three ears I'd hear thee to an end.

App.—Be liberal, mild, but manly—laugh to scorn
The shafts of envy; there's no journal born
Can harm the *Mirror* with its present talent. [descends.]

1st Ed.—Then let them live.

Third Apparition, genius of the Literary Casket, and
Pocket Magazine.

1st Ed.—But who is this young gallant

Of baby stature?

All.—Listen, but speak not;

He, like the others, knows thy every thought.

App.—Be independent, firm, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where detractors are:
The *Mirror* must be prosperous until
Inferior scribblers all its columns fill;
Till every tasteless duncie shall weekly see
His nonsense in it. [descends.]

1st Ed.—That will never be,
Sweet bodeomens good! I thank you! yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, of years how many score,
How many volumes—

All.—Seek to know no more.

1st Ed.—I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And you embitter all my promised bliss.

All.—Show his eyes, and please his heart,
Come like shadows, so depart. [music.]

A procession of cupids, each bearing a volume of the
Mirror, elegantly bound and lettered, followed by the
"LITTLE GENIUS," with his magical glass. As the NINTH
volume passes, the Editor speaks.

1st Ed.—Thou art too like the eighth to be mistook.
Thy gilding cheers my eyeballs; and thy look,
Thou other gold-bound book, is like the rest;
The twelfth is like the former! Be ye blest
For showing this! A fourteenth! still in bloom!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom!
Another yet! Ha! eighteenth! nineteenth! twentieth!
All bound and lettered too, with gilding plenty!
And there's the Little Genius with a glass
Which shows me many others yet to pass!
Delightful prospect! [music—musics vanish.]

The scene suddenly changes to the Editor's closet, where
the 1st Editor appears seated in an arm-chair, rubbing
his eyes. PETER, the printer's devil, stands at his elbow.

1st Ed.—Well, what is it, Peter? [metre]

Dev.—The printer says there's neither rhyme nor
in that thou sonnet to a lady's sandal;
And bade me tell you that the piece on scandal
is not well pointed. We're now standing still
For want of copy.

1st Ed.—That's impossible! [columns.]

Dev.—We've not a line, sir, and are short two

1st Ed.—Well, here's enough to fill a dozen volumes,
I'll be in this urn. Ha! where the dickens is it?
Saw you those girls that just made me a visit,
And left me in such haste?

Dev.—I met with none.

When I came in, sir, you were all alone,
And sound asleep too, till you heard me call.

1st Ed.—Oh! was it but a dream then, after all!

And waiting too for copy! from this hour
I'll not rely on any fabled power,
But on myself alone; that which the *Mirror*
Promised in sleep, shall seeking yet be mine.
I'll win the prize; no boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before my purpose cool.

[writes.]

Enter Collector.

Coll.—Sir, since you ridiculed that dinner caper,
A. B. and C. have bid me stop their paper.
1st Ed.—Bring me no more reports! let them fly all,
Till dunces fill our columns we can't fall.
The hand I write with, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear;
I'll write till fingers, head, and sinews ache,
Give me some paper—now I'm wide awake.
Send out more agents; scour the country round;
Stop those that talk of stopping; there'll be found
Enough without them. Take this copy, Peter,
For volume NINE. Say, is it larger—neater?
False-hearted cravens—here's another lot;
Throw sonnets to the dogs, we want them not.

Enter Second Editor. [Exit devil.]

1st Ed.—Of all men else I have so wished for thee;
But sit thee down; my fingers, as you see,
Are stained with ink. A column's wanted still.

2nd Ed.—I have no words—my voice is in my quill.
1st Ed.—Then lay on, F—y, at essay, tale, or puff,
Till Peter re-appears, and cries—enough!

LITERARY NOTICES.

Familiar Lectures on Botany; including practical and elementary Botany, with generic and specific descriptions of the most common native and foreign plants, and a vocabulary of botanical terms. For the use of higher schools and academies. By Mrs. Almira H. Lincoln, vice-principal of Troy Female Seminary. Second edition. 12mo. pp. 428. Hartford: H. & F. J. Huntington. 1831.

MRS. LINCOLN here presents a charming series of lectures upon one of the most agreeable of the sciences, and one most appropriate and attractive to the youthful mind. The subject has been strangely neglected by our institutions of learning, and it is creditable to the author of the present excellent treatise, that she should have detected a deficiency in the generally practised systems of education, and afford means of an immediate remedy. She appears competent to the task she has undertaken. The familiar lectures on botany form one of several valuable publications which have issued from the Troy female seminary, and, among the rest, impresses us with a high opinion of the academy whence it emanates. We trust it is in general use. A better book to place in the hands of the young, we have not seen for many a day. The science of botany is indeed "beautiful and delicate," and, as the writer observes in her introduction, "its pursuits, leading to exercise in the open air, are conducive to health and cheerfulness. It is not a sedentary study, which can be acquired in the library, but its objects are scattered over the surface of the earth, along the banks of the winding brooks, on the borders of precipices, the sides of mountains, and in the depths of the forest." We should esteem that youthful mind dull or naturally vicious, indeed, which could be led through the graceful details compressed in this modest and useful volume, without being interested, amused and elevated. It literally strews the path of learning with flowers. We give an extract as a specimen of the wholesome matter conveyed to the student. Some instances of inaccuracy in style might have been avoided, but they are slight, and may easily be corrected in future editions.

"SOME OF THE USES OF LEAVES.—Leaves perform a very important office, in sheltering and protecting the flowers and fruit; the fact of their inhaling or absorbing air, is thought to have been proved, by placing a plant under an exhausted receiver, permitting the leaves only to receive the influence of air; the plant remained thrifty in this situation for a length of time; but as soon as the whole plant was placed under the receiver, it withered and died."

"The upper surface of leaves, usually of a deeper green, is supposed to perform a more important part in respiration, than the under surface. The upper surface is also thought to repel moisture; as you may perceive upon a cabbage leaf after a shower or heavy dew, that the moisture is collected in drops, but has no appearance of being absorbed by the leaf. It has been found that the leaves of plants, laid with their upper surface upon the water, wither almost as soon as if exposed to the air; although the leaves of the same plant, placed with their under surfaces upon the water, retain their freshness for some days. But few plants among the vegetable tribes are destitute of leaves, or green stems, which answer as a substitute. The *Monotropa*, or Indian pipe, is of a pure white, as if made of wax; the mushrooms are also destitute of any green herbage. It is not known in what manner the deficiency of leaves is made up to these vegetables.

* I give this experiment on the authority of Barton; but although the respiration of leaves seems not to be doubted, this experiment may not be thought a fair one; for it would seem very difficult, to place a plant under a receiver, with the leaves exposed to the air, without at the same time admitting any air into the receiver.

"The period in which any species of plant unfolds its leaves, is termed its *frondescence*. Linnaeus paid much attention to this subject; he stated as the result of his investigations that the opening of the leaf buds of the birch tree, (*Betula*), was the most proper time for the sowing of barley. The Indians of our country had an opinion, that the best time for planting Indian corn, was when the leaves of the white oak, (*QUERCUS alba*), first made their appearance; or, according to their expression, are of the size of a squirrel's ears.

"One of the most remarkable phenomena of leaves, is their *irritability*, or power of contraction, upon coming in contact with other substances. Compound leaves possess this property in the greatest degree; as the sensitive plant, *MIMOSA sensitiva*; and the American sensitive plant, *CASSIA nitida*; these plants on holding the hand near them, exhibit agitation, yet as they are destitute of intelligence, we must attribute this phenomenon to a physical cause; this cause is probably the warmth of the hand, which in some manner not understood by us, produces the contractions, and dilations of the leaves.

"The effect of light upon the leaves is very apparent, as plants are almost uniformly found to present their upper surfaces to the side on which the greatest quantity of light is to be found. It has already been observed that plants throw off oxygen gas; but for this purpose they require the agency of light. Oxygen exists in plants united with carbon, forming carbonic acid gas; by the agency of light, the oxygen is separated from the carbon, the latter is incorporated into the substance of the vegetable, while the former is exhaled by the leaves.

"Many plants close their leaves at a certain period of the day, and open them at another regular period; almost every garden contains some plants, in which this phenomenon may be observed; it is particularly remarkable in the sensitive plant and the tamarind tree. This folding up of the leaves at particular periods, has been termed the *sleep* of plants; a celebrated botanist* remarks, 'this folding up of the leaves may be as useful to the vegetable constitution, as real sleep is to the animal.' Linnaeus was led to observe the appearance of plants in the night, from a circumstance which occurred in raising the Lotus plant; he found one morning some very thrifty flowers, but at night they had disappeared; this excited his attention, and he began to watch the plants through the night, in order to observe the period of their unfolding. He was thus led to investigate the appearance of other plants in the night, and to observe their different manner of sleep; some folding their leaves together, others throwing them back upon their stems, and exhibiting a variety of appearances. This phenomenon has been attributed to the absence of light. A curious experiment has been made by another botanist, who placed the sensitive plant in a dark cave at midnight, and then lighted up the cave with lamps; the leaves which were before folded up, suddenly expanded, and when on the following day the lights were extinguished, the leaves again closed.

"The period at which the leaves fall off is termed the *defoliation* of the plant; about the middle of autumn, the leaves of all annual, and of many perennial plants, gradually lose their vigor, change their color, and at length fall from their stems.

"The 'fall of the leaf' may be referred to two causes; the *death* of the leaf, and the *vital action* of the parts to which it is attached. If a whole tree is killed by lightning, or any sudden cause, the leaves will adhere to the dead branches, the latter not having the energy to cast them off. The richness and variety of coloring exhibited about the end of autumn, by our groves and forests, is splendid beyond the power of the painter to imitate. Yellow, red, and brown, are the most common colors of the dying leaf; but these colors vary from the brightest scarlet, and the deepest crimson, intermixed with every shade of yellow, from the deep orange, to the pale straw color.

"Although we have said considerable upon leaves, yet we have merely touched upon the most important circumstances with respect to them. You will, perhaps, be induced to pay more attention than formerly to them, in their different stages; from their situation in the bud, to their full growth and perfection; and will feel a new interest in their

change of color, when you understand something of the philosophy of this change; even the dry skeletons of leaves, which the blasts of autumn strew around us, may not only afford a direct moral lesson, but, inducing you to examine their structure, lead you to admire and adore the power which formed them."

The work contains a number of well executed plates, and judicious poetic selections. We may confidently insure success to the fair classes to be conducted through this study by so intelligent a lecturer, who brings a clear, correct, and occasionally eloquent style, to aid poetry and engraving in delighting the mind, and instructing it in the wonderful design and beautiful skill of nature, which thus

"In its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next."

Narrative of the War in Germany and France in 1813 and 1814. By Lieut. General Charles William Vane, Marquis of Londonderry, G. C. B. G. C. H., Colonel of the tenth Royal Hussars. 12mo. pp. 320. Philadelphia: Cary & Lea. 1831.

THIS is the first of a series of works published by Cary & Lea, under the title of Cabinet Library. The succeeding numbers will appear monthly. The present volume is full of interesting and well authenticated events which preceded the fall of Napoleon. The reader will be both instructed and gratified by a perusal. The following appears in the appendix as the extract from a private letter.

"If I had had my will, or any responsibility, I should certainly have despatched a messenger to England as soon as the news of Napoleon's flight reached this capital, in order to have put you in possession of the sensations this event has occasioned here, with the speculations it has given rise to, and the probable effect it will have on our still pending operations in Congress.

"Before I send off this letter, however, it is probable that many of my hypotheses may be at an end, by the destination of this singular man being ascertained. Nevertheless, to give you the conversation now current here, cannot be entirely uninteresting. It happened that Lord Burghersh's aide-de-camp, Captain Aubin, arrived in Vienna on the day of one of the fêtes at court. He was the first proclaimer of the startling news; and Metternich was so alarmed, that he would willingly have kept it secret, at least for that night, in order not to throw a sudden gloom over the *representations du Théâtre Royal* at court. However, as the populace in the town, and the cabarets had got possession of the intelligence, all notion of keeping the matter concealed was soon at an end. A conference was sitting the same day, with reference, I believe, to the mode of dealing with the king of Saxony. At this meeting the event of the escape came under discussion; and I understand there was an idea of a meeting of the eight Powers, to come to some sort of a declaration or sentiment of general and united hostility on the event.

"Whether it was afterwards considered that this had better be deferred until it was known where the game was to be found, or whether it was deemed imprudent to sound the tocsin too soon, I know not; but I understood the above notion was given up, and the Duke of Wellington, Metternich, and Talleyrand, set out to conduct their negotiation with the king of Saxony, at Presburg, yesterday, as if nothing had occurred. It is almost difficult to describe to you the various impressions produced on the circle at court by the intelligence of the day. Some, with a degree of seeming indifference and jest, expressed blame and surprise that the English could have let him escape from Elba, the custody of him at that island having been confided to them. Others blustered and rejoiced at it, as an auspicious accident, that must bring all disagreeable differences to a close. Others again dreaded the possible breaking out of a civil war in France, and of the renewed bloodshed and tumult, of which Napoleon's appearance in France would be the forerunner; and finally, others speculated on Bonaparte's having made common cause with Murat to rescue the kingdom of Italy.

"It is however, too true, that the present apparent quixotical expedition from the land of Elba occasions a general and indescribable expression of fear in every quarter, that their best efforts cannot conceal. I understand that all the great men laughed on reading Lord Burghersh's despatch;

* Sir J. E. Smith. † Or depriving of leaves.

but next to the smile, I believe apprehension and alarm existed to an inordinate degree. Lord Wellington did not see the emperor before the ball and play took place at court. The duke, I understand, was very much satisfied with the emperor of Russia's expressions. It seemed a moment for a general rally, and renewed pledges of union against a common danger. If the phoenix should again rise out of its ashes in Europe, whatever were the difficulties among ourselves, the emperor declared that we must unite more firmly than ever against any new efforts made by Napoleon; and that we ought now to exert every nerve to carry into the speediest effect all the remaining stipulations relative to the treaty of Paris.

"When the emperor approached Talleyrand, and observed on the curious fact that of the bird having escaped from his cage, which he believed would not have occurred if France had made the payments as stipulated by treaty, Talleyrand is said to have asked him jocosely, if his imperial majesty would pay in March what was not due till May."

"I was not in the way when the last messenger was despatched, and therefore missed the opportunity of writing. To-day's intelligence has confirmed Napoleon's entry into Paris—his nomination of his ministry—the king's flight to Lisle—his safe journey as far as Peronne, and all the other details, which you will have heard before this reaches you. Prince Metternich read his accounts at the conference to-night, up to the twenty-first. Nothing can be worse; and there is a gloom here quite indescribable; it is a most wonderful change in one short month. It may be divided into three acts—Buonaparte lands, his attempt is ridiculed, and it is supposed the measures of the police and the first troops that meet him, will put an end to him—His entry into Lyons next announces that the whole French army are with him, and opposed to the nation—The last act of his arrival at Paris shows that nearly all France is under his influence; and we must not deceive ourselves in thinking we have an easy task before us. It is true the nation are unaccountable in their acts and feelings; for Ney's renewing his oath of fidelity perplexes sadly a well-regulated honorable mind; and one is lost in amazement at the repeated instances of infidelity in the military chiefs."

The work is rendered more valuable by a fine map of Germany, as divided according to the treaty of Paris, and the acts of the congress of Vienna.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A SKETCH.

I HAD ridden two hundred miles without intermission, and yet felt no fatigue. As I approached the habitation that contained my all in this world—my Mary—I urged my good steed yet the more. "Forward, my bonny bay," said I; "bear me swiftly to her I love, and soft shall be your repose."

At the distance of two miles from the dwelling, I was to pass a small summer-house, in which we had been accustomed to spend much of our time. "Perhaps," said I, "she may have come thus far to meet me." I alighted, and entered. It was empty. I sat down for a moment by the table, and amused myself with conjecturing from the situation of the books and papers, what had been her employment. Here was a music-book, with a part of an air copied into it, the original lying by its side. There was a volume of poetry, with a piece of pink ribbon placed between the leaves, to mark where the reader finished. On the floor, around the chair in which I sat, were strewn leaves of roses, which I indulged myself in supposing she had picked to pieces in a reverie, in which I formed a prominent figure. In indulging myself in these and the like speculations I crossed my arms upon the table, and dropped my head upon them, unconsciously yielding myself to all the fascination of a lover's reverie.

How long I sat in this position I do not know, but a quick step at the door attracted my attention, and I looked up to see the entrance of her who was uppermost in my thoughts, even my own Mary. I sprang to meet her; I printed a thousand kisses on her hand; I asked her a hundred questions in a breath, and, without staying for an answer, heaped another hundred upon them.

"Sit down," said Mary, "and talk lower, and I'll tell you all you want to know."

"What, all? all? Will you tell me that you love me—that you are mine—that you will name the day that shall make me happier than all the world beside? Will you tell me all this, Mary?"

"All this!" said she, blushing rosyly; "and pray, sir, by what claim do you call on me to be so communicative?"

"By what claim? By years of affection, of undoubting love; by days and nights spent in thinking of you, and endeavoring to deserve you; by a heart wholly and solely devoted to you; by your intimation that I was not hateful to you; by—"

"Foolish jealousy, when I danced with Frederick, or laughed at Henry; by teasing attentions one day, and cold neglect the next; by—"

"How could I help it? Would the miser see, with calm indifference, the hand extended to deprive him of his treasure?"

"But he need not tremble and turn pale if one by accident looked at the chest which contained it."

"He dreads that others appreciate it as well as himself; and my fear of losing my treasure shows how highly I value it. But may I not hope for a happiness beyond the miser's? His treasure is unsusceptible of emotion, and cannot return the affectionate regard he has for it. May I not hope that mine is of a different character, and can not only inspire but feel affection?"

"How ingenious is a lover in turning every avenue of conversation to one centre, like converging paths in a lawn; and like them, too, often terminating at a chapel?"

"Nay—"

"Nay, say I too—and let me have my say, and I will be serious, in spite of your piteous looks. I will be frank enough to say, that I do not resemble the miser's treasure."

"Thanks, ten thousand thanks for the dear avowal. Years of affection shall testify my gratitude; and now only name a day, an early day, on which you will make assurance doubly sure?"

"The day—what signifies the day—nay, if you will be importunate, what say you to next Thursday two years?"

"Two centuries?"

"One year?"

"An age!"

"Six months?"

"Six lives!"

"Three months?"

"Three years!"

"Say for yourself, then!" with affected pettishness.

"Next Thursday?"

"Too soon?"

"Next Thursday sevennight?"

"Seven minutes?"

"Come, affection, have done. It shall be next Thursday."

"It shall! Very peremptory! But, as I mean to be disobedient ever after, I will be obedient before, and submit to your superior judgment."

I had been married about a year when business called me to leave home for a season. It was with some reluctance I consented to do so, as my Mary seemed to show symptoms of disease, to me very alarming. I was, however, prevailed on by her requests and her ridicule to go. The business on which I set out detained me longer than I anticipated; and I had no intelligence from my wife for more than a fortnight, on the day when I started on my return. It will be supposed I was eager to get home; and indeed my anxiety led me to travel day and night, so that I arrived—in season to see her whom I loved, and with whom I had anticipated many happy years, breathe her last breath, unconscious of the presence of one whose heart was broken by that event.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings.—Those who have experienced such can imagine them; to those who have not, no words will be adequate to describe them. I can only speak of their effects. I embraced the lifeless form. I even strained it to my breast, as if by so doing I could impart to it a portion of the vital warmth which was well nigh hateful to me. I called upon the dead Mary by all the names of affection that I had at command. I cursed the occupations that had carried me away, and my own easy disposition, which had allowed me to be persuaded to go against my will. I avowed my determination to join her even in death, and raised the weapon aloft to stab myself to the heart, when my arm was arrested, and

my attention awakened, by the voice of the very Mary I was lamenting, saying,

"Hold, George! How came you here, and why are you brandishing that pen about so furiously?"

Don't you see it all, reader? Watching and riding had made me sleepy. When I laid my head on my arms, I fell asleep; in my sleep I dreamed, in my dream I gesticulated. I laid aside the pen, which I had unconsciously seized, and could do no more than relate my dream, and press that it might in part prove true. My suit was granted.

It is now fourteen years since, and even now Mary asks me, as perhaps my readers may, if I will never have done brandishing pens.

THE DRAMA.

THE LYRICAL DRAMA.

THE Park theatre closed on Monday, and, as the present season has been "most musical," (we cannot add "most melancholy") a few observations on this subject, as well prospective as retrospective, may not be out of place at the present moment. Our musical readers will remember that in the early part of the season, the manager announced Cinderella as in rehearsal; but its appearance was postponed from day to day, in a most unprecedented manner, and the public at last began to suspect that the "mountain was about to produce a mouse." The worthy editors of this paper were accused by some sagacious Bostonian of being *particeps criminis*, for so frequently proclaiming its approach. The result, however, has proved that the manager felt perfectly aware of the responsibility he incurred in producing so difficult a piece, and the editors felt, likewise, as certain that the labor and time bestowed in getting it up would be recompensed by a community which has passed its novitiate in musical affairs. Cinderella has had a run of forty-five nights, and but for the severe indisposition of the *prima donna*, would probably ere this have arrived at its fiftieth. So much for pains-taking and a due respect for the public, on the part of the manager. It is remarkable that this piece has not been increased in value, to any great extent, by the arrival of strangers, who are the most general patrons of the drama in the spring, but has been supported chiefly by the amateurs of music in this city, many of whom have witnessed every representation, and some of whose names are to be found on the box book for twenty and thirty nights successively, thereby affording an example of good taste to other cities in the Union, and offering to Mr. Simpson the best encouragement to make future exertions in the same cause. In addition to this opera, we have had the Tempest, the Caliph of Bagdad, and John of Paris, by Boieldieu, with Artaxerxes, and Der Freischutz. The latter piece has had a reinforcement of devilry added to it, and the machinist and pyrotechnist (we admire the man of salt-petre and charcoal disguised under this sounding title) have not been idle. At the moment we are writing this article there is a patriot beneath our windows full of gin and glory, letting off a wheel, and alternately calling upon Simpson and Zamiel—a proof that Mr. Barry's exertions in this branch of the art have been also crowned with success. *Il Don Giovanni*, misnamed an opera, is nothing more than the old melo-drama of the Libertine, to which a few of Mozart's airs, and a chorus or two have been added. It was produced after Cinderella, and consequently the beautiful, but chaste and retiring nature of the music, was duly depreciated by the boldness and dash of such a selection of Rossini as preceded it. Having thus briefly noticed the proceedings of the late season, we may venture to inspect the probability held out to us for that which approaches. The band, which certainly has done itself credit by the neatness and precision with which it executed the music of Rossini, has had several valuable additions made to it, and some alterations have taken place which we conceive will tend considerably to its improvement; among the instruments named are a first clarinet and a trumpet. An organ is likewise about to be erected; its location, we understand, will be under the stage, the keys being near the centre of the orchestra. This expensive undertaking warrants us in believing the managers to be in earnest in their musical efforts. The opera of Massaniello, by Auber, has been for some time underlined in the bills as in rehearsal. Strong additions have been made to the music from adaptations of Rossini in

place of interpolations by a Mr. Barham Swins, which were presented at Drury-lane—a change which we conceive to be much in our favor. Mr. Evers, the artist attached to the establishment, has been active in his department, and we have been favored with the sight of designs for the scenery of uncommon splendor and apparent effect. In short, we have every reason to believe that the lyrical drama will take a strong and decided stand next season at the Park theatre. We observe in a contemporary paper, the Albion, that music has taken the lead of all other branches of the drama in England. Our private information tallies, in every respect, with this statement. The inhabitants of Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Dublin, expect to have the musical novelties produced in London, placed before them with all their paraphernalia of band and chorus. No manager can hope for success with them who does not boldly incur this enormous expense. At these towns Massaniello has been got up, Der Freischutz, &c. &c.; but we have not observed that Cinderella has been yet attempted, although its run in London is unabated. B.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 114.

THE shadow rolled away from the glass, and I beheld Jupiter, seated upon his throne of clouds, surrounded by a conclave of the gods and goddesses. In the distance below, as from the earth, there was a sudden noise, and voices in loud exclamation. The father of men and gods bade Mercury seek out the cause of the clamor. The winged messenger returned with speed, and said,

"Sire, it is a dispute between a great poverty-stricken poet and an ignorant wealthy grocer. The grocer spurns the poet for his misery, and the latter curses thy decree."

"Bring them before us," said Jove. "By the Styx, Mercury, but thy bargain-driving children should have nothing to do with the favored of the muses."

In an instant the mortals stood before him. One of them was tall and pale-faced, with a flashing eye and hollow cheek. His apparel was earthly and thread-bare. The other was fat, and clothed with goodly garments. The combatants regarded each other in silence.

"My sons," said Jupiter, "what difference is between you?"

"He cursed thy decree," said the grocer, "and I rebuked him."

"Slave and fool," said the other, "thou rebuke me? Thou art unworthy to breathe upon the same globe, and I wonder that Jupiter endows thee with blessings, while I, thy superior, am an outcast from peace and pleasure."

"I will decide between you, my children," said Jove; "speak, poet, what hast thou done, that thy bearing is so lofty?"

"Done," said the poet; "I have done nothing; but I have taught others to do every thing that is noble. I have worn myself out with the labor of mind. I have painted nature and virtue. I have expanded great sentiments in the hearts of my fellow-beings, awakened the soft wish, and called forth the gentle tear. I influence all the world, and posterity shall know and honor me."

"And thou, grocer, what hast thou done to mankind?"

"Given them the means whereby to live," said the grocer; "sold them pork, bread, and figs. Of me they obtain the beverage which soothes their care and cheers their spirits."

"And hopest thou for everlasting fame for thy industry?" asked Jove.

"Tush, your worship," said the grocer. "What care I for such foolish reward, which, if useless while we live, must be particularly so when dead. I work for gold—the clothes I wear—the house I live in—the food which has made me thus good-humored and capacious—these are my objects."

"Enough," said Jupiter to the poet, his face slightly shaded with displeasure.

"Get thee back to earth and complain no more at what thy own folly has caused; or if thou must yearn for gross bodily comforts, bide thee to the grocer and let him teach thee a thriving trade. Men will admire thy genius, but they would rather purchase thy corn and butter. We can do nothing to aid thee.—Be gone—and disturb us no more." F.

ORIGINAL TALES.

UNCLE ZIM AND DEACON PETTIBONE.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

Open your ears: for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumor speaks?—*Shaks.*

IN one of those pleasant rural villages which chequer the coast of Long Island Sound with their white houses and green window blinds, not more than twenty miles east of New-Haven, lived my highly respected uncle, Zimri Bradley, Esq. He was a man of some consequence in his day, having successively filled the offices of tything-man, grand-juryman, selectman, and sometime justice of the quorum. He would have continued to enforce a wholesome moral discipline among the unruly boys of the congregation, as a tything-man, longer, probably, than he did, were it not that there was always a sly laughing devil lurking in his eye; so, that when, with his mace of office, he rapped the head of one mischievous urchin, or attempted to gather a frown as he shook his wig at another, for tittering when aunt Deborah Hornblower started from her sleep as she tuned her nasal organ too high for the voice of the Rev. Mr. Wakeman, instead of checking the one, or intimidating the other into a seemly and reverent silence, he invariably had the ill fortune to set a dozen more into a giggling titillation. As a selectman, uncle Zim was kind to the poor; and as in duty bound, he more than once had several common drunkards exhibited in the stocks. As justice of the quorum, he held the scales with a steady and impartial hand, though he was not much of a lawyer. Indeed the public would not so soon have lost the benefit of his services on the bench, had he not fallen into an unlucky mistake, in attempting to use technical language.—It devolved upon him, on some ordinary occasion, to charge the jury in an action on a promissory note, to which the defence set up was a want of consideration. Uncle Zim advised the jury to find for the defendant, "as the *alibi* was clearly made out." He was, in this instance, as unfortunate as the pedant, whose whole stock of latin was "*quid horae est, domine?*"* of which he was so proud, that he was continually putting the question to all whom he met; till one day, a stranger upon whom he inflicted it, after looking at his watch, replied—"Horarum manualis mei motus turbatur, domine."† The pedant turned away in great haste, profanely saying, "Bless my soul! I didn't think it was so late"—much to the amusement of the young freshmen, who heard of it soon afterwards. Uncle Zim, however, would have encountered no such rebuff from any of the "gentlemen of the jury;" for his *alibi* sounded as sweetly in their ears, as *Mesopotamia* in those of the old lady, who could give no other reason for crying at a sermon, but "that blessed word *Mesopotamia*, which continued to ring so sweetly in her ears." But lawyer Daggett and lawyer Wagstaff took occasion to make themselves merry at the expense of his worship. Uncle Zim was a man of spirit, and some pride withal; and no sooner had he heard of his error, and that the wags were laughing about the "*alibi*," when his back was turned, than he threw his commission into the fire, declaring that after all, it was a wise saying, that "a cobbler should stick to his last."

The village above mentioned, which we shall call Applebury, was a quiet sort of a place, where the people to this day walk in the ways of their fathers, queue their hair with eel-skins, and go to and from meeting "decently and in order," in accordance with the injunction of the Saybrook Platform, and as all honest people should do.—The names, titles, and biographies of their ancestors, since the days of governor Leete to the present, curiously carved in immortal freestone, may be found in the old grave-yard, each inscription being surmounted either by a death's head and cross-bones, grinning in relief, in a style that would make the grisly messenger himself rattle his joints for very laughter; or the head of a cherub, with wings stuck on where the ears should be, shaped more like a pair of bellows-handles than the pinions of one of Tom Moore's angels.—Here some future Alden, or Alden himself, should the worthy president of Allegany college ever go that way, may trace the brief histories of deacon Theophilus Scran,‡ or captain Noah Crinning; or ensign Icabod Chinning; or sergeant Solomon Doud, "who was, for seventeen years, the oldest corporal of the company." Here, too, sleep the remains of Hopeful Goodenough, and Thankful Bigelow, in the midst of their ancestors and their descendants. But to return from our digression; the folks of Applebury are an exceedingly clever people, in the yankee sense of the term—most of them attend to their own business, and all of them know the business of every body else. Here, then—for we find we shall have to begin our story again—here, then, lived our worthy uncle, ZIMRI BRADLEY.

Uncle Zim, as we used to call him, was as full of fun and mischief as any urchin in the village. Near by his domicile, sojourned Malichi Fowler, who married the accomplished Miss Abigail Pettibone, of Hazlewood, the adjoining town, whose brother, Eliakim Pettibone, in process of time, became a deacon of the church in that parish. The distance was only about twenty miles, and deacon Pettibone used to keep every thanksgiving with his brother Fowler;—uncle Zim not unfrequently making one of the family party. But though uncle Zim was himself a christian professor, according to the Platform, and in the main walked according to the vows he had made, yet he was not altogether free from carnal ways. He was never at a loss for a fact, and was fond of telling ludicrous stories, which, in his hands, were seldom diminished by repetition. He could not for the soul of him suppress a joke when it came upon his tongue, cut where it would. On one of these occasions, he had the good, or the ill fortune, to keep the pious deacon Pettibone roaring with laughter, until his very ribs cracked again. Much,

however, it grieved the good man afterwards, that he had yielded to the temptation of mirth, which he was half persuaded had been excited as a snare by the evil one, and it preyed upon his spirits the whole of the following day, on his return to Hazlewood. This impression, however, soon wore away, and he lost all unpleasant recollections in the warm and affectionate smiles with which he was welcomed to the little family circle of his happy and peaceful abode.

Soon after this convivial occurrence, which had, for the moment, disturbed the quiet of the conscientious deacon Pettibone's inner man, uncle Zim made a journey to Hazlewood to purchase a yoke of oxen of Mr. Ishmael Crane, nephew of Icabod Crane, the celebrated schoolmaster, for which he was to pay in "West India goods," after the return of the last cargo of mules and white-fish, shipped by him to Jamaica. Uncle Zim's wits were as bright as a dollar; he talked as slick as a whistle; and he was a cute chap at a bargain, as Mr. Ishmael Crane soon found out.

Mr. Crane took three-quarters of an hour to consider, before he would conclude the bargain, and as it was just twelve o'clock by the conch-shell, uncle Zim thought he would go and take pot-luck with deacon Pettibone, who lived near the school-house hard by. By the way, uncle Zim once drove a barter with the deacon for some mules, for which the deacon always thought he could have got more, if he had known what they were bringing at the time; though as uncle Zim only took him at his word in the price of the cattle, he had nothing to complain of. But that is not to the purpose.

While at dinner, Mr. Ishmael Crane came and called the deacon out, to inquire something about the character of my uncle Zim; whereupon the following dialogue took place:—

"What sort of a man," asked Mr. Crane, "is this 'squire Bradley?"

Deacon Pettibone had not forgotten the sale of his mules, nor uncle Zim's fat stories, and his merry jokes, over deacon Fowler's pumpkin-pies and cider-brandy; nor his own supposed delinquency in his late unseemly merriment.

"What sort of a man?" said the deacon, repeating his words:—"Why he is a member of good Dr. Wakeman's church, in Applebury, I reckon."

"Well; do you know him?"

"Know him! I guess I do! He lives next door to brother Fowler's; and I tell you he is a member of Dr. Wakeman's church. But I guess—"

"Guess! guess what? Don't you think he is good enough for my brindle four-year-olds?"

"Why—yes—I 'spose so—but I guess, to be candid—"

"Zounds, deacon! what do you mean by your guesses, and your buts?"

"Why, if I must say, I guess that God-ward he means to do the thing that's right, but man-ward I reckon he is a little *twistical* or so."

Mr. Ishmael Crane went away, and deacon Pettibone returned and finished his dinner with uncle Zim. When deacon Pettibone stepped out, however, he had unconsciously left the door ajar, and the consequence was, that uncle Zim had very innocently heard most of the conversation. But he knew that the deacon had no malice in his heart, and he knew also the cause of his scruples in qualifying his recommendation. He therefore took no notice at that time of what had been said; but determined, in his own mind, to seek some innocent and characteristic mode of revenge. Meantime he completed his bargain in the afternoon, and drove the bullocks home.

Two or three years rolled away, and as his sister Abigail presented his brother-in-law with so many young Fowlers, that she had little time for going abroad herself, deacon Pettibone's visits to Applebury were continued as usual; on which occasions he always passed an evening or so in uncle Zim's company, either at his own, or his brother's house. Uncle Zim's bosom was filled with the milk of human kindness. Though like an over-ripe melon, rough on the outside, as the poet says, there was much sweetness under it; and his winning ways were such, that the good deacon had long since dismissed the affair of the mules, and the temporary trials to which he had been subjected by his irresistible drollery. They therefore continued the best friends in the world;—still uncle Zim never lost sight of his project in some way of avenging himself for having been represented as being "man-ward rather *twistical* or so."

One morning, bright and early, as deacon Fowler came out picking his teeth from breakfast, while the dew-drops were yet spangling the meadows, he saw uncle Zim just preparing to mount the old dapple mare, with his butternut-colored coat strapped on behind the saddle.

"Good morning, 'squire," said deacon Fowler, "you seem to be stirring arly this morning."

"Yes," said uncle Zim: "in the hot season, the morning is the best part of the day—Gad, my son, mind that you keep the cattle out of the clover patch to-day!"

"—A very beautiful day to-day, as I was saying, 'squire!"

"—And send Jehiel to mill this afternoon.—Yes, deacon, a fine beautiful day. The air is as sweet as a new hay-stack this morning."

"You are going to take a ride to-day, I guess, 'squire. Pray which way are you journeying, if I may be so bold?"

"Oh, I'm only going to Haddam to speak for grave-stones for good old aunt Wealthy Crookshanks."

"You'll go through Hazlewood, I guess? So, I wish you'd give brother Pettibone a call and see how they're all *dewing* there. Tell them that Nabby's got another nice boy with eyes as bright as a weasel's."

"Yes, I think it's like-enough that I shall stop and give Dapple a bait there on my return."

"D'ye think it's going to rain to-day, 'squire? I see you've got your great-coat with you, and if I thought 'twould rain, I'd tell the boys to get the rest of the hay in."

"Don't know, don't know, deacon: they say a fool knows enough to take a great-coat when it storms; and every body knows that folks must make hay while the sun shines." And off rode uncle Zim, and into the orchard went deacon Fowler.

Uncle Zim came back in the evening, and overtook deacon Fowler, returning from the meadow, just as he had descended to the foot of Clapboard hill.

"Ah! is that you, 'squire?" said deacon Fowler: "you are home arly to-night, I calculate."

"Yes," replied uncle Zim; "old Dapple will carry me along at the rate of seven miles an hour, day in and day out, without putting on the long oats neither."

"A faithful beast, I vow. You saw brother Pettibone, I hope?"

"Yes—I saw him"—replied uncle Zim, with a grave, mysterious air, such as deacon Fowler had never seen before, upon his neighbor's lively countenance.

"Saw him!—he was well, I hope?"

"Why—yes—he was—pretty well, I believe."

"Nothing unusual was the matter, I hope, 'squire?"

"No—I—I can't say that there was any thing *unusual*," replied uncle Zim, with a peculiar emphasis upon the last word.

"And how were his family?"

"All very well; save the youngest child, Habakkuk, which has the measles."

"And brother Pettibone himself, is he ailing in any way?"

"I can't say that he was much ailing. Perhaps, moreover, I was mistaken—no, I can't be mistaken either."

"Why, 'squire, you frighten me. For goodness' sake what was the matter! You're sure you saw him?"

"Yes—I—I met him," replied uncle Zim, with the same assumed air of mystery.

"And how was he? do speak out, and let me know the worst on't, 'squire."

"Why, then—if I must say"—replied uncle Zim—"I should think when I met him, he was about—yes—just about *half shaved*."

"Impossible! you must be joking, 'squire."

"It's true, joke or no joke," said uncle Zim.

By this time the parties had reached the green. The two last sentences of uncle Zim's, had fallen upon the worthy deacon Fowler, like a pail of ice-water; and he went to his house with a heavy heart. He did not sleep a wink all that night, and the humiliating fact pressed so heavily upon his mind—though it was his first intention to have kept it a profound secret, until he could have inquired into the particulars of his brother's being overcome with liquor,—that he was even constrained to communicate the dismal tidings to his faithful Abigail. It was indeed planting a pang in her breast, without extracting the barb which rankled in his own bleeding bosom. But truly hath the poet said of woman,

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou;"—

and Abigail, after the first gush of feeling had subsided, half forgot her own sorrow in her affectionate endeavors to soothe that of her husband. A thousand little comforting hopes, excuses, and palliating circumstances came into her mind. Her brother might not have been so badly off as the 'squire supposed. He might have been unwell; or perhaps he had been overcome by drinking ever so little on an empty stomach. The deacon folded his faithful spouse closer to his heart, and both determined that nothing should be said about the circumstance, even in their family, for the present. And between haying time and harvest, it was agreed that deacon Fowler should go up to Hazlewood, and commune with his brother Pettibone, privately, upon the subject.

But Mrs. Abigail Fowler, notwithstanding her many fine qualities, was not entirely free from the frailties of the other daughters of Eve; and while alone on the ensuing day, her husband being engaged with his workmen in the fields, the secret became so burdensome that she wanted somebody to help her keep it. Perhaps, also, in her affliction, she thought she needed the sympathies of one, at least, of her most confidential female friends, who might, in turn, soothe her sorrows, and pour a few drops of balm into her wounded heart. In an evil hour, therefore, she revealed the tale of woe to Mrs. Aimwell, who kindly spent the whole afternoon in comforting the afflicted woman, by telling over how many others were suffering under still greater calamities. Temperance societies had not then been invented.

Mrs. Aimwell left the deacon's after tea, promising not to whisper a breath about it. "You know, my dear Mrs. Fowler," said she, "that I wouldn't do no such a thing for the world." But she, too, wanted some one to help her keep the secret, and so she hinted it to Mrs. Sly. This was enough. It was on Thursday: and it was no longer than the afternoon of the next day, at a meeting of the fragment society, that the members were startled by the exclamation of Mrs. Doolittle, preceded by a deep-drawn sigh, to the following effect:—

"Dear me! who'd have thought it! Well, I don't know who will fall next, for my part."

Now, justice to Mrs. Doolittle requires me to say in this place, that she was no mischief-maker; and, that, next to a witch, she held a slanderer as an utter abomination. She was a very tidy body, and the worthy heplmate of my venerated great uncle, Captain Jasper Doolittle, of Cohabit. There was no more notable housewife in all the parish. She used to begin her washing on Sabbath-

* What o'clock is it, sir?

† "My watch has stopped."—Free translation.

‡ Pronounced Scanton, Cruttenden and Chittenden in York state.

day nights, as soon as three stars could be seen, in order to have her ample stores of linen, white as the driven snow, streaming in triumph upon the clothes-lines, like the lily-flag of the fallen Bourbons, at an earlier hour than her neighbors on Mondays. And her quince-and-apple-sauce, and boiled cider, were exactly the best to be found between Branford and Pettypaug. But, rest her good soul! her benevolent heart occasionally felt too deeply for others' woes, to enable her always to hide the faults she saw or heard of. Not but that she meant to do it. But as in the instance before us, there were sometimes secrets actually too great to be concealed within the narrow casement of her noble soul, and then it was impossible to prevent their breaking forth in exclamations full of meaning, as we have seen. "Dear me! who'd have thought it!" &c.

"Why, what do you mean?" exclaimed a dozen voices at once. "I hope," continued Miss Tabitha Tattler, a lady of no particular age, "that the shocking story about Miss Prim is not true. But I've heard as much ever since Ned Bramble came home from the south. She's kept company with him ever since last Thanksgiving."

"No," said Mrs. Doolittle, with a melancholy shake of the head. "That's like-enough, too. But haven't you heard of the fall of good deacon Pettibone?"

"Of Hazlewood? He *haint* hurt himself much, I hope?"

"I don't mean a fall from a barn or a hay-stack, child," said Mrs. Doolittle. "But haven't you heard on't?"

"No," replied sixteen voices in a breath. "Do let us hear all about it."

"Why," said Mrs. Doolittle, "you must know it's a great secret yet; and one doesn't want to expose a body's failings, you know. But I'll tell you, though it must not go from me, for I wouldn't injure the hair of any mortal being's head. You know I cannot endure scandal! And all I can now say, is, that Mrs. Crampton told me, that she heard Mr. Wilcox's wife say, that Mrs. Munger's aunt mentioned to her, that Mrs. Graves was present, when the widow Blatchley said, that Ick. Scran's wife thought Captain Evett's sister believed, that old Mrs. Willard reckoned, that Ephraim Standard's better half had told Mrs. Hand, that she heard Mrs. Sly say, that deacon Fowler's wife had told Mrs. Aimwell, as a great secret, that the deacon had told her, that 'squire Bradley had seen deacon Pettibone dead drunk, after an ordination dinner!"

"Do tell!" was the brief and emphatic exclamation of the benevolent coterie.

This, as we have before remarked, was on Friday, and the subtle electrical fluid could scarcely have travelled faster than did the story of the deacon's falling. From mouth to mouth—

"The flying rumor gathered as it rolled;
And scarce the tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new—
And all who heard it made enlargement too—
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew!"

so that, before Saturday night, the fatal account had reached Hazlewood, enlarged and improved, until the story of the three black crows was nothing to it. Nor did it hesitate to travel Saturday night, although the blue-laws were then yet in force. The consequence was, that before the crows were all milked on Sunday morning, every body, out of the deacon's unsuspecting family, was acquainted with the melancholy catastrophe supposed to have overtaken that truly excellent man.

Of course the painful news was the general theme of conversation among the groups which collected around the portals of the sanctuary, while the bell was tolling for the minister—the late excellent and reverend Mr. Gamaliel Holdfast. The deacon presently approached; but never before was he so coldly greeted by his friends. And as for enemies, it is believed that he never had one. Every countenance seemed looking darkly upon, or averted from him. People even seemed to shrink from the proffered grasp of his friendly hand. But the good deacon, in the unsuspecting simplicity of his innocence, did not observe the change, and as the minister came along, all gathered into the venerable meeting-house. Every body cast a searching eye—"a furtive glance," our friend Cooper would say—upon the deacon; while he was engaged, as others should have been, in searching his own heart.

The services proceeded as usual; but at the close, the minister gave out a notice for a special meeting of the elders and deacons of the church, to be held on Wednesday, upon business of great importance. And after exhorting his little flock so to conduct themselves as to show, that though in the world, they were not of the world, and suitably admonishing the officers, as assistant shepherds, to make themselves patterns in good works—not forgetting to remind them of the passage, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall!"—(upon which stolen glances were again cast at the good deacon Pettibone)—the benediction was pronounced. The deacon, however, did not observe, and never once thought, that he was the sole object of this special exhortation, or of the dark and suspicious gaze of the congregation. His heart was right, and his eyes had been closed in the attitude of deep and heartfelt adoration. Thus he who was most interested in the dark givings out, was the least conscious of their existence.

The story, as we have already seen, had grown in its travels, like that of the boy who saw the thousand cats in the cellar; and for the three subsequent days the deacon's house was shunned as though it had been the seat of the plague. Meantime, as uncle Zim's name was somehow connected with the tale, one of the elders was despatched to Applebury, to inquire into the real facts of the statement which had brought such heavy and unexpected scandal upon the little Zion of Hazlewood. On his arrival, he immediately had an

interview with uncle Zim, and commenced an inquiry into the facts of the case which had brought him to Applebury.

"Squire Bradley," said Mr. Elnathan Cook—for such was the cognomen of this important messenger—"it is rumored up our way, that you have said, that you met deacon Pettibone last week, drunk."

"Then I guess rumor lies," replied uncle Zim, "for I haint said no such thing."

"But pray, 'squire, what did you say, if I may be so bold?"

"Why," replied uncle Zim, "I only said that I met him about half shaved."

The result was, that although Mr. Elnathan Cook was one of the cutest chaps in those parts at a cross-examination, he having formerly been an unlicensed practitioner of the law in a justice's court, he obtained just so much information from uncle Zim, and no more.—Uncle Zim was requested to go up to Hazlewood and attend the council as a witness; but this he declined peremptorily, as he was busily engaged in making up a cargo of mules for the West-Indies. He assured the zealous Elnathan, however, that deacon Pettibone's negro man, Camillus, or Cam, as he was called for the sake of brevity, knew as much as he did, and could tell them all about it. As Cam was known to be a very honest fellow, this assurance gave the messenger much satisfaction; so he clambered into his "one horse shay," and got him back to Hazlewood.

The wheels of time rapidly brought Wednesday along, when the church council assembled, and the yet unsuspecting deacon Pettibone, expecting to hear the names of some reclaimed sinners propounded for membership, came among them. The Rev. Mr. Holdfast was appointed moderator. An unusual air of solemnity pervaded the council, and in imploring the direction and blessing of heaven upon their proceedings, the moderator was peculiarly earnest, and much affected. Indeed the half suppressed sighs from various bosoms, plainly indicated that they had business in hand which went home to their hearts.

At length the momentous subject of their meeting was opened, and the charge of intemperance formally preferred against no less a master in Israel, than deacon Eliakim Pettibone, then and there present. Had a bolt from heaven fallen at his feet, he could not have been more astonished or confounded. For a while, his hand pressed upon his temples—he remained dumb with amazement—then raising his eyes to heaven, he solemnly protested his innocence—but in vain; and in vain did he tax his memory to recall any circumstance in his life, that could have given rise to such an unlooked-for scandal. In vain, likewise, did he demand the name of the informer upon whose testimony the accusation was preferred; for uncle Zim had stipulated that his name was not to be used, save in the very last resort—*dernier resort* he probably would have said, had it not been for the recollection of the *alibi* of the note of hand. Finally, the witness, Camillus, was sent for.

Camillus soon arrived, and came grinning into the conference room, exhibiting the whole treasury of his ivory; but he immediately saw that his kind master was in deep affliction, and his own heart soon yearned with compassion. There the good deacon sat, his head bowed down, and supported by his hands: he raised it not, but hid his tears in his bandanna, and smothered the sighs heaving up and struggling to escape his throbbing bosom.

"Cam," said the moderator, with solemn gravity, "we have sent for you, because we want you to tell the truth."

"Yes, massa minister, me always tell de troot to shame e'debble."

"Well, Cam, we believe you will. Now tell us, Cam, did you ever see your master intoxicated?"

"Me ebber see massa tosticated! golly, only tink ob dat!"

"But, Cam, you must tell us the truth; now didn't you ever see your master when he was intoxicated—when he had drunk too much?"

"Golly, no, massa minister."

[Here a consultation took place, among a few of the members of the council, in an under tone.]

"Don't you remember that 'squire Bradley, who lives in the second house beyond the stocks and whipping-post, north of the meeting-house in Applebury, came up to see your master last Wednesday?"

"Yes, massa, me know dat berry well."

"Well, that's very good now, Cam: and when 'squire Bradley met your master, was he not about half shaved?"

"O yes, massa: when 'squire Bradley ride by ee window, massa Pettibone was juss shaving heSELF, I guess; but den he so grad to see de 'squire, he run out door to shak'ee hand, wid ee lather all on one side he face!"

Here the mighty mystery was solved. All knew the droll mischievous character of uncle Zim, and the truth flashed upon their minds in an instant. A bitter smile played across the features of the good deacon, as he meekly raised his dark hazel eyes, glistening with tears, and in his heart returned thanks for his deliverance. The council was broken up—a thousand sincere apologies were tendered to the good man—and the parties all set their faces towards their respective homes—the worthy deacon being more strongly than ever convinced, that, "MAN-WARD, UNCLE ZIM WAS RATHER TWISTICAL OR SO."

THERE ARE SOME THINGS BEYOND THE REACH OF FORTUNE.—An Italian very much addicted to gambling, but withal poor and unlucky, used to exclaim on such occasions, "Fortune, thou vile traitress, it is true you can make me lose, but I defy you to make me pay."

BENSERADE.—Some one was praising a poet whom Benserade admired, observing, that no person since his time had been able to imitate him. "Sir," replied Benserade, "the fellow climbed Mount Parnassus with a ladder which he took up after him."

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

DR. FRANCIS' DISCOURSE.

As the classical and interesting address of Dr. Francis, delivered before the Philolexian Society and a numerous and fashionable audience in the hall of Columbia college, has not yet been printed, we take occasion to lay before our readers an extract from the manuscript. The subjoined remarks were prefatory to a biographical memoir of the late chancellor Livingston, one of the alumni of the college. We trust that the whole will be given to the public in a book form, and if so, we shall recur to it again.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—In consenting to perform the unexpected task assigned me by your kind partiality, allow me to bespeak your indulgent criticism on the efforts of one long since estranged by the duties of professional life from the contemplative studies of the scholar. Many years have passed since, within the walls of this honored institution, I listened with delight, and I hope with profit, to the learned lessons of instructors, whose pride it was to adapt to the youthful capacity the matured fruits of their ample wisdom and knowledge. Death has since called them from the sphere of their activity to their reward. I cannot but reflect with gratitude, that their devoted attention to our welfare lessened the labor which was the necessary attendant on our studies; our lament, however, over their departure is lessened when we turn to the chairs now so ably filled by their successors.

And here allow me, gentlemen, to testify to the high character of the institution which I, the humblest of her alumni, boast as my *alma mater*. Connected with her by no other relation, justice alone compels me to declare, that among the temples to learning which the piety and public spirit of our countrymen have reared up among us, none can boast superiority in the ability of its teachers, or the judicious and ample courses of instruction afforded to its pupils.

To you, young gentlemen, who now occupy those scholastic seats which myself and my former juvenile associates once held, permit me to advert to the ample and capacious theatre of action which the American republic offers to her ingenious youth. Although I am fully persuaded that in the discharge of the numerous and responsible duties of your future life, the monitions of justice, and the dictates of your own consciences, will ever be the governing principles of your actions; yet it is not inconsistent with the purest feelings of the heart to be cheered in your arduous career by a generous and laudable desire of distinction.

Who, says the illustrious author of the Fairy Queen,

"Who would care to do brave deed,
Or strive in virtue others to excel,
If none should yield him his deserved meed,
Due praise? that is the spur of doing well."

No nation, ancient or contemporary, presents to its youth nobler projects of ambition than the one which we can proudly call our own; whether emulous of political eminence, or literary renown. In the absence of all hereditary distinctions or privileged orders, merit alone is the passport to success; and here, it may be justly said, in the language of the poet,

"The field of glory is the field for all."

Here are offered on the broad and splendid theatre of ambition, the glorious rewards which the ancient republics of Greece and Rome held out to virtuous exertions for the public good, unattended with those direful results which too often awaited among them the most meritorious services. But there are other and higher distinctions than kings or people can bestow. Our ancestors have bequeathed, in their literature and language, an inheritance inferior only in value to our sacred religion, and to the great principles of our republican constitution. Our noble anglo-saxon dialect, rich and various, copious yet philosophical, in which no fact worthy of attention is unrecorded, no important principle which has not been illustrated, now conveys instruction to as great a number of readers as any ever used by man; and, ere the lapse of another century, the English and American writer will address as many readers as are embraced in all other civilized communities. Our philosophers will enlighten the understandings, our poets melt the feelings of those who dwell on the banks of the Oregon, the Burampooter, the Macquarie and the Messurado.

"The western nations," says the philosophic Humboldt, in his late address before the imperial academy of sciences, at St. Petersburg, "have carried into the different parts of the world those forms of civilization, that development of the human intellect, whose origin ascends to the epoch of the intellectual greatness of the Greeks, and to the gentle influence of christianity. Divided in language and manners, and in political and religious institutions, the enlightened nations form in our day but a single family, (and this is one of the most beautiful results of modern civilization,) where the object in view is the great interests of science, literature and the arts; all that, springing from one internal source, the depths of thought and feeling, elevates man above the vulgar care of society."

Although our country has entered latest into the great career of nations, her Washington, her Franklin, her Hamilton, her Jefferson, her Rittenhouse, her Clinton, her Fulton, vie in the splendor of their renown with the most illustrious names which the ancient world can present, and are a pledge that her sons will not faint or grow weary in the course.

The diligent observer will not fail to trace an intimate connection between the moral and intellectual cultivation of a people, with the fullest exercise of their powers, and the highest enjoyment of their privileges: by the condition of his nature, man must prove himself capable of his rights, by the antecedent discharge of his duties.

Those who cultivate the habit of thinking for themselves, soon acquire the power of dictating to others: a modern geographer rep-

* As Joe Miller was a native of Applebury, there can be no harm in thus using and amending one of his earliest jokes.

resents the probable number of living writers in Germany, France, and England, as exceeding twelve thousand. "A body," adds he, "which, were it not divided against itself, might govern the world." Nor does this seem an unqualified declaration. The intellectual, the moral, and the religious character of the Greeks was formed by Homer; Cervantes disarmed the potent spell of knight-errantry; the mighty mind of Milton at one time delineated the warfare of rebellious angels, and at another vindicated the rights and liberties of man; and, in our own times, the magic genius of Sir Walter Scott has swept into oblivion volumes of sentimental inanity, and consecrated the pages of fiction to the noblest lessons of thought.

Such is the influence of letters. Illustrations of equal value and of a like import may be deduced by the power exercised over a people by the cultivation of the arts. The boundary between the savage and the civilized, between the debased and exalted of our species, may be traced in the condition of the arts and sciences. According as they are nurtured, we find them giving birth to new affections, unalloyed with the grosser habits of our nature; they increase and multiply the happiness, and capacity, and well-being of society. The Apollo of Praxiteles was admired and worshipped by a pagan world; the sculpture of Angelo and the pencil of Corregio have demonstrated the almost infinite faculties of our species in mind and in matter; while Raphael has given to the *verba* *ardentia* of the poet augmented warmth and coloring.

The position is axiomatic: national education is national power: and in proportion to the exigency will be the resources which it holds at command.

The most strenuous asserters of political liberty have ever been found among those who have explored the treasures of science and literature. In the recent revolution which hurled a tyrant from his throne, the cultivators of science were among the warmest devoted to free principles; and the most zealous defenders of the liberties of the nation were the beardless pupils of the Polytechnic school.—Should the rights of the American nation ever be invaded, either by a foreign or domestic foe, which heaven forbid, I cannot doubt that the favored youth of her seminaries of learning, faithful to the great examples of Greece and Rome, would present an impregnable phalanx of spirits devoted to her cause. But I may be allowed to advert a moment longer to the influence of letters on the modern state of society. By means of the facilities and impetus which are now applied to the productions of the press, and by the perfect intercourse which is now established throughout the great commonwealth of letters, the researches of every member passes in review before the critical tribunal of all; thus refined and elaborated, it has ready access to the fire-side of the laborious peasant and the active inhabitant of the town. The heavy tome, once the delight of the scholar and the dread of all others, now yields to the comely pocket manual, and what was at a former period the luxury of the arrogant and self-sufficient recluse, has become the daily fare of the inquiring of all classes. Nor need we regret this revolution in letters. By means thereof, the ample treasures of wit and knowledge are unlocked to the better half of our species, and grave wisdom is made attractive by the graces of refinement and social intercourse. It was the boast of the almost inspired sage of antiquity, that he called the attention of the learned from the vain search of natural causes to the moral pursuits of man: it is the triumph of modern philosophy that it has opened the page of every variety of knowledge, equally to the contemplative and to the active, to the philosopher and to the fair.

An illustrious character of antiquity congratulated himself that he was born a Greek, and not a barbarian. May we not in like manner congratulate ourselves, that we are natives of the western world, and participants in the enjoyment of privileges hitherto denied to the inhabitants of every other portion of the globe? Nay, more, it is our happy destiny to occupy the fairest portion of this favored domain. The state of New-York is the best representative of our common country, and is the acknowledged precursor of most of those plans of improvement, for which the world is indebted to America. Here have been first successfully executed those grand measures of internal intercourse which are gradually extending their vast consequences throughout our land: here, the application of the power of condensed vapor to the wants and conveniences of man, has been first effectively exhibited: here the most beneficial system of common school education has been exemplified on a scale of commanding grandeur and importance: and here the reform in the complex fabric of our legal system, has been most extensively applied. The metropolis which we inhabit, though inferior in extent to many in the ancient world, rivals in importance, as a commercial emporium, the most commanding and celebrated in history. The wealth, the science, the arts of all nations, are tributary to her enterprise and spirit—the character of the state happily corresponds with that of her metropolis.

In the language of the most eminent geographer of our days, M. de Brun, "if we estimate the importance of the state of New-York, now the most populous and powerful of the confederation, by the intelligence of the people; their physical, moral, and commercial activity; and the wonderful spirit of improvement they display, we shall find that this small community is entitled to take precedence of many European kingdoms, and of the whole empire of Mexico."

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.—One day, when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate speech in chancery, Lord Clare, (the then chancellor of Ireland) brought a large Newfoundland dog upon the bench with him; and during the progress of the argument, he leant his ear much more to the dog than to the barrister. At last, the chancellor seemed to lose all regard to decency: he turned himself quite aside in the most material part of the case, and begun in full court to fondle the animal. Curran stopped short. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said Lord Clare. "Oh," replied Curran, "I beg a thousand pardons, my lord; I really took it for granted that your lordship was employed in consultation."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

COLLEGE REMINISCENCES.

It was the eve of the coronation of George the fourth: I was then an Etonian, and what is usually denominated a king's man in contradistinction, at that particular juncture, to a queen's man. Two opinions which divided the people of England, the innocence or guilt of the princess of Wales, equally affected every student of college. The prevailing feeling with us was decidedly in favor of the king; nor is that to be wondered at, since we have ever been considered under the immediate patronage of the reigning sovereign. Besides, George the fourth had shown us many kind attentions; he visited the *montem*; attended our annual rowing matches, and at the death of his much loved and highly respected father, kindly ordered a particular part of the royal chapel, at Windsor, to be made fit for our reception to witness the solemn and splendid interment: moreover, he often gained us holidays, together with other tokens of his fondness for his father's favorite school. Every Etonian, therefore, on the evening in question, was inspired with an irrepressible feeling of loyalty.

The towns of Eton and Windsor are joined by a bridge which passes over an insignificant stream, separating the county of Berks from that of Bucks, Eton being in the latter. The privileges of the Etonians did not extend one inch beyond the central line of the bridge, and their rights were so strictly observed by the people of Windsor and its vicinity, that, however closely an Etonian might be pursued by them for any misdeed, the moment he crossed this line, he could turn round and laugh at them with impunity; nor would they dare to place their foot beyond it with inimical intentions.

On this memorable night, illuminations and transparencies of all descriptions, some for king, some for queen, were visible on every house, except of those whose parsimony induced them to refrain from the expense until called for by the mob, by the well known cry of "light up, light up." At dusk, we began to collect in groups, here and there, and to form parties for our mutual protection; for the lower class of people inhabiting Windsor and Eton, were all queen's people, consisting of athletic bargemen, coalheavers, butchers, and common farmers, and right glad to have an opportunity of confronting us under a plausible excuse, in order that they might put in execution some of their repeated threats to us for pillage, robbery, and destruction. In fact, we were old and deadly enemies; for whenever a barge of coals happened to be going under Windsor bridge, and any of our body were near, the navigators therein might depend upon a plentiful and well directed shower of stones from above, which told always with great effect, from the fact that the stream being very strong, and the arch of the bridge only of sufficient width to permit the passage of a single barge, directed by skillful management, the men were obliged to pay the most scrupulous attention to their duty, and passively to receive our heavy charge of artillery without the possibility of ever acting on the defensive. They would sometimes, however, have their revenge; for whenever they caught us higher up the river, in our club-boats, they would invariably steer against us, break our oars, or drive us among the bushes and pelt us with coals at their leisure. The farmers, in every direction, were our most inveterate enemies, solely because they kept large bull-dogs about their premises to preserve their poultry, &c. from being purloined—luckless bull-dogs! luckless farmers, that dwell in the neighborhood of Eton! many have been the untimely deaths of the one, and the irreparable losses of the other.

For at least a week previous to the coronation, the shrubbery round about was searched again and again for sticks of hard and durable materials: every young cherry-tree, in particular, was rooted from its cradle to serve the purposes of the belligerents. Lead, too, was in very great demand at that time, for we were actually ferocious enough to melt it and pour it into a hole at each end of our stick, made on purpose for its reception. The adoption of this severe measure, arose from a bargeman having been seen with one of similar substance, having a huge nail driven cross ways through the end of it, thereby forming a weapon of very formidable appearance, and one still more formidable to encounter. These preparations on our part were carried on with the utmost secrecy, in order that the townsmen might receive, at least, a Roland for their Oliver.—At length, "*expectata dies aderat*," the long wished-for day arrived: of course a complete holiday. The morning had scarcely "peeped from the window of the east," before the manifestations of our loyalty began: but the chief source of our delight was in making active preparation and arrangements for the night. We amounted then, in number, to about six hundred and fifty active, strong, and spirited young men, totally reckless of consequences. The proudest titles that the country boasted, were among us, and foremost in the fight. A council of war was held in the college hall, where, by the by, I have breakfasted on certain occasions with five thousand people, and yet there is not a pillar in it. It was pretty confidently believed that Windsor bridge would be the scene of action, inasmuch as its neighborhood was very advantageous to the bargemen for concealment; nor were we wrong in our conjectures. After mature deliberation as to the best mode of arranging ourselves, it was agreed that we should form three divisions, each division so disposed as to be nearly equal in numbers and strength. The first was ordered to attack the bridge on Eton side; the second to cross the river as silently as possible in boats, and to bring up their force on the Windsor side, at the same moment; the third to scale the bridge from the river, and make directly for the enemy's center. This bridge crosses the Thames, and separates Eton from Windsor, and at that time, was of a very mean description, being built entirely of wood, very old, and low, therefore, easily to be scaled by active youths in the daily habit of practising such feats for amusement. Spies were set upon the

motions of the townsmen, who were seen equally busy in preparing themselves for the event. Our boats were all put in order, each man taking care to supply himself with such means of defence as he could use to the best advantage. As the sun gradually declined and the darkness began to favor the illuminations, every house in college that did not exhibit demonstrations of loyalty, was instantly pelted and so defaced, as to be left without a sound window in it. One poor man in the town, suffered severely from a very imprudent, though a well meaning measure. Having in his possession, rather a large, full-length portrait of the lamented princess Charlotte, he thoughtlessly placed it in one of his higher windows; it was naturally enough, at such a time, mistaken for that of the queen, and in five minutes, I am sure, there was not two square inches of glass to be seen in any part of his house, while the lady herself was injured "past all surgery." Upon the truth being ascertained the next day, however, we immediately collected a sum, sufficient, to satisfy the man for the damage he had sustained, with no trifling *bonus* into the bargain. The darkness of night had now completely set in, and at every hundred yards, with one simultaneous shout, rending the air with commingling sounds of every gradation, from boyhood to manhood, we exclaimed, "God save the king—hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" As we gradually drew nearer and nearer the bridge, persons were seen peeping from the corners of the streets before us, and then darting away rapidly again, as if afraid of being recognised or caught. We took the hint, and immediately separated, each to his appointed station. Our first care was to land safely and as clandestinely as possible the division, whose duty it was to attack the enemy from the opposite side of the bridge: this was effected, though not without some slight difficulty. As the party were going to their boats, already in attendance, they perceived a few men employed in cutting them from their moorings, and thrusting them into the middle of the stream. This would have been a death-blow to our hopes of success, had it succeeded; for to ford the river was impossible, and to scale the bridge, would have been equally so without them. To our dismay, three or four were already moving away with the tide fast beyond our reach: some of us instantly waded up to our necks—some jumped into those remaining, to row after those that had been pushed off, while three or four engaged hand to hand the fellows who were thus quietly occupied in doing us so much mischief. They were stout athletic men, and though not equal to their adversaries in point of agility, had decidedly the advantage as to strength. Owing, however, entirely, to the activity of our men, we were enabled to give and evade many very severe blows. During this contest, the rest of the party had secured and returned with the boats—our enemies quickly took to their heels—were pursued, captured, bound hands and feet, gagged, and left on the shore "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy." We lost no time in making up for this unexpected delay; but crossed the river as rapidly as possible, under the favor of a dark night, and muffled oars—landed without further obstruction, and concealed ourselves among the bushes and trees that thickly grew on that side of the river. Here we were to wait, patiently, the signal for attack, which was to be the ascent of a rocket. It is true, the bridge was not higher than twenty feet from the surface of the river, yet it was by no means a pleasant thing to be plunged head first, even from that height, at night time into the rapid tide below. However, we thought the less of that, from our being constantly in the habit of practising it as a feat, which had then become as common as the acquirement of the *pons asinorum* in Euclid. We were now at a stand still, and demurred whether we should be the first to advance or wait the arrival of the enemy. It was at length decided that a part of the first division should move on for the purpose of leading out our opponents, and then practice the celebrated Norman deceit of a sham retreat, with the hope that they would follow us. I must not forget to mention that every sixth man of the scaling division, was ordered to carry a torch and fire-box, with which to light it upon the word being given. Our stratagem succeeded well; as we advanced, the enemy came forward in a dense mass to meet us. Not a word was spoken on either side, nor was any thing heard, but the tramp of our feet upon the gravelly road. Upon coming within reach of each other, we turned suddenly round and fled; they followed with wild shouts and scornful laughs, which were soon changed for those of a different nature. As they rushed furiously past the foot of the bridge, they were as furiously met, shoulder to shoulder, by that part of the first division which had remained behind for the purpose. The rocket, here, went off, and on came our second division from the other side of the bridge, with all the force and impetuosity of youthful temerity. At the same moment the bridge was scaled, and the torches flamed in every direction. The enemy, for the moment, seemed doubtful whether to fly or stand; but finding which way soever they turned that they were opposed, they returned to the charge with double ferocity. Never did an army in the field fight for their own honor and that of their country more vigorously, than did the Etonians on that memorable night. We were met by the Civilians at every point: some tried to prevent our ascent from the bridge, where the battle soon became the hottest, while others were engaged in repelling our instantaneous attack on them from front and rear. They were undoubtedly taken much by surprise, and thrown into great confusion, which at length gave us the victory. The glaring torches shed their dusky light on the objects around, now illumining this part now that, rendering the scene actually horrible, I might say infernal; for the huge bargemen with long and shaggy hair, faces unshaved for many days, looked more like creatures of the nether world, than of this—as the flickering gleams of the torches fell upon their harsh and rugged features and stalworth forms, mingling in the fight. Here you might see, rolling in the mud, and grasping each other's throats, Etonians, bargemen, and butcher-boys; the tortuous writhing of the body, and hurried gasping for breath, portraying

the violence of their struggle—here a man lying on his back stunned, and gazing fixedly and weltering in blood—here an Etonian supporting, in agony, his bruised arm, and groaning beneath the severe infliction—another limping, another sprawling on all fours, while blows, thick and heavy, whizzed on all sides round. But the centre of the bridge was the principal scene of action. The flaring of the torches; the struggling of those engaged in close contest; the cries of the wounded; the heavy splashing of those who were hurled into the water; the cries of the king forever on our side, that of the queen on theirs—to the rescue—they fly—throw him over—no quarter—down with him—victory! the king forever—hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! presented a spectacle more animated than I have known on any other occasion. In the midst of all our joy and vociferations of loyalty, the majestic and hollow-toned college bell recalled us within our walls. That was a sound which all instantly and instinctively obeyed; and having collected ourselves again into one body, we re-entered our castles with hearts swelling with the pride of victory. We ascertained to our delight that the enemy had suffered severely; and except some very bad bruises and two or three broken arms, our injury was but trifling. Need I say the following day passed in recapitulating our gallant deeds.

The great aversion which the students of Eton bore towards the inhabitants of Windsor and its vicinity, as well as that of the latter towards the former, was so well known, that the duke of York, at the close of the interesting ceremony of laying the first stone of the new bridge, at Windsor, terminated his address with the following appropriate words:—

"May the great Architect of the universe bless the work this day commenced, and may this structure conduce to the harmony of the towns of Windsor and Eton." M.

PAIN OF LIVING CREATURES.

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering, feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

This opinion of the celebrated poet has been so frequently quoted, as to be familiar to all the reading classes of the community. It evidently sprang from that thoughtful study of nature which is the great parent of benevolence, and does honor to the writer's heart; yet, like many beautiful theories, both in prose and poetry, I do not believe it to be founded in fact. In youth, when the mind is more curious to inquire and more ready to believe than to reason, we receive instruction with a general credulity, and without ever pausing to examine into its origin. Impressions so made are confirmed by time, which deepens the prejudices which it fails to destroy. I esteem this to be one, among other errors of a more serious kind, which the world fall into, as it were, blind-folded; and in which they are contented to grope, when by merely exercising the senses with which nature has endued them, they might detect the path of truth.

Let my readers reflect for a moment, upon the acknowledgment which they make, by endorsing, with their approbation, the remark of the poet:

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering, feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

In naming the "the poor beetle," I presume the writer means to include all living creatures on the face of the globe, or beneath the ground, or in the deep, or the air. The mass of agony for which this admission makes nature responsible, is shocking, and beyond credit. The death of every creature which supplies our table with food, would, in such case, be a massacre, and we should shrink from an oyster supper with horror unutterable. What appetite should we derive from witnessing a human being placed upon the rack, his limbs torn quivering and bleeding from his body, his eyes wrenched from their sockets, his heart cut out from his panting breast, or his head twisted off before life had left the mangled trunk; and yet, if those forms of life which are evidently intended to serve the purposes of nutrition to human beings,

"In corporal suffering, feel a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

even such is the exquisite torture inflicted upon every oyster that is eaten, upon every fish that is brought up trembling from the depths of the stream, and every bird which falls fluttering and bloody at the fowler's feet.

Besides the creatures which are useful as the food of man, there are myriads of others which swarm about his steps, and die in countless numbers by accident—while others are intentionally destroyed as offensive. If death is to all these what it is to a human being, it would be no affectation of sensibility to confess that I could not put my foot on a spider, nor witness the struggles of a drowning fly, without a thrill of painful compassion.

I have no doubt that all creatures gifted with life, are, also, endued with a sufficient susceptibility of pain, and instinctive dread of it, to answer the general purpose of self-preservation; but, when we behold the difference between the organization of an oyster, a fly, or a beetle and a man, it is impossible to conceive that their systems can admit of an equal degree either of pain or pleasure. Both sensations must be to them something dull and vague; and inasmuch as their sphere of existence is more contracted, and their formation meaner, so their capacities are all dim and small, and their lives comparatively worthless. You may watch a fly upon the table, perambulating briskly in search of food. True, if you catch him, he makes a great noise, although uninjured; but set him free again, and after convincing himself by a few aerial circumvolutions of the fact that so important a personage is actually released without a ransom, he will return to the table and go on with his epicurean researches. Cut off his legs, and his wings, and sometimes I have seen his body

rather unceremoniously divided for the sake of the experiment. The patient was evidently incommode by the loss, and performed certain involuntary evolutions, but presently, on arriving at a crumb of sugar, he commenced regaling himself as usual, body or no body, and afterwards cleansed the remainder of his wings with the fragments of his legs, and hobbled off till he found and partook of some more sugar.

The fisherman takes the worm from the earth, tears its helpless form into pieces; each one of which he fastens upon the barbed hook. The imagination recoils from the idea of such an experiment upon one of our race, yet if similar pain be suffered by the worm, it is equally cruel. Fish taken from the water, remain alive many hours. If we suppose them gifted with a human susceptibility of bodily torture, what agony can be more excruciating than theirs?

The destruction which we necessarily commit among the inferior living creation, although presenting a vast and gloomy picture of suffering, would form but a part of the great system of anguish offered to the contemplation of the naturalist. He beholds all the brute creation continually engaged, from their nature, in destroying each other. The lion is tearing his victim; the vulture is pouncing upon his prey; the whale is swallowing shoals of lesser fish—altogether, the earth would afford a prospect painful to dwell upon, and inconsistent with the principles of benevolence which form the leading features in the creation and government of the world. I am, therefore, compelled to believe, that although the creatures over which man is the lord, are capable of sufferings to a certain degree, yet, that their pain is very different from the torture of human beings. The essence, which we call life, might have been breathed into matter much finer and purer, and more capable of every species of emotion, than that of which we are at present constructed. The nerves of the tooth, for example, how exquisitely delicate, and with what a refined agony do they resent the softest touch? The same power that spread these fibres through the teeth, might have created us all nerve, so that the breathing of the air upon our uncovered bodies would have thus afflicted us, or perhaps overcome us with an equal consciousness of delight. The nerves which in us are productive of such acute sensation, are wanting in the fly, the oyster, the beetle, &c. or are composed of a different material, and we may, therefore, justly conclude are governed by different rules. The more nature is studied the more the harsh and gloomy features in her aspect are softened down into kindness and beauty; and however painful insects may find the act by which their lives are extinguished, I must differ in opinion from the author of the lines at the head of this article. Beasts and insects are as incapable of our sufferings as they are of our enjoyments. F.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Ninth volume.—We this week issue the first number of the ninth volume of the NEW-YORK MIRROR. The rapid and steady increase of the subscription list, and several important additions to our previous sources of obtaining ORIGINAL articles, have induced us to give it an enlarged form. Care has been taken, however, that this should not interfere with the uniformity of the series; as the numbers for the ensuing year may be bound in a volume of nearly the same size as those already published, by diminishing the breadth of the margin. The only object of this arrangement is, notwithstanding the expense, to repay the liberality of our readers with a more varied collection of matter.

An original Stanza by Lord Byron.—We are indebted to the politeness of a friend for the following little relic of the distinguished and unfortunate bard. From the lateness of the hour at which it was received, we are compelled to insert it in our own department.

The celebrated lines of Lord Byron, "To a lady weeping," which in 1812 occasioned so much excitement in England, must be well known to your readers. There is one stanza, however, which has never been printed. I copied it from the manuscript of Lord Byron, and enclose it to you with the poem itself. The first verse is the original one. The others are to be found in his works. It may be proper to state that there can be no possible doubt respecting the authenticity of the manuscript. It is accompanied by a note from Mr. Drury himself. The word "happy" in the first line of the first verse has been erased, and "brilliant" interlined. It is probable that the opening four lines were composed while copying the others. Nearly all the manuscripts of Lord Byron are at present in possession of Mr. Murray, his publisher, in London, with the exception of one canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," which is the property of Mr. Drury, and for which he has refused three thousand guineas. They are said to be very curious specimens of chirography, crowded with erasures, interlineations, and marginal notes. The copy from which the subjoined stanzas are taken, bear strong marks of the rapidity and manner of the author, and is accompanied by the following note, commencing at the bottom of the page, and meandering along the margin of the side and top. "Copied for my friend Rev. H. Drury, February 14th, 1814, in the midst of the clash of paragraphs, and the conflict of newspapers, occasioned by the republication of the foregoing stanzas."

Blest omens of a brilliant reign
In bright succession hourly rise;
Forsaken friends—vows made in vain—
A daughter's tears—a nation's sighs!
Weep, daughter of a royal line,
A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah, happy! if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away!
Weep—for thy tears are virtue's tears
Auspicious to these suffering isles!
And be each drop, in future years,
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles.

Letters from London.—Our correspondent C. writes by the last packet that he has been absent from London for some time, "scouring the country round," and promises communications soon. We extract a few lines from his epistle:

"I was much pleased to hear of the extraordinary success of *Cinderella*, and under such adverse circumstances, amid the unusual rage for sleighing and *Burkeing*. You have the advantage with your *Cinderella* over the Londoners. A new opera has been produced at Covent-garden, 'Aza and Zemira,' founded on the old 'Story of Beauty and the Beast,' music by Spohr. It went off very flatly. Miss Inverarity, of course, was Beauty, and Wilson the Beast. It had rather a ludicrous effect to see the lover and hero running about as a beast, singing love ditties, and placing his paw upon his hairy carcass, about the region of the heart, to express the tender feelings. The worst of it is, he is not transformed till the last scene. I went the other evening to see *Pasta in Medea*, and *Taglione*, and will attempt an article about them."

To publishers.—We would apologize to the gentlemen who have politely furnished us with new publications, if a resolution not to review and give an opinion upon works without a careful reading required an apology. As we wish the literary notices appearing in this journal to be, at least, marked with candor, and founded upon examination, it is impossible for us to comply immediately with all the wishes of our literary friends. "Patience, the young and rose-lipped cherub," whom we often invoke in the course of our perusals, must assist them in waiting till we can do justice to their various favors.

Mr. Monroe.—The death of this venerable patriot has called forth posthumous attention which his country was but too tardy in bestowing during his existence. The occurrence of the event on our great national festival, when taken in consideration with the fact that his illustrious confederates, Jefferson and Adams, closed their earthly labors on the same day of the year, has certainly the appearance of a singular coincidence; but the exclamations of several of the press, that some general rule of nature has been violated, that Mr. Monroe might expire on the fourth instead of the third, is a supposition springing rather from a love of the marvellous than the dictates of reason.

Mr. Monroe joined the army of the revolution in the fall or winter of 1776 as a volunteer, and brought with him from Virginia a company of artillery, which he raised and commanded, and of which the late William Washington was lieutenant. Captain (afterwards colonel) Monroe sought the post of danger at the battle of Trenton, on the twenty-sixth of December, 1776, and greatly distinguished himself as an officer in that action, in which he was severely wounded, having been shot through the breast, and by which he was disabled for nearly a year. After his recovery he was appointed aide-de-camp to Major-General Lord Sterling, and continued in his staff for some time. He was subsequently elected a member of the continental congress, and was a member in the year 1783, when General Washington resigned his commission to that body.

After the war Colonel Monroe was named by General Washington minister plenipotentiary to the court of France; was subsequently appointed secretary of state under Mr. Madison, and held the last office from 1811 to the fall of 1814; when, in consequence of the war with Great Britain, in which the United States were then engaged, and to give greater vigor to the operations of the war department, he was appointed secretary of war, and held that office until the peace of 1815, when he was again placed by Mr. Madison at the head of the department of state.

Mr. Monroe was installed president of the United States on the fourth of March, 1817, and remained in that high and dignified office for two terms.

Typography.—The increased attention of our fellow citizens to every thing connected with the fine arts, is manifested in the neat and elegant dress in which literary works are now issued from the press, as clearly as in music and engraving. The pamphlet, entitled "Remarks on the character of Napoleon," just published by Hopkins and Son, Nassau-street, is a very fair specimen of American printing. The superior quality of the paper, the lightness and beauty of the type, and the general care and scrupulous attention evidently bestowed upon the proof, are very creditable to these gentlemen, and will stand the test of a critical comparison with the generality of the best English publications.

Improvement in theatricals.—A drama of a singular kind has been brought out in the *Cirque Olympique* in Paris, entitled *Les Lions de Mysore*, in which real lions perform their parts to the great delight of crowded houses—even kangaroos, boas, and other wild animals have been tamed, and taught to bear their parts. It is not mentioned of what species of animals the audience was composed, but a reader of ordinary sagacity will not be without his own opinion upon the subject.

A brilliant spectacle has been produced in London, entitled *Napoleon Bonaparte*. This is probably the first of an endless series of dramatic exhibitions, in which the wonderful "little corporal" will figure for the edification of future ages.

New class of brokers.—Among the new establishments in Paris, a city so fertile in novelties, is one "for the mutual exchange of goods of all descriptions."

The Niger.—The grand problem respecting the course of this river has been solved by British courage and perseverance. A letter from Mr. Alexander Fisher, known to the world for his interesting voyages and travels, communicates the important information to the public through the columns of the *London Literary Gazette*. The party embarked on the Niger at Youri, and came down the stream until they reached the sea in the Bight of Biafra.

HERE DO WE MEET.

A BALLAD—WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY J. A. WADE, ESQ.

Sadly.

Here do we meet a - gain, but bro - ken heart-ed,

These are not like the tears wept when we part - ed; Oh! no, those drops were like ev'-ning's calm sor-row, The dews that fall weep-ing, but pro-mise sweet mor-row! Here do we

meet a - gain, but bro - ken heart - ed, These are not like the tears wept when we part - ed.

2d—Here do we meet again, but, oh! how faded
All the sweet flowers that youth and love braided!
Not one dear link of those garlands around us,

In which the hope-dream of our fancy had bound us!
Here do we meet again, but broken-hearted,
These are not like the tears wept when we parted!

3d—Yet thus to meet again, though 'tis in tears, love!
Something of joy, even rapture appears, love!
Oh! the cold grave, how much dearer we'd find it

Than that living death our farewell left behind it!
Here do we meet again, but broken-hearted,
These are not like the tears wept when we parted!

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

THE SABBATH BELL.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

WHERE mid the crowded city glide
The gorgeous trains of pomp and pride,
Till even the laboring pavement groans
As folly's surges wear the stones,
And through the reeking air doth rise
The tide of fashion's heartless sighs,
What speaks from tower and turret fair
With solemn knell,
To break the tyranny of care,
And fearless warn the proud to prayer?—
The Sabbath bell.

From yonder cottage-homes where meet
Round the low eaves the woodbine sweet,
And the young vine-flower peering through
The rustic rose-hedge, rich with dew,
Pours on each passing zephyr's breast
A gush of fragrance pure and blest,
What lures gay childhood's throng away?
Why quit they thus at morning's ray
Their sweet sequester'd dell?
What guides them to God's temple-door,
Their holy lessons conning o'er?—
The Sabbath bell.

The chaste'n'd spirit worn with care,
That scarce can lift its burden'd prayer
Above the host of ill that thrust
Its broken pinion down to dust,
That loves the path where faith doth rise
In contemplation to the skies,
Yet crushed beneath a rugged chain
Betakes it to its task again,
What bids its sacred rapture swell,
And brings, though sorrow lift the rod
Communion with its Father-God?—
The Sabbath bell.

And thou, whose glance of rapid ray
Does lightly scan this simple lay,
When to thine eye yon astral spark,
And earthly skies and suns are dark,
What to the fair and lighted hall
Where cherish'd friends hold festival,
What to the pensive, listening ear
The tidings of thy death shall tell?
And summon to thy lowly bier
The bursting sigh, the bitter tear?—
The Sabbath bell.

BENEFITS BESTOWED AND BENEFITS RECEIVED.
—One day the Caliph Almansor was surveying
the ocean, as its waves broke hollowly on the shore,
in company with the philosopher Ebon Walid. As
they were admiring the magnificent immensity of
the vast expanse of waters, and their eternal mo-
tion, they beheld two men, one of whom was writ-
ing on the sands, over which the tide was about to
roll, the other upon a rock.

"You who can penetrate the actions of mortals, tell
me what can these men be doing?" said the caliph.
"Commander of the Faithful," replied Ebon
Walid; "he who is writing on the sands is doubt-
less recording the favors he has received, while the
other is engraving on the imperishable adamant the
benefits he has bestowed on others."

AN EXCELLENT SPEECH.—When Louis the four-
teenth visited Rheims, the mayor brought with him
some bottles of wine, and some fine preserved pears,
and addressed him as follows: "Sire, we offer you
our wine, our pears, and our hearts, which are the
best things our city can boast of." Louis tapped the
mayor on the shoulder familiarly, and replied, "Mr.
Mayor, I thank you heartily for your harangue."

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES OTIS ROCKWELL.

BY J. F. ROGERS.

Let me not mutely pass the grave of him
Whose spirit was ethereal:—though his lyre
Be low and broken, and his glory dim,
Earth stifeth not life's essence—and the fire
Of genius shall be fed by kindred song,
In tribute, loud and long.
Even now thou art before me, as in youth
We strayed by flowery hill and winding stream—
Or at our parting, when in sterner truth,
Manhood had stol'n upon us like a dream;
When fate gives each a different path to roam,
And points to a far home.
Yet thou hast battled with this life's cold storm,
And sunk, alas! too early into rest;
And death hath changed the features of that form,
And quench'd the lightning of thy noble breast;
There will be tears above thy grave, and mine
Shall be upon that shrine.
Why dreams the mind of an immortal sphere
Rich with fresh laurels,—where to gather back
The hopes and visions which were bonded here,
Within the narrowness of earth,—to track
The invisible paths of glory, and reclaim
A crown, and victor's name?
Behold how strong and silently that tomb
Locks up its fallen victim!—let him not
Be as those flowers that waste their early bloom
In the same dust,—his glory be forgot
Like yesterday's lost sunshine, nor his power
Be absent in this hour:—
For influence dies not with us. He may rest
In death a while, yet resting he may fling
An impulse to the world;—even his lone breast
Like a rich incense-vase, may swiftly bring
Itself to ashes, but the sweet perfume
Will rise, and not consume.

There are some spirits that pursue the goal,
Yet striding forth they seem too proud and tall
For earth's contracted limits; and *thy* soul
Was temper'd with this fire. Alas! they fall,
And genius breaks its prison,—see it soar
Upward, to fall no more!
Give tribute to the dead,—bring fresh green flowers
From vale and forest, and meteors from the sky;
Bring from the ocean gifts of coral bowers,
And from the earth those gems that never die—
And songs—bid memory number not its years;—
Bring all, and with them—tears!

EXTRAORDINARY TRIUMPH OF ELOQUENCE.—A
certain town in Italy sent a deputation to Urban
fifth, who was very ill, soliciting some favor. The
orator, without any mercy to the sick man, made a
long tedious discourse. "Have you any thing
more to say?" asked his holiness, impatiently.
"Nothing," replied the orator, "except that if you
do not grant our request, I am instructed to recite
my speech over again." His holiness immediately
ordered that all his demands should be freely and
instantaneously complied with.

GRANTING MORE THAN IS ASKED.—A pious lady
had offered up a petition to St. Rabboni, for the
conversion of her husband. A few days afterwards
the good gentleman departed this life. The widow
exclaimed in a fervent tone of gratitude, "What
an excellent and gracious saint is Rabboni, he even
grants us more than we pray for!"

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

To whom all communications must be addressed. No
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VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1831.

No. 2.

For the New-York Mirror.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY THYRA.

ELIZABETH! Elizabeth, thou'rt sleeping in thy shroud,
And silent tears flow over thee, and wailings "deep and loud;"
But on thy face, my perished flower! thy mother may not dare
To gaze and read the fearful change that death has written there.

Elizabeth, my gentle babe! thou wert not made for earth—
A mournful look thy calm sweet face hath worn e'en from thy birth;
I felt that thou wert doomed, and yet as stunning is the blow
As if I ne'er had deemed that thou away from me could'st go.

They bid me come and look upon thy fair but lifeless face,
And the moveless limbs, so playful once, where death has left his trace;
Oh! think they that my stricken heart a sight like this could brook?
No—on that rigid brow of thine for worlds I would not look!

They tell me there is beauty still in that pale cheek of thine,
And the waxen hands which helplessly do by thy sides recline;
But no—I will not look on thee, for oh! I could not bear
To gaze upon thy face and seek the smile that is not there!

To gaze with aching heart upon thy changeless countenance,
Yearning from that closed eye to meet its well-remembered glance;
Those sweet imperfect sounds to catch, for which my thirsting ear
Would yield up all earth's melodies, but once again to hear!

Elizabeth, my beautiful! how could I bear to press
My lips to thy unconscious ones, in all their iciness?
I have beheld thy face too oft in beauty and in bloom,
To view it now when cold and pale, and destined for the tomb.

Too fearful is the thought to me of coffin, shroud, and pall—
Oh! not arrayed in these, my babe! would I thy form recall,
But in thy living loveliness and smiles of infant glee,
Oh! thus may thy remembrance, sweet, forever visit me!

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

CITY RAMBLES.

DID you ever read any thing more delightful in their way, Messrs. Editors, than Miss Mitford's sketches? How thoroughly they are embued with the genuine taste for the poetic and beautiful in nature. There is a summer brightness and luxuriance in her imagination, and, to me, it is as delicious to escape from the *triste* pomposity of more learned writers, to the brilliancy and freshness of her pages, as it is to steal from the eternal jangle of business, and all the jostle and din of the city, and to sit down on some grassy bank where the whirring of the bird's wing, and the warble of his song are heard with the sound of the many branches, and where some dimpling and transparent brook, leaps on its course with the silvery bubbles floating and flashing on its surface, and the dash of its tiny waves bursting out like the laughter of a beautiful and happy child. The influence of such a writer upon the moral world is inestimable. She imparts not the mysteries of science; she teaches happiness. She directs the attention to the picturesque groupings which are continually forming and breaking away around us. Her sadness is like the shadow of a cloud, which, if dissolved into the shower, only leaves the heavens bluer, the grass and woods greener, and all nature more animated than before. I never met a mind more susceptible of every varying and delicate influence. It is a finely toned instrument upon which every passing event makes music. Her tenderness is that of the poet, or the woman, while her mirth has the *irrepressibility*, (if I may say so) the unchecked revelry of health and youth. Her delineations of character are transcripts from nature. I should deem them drawn in a moral *camara obscura*. In her portfolio, bright heads of children, and animated forms of dogs delight you like the fine imaginative decorations of a painter's room; but when she roams over the country, when she watches the opening graces of spring, the flash and gaiety of summer, the quiet golden richness, and lavish abundance of autumn, or the iciness, and the desolation of winter—while she approaches, in excellence and feeling, the author of the "Seasons," she surpasses him in versatility and irresistible humor. In these qualities she is nearer Washington Irving. I fancy I see her pause on the summit of a hill to catch the effect of a fine landscape, to contemplate the coloring of the sky, trace the winding of the silvery river, or the outline of the blue aerial mountain, the streaming of the sunset light through the illumined grove, and the long shadow upon the lawn, or to muse, peradventure, upon the spirited attitude of a sweet, unconscious child, or an old beggar, or a wearied out angular rosinante before a dilapidated antique cart, or the sunny face of a girl, or any of the graceful and beautiful things from the admiration of which a man of poetic temperament drinks draughts of delight, almost sufficient to compensate him for the ruggedness of his own path, the loneliness of his own bosom. Then her sketches are so evidently drawn from nature; so free from pedantry, Latin and Greek, business and bookishness. So fresh and original! By original I do not mean a very

extraordinary manner of relating incidents which no being ever dreamed of before. No startling theories, no trap-doors, dungeons, and other horrors; but I mean that what she writes is the result of her own feeling and observation, not of her reading.

After this opinion of the fair essayist, would you not think "much learning had made me mad" should I audaciously presume to offer you a composition written in something of the same plan? If she has discovered so many admirable themes for thought and description in her secluded village, it is but probable that a city like ours cannot be destitute of materials equally valuable for either the pencil or the pen. It was but the other evening that I was awakened from a deep slumber by a cry of *fire*. There is something singularly expressive in the human voice. The same shout frequently breaks the stillness of the night and my sleep, without exciting my attention sufficient to induce me to rise. But this one was sudden, distinct and startling, with something in it of emotion which convinced me it was uttered by one who beheld the flames. I accordingly hastened to the window. It was a quiet, starry night. The houses on the opposite side of the street in which I resided, and apparently within a quarter of a mile of my dwelling, reflected a brilliant glare of light, and volumes of fiery smoke rolled upwards with the motion of heavy billows towards the reddening sky. The shout multiplied from all quarters—the deep-toned bells began to toll—figures here and there rushed rapidly towards the scene of action—an engine thundered over the pavements—beneath my window the forms of the firemen in their huge caps and jackets shown like demons in the red dusky gleams of the torches—hoarse voices, with shouts and imprecations, urged each other onward. Hastily clothing myself, I sallied forth and hurried to the conflagration.

There is nothing in nature more beautiful than fire, and more terrible in its beauty. When thus arrayed for purposes of ruin, it conveys to me an impression similar to that which I receive from the sight of a powerful serpent. There is the same fatal brilliancy, the same fearful grace and relentless spirit of destruction, and the same admirable fitness as emblems of the infernal regions. In darkness this wonderful element exhibits its grandeur with a more magnificent effect. The roofs of lofty buildings, and summits of chimneys; the tall steeples and swelling domes, shone vividly in the distance, painted by the lurid glare. Dense masses of smoke in the intervals of a slight breeze, shrouded the blaze and darkened the scene, till leaping and glistening, through the gloom like a sheet of lightning from the brooding cloud, the flame again dazzled the eye, and made the "darkness visible" with a radiant but dim and melancholy lustre. The conflagration had burst forth in a stable in the rear of a large wooden church, and in the midst of a closely crowded block of buildings, mostly of the same materials. A long season of intensely hot weather, without rain, had rendered them uncommonly combustible. The wind was sufficiently strong to increase the fury of the element into an ungovernable rage that resembled madness; and the cry went forth through the crowd that there was no water to be obtained, till the engines could form a line to the river, the distance to which was great: in the meantime, the flame was running rapidly along the roof of the church, at first gently curling, and gradually extending to the rear and front. The crowd collected—the wind increased—the frame building was soon blazing with incalculable fury, and the flame communicated to the several adjoining houses. In less than half an hour, the rear of the church was completely consumed: a vast sheet of fire washed over it like an ocean—the interior was brightly visible; the pews, bannisters, galleries, carved columns and white ceilings, yielded rapidly to the intense heat—timber crackling—walls crashing—chimneys falling—furniture tumbling from windows—men shouting through trumpets—engines thundering—women screaming—glass breaking—earth trembling beneath our feet—the vast multitude swarming like bees in their hive, rocking and heaving in the narrow streets, and clustering on the steps, lamps, windows, and the broad arch of heaven burning and glowing above, all formed a scene of sublime grandeur.

The city cannot be too grateful to the body of daring firemen who nightly risk their lives in defence of our property. The soldier who exposes himself in the battle for his country, scarcely incurs more peril, or deserves more praise. The confusion continues. Here you may behold a heap of furniture, there a group of persons just escaped from the flames. Mark yonder building with the brick front, and nearly destroyed—the ravenous blaze is feeding on the ruins in which fancy pictures many a group of domestic peace and hope. The frame work is consumed—the front totters—the firemen place their long heavy ladders against it.—Hark!—crash!—up to the sky flash the expiring flames, and then sink with the heap of crumbled ruin. That poor dwelling belonged to a widow with a large family nearly dependent upon her exertions. She was even too indigent to get it insured. With what feelings will she greet the returning day. A fine boy has escaped from his home, and is eagerly yielding to the excitement of the scene. He dashes fearlessly through the crowd

and seizes the rope of the engine; but, his foot slips—he falls—the dreadful machine rushes on—a smothered scream is faintly heard amid the dreadful surrounding din, and now a trampled and bleeding body is born senseless through the crowd to blast some fond mother's sight, and strike her bosom with horror and anguish unutterable.*****

The heavens are shining again with all their stars. The vast city is wrapped in shadows. The pealing bells have ceased. Silence is in the streets: all, except a low confused sound from the spot where death and destruction have been at work. You may hear the faint hum, like the subdued roar of the sea, when the storm has passed away, or the hush of the field of battle after the conflict. Wearied and exhausted firemen are slowly dragging home their engines. Morning breaks in the east!*****

The noonday sky overspreads the gay Broadway. Steeds are prancing, and flashing chariots glittering in the sun. The voice of youth and pleasure is around me: forms of beauty and splendor, dazzling jewelry, tempting pictures, sunny eyes, and slender feet. The wealthy are purchasing luxuries, the joyous giving loose to mirth. Why at such a moment should my melancholy thoughts steal back to the wreck and the ruin—to the desolate dwelling of the widow, the mangled form of that fearless boy, and to the family at whose festive board, hereafter, his bright head must be missed? SEDLEY.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The New-England Magazine. No. L. July, 1831. By J. T. & E. Buckingham. Boston, Munroe & Francis. New-York, Charles S. Francis. 8vo. pp. 96.

ATTEMPTS have been frequently and unsuccessfully made to establish American monthly reviews. We trust this well-printed and well-written work will not share the fate of its predecessors. It is impossible to form an accurate opinion from the first number of any publication; but this, under the auspices of the Messrs. Buckingham, promises very fair. By *promises* we do not mean it pledges itself to excel every thing else of the kind, for its prospectus is as sensible and modest as a youth of sixteen; but the character of the matter is decidedly good. We relished, among others, an article on Lord Byron, independent, firm, and rational; and a pleasant hit at the times, which we extract, entitled

THE PROGRESS OF EXAGGERATION.

The rapidity which a story, like a snow-ball, gains in its progress, has been frequently illustrated. The tendency to exaggeration was never more manifest than at the present day. A trifling skirmish of outposts, by the time it has undergone a translation through one or two newspapers, gets to be a bloody engagement; and a riot is sometimes magnified into a revolution. The characters of men are subject to the same process; and the most ordinary partizan, raised to an office by political intrigue, by the time his name has gone the rounds of the newspapers, gets to be a man of talent and worth—equally to his own astonishment and that of the public. We have seldom seen this tendency to add a little to the current report, at each repetition, acted upon with less scruple, than in the following extracts, which we give to our readers as we find them.

NUMBER ONE.

It is well known, that the common domestic fowl is remarkably fond of rose-bugs. The abundance of this insect, the present season, promises a rich repast to the tenants of the poultry yard.—*Massachusetts Farmer, for June the fifteenth.*

NUMBER TWO.

We see it remarked in the *Massachusetts Farmer* that, as the common domestic fowl is remarkably fond of rose-bugs, a rich repast will be enjoyed by this portion of the feathered race, the present season, the insect alluded to being quite abundant. It has occurred to us, that it might be a matter of economy, worth attending to by those who keep fowls for the market, to collect these insects, as an article of food, as they must be considerably cheaper than Indian meal; and, as it is said, in consequence of the horny nature of their wings, no addition of gravel is required for the purposes of digestion.—*New-England Husbandman.*

NUMBER THREE.

IMPORTANT TO AGRICULTURISTS.—We observe it stated in substance, in the *Massachusetts Farmer* of June fifteenth, that the attention of one class of our husbandmen has lately been called to a subject which is likely to turn out of the very first importance, both to the farmers and to the inhabitants of our cities. It is well known that good fowls are a very important article of supply, in the domestic economy; but that, in consequence of the dearthness of Indian corn, their price has of late been so much enhanced, as to place them beyond the reach of a considerable portion of our citizens, who are consequently reduced to an unsatisfactory diet of beef and mutton-chops. It appears that, in consequence of the great abundance of rose-bugs the present season, and the known fondness of the do-

mestic fowl for this insect, our farmers have set about collecting them, as an article of food for their poultry; and, as we understand, the fowls never came into market so plump and fat. An incidental advantage of considerable importance is, that, in consequence of the horny nature of the wings of the rose-bug, the fowls require no gravel. This interesting fact will not escape the attention of those who are curious in their gravel-walks, and who wish to preserve them from the dilapidation produced by their being promiscuously frequented by domestic poultry.—*American Economist*.

NUMBER FOUR.

SOMETHING NEW.—The Massachusetts Farmer of the fifteenth of June informs us, that a considerable reduction has taken place in the price of southern corn, in consequence of the abundance of rose-bugs, which our farmers, in all directions, are collecting for their poultry. Dough is now served out in the farm-yard only on Sunday mornings; the remainder of the week the fowls are kept to the bug, and are found to thrive remarkably well. Letters from some of the principal houses on Long-wharf have gone on to the south, countermanding their orders for shipments of corn, the demand for which is already nominal. We also learn from the same paper, that as the hard wings of the rose-bug are found to take the place of gravel, the destruction of gravel-walks by the poultry has entirely ceased, and the sale of the hammerings of granite, at the state prison, which have been extensively used in repairing gravel-walks, has been almost wholly arrested. Whether any disturbances are likely to take place at the prison, in consequence of the convicts being thus, in part, thrown out of employ, we are uninformed. Should this be the case, we trust that the sagacity of some of our distinguished citizens will be exerted, to devise some way in which the safety of the prison can be reconciled to the reduction of the demand for hammerings, consequent upon the abundance of rose-bugs.

Since writing the above remarks, we learn that boys are out in every direction collecting the bug.—*Mass. Agriculturist*.

NUMBER FIVE.

THE ENTOMOLOGICAL SYSTEM.—Our friends have doubtless heard of the Tullian system, (not Marcus but Jethro,) and the soiling system in agriculture; but we believe the entomological system is likely to prove of more importance than either. We perceive a brief sketch of it in the Massachusetts Farmer for June fifteenth, where it is described, as practised by a distinguished agriculturist of Massachusetts. It has long been a fact, well known to practical farmers, that the common domestic fowl, (*gallus gallinaceus*), is remarkably fond of rose-bugs. Many of our readers have doubtless witnessed the mode, in which even the young chicken seizes a bug in his beak, rubs him once or twice on the ground, and then swallows him, and catches at another. In consequence of the abundance of rose-bugs the present year, it has occurred to some of our enterprising husbandmen, to make a business of collecting the bug, as food for their poultry. The idle boys, of which unfortunately too many are found in every community, have been, in general, employed for this purpose, and paid a cent a pint for as many as they could collect. A pint, it was found, was adequate food for two fowls for a day, without requiring any gravel, in consequence of the horny nature of the wings. Our readers will perceive the vast importance of this discovery to the trade in southern corn. We hear that the demand for it has nearly ceased. In consequence of this new diet, it has also been found that the poultry have ceased their depredations on the gravel-walks, and the hammerings of the granite have ceased to be called for at the state prison. Some doubts existing as to the precise cause of the marked abstinence of the poultry from the gravel-walks, an intelligent and scientific agriculturist constructed two coops, each twenty feet long, four wide, and two high, and placed them on each side of his front door, on two gravel-walks, forming the approach to his house. Four dozen fowls were enclosed in each, and fed in one coop, with bugs, in their natural state, and in the other with bugs whose wings had been removed. At the end of a week the coops were removed; the walk beneath the former was untouched, while beneath the latter every particle of gravel had disappeared. These few facts seem to show that the entomological system is likely to produce the most astonishing effects on the industry of the community. We wait for further developments with anxiety.—*United States Thrasher*.

NUMBER SIX.

SOMETHING SINGULAR.—We notice in the Massachusetts Farmer for June fifteenth, a brief reference to some very curious and important facts. Our readers are generally acquainted with the change which has taken place in the feeding of poultry; the introduction of the entomological diet, as it has been happily called; the consequent reduction in the price of corn, the almost entire suspension of the demand for granite hammerings; and the employment given to a large number of poor children, in collecting rose-bugs, at a cent a pint. Very curious details on this subject are contained in the Massachusetts Farmer for June fifteenth. The subject is one of importance; but we have not time, at present, to go deeply into details. We understand that an intelligent and enterprising husbandman has undertaken to furnish good fowls in the market at ninepence a pair. The eggs are to be hatched in furnaces, gently heated with Lehigh coal, and the chickens immediately supplied with the new food. All the eggs in the vicinity have been purchased for this new establishment, and a custard-pudding is no where to be seen, not even at our best tables. This is a privation to which, we trust, our citizens will cheerfully submit, as they will shortly be much more than recompensed by the reduced price of poultry. Nor is it to be forgotten that, in consequence of the collection of the rose-bugs, as food for the chickens, the rose-bushes will escape their ravages, and that we shall immediately be able to buy our distilled rose-water and conserve of roses at a much reduced price.

We feel it, however, our duty, as faithful journalists, to advert to an unforeseen check, which has been encountered by the enterprising husbandman alluded to. About five pecks of rose-bugs were emptied into his farm-yard on Monday morning, where five or six dozen of chickens are kept. The bugs were mostly alive, and having been kept long without food, were themselves naturally hungry. The yard presented no verdure on which they could fix themselves, and the consequence was, that while the chickens were employed in picking them up, a portion of the bugs from the large heaps, into which they were thrown in the yard, fastened on the chickens, and when our paper went to press the latter had the worst of it.

P. S. We understand that one chicken, naturally feeble, has given out, and retreated to one corner of the yard, covered with the insects.—*The Ploughman's Friend*.

NUMBER SEVEN.

UNPLEASANT.—We always experience a sentiment of regret at being called, as conductors of a public press, to record the obstacles which occasionally present themselves in the execution of the most sagacious plans. Our readers are, in general, apprized that a new system of husbandry was bidding fair (and we will not permit ourselves to doubt, still bids fair) to be introduced among us, superseding the demand for southern corn, and enabling the farmer to afford our own corn at a cheap rate, furnishing us the minor poultry in greater abundance, and at a much reduced price, securing our gravel-walks, affording employment to poor children, and placing rose-water within the reach of the most limited resources. The numerous establishments already commenced for raising poultry on this system are well known, and have been hailed by the good wishes of the community. We are concerned, however, to record an adverse circumstance, of an unpleasant character, which has occurred in the first and largest of these establishments; and which, for the moment, has considerably checked the public enthusiasm, and raised the price of southern corn. It is generally known that Mr. Chickenwell had turned his extensive enclosures into a fowlsery, and constructed a range of furnaces for hatching the eggs by artificial heat. He had already brought forward six hundred dozen of chickens in this way, and the indigent population of the neighboring towns was principally employed in collecting the bugs. The demand for the chickens promised to be so great, that the enterprising undertaker felt able to pay the handsome price of a cent a peck for the bugs.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the importance of the relief afforded to our country towns in this way, in the support of their poor. So many hands have been taken off by this new occupation, that the price of oakum at our neighboring almshouses has been sensibly enhanced, and it is feared the shipping interest may suffer, in the article of calking. We learn from the Massachusetts Farmer of June fifteenth, that on the fifth instant a large waggon load of the rose-bugs was driven into the fowlsery, and emptied on the ground, where they, of course, would have furnished food to the stock for several weeks. The supply having been short for a few days previous, the fowls (as our readers will readily believe) went to work upon the tempting heap, with no little alacrity, and were soon satiated. Meantime, however, the rose-bugs themselves, as might perhaps have been anticipated from the large number collected, and the proportionate length of time they had been in the waggon, were operated upon by the stimulus of appetite; and, in the absence of any other more appropriate food, began to attach themselves, by means of their antennae and legs (of which they have three pairs, furnished with barbs, by which the insect is enabled to adhere with considerable tenacity to foreign substances) to the bodies of the fowls. At first, and while the poultry were busily occupied in enjoying the profuse banquet spread before them, the fowls appeared to pay no attention to the insects with which they were covered. A vigorous shake of their wings and ruffling of their feathers were sufficient to disengage the rose-bugs. In proportion, however, as the fowls became inactive, by repletion, it was observed that their annoyance from the insects increased; although, from the absolute singularity of such an occurrence, neither the fowls themselves, nor the persons who happened to be spectators, seemed to regard it as of any consequence. Meantime, large quantities of the insects, still remaining without food, were constantly emerging from the heap, and fastening on the chickens, who began to manifest signs of fatigue. They retired towards the sides of the yard, rolled themselves frequently in the dust, fluttered their wings, and assumed a ruffled appearance. Some anxiety now began to be entertained in Mr. Chickenwell's establishment as to the result. But it was generally and not irrationally concluded, by the members of his family, that when the usual time for feeding the poultry should arrive, and they should again feel the stimulus of hunger, they would renew their attack upon the rose-bugs with a vigor that would be decisive in its effects. It happened, however, unfortunately, but naturally enough, that the chickens were thrown into a fever, by the irritation and exhaustion occasioned by the rose-bugs, and gave no signs of returning appetite. The usual period of feeding was watched by Mr. Chickenwell's overseer with considerable solicitude; and when it was found that the fowls remained listless, and cowering in the corners of the yard, and evinced no sensation of hunger, the alarm became great, and began to spread itself through the neighborhood. The event proved that it was but too well founded; the fowls refused to eat; new swarms of rose-bugs continued to break loose from the heap, and proceeded to break-fast on their feathered adversary, whose power of resistance grew fainter and fainter. Before long the smaller and less vigorous chickens were destroyed; and it was sufficiently evident that those which had been the stoutest and most active would soon share their fate. We cannot too much applaud the energetic and discreet course pursued by Mr. Chickenwell's overseer. Servants were immediately despatched over the extensive farm, and throughout the

neighborhood, to assemble all the full-grown cocks and hens that could be obtained. These were collected in the vicinity of the poultry-yard, placed under the direction of an experienced game-cock, and introduced at once into the enclosure. They instantly hopped forward towards the heap, picking their way with great eagerness. It happened, unfortunately, that the yard was strewn with such of the insects as had been crushed by the chickens in the commencement of the day; these were hastily devoured by the new comers, whose appetite was thereby considerably blunted. A large portion of the heap still remained in its original state, a living, crawling mass of rose-bugs, about two feet high, eight long, and four wide; and the cock-of-the-walk, in advancing toward it, with the sagacity of an experienced combatant, slackened his pace, by way of reconnoitring the strange appearance before him. The other cocks and hens rallied, somewhat cautiously, behind him, as a dove of swine is said to do when attacked by the wolves. The famished insects, meantime, several of which had been four days without food, began to creep forward, *en masse*, towards this new enemy; the cocks and hens, on their part, trod cautiously, and lifting up their legs, but steadily forward, till at length their leader, having given the signal by crowing and flapping his wings, they all rose in the air, about a foot, flew over the midst of the heap, and settled down upon it. And then began a trampling, scratching, picking, fluttering, flapping, crowing, and cackling, such as probably were never witnessed before. Thousands of the bugs were thrown up into the air; tens of thousands trodden under foot; pulled to pieces; unwinged, deformed, disantennated, and destroyed. But the ravages of the cocks and hens served but to make a sort of hole in the living heap, into which, as the valiant crowsers and cacklers sunk, new swarms of their hungry enemy closed over them, till at length the tallest cocks were almost buried in the crawling mass, and a few combs only reared themselves so as to be visible. These, at length, began, one by one, to sink down and disappear, till nothing was left but the solitary crest of the cock-of-the-walk, occasionally pushed up through the superincumbent load of the insects, and uttering a wild and faint crow,

Advanced, forced back, now high, now low,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered mid the foes.

The moment had now arrived when it was to be definitely settled whether the undisputed mastery of the poultry-yard should be surrendered up to the rose-bugs. The brood of chickens was entirely destroyed; and the cocks and hens, surfeited, exhausted, buried under a ravenous heap of unsatiated insects, must soon follow their fate. What was of still greater moment, the reputation of the entomological diet was at stake. It was a crisis of equal importance and terror; and we must do Mr. Chickenwell the credit to say, that he met it with firmness.

Near the poultry-yard, where this appalling scene was acted, he had raised and kept a large flock of Bremen geese, (*anser bremenensis*) a stout, voracious, powerful animal, ravenous after insects. Mr. Chickenwell, with a promptness and valor, which did him infinite credit, resolved to charge into the poultry-yard himself, in the rear of his Bremen geese. Arming himself with a long pole, at the end of which a white rag was attached, he mustered the flock before him; addressed them with several animated clucks, waved his rag, caused the gates to be thrown open, and fluttered in. At this moment five or six of the cockerels, by a last convulsive effort, flapped themselves up from the heap, with long thick swarms of the bugs hanging to them, uttered a sound, half scream and half crow, beat the air heavily a moment, and fell down again. The geese were dismayed and panic struck. Mr. Chickenwell (though, to tell the truth, a little staggered himself) clucked forward, but in vain. Not a goose would go up to the scratch against such a portentous adversary. The head gander himself was bewildered at the sight:

Non tulit hanc speciem furiale mente coræbus hanc;

and set up a frightful quake, in which the whole flock joined. At the same moment, they wheeled round, spread their broad wings, rose upon the toes of their webbed feet, and drove Mr. Chickenwell before them out of the yard. The alarm now became general. A turkey-cock who, with widespread tail, erected comb, and distended wattles, was gobbling and strutting down, to inquire into the disturbance, shut up his tail feathers, and joined the flight. A pair of peacocks slanted screeching up to the roof of the house; a tame mocking-bird, in a cage, ran hastily through his gamut of imitation, dogs barked; and a loquacious parrot crooked his bill round, into a sort of note of interrogation, as much as to say—"Is any thing expected of Poll?" The panic spread to the free tribes of air; the quail, in the deep forest, heard the clang, and gathered her fledglings under her wings; a flock of wild ducks, that was hurrying along to the south, contracted its serried phalanx into closer order;

Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail,
The famished eagle screams and passes by.

The fate of the system seemed sealed. The news spread to the metropolis; corn and granite-gravel rose, oakum fell, holders of poultry showed an aversion to part with their property at any price, and a general and feverish state of excitement was visible on 'change. Such was the position of things, when we went to press. We shall not fail to keep our readers apprised of the events, which may disclose themselves in the progress of this novel and highly interesting movement of affairs.—*The Atlantic Ploughboy*.

NUMBER EIGHT.

We omitted in our last paper to apprise our readers that rose-bugs must be boiled before they are given to poultry. Some accidents, we understand, have occurred for want of this precaution.—*Massachusetts Farmer of June twenty-second*.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE late singular attack upon this gentleman has called forth the following *morceau* from the Oswego Palladium. Nothing more clearly marks the universal popularity of this writer than the general disgust with which the allegations against him are received. It must be gratifying to him to perceive that where he possesses one enemy, he has thousands of friends.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RICHMOND WHIG.

ON my passage through this place (Oswego) to the Falls, I was infinitely gratified in perusing the literary, moral, and political character of Washington Irving, as sketched by you in a late paper. It is now clear that Mr. Irving has written and lived for nearly a quarter of a century, and in all that time has contrived to cheat the world into a foolish admiration of his talents, and a false estimate of his character and principles.

When the *profession* of republicanism, in our sense of the word, and in this country, was likely to get more *kicks than coppers*, Mr. Irving was a mere professor. Now, that in England, reform is approximating its institutions to our own, Wash, as we used to call him, has turned aristocrat and courtier. My old acquaintance formerly was puffed off as a man of temper, though kind and conciliating, yet firm and true. He now appears to be a *sycofant* and a *toad-eater*; gad, as old Dennis was wont to say of Addison and Pope, it is not unlikely—I always thought so. Some amongst us on this side of the Atlantic affected to be tickled very early with Knickerbocker's humor, others went so far as to say that in America there might be found even elegance of diction; a class of *literary masons* secretly revered Knick, as a stock book, until emboldened by its European success, they openly approved it. In the interim, in contempt of rule and criticism, the book ran the round of this continent as if the deuce had been barking at its heels. I recollect being at Longworth's, lounging like a lazy dog my time away, when in comes a respectable matron to ask for Knickerbocker. Longworth, you must know, lived then in Broadway, near the theatre and opposite the Park. By and by in came a three-cornered Dutch hat to inquire for

"—cum quiz et jokezez,
Et roastern, toastern, smoken folkesez,
Fee, faw, yuin."

"What the deuce, Long," said I, "is it they ask for?" "Why, a book written by some one at this place; but I don't think much of it, though there has been a *ran* for it." "Let me look at it," says I. "There it is," says he, throwing it down on the counter very carelessly. "It will never succeed," says I, after a slight glance. "No," says he, "it has not *solidity* in it—nothing in it about Burke, or Bony, or Euripid, or federalism, or democracy, or Jefferson, or Adams, or Hamilton, and such like." "Oh," says I, taking another look at it, "sad stuff; an attempt at humor," with a slight elevation of the eyebrows. "Stop," says I again, "here is something about an Indian *burning* out from the woods, in full dress, with the war whoop, and startling old Hudson, as he sails down the river for the first time. No," says I, "this will not succeed—it is an attempt at fine writing—foolish fellow. That staple cannot be worked up to account in our country." "Well, now," says Long, "I'll tell whose it is if you won't *peach*." "Not I," says I; so Long whispers— "You don't say so. I might have guessed at Jack, or either of the other brothers, but that *thing* is too *raw*. A good fellow, I allow, but I pity him, Longworth;" and turning on my heel, I walk off to read Burke, Aristides, and the Federalist.

Well, about two months after, meeting my old friend Longworth—"You have a decent literary nose for some kind of things," said he, "but that *there* book is out of your line; why zooks, man, I have had orders for another edition, and another, and another." "Well," says I, feeling devilish mad, and somewhat annoyed, "we shall see." "Oh, but," says Long, "it brings in the pence—why I have not *chinked* so much *cunzie*," said he, "since Washington's farewell." "Well," says I, pettishly, "I may be mistaken, but he never *graduated*; he is neither Grecian, Roman, nor French." "That may be," says he, "but they continue to read him, I believe, out of spite." "Not unlikely," says I, "but I must to the office."

Well, sir, I sailed some years after to Europe to finish my education, and, to my further mortification, at Edinburgh, going into Constable's, I saw Walter Scott with a book in his hand, behind the counter, with his face wrinkled with laughter, "like a wet cloak ill laid up." And what do you think he was reading? Pope, or Swift, or Rabelais, or Gifford? No! by heaven! it was Knickerbocker! "Why, surely, Mr. Scott," says I, "you cannot be amused at that trash—why, sir, it is an *American* production." "It is, nevertheless, both a humorous and a powerful offe; so much so," replied the bard, "that I have not yet been able to lay it down, nor can I until I have finished." "Strange!" thinks I to myself; "who would have thought it?"

Well, sir, next week I got squeezed or smuggled to a party, at which Jeffrey dined with Scott and other prime swells. Thinking now I had a *real* authority to smash Scott with, "Sir," said I to the reviewer, in a kind of sneaking, toad-eating, sycofant-like manner, for I was afraid of Jeffrey, "I was *surprised*, sir, yesterday, to find Mr. Scott highly amused with one of our trashy, namby-pamby, American works." "And pray what might it be?" returned the Edinburgh. "Why, a silly thing, written by a stripling, and called Knickerbocker." Jeffrey's lips curled; he turned up his nose, or his nose turned up, I never could tell which. "Saul of my body, sir," said he, "I must cordially concur with Mr. Scott; and begin to think the time is fast arriving when we shall import something else from

your country besides lumber and bread stuffs;" at which coarse jest the company, and particularly Mr. Scott, laughed most unconvincingly. Well, sir, though somewhat puzzled, I was no wise convinced.—Why? Because I knew that Wash was entirely ignorant of the canons of criticism, and had not been used to *good studies*.

Shortly after, in Italy, I saw Lord Byron, who put on one of his most enchanting smiles when I was introduced to him as an *American*, and seemed to court my acquaintance. As my ill luck would have it, I said something slightly of old "William-street," i. e. Wash. Gad, sir, his lordship gave me his back—tipped me the cold shoulder—and marched off with a look of immeasurable scorn; and, though I tried hard again to see him, to satisfy him I was right, no one would venture again to present me.

At London, a year afterwards, I got, through our friend Rush, an *invite* to the Duke of Devonshire's, where, who should I meet but Wash? *inter nous*, may I be burned never as I then burned with rage, at the fools and aristocrats. Why, sir, they paid no more attention to our *accredited* minister and plenipotentiary than they did to me. But it was all the time, "Mr. Irving, will you take wine with me?" "Mr. Irving, shall I have the honor?" "Mr. Irving, a slice of this venison?" "Mr. Irving," says a beautiful young lady, "I will take wine with you, if you will allow me the honor!"—"Hang the fellow," says I, "he must carry some drug about him—he has dragged them into actual love of him." This absurd admiration offended me much then, and has astonished me much more since I have lately compared the silly *toad-eating namby pamby*, with Rush's superb lights on masonry, which you and I so cordially admire. But, sir, it is true, his excellency Rush and I were no more then noticed than the decanters, nor half so much. In going home with the minister, I ventured to express my surprise and mortification. In his usual soft and amiable manner, the minister smiled and nodded, but said nothing, from which I inferred a *vaal deal*. You know that the ex-secretary is deep—deep, sir, too deep, thinks I to myself, to waste many words on Wash. However, thinks I to myself, I am sure Mr. Rush accords with me. At parting, in his sweetest manner, the minister asked, "Will you wine with me to-morrow?" "Certainly," says I; "where?" "At the *Lonnon*," says he. So, at eight precisely, I was there, and there again was Mr. Irving, with his affected unpretending air of aristocratic humility. "Well," says I, "this time I can show to whig, radical and tory, *what's what*. Pray," says I, in a pretty loud, sonorous voice, "Mr. Irving, what is your opinion of the *Federalist*?" The gentlemen looked up, and the ladies looked curious, and down, and Wash began to blush. "Gad," thinks I to myself, "I've *worked* him." After an embarrassed pause, "My countrymen," says Mr. Irving, in a low voice, "have already judged so truly, and rank so highly the production you mention, that my opinion cannot add to its established—" "But, sir," returned I, "I ask *your* opinion; I don't want your countrymen's. Now," said I, "out—out—out with it, Mr. Irving; no shuffling." Gad, sir, he blushed again like a blue blanket, and was completely bamboozled. In truth, it was evident to all the company, who seemed to feel for him, that he was put down. Even our friend Rush was distressed, and tried to draw me off; but I was just hitting Wash again, when Mr. George Lafayette, who *happened* there at the time, took Irving away from mere *pity*.

Now, my dear editor, I have come back, and regret to say, that I find the same ridiculous prejudice, the same absurd national pride of Irving's literary character, to prevail. But the time will come when Mr. Irving, like Mr. Pope, will find his level, for Pope is now considered rather *low* in England, and I am confident that Irving will fall as low here before long.

Permit me, in conclusion, to congratulate you on this, your noble effort to disabuse the public. I sincerely believe that you are the *only man* in the country whose *heart* is *firm* enough, and whose head is *hard* enough to make the first attempt. May you be as successful as you were against Jackson, in this *necessary* attack upon an absent individual. It may tend to lower him in the estimation of literary men abroad, as sure as it must at home. But stick to him like a burr, and never mind what the world thinks or says to the contrary, or how passionately mad it be. There are many like us with whom Irving is *unpopular*; and I have heard numbers, even in our city, say, "God send him a plentiful harvest of such unsavory disfavor as that of the Richmond Whig!" and then they stopped their noses. Yours, TIMOTHY RIGGS.

Counsellor at Law, and Not Pub. New-York, No. 232 Wall-street.

THE DRAMA.

NEW-YORK THEATRICALS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the termination of the *regular* season of the Park theatre, the public have been gratified with several well acted pieces, in which Mr. Finn gave great satisfaction. His Mawworm was greeted with animated and lengthened plaudits, particularly from several local allusions in his closing speech to divers late and unpopular events. Mr. Finn's style of playing is broadly ludicrous. His delineations are sketched with a strong and masterly hand, and are generally correct, though sometimes rough likenesses. His conception is original. His Paul Pry elicits much approbation, although quite a different thing from Hilson's admirable personation of the same character. The taste of our theatrical community has been so long fed with the most high-seasoned novelties, Forrest, the two Keans, Macready, Clara Fisher, Burke, Cinderella, and a list of *et ceteras*, that many never dream of going to witness the mere efforts of our stock company in a known sterling comedy. Yet we were truly amused the other evening by the spirit and humor which was displayed in the "Cure for the Heart Ache." How-

ever fashionable it may be to find fault, the entertainment was received with convulsions of laughter, and, if it did not draw an overflowing house, it was not for the want of a most efficient cast. Barnes, as Old Rapid, defies gravity and all his imps. It is one of his best parts, and will yet bear many repetitions. How fine his mixture of vulgar embarrassment and chuckling delight when he finds himself gallanting Miss Vortex—his *universal* and exuberant servility and overflowing good humor on entering the fashionable circles of the nabob. Mr. Simpson's Young Rapid was, as it always has been, excellent and ludicrous. Placide, as Frank Oatland, spirited, finished, and truly natural. Richings, as Charles Stanley, perfectly at ease—and Blakely made a nabob above mediocrity. We think Field will one day be a useful actor. He has improved much lately. Then where is a Miss Vortex like Mrs. Wheatley? And Mrs. Sharpe, as Jessie Oatland, looked and played well. This lady's part however, in the Hypocrite is better adapted to her powers. She sustained it the other evening with unusual effect.

Whoever wishes to witness a proper exhibition of the tragic muse, and be, "like Niobe, all tears," must go to the Bowery. Mr. Hamblin is presenting a succession of sterling tragedies, for the support of which he has obtained a most efficient company. They possess there one or two "bright particular stars," and also several very visible orbs of the second and third magnitude, and their women are pretty and melancholy. Every lover of legitimate acting—every reverencer of the bard of Avon, must feel interested in the success of this well managed and thriving establishment.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A WHISPERING GALLERY.—Herschel, in his "Treatise on Sound," informs us, that in the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the lightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar, a distance of two hundred feet. By a most unlucky coincidence, the precise focus of divergence at the former station was chosen for the place of the confessionals. Secrets never intended for the public ear thus became known, to the dismay of the confessors and the scandal of the people, by the resort of the curious to the opposite point—which seems to have been discovered accidentally—till at length one listener, having had his curiosity somewhat over gratified, this tell-tale peculiarity became generally known, and the confessional was removed.

GALVANIC APPLICATION.—An apparatus has lately been invented in England, by means of which the action of galvanism on patients can be so graduated as to allow it to be applied daily either in the same degree or with a gradual increase of intensity. The inventor attributes the small advantages hitherto derived from the application of galvanism in medicine to the fact of the apparatus not having been so disposed as to allow of comparative results being obtained.

HISTORY OF HATS.—At a recent meeting of the London society of Antiquaries, Mr. Repton communicated a very curious and interesting paper on the history of hats, accompanied by eight sheets of drawings of hats and caps, in an infinity of shapes and fashions, from the time of Richard II. up to 1784. He observed, the name hat was derived from a Saxon word, meaning a covering for the head, in which general sense it had been used by early authors, and applied to the helmets of steel. Hats and caps were anciently made of felt, woollen, silk, straw, and various other materials, and were as diversified in their colors. In the time of Elizabeth the common people generally wore woollen caps, and some acts were passed in her reign to encourage the manufacture of them. The broad brims were introduced by the cardinals to their scarlet hats, and followed by the clergy. The inconvenience of the broad brims all round, caused the turning of one side, then two sides were turned up, and, at last, turning up three sides introduced the cocked hat. The high-crowned hat was first worn in the time of Elizabeth, and declined in the reign of Charles II. Mr. Repton then noticed the ornaments of hats, such as feathers, brooches, and bands. Henry VIII. is described, on his entry into Calais, as wearing feathers from India four feet long; and men wore feathers in their hats as late as the reign of Queen Anne. Yew is mentioned as placed in the hat to denote mourning for a deceased relative and friend. The paper contained numerous curious and amusing quotations on the subject from a great variety of authors.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Captain King's paper on the coast of South America was concluded at the last meeting of this society. The charts of the coast, and the authorities from which they are drawn, were skillfully criticized, and an interesting account given of the gradual declination towards the south of the high ridge of the Cordilleras, from Chimborazo down to the Cheviot-like hills of the strait of Magalhães. Several discoveries have been made, by Captain King. The climate is very singular, and several proofs are given of its uncommon character. One is the extraordinary warmth of the sea near its surface, compared with the state of the atmosphere. In the month of June, a difference of thirty degrees was found between the temperature of each; the consequence of which is, that the sea is covered with a cloud of steam, and may in some measure account for the prevalence of fogs. Another curious circumstance relating to the climate is, that parrots and humming-birds, generally the inhabitants of warm regions, are numerous in the southern and western parts of the strait—they were even observed on the wing during a snow shower, and after a constant succession of rain, snow and sleet; the latter have been seen sucking the sweets of the fuschia and other flowers, while the thermometer was at the freezing point.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

BAD HABITS.

As perfection is not to be found on earth, it is not surprising that there should be no one free from some of the various ways of speaking and acting which have a tendency to render us, all on some occasions, disagreeable or ridiculous. It is, however, curious to note what keen eyes many have for the inadvertencies of others, while they are not only absolutely blind to their own, but will fly into a great passion, or settle down into a secret enmity against such as insult them by detecting any of their bad habits. How much wiser and happier the world would be, if, instead of ferreting out and railing against the faults of others, each individual would seriously occupy himself in correcting his own. It is so difficult for the most benevolent and best meaning person to exist without contracting some peculiarity which custom fastens upon him without the sanction of reason, that we may safely pronounce it an impossibility. This is a sad truth, however mortifying it may be to our vanity. If we dwell in solitude, the most abominable and awkward errors will creep into our manners and minds, and if we associate with the crowd, we will insensibly imitate their ways and catch their propensities, and

"That monster custom, which all sense doth eat
Of habit evil,"

will soon familiarize us to practices, which at first were disgusting and frightful. Thus we entirely overlook the most glaring violations of good taste and propriety in ourselves, while we wonder at the blindness and folly of other people.

I could extend my researches touching the moral aberrations of the world, into a very long article, but my business at present is rather with the petty instances of bad habits which interfere with the comfort and convenience of the social circle, and are both more frequent and more undisguised from the fact that they are not regarded as absolutely guilty or disgraceful.

I have one friend who, by way of a salutation, grasps my hand with the force of a vice, and when I writhe under his iron grip, exhibits tokens of sly pleasure at my involuntary and extorted acknowledgments of his muscular powers. Another, when he sees me in the street, invariably steals up behind me, and startles me with such a slap on the shoulder as seriously qualifies my pleasure in the meeting. "What a vile habit," said a friend of mine, the other evening, at the theatre, and in a loud tone of voice, while I was extremely interested in what was passing on the stage; "what a vile habit it is for gentlemen to sit in the boxes with their hats on. It is astonishing that people cannot consult the rules of propriety and the feelings of others"—and so I lost the sweetest part of a piece of music which I had come on purpose to hear. One man, after having swallowed enough at dinner to satisfy the natural appetite of half a dozen, exhorts his friends to join the temperance societies as the only means of promoting health and saving the nation from ruin; while you may see another cadaverous consumptive looking youth, who is especially careful in regard to diet, cramming his mouth with huge masses of filthy tobacco, ruining carpets, inundating theatre boxes, and making slippery the floors of public places.

I was the other day relating what I deemed an interesting story, to a companion in the street, at his particular request. In the midst of my recital he observed—"Here comes the finest horse in the city. He belongs to Tom I.—, who bought him of —, and so forth. I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but," and so forth. And here let me take occasion to remark, that this genteel method of committing an impertinent action is doubly provoking, inasmuch as it proves the offender to have erred, not from ignorance but carelessness.

I am acquainted with a gentleman who has fallen into a practice really peculiar and laughable. He appears to conceive every body eagerly interested in knowing precisely where he has been, what he has done, and the causes of all his actions. He will entertain you for an hour with a detail of the minutest circumstances respecting himself, his feelings, his diseases, the books he has been reading, his opinions respecting every body, and every thing. For instance, I was hurrying down to one of the steamboats, and fearful of being left, when I met him, and he made at me, as usual, with a general confession.

"I have just been down in Washington street," said he. "I went there yesterday to Mr. Rogers's store, and left my umbrella, and I could not think where the deuce it was. First I thought it was stolen, then that I had left it at the lecture room, then somewhere else. I had no idea of losing it. It cost me five dollars, and I've had it two years come next September. I am going to have"—and so forth.

When one gets clear of such a worthy, he feels as if he had been liberated from the stocks.

Yesterday I was in company with one who makes it a point to get into a fit of impatience a hundred times a day. Every interruption to his will flings him into a frenzy. We were detained by business until our usual dinner hour was past, and he invited me into an ordinary, where he called for a steak and some salad. The waiter disappeared, and several minutes elapsed before my friend was seized with his usual disorder.

"Is our steak done, waiter?"

"Not quite, sir."

I was much amused by watching the symptoms of his disease increase upon him. First he crossed his arms, and looked up to the ceiling, as if resolved to restrain himself, cost what it would; then he changed his position, thrust his hands into his pockets, and patted his foot with a quick motion upon the floor; then he hummed a tune and drummed with his fingers upon the table, repeating at short intervals—"steak ready?"

"Ready in a moment, sir."

Till at length he started up, with an oath, and a resolution to seek his meal elsewhere, when he was arrested in his flight by the appearance of the wished-for object.

There are two extremes into which people fall, and to either of which it would be difficult to award the preference. The one, the habit of slovenliness in dress and general manner: the other, that of over nicety. The victim of the first of these may be frequently encountered. He may be soon detected by the carelessness of his appearance, and the negligence with which he transacts his affairs. He always appears in dishabille—his chin unshaven, and his garments unbrushed. He forgets to scrape his feet when he enters the drawing-room, and leaves a track of mud upon the carpet. If you lend him a book, it will never be returned, or in place of your neat, unsoiled volume, you are vexed with one soiled, and warped, half unbound, and full of dog's-ears. His room, if he is a bachelor, is a curious exhibition of useless expense, abominable waste, and ludicrous confusion; for, while such characters spend twice as much as other people upon their persons, they are strangers to comfort, and are either unable to find what they want, or, when they accidentally lay their hands upon it, discover that it is unfit for use. I could not but smile on being ushered by the servant, into the sleeping apartment of a lazy friend at about nine o'clock, A.M. He was just completing his toilet. A couple of wet towels were splashed down on the carpet, and a new blue coat was lying on the bed. The clothes-brush leaned against the candlestick, and his shaving apparatus figured between a splendid edition of Shakespeare and a volume of the Waverley novels. In one corner of the room was a heap of superannuated old boots and shoes, too good to throw away, and which he had neglected to have repaired, and every chair was occupied with something or other, so that I could not find a seat.

Others, of the opposite description, are not unfrequently seen, who concentrate nearly all the energies of their minds upon their personal accommodation. Neatness is so charming a quality, it is so closely associated in the estimation of all, with purity of character, and delicacy of mind and heart, that even the excess of it I censure with diffidence. Nevertheless every virtue may become a vice by being carried too far. Generosity degenerates into extravagance, courage into rashness, wit into impertinence, and modesty into weakness. So neatness, in many, dwindles down into nervous fastidiousness. I have now in my eye an example of this latter class. A youth of independent fortune, yet whose instinctive propensity to preserve whatever chances to belong to him, makes him avaricious, and whose ceaseless desire to arrange his dress has rendered him, at length, both vain and foppish. His neatness is not the care of a gentleman, but the raving of a fool after admiration, or the selfishness of a miser. He has a library which he will not read himself, for fear of spoiling the books; and his case, therefore, is always locked. He watches the fashions with more attention than he does passing events of the greatest importance, and appears dissatisfied if he has not about his person some article of apparel calculated to attract the notice even of the street-passengers. The breast of his frock-coat is covered with tawdry lace, his pantaloons are not unlike a Scotch plaid, and he has lately absolutely started a fashion of wearing stockings outrageously speckled, or striped in a manner really scandalous. I observed the other day, in one of the fashionable stores in Broadway, a hat quartered into four distinct colors, red, white, green, and black; and I have little doubt when he perceives such a laudable and dignified opportunity of rendering himself conspicuous, he will possess himself of the same, and, perhaps, succeed in entailing upon the sober inhabitants of the town the necessity of wearing such a libel upon republicanism. He has already adopted a diamond ring, and a slender ivory-handled whalebone cane, which never touches the ground, and although he is a true born New-Yorker, (the more the pity) his father having been an honest and respectable grocer, down in South-street, not satisfied with check shirt collars instead of linen, he has actually had the brazen-faced audacity to insult the memory of his ancestors with a pair of monstrous mustachios.

"A fine, sallow, sublime sort of Werter-faced man,
With mustachios which gave (what we read of so oft.)
The dear corsair expression, half savage, half soft,—
As hyenas in love may be fancied to look, or
As something between Abelard and old Blucher."

I hate a bigot upon any subject as a species of monster, or wretches attacked with the hydrophobia; yet, by Hercules, when I meet this thing in the street, I am sorely haunted with a hankering after a horse-whip.

silent, he was never disdainful. On the contrary, *one* would have thought that in him the qualities of the heart alone had survived the wreck of all others.

I strove to cultivate his acquaintance; but, in spite of that intimacy which generally exists between passengers at sea, I made no progress whatever. Whenever I addressed any questions to him, he answered them, and, if they bore no reference to the secret sentiments of the heart, he sometimes qualified his remarks with occasional reflections. But whenever I touched upon the passions, upon the sufferings of the soul, he instantly relapsed into silence, and, in such cases, the gloom of his countenance prevented me from urging any farther a subject so obviously painful. His judgment was always accurate, because vanity made no part of it. He was the most independent man I ever knew: he was just, because he was impartial, and impartial, because every thing to him was equally indifferent. I easily discerned that his mental faculties were highly cultivated; but, during the whole passage, he never opened a book; apparently, nothing seemed to dissipate, for him, the tedium which weighed heavily on every one else. He used to sit for hours at the stern of the vessel, leaning over the rail, and looking attentively upon the waters as we glided through them. One day he observed:

"How emblematic of life! Thus we pursue our course through the sorrows of this world, and thus do they close again upon our steps."

"How is it possible," said I, "that, at your time of life, you can look upon the world through so dark a medium?"

"He has grown old, indeed, who has outlived hope!"

"But," resumed I, "cannot hope revive?"

"Never!" answered he: then turning upon me a look of the most touching sorrow, he continued: "you feel for me, I know you do; believe me, your compassion touches me nearly, but I cannot unfold to you the secrets of my bosom; do not even desire it; my grief is inconsolable, and every thing, even a friend, would now be useless to me."

So saying, he turned away and left me.

A few days afterwards, I resumed the same topic. I spoke to him of an adventure of my youth, in which the advice of a friend had saved me from committing a grievous fault.

"I should be happy," said I, "to be of equal service to you."

"You are too good," said he, seizing my hand; "but you know not what you ask. You wish to do me a kindness and you would be doing me an injury: real grief needs no confidant: in order to feel the want of a friend's interest, it is necessary to have some glimpse of hope. I have none! Life has no charms for me, and I sometimes almost doubt that I exist."

We soon entered the warm latitudes. It is impossible to describe the beauty of the nights we then enjoyed; the spangled firmament was mirrored in the placid wave. The young passenger observed one evening this magnificent spectacle.

"Infinity is every where. It is there," said he, pointing to heaven; "it is *here*!" laying his hand on his heart. "And yet how incomprehensible is its mystery! Death indeed may reveal all, or, perhaps, in death all may be forgotten—all! all!" added he, in a trembling tone.

"You do not seriously entertain so guilty a thought?" asked I.

"No!" said he; "who *could* doubt the existence of God, while looking upon that beautiful sky? God is sovereignly good. I inveigh, not against his dispensations, but against the institutions of mankind."

I frequently endeavored to penetrate the mysterious veil with which he studiously wrapped himself, but my efforts were always fruitless. At length we arrived at Baltimore. The young passenger was enrolled, at his request, as a volunteer in my regiment, under the single name of Edward. We soon took the field, and, in the very first affair we had with the enemy, I perceived that he exposed his life as if he wished to rid himself of it.

"Edward," said I to him one day, "is it impossible for me to be of any service to you?"

"Oh! leave me," said he; "I do not wish that *life* should have any happiness in store for me."

Soon afterwards, we attacked a fort on the banks of the Schuylkill. Edward, at the head of a mere handful of soldiers, carried the redoubt, sword in hand. I followed all his motions; I know not what secret presentiment made me fear that he had fixed upon that day to meet the end he had long desired. I saw him throw himself in the midst of the enemy's ranks who were defending the inner works of the fort. Wholly engrossed with the idea of saving his life, and giving no thought to my own safety, I received a shot that was aimed at him. Reinforcements came up and saved us from extermination. Edward raised me in his arms, carried me into the fort, bandaged my wound, and supported my drooping head until the arrival of the surgeon. When the wound was declared not to be mortal, the tears flowed from his eyes. He strained me to his heart, saying that I had twice saved his life. From that day until my recovery he never quitted my side; his solicitude and attentions were incessant. Though always serious, Edward sometimes sought to amuse me; the piquancy of his wit never failed to excite hilarity, but he alone seemed insensible to the mirth himself had created. In his attentions to me, during my illness, there was mingled that peaceful tenderness which is generally considered to be the characteristic of female devotedness. He was, however, still silent with respect to himself, and my curiosity began to decrease, for I now feared more to afflict him than I desired to know his history. His elevated sentiments, his polished manners, confirmed me in my opinion that he must have moved in the first circles of society, and I sometimes was surprised that I had never met with him at Paris. I made this observation to him one day, and he answered:

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Translated from the French for the New-York Mirror.

EDWARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF OURIKA.

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE.

I WAS about to return to Baltimore to join my regiment, which formed a part of the French troops employed in the American war, and, for the sake of despatch, I had embarked at L'Orient, on board an armed merchantman. Including myself, the passengers were four in number. One of them interested me from the very moment I saw him. He was a tall young man, and his manners were as unostentatious as his countenance was striking. His pale features, and the unaffected melancholy with which his thoughts, words and actions seemed always imbued, excited in every one a degree of curiosity which he seemed far from being willing to satisfy. Though invariably

"I can refuse you nothing now; but do not expect me to relate my story, I will endeavor to transcribe it."

I soon had cause to regret that I had accepted his offer, for he again fell into the melancholy which his anxiety for me had momentarily dispelled. Soon afterwards he entered my apartment with some papers.

"My task is over," said he; "it has been painful indeed: the passions that but slumbered, I deemed dead. In recalling to my mind the details of the past, I have suffered unutterable torture; but no more of that at present. All I have to entreat of you is, that my privacy may be uninterrupted for this day. We will meet once more, perhaps for the last time."

He retired, and I perused his manuscript. It was as follows:

I am the son of a celebrated lawyer of Paris; my parents were from Lyons, and for many years my ancestors had occupied the most honorable offices to which the better class of bourgeois can aspire. One of my grandfathers fell a victim to the epidemic disease which desolated Lyons in the year 1748. His memory is still revered by his fellow-citizens. My father was destined to the bar, where he highly distinguished himself; so much so, that it was customary never to settle any important transaction until it had been previously submitted to him. As I was his only child, he wished to take upon himself the sole charge of my education, and, when I was ten years of age, he left Paris, with my mother and myself, and retired to Lyons, in order to devote his whole attention to the purpose of instructing me. In some respects, I more than realized his expectations; in others, I fell far beneath them. As I learned with uncommon facility, I derived no benefit whatever from the knowledge I acquired. I loved solitude; above all, I loved to behold the setting sun. I could have spent entire days, at the extremity of the peninsula upon which Lyons is situated, contemplating the waters of the Saone and Rhone, as they united, and feeling as if my thoughts and my existence mingled with their currents. When called to my studies, I applied myself to them without disgust indeed, but also without zeal. My father sometimes endeavored to draw me into conversation, but it was my memory alone that answered; my mother sought to read my heart, by the most insinuating tenderness; but, even in her affectionate embrace, I felt at the bottom of my soul a vacuum, which nothing could supply.

My father possessed, amid the mountains of Forez, some forges and a dwelling. We used to spend there the two holiday months, which always glided by too soon for me. The situation of the spot might be termed romantic. The river, by means of which the forge was worked, descended rapidly and foamingly into a basin, immediately above the works, where it formed an expanded sheet of water; below, it turned suddenly aside, and disappeared between two pine-clad hills. The village was situated two miles above, on the banks of the stream; and every morning its population, almost wholly composed of mechanics attached to the works, might be seen wending their way to the toils of the day. Their sooty brows and tattered garments formed a singular contrast with their unconstrained mirth, their dances, and their songs. This forge was for me, in the country, what had been at Lyons the extremity of the peninsula, and the majestic river Rhone. It was impossible to entice me away from my musing at night, when the forge was in its fullest splendor; torrents of fire escaping from the furnaces, like flames from the crater of a volcano, threw a ruddy light upon the surrounding scenery, and gave to every object an almost spectral appearance, while ever and anon the workmen seemed to flit along, recalling to my mind the fabled satellites of Vulcan at their work. I woke from these meditations as others do from dreams.

Notwithstanding, I was no stranger to the sports of infancy. I chiefly delighted in those where peril was incurred. I scaled the most inaccessible rocks, I climbed the loftiest trees. I associated with myself other boys in my enterprises; I was their leader, and I felt proud to surpass them in boldness and address. Sometimes I prohibited their imitating my example, and danger lost its zest for me when I saw that it was shared by another.

I was now about fourteen years old; I was far advanced in my studies, but still the acquisition of knowledge brought me no solid advantage. My father already despaired of awakening in me that intellectual ardor, without which all that the mind can acquire is but a useless treasure, when a circumstance, apparently trivial in itself, touched the secret chord to which my heart responded, and opened to me a new existence.

I have already spoken of my juvenile amusements; one of these was crossing the river, by jumping from rock to rock. The danger was great; for, on nearing the forge, the stream being compressed rushed violently over a precipice upon the wheels, which it set in motion. One day a boy, younger than myself, said to me,

"What you are doing is not so difficult."

"Try it, then," said I.

He sprang forward, made a few steps, slipped, and disappeared in the basin. I unhesitatingly plunged in, and seized him. My strength soon began to fail me, and we were already within a short distance of the wheels, when the workmen came to our assistance. My father and mother tenderly embraced me, and I felt my young heart beat as I returned their caresses.

I returned to my studies with renewed energy; I now understood what before I had only heard. I learned to admire what was good, to be animated by what was great. It seemed to me that I had never yet fully comprehended my father's soul. Thus a young tree, that has long been stunted in its growth, suddenly extends its branches, shoots up, and we are astonished at the beauty of its foliage; it is because it has found the stratum of earth best adapted to its subsistence; and so it was with me; I had encountered the soil most congenial to myself, I had risked my life to save another's.

My father, encouraged by my successes in my studies, opened to me the regions that are traversed by the imagination alone. Law was my chief study; but, from the manner in which it was conducted, it embraced all others. Laws were made for men and morals of every age; necessity created them; they are the companions of history, and the solution to every enigma; they contain no mystery for those who can study them, no contradiction for those who can understand them.

My father was the most amiable of men; he possessed in the highest degree the art of extracting mirth from reason, and of exposing the ridiculousness of fallacy when opposed to common sense.

I now dreamed of glory, admiration, and happiness, but I never looked for them beyond the limits of my intended profession. Noble profession! that espouses the cause of the oppressed against the oppressor, that confounds crime, and makes innocence triumph over guilt. My reveries, which now assumed a more substantial appearance, continually placed before my mind the opportunities I should have of distinguishing myself; and I created wrongs in imagination, that I might have the happiness to redress them.

Although a total change had taken place in my disposition, my tastes still remained the same. As I had always done before, I still eschewed society; I could not associate with persons, highly respectable, no doubt, but still who did not approach the *beau ideal* I had chosen as a model for myself, and which was no other than my father.

My mother was possessed of much penetration; she had a great respect for received opinions. I never knew her to differ from my father but upon one point. Alas! I now find that she was right! My father owed the most of his talents and celebrity to a profound knowledge of the human heart. I have heard him say that his briefs seldom went as far in establishing his opinion of a suit as the insight which he never failed to have into the hearts of the parties interested. This penetration and this tact were qualities which he endeavored to instill into me. He wished to lay society before my eyes, as soon as he should have perceived that a love of what was good, a rectitude of purpose, and my faculty of observation should have been sufficiently matured to derive from a knowledge of the world the advantage he hoped I would obtain.

My father had the good fortune to save, in a celebrated suit, both the fortune and the honor of the Marshal d'Olonne. The relations which this affair had established between them gave rise to a friendship, which, for the space of thirty years, had never suffered diminution. Notwithstanding the difference of their ranks, their intimacy had continued the same, so true it is that equality of minds alone constitutes the only real bonds in life. An animated correspondence prevented their intimacy from growing cool; never did a month elapse without my father's receiving letters from the marshal, and the most unreserved confidence existed between them. It was in his elevated sphere that my father intended to introduce me, as soon as I should have attained my twentieth year. My mother endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose.

"Why introduce Edward," she was accustomed to say, "into society which will give him a distaste for our peaceful home?"

"A lawyer," my father would reply, "should be acquainted with all ranks, and early become accustomed to the urbanity of a court, so as not to be dazzled by it. It is in the world alone that he can acquire both purity of language and gracefulness of conversation. Society teaches the respect that is due from one individual to another; as well as that indefinite science of *tact*, which, while it acknowledges no fixed principles, is nevertheless looked upon as something, an ignorance of which would be an unpardonable defect."

"What you say is true," replied my mother, "but I should prefer that Edward should remain in ignorance of all the refined laws of etiquette, if their possession can only be obtained at the expense of happiness."

"Among unequals, no society can sort."

"Your quotation is very applicable," interrupted my father, "but the poet alludes to equality of minds, not equality of rank, and I perfectly agree with him on this point."

These discussions were frequently renewed; but as I really wished to go, my mother was at length induced, though with unfeigned reluctance, to submit.

I shall rapidly pass over the two years that elapsed before the arrival of this period. My time was employed in serious studies, such as law, mathematics, and the sciences; yet still, passing strange as it may appear, this arid labor, which ought to have calmed my buoyant temper, left me as it found me, such as nature formed me, and such as I shall continue to the last.

I looked eagerly for happiness at the age of twenty, but instead of it, fate dealt me her sternest blow. On the eve of our departure for Paris my fond mother was taken ill, and, after languishing for six months, she expired in my arms. Providence spared her the agony of witnessing my unhappiness, and me that of rending her heart. She did not live to see me fall into that snare which her experience had discovered, and from which she in vain had endeavored to warn me. Alas! even now, can I say that I regret the loss of peace of mind, or that I wish for that tranquil existence she hoped I would enjoy? Certainly not; the despair that has settled upon me is dearer than all the common joys of life. It shall be my glory in death, as it has constituted the charm of my youth; at the age of twenty-three all that remains to me of life is but the memory of my gone days of felicity; my life draws near its close, and if the future for me has no joys, at least it has no terrors.

In the month of November we started for Paris, and went to the house of one of my uncles. Unfortunately the Marshal d'Olonne was at Fontainebleau, and was to return only in a fortnight. This interval my uncle employed in showing me all the sights of Paris,

the theatres, concerts, Mademoiselle Arnould, &c. &c. I was already well nigh weary of the metropolis, when my father received a note from the marshal, informing him of the latter's arrival in town, and inviting him to dinner that day, and concluding with the expression of his desire to see me. How gratifying to my self-love was this attention on his part!

I shall relate my first visit to the hotel d'Olonne, because it made a forcible impression upon me. I had been accustomed to magnificence at my uncle's, Mr. d'Herbelot, but all the luxury of a wealthy farmer-general's dwelling bore no analogy to the noble simplicity of the marshal's mansion. The past served as ornament to the present; family portraits, bearing names celebrated in history, and dear to France, adorned most of the apartments. I felt a certain sentiment of respect in beholding this vast abode, where numberless generations had succeeded each other, imparting additional lustre to wealth and rank, rather than deriving honor from their possession. I recollect the minutest circumstances of this my first visit, because then I examined every thing with a lively curiosity; all that has succeeded is concentrated in one sole thought.

There were but five or six persons in the drawing-room when we entered. The marshal was in conversation, leaning on the mantelpiece; he immediately walked up to my father, and took both his hands.

"My friend, my excellent friend," exclaimed he, "at length you have come. And your son, too; how kind! Edward, do you know that you have come to see the man who, of all others, most loves your father, most honors his virtues, and owes him the deepest gratitude?"

I replied that I had been accustomed to hear the praises of the Marshal d'Olonne.

"And have you been told," continued he, "that I was to have been a second father to you, if you had not been so happy as to preserve your own?"

"Sir, I needed not that misfortune to teach me gratitude."

He took occasion from these few words to praise my appearance and manner to my father; for he knew well that by so doing he could not better flatter a parent's pride.

The conversation was resumed. I heard the names of the gentlemen present; they were celebrated scientific and literary characters, and one was an Englishman, a distinguished member of the opposition. The conversation turned upon criminal jurisprudence, as it exists in England. I confess I felt a sensation of pride when I saw how much importance was attached to my father's opinion on any question of moment. He was listened to with attention and respect. The superiority of his mind seemed to have placed him suddenly above those who surrounded him, and his venerable gray hairs added authority and dignity to all his words. It is the fashion to admire England. The Marshal d'Olonne supported that side of the question which was favorable to the institutions of England, and those who maintained the reverse opinion had chosen a bad ground for their defence. My father instantly placed the question in its proper light. He represented the jury as a venerable monument of the ancient Germanic customs, and demonstrated the spirit of preservation among the English; and their respect for the past, by the fact of the institutions, which they inherited from their forefathers, being the same at present as they are found to have originally existed; but he likewise represented our judiciary system as the masterpiece of civilization.

"Our magistracy," said he, "is based upon honor and consideration, the moving-springs of all monarchies."*

He even went so far as to defend the venality of those offices which the Englishman was continually attacking.

"Admirable institution!" exclaimed my father, "that estimates at so high a price the right of sacrificing all the pleasures of life to the happiness of serving the state: but let us not, however, wrong France; the magistracy that has produced such men as Mole, Lamoignon, and d'Aguesseau, need envy no other; and if the jury in England is renowned for the equity of its decisions, it is because the class of which it is composed is especially remarkable for its knowledge and integrity. There the institution rests upon the nation; here, it is from it that the nation derives its lustre and its consideration."

"It may be," continued he in conclusion, "that their institutions answer better for England than ours would: indeed, it is impossible that it should be otherwise. Each nation creates its own laws, and these laws are so essentially the result of the morals and genius of the nation, that the people set more value upon them than upon aught else—they will lose their independence, their very name, ere they will part with their laws. I am confident that the phrase, '*to submit to the law of the victor*,' has a much more extended sense than, in its general acceptation, it is supposed to possess. It is the last degree of defeat to be obliged to obey the laws of another people; and the Normans, who, in England, have almost triumphed over the nation's language, have never yet conquered the nation's laws."

I have been thus circumstantial in the above details, because I wished to show you the footing upon which my father stood in the society of which the marshal d'Olonne was the head. Could I be otherwise than happy in a place where he was respected and honored by all as he was by me? I seemed more at ease here than at my uncle's. Alas! I little thought then, it would be still more endeared to me than the place of my nativity.

"Natalie has remained at Fontainebleau," said the marshal to my father; "I expect her this evening—you will find her somewhat grown," added he, smiling. "Do you recollect, you once observed that she would never resemble any one, and yet pleased more than any one? At that time she was only in her ninth year."

* Montesquieu.

"The duchess of Nevers," answered my father, "promised, even at that tender age, all that she has since become."

"Yes," resumed the marshal, "she is charming; but she will not soon again marry. I have already spoken to you of my regret on this subject, but her determination is fixed."

My father replied in a few words, and we took our leave.

"I am of Madame de Nevers' opinion," said my father to me;—"married at the age of twelve, she never saw but at the altar a husband who, from all accounts, was little deserving of her. He immediately set out upon his voyages, and death prevented his return. A widow at the age of twenty, beautiful and free, she can now marry whom she pleases; she is in the right not to be precipitated, and to choose before she again suffers herself to be made a sacrifice to ambition."

I spoke severely against these matches of children.

"Custom authorizes them," observed my father; "but I never could approve of them."

It was on the day after the above conversation took place, that I was introduced to Madame de Nevers. Ah! my friend, how shall I describe her to you? If she were merely beautiful, merely amiable, I might attempt to portray this celestial being. But how can I depict those various charms, the concentration of which was perfectly irresistible? At once I saw my fate; and although my forebodings told me but too plainly that it would be a dark one, I felt an inexpressible emotion of happiness on beholding her. The fever, the unhappiness, the pining that had so long preyed upon my heart, vanished in a moment. Do not speak to me of my folly or imprudence; I excuse nothing; I am about to atone with my life for my presumption in loving her. Destiny separated me from her; she would have degraded herself by an alliance with me; the venom of slander would have embittered her existence. But at least, I have loved her as none other could love, and since I could not live for her, at least for her shall I have the consolation to die.

She seemed wholly intent upon paying attentions to my father; she wished to prove to him that she recollected all he had formerly taught her; she repeated his grave lessons, and the choice of her expressions seemed to make new ideas of them. My father observed this, and spoke of the charm which words give to thoughts.

"All has been said," continued he; "but the manner of saying is inexhaustible."

Madame de Nevers used to take part in this conversation: I recollect she remarked that she was born distrustful, and believed only the accent and countenance of those who addressed her. So saying, she looked at me—I blushed, and she smiled; perhaps she found in me at that moment a proof of the truth of her observation.

From that day I was a constant visitor at the hotel d'Olonne. Naturally diffident, I had no reason for dissimulation; for my father did not even dream of the possibility of my loving the duchess. He attributed my visits to my taste for the polished society to be found at the marshal's, and he was pleased with them. My father certainly did not want penetration; but he had long since passed the age of passions; and he never had been of an imaginative turn of mind. Add to this, that his respect for the regulations of society was scarce more circumscribed than that which religion, morality, and honor inspire. Moreover, I felt how ridiculous it would appear in me to seem too attentive to Madame de Nevers; and I resolved to conceal a passion that was hourly acquiring additional force.

I know not if there are women more beautiful than Madame de Nevers; but at least I never found but in her so many charms contrasted by no single defect: delicacy of mind, simplicity of heart, dignity of bearing and affectionate kindness in her manner; the first every where; she no where excited envy; she possessed that superiority which no one presumes to dispute; she seemed the especial favorite of the fairies, so numberless were her charms. Her voice penetrated my heart, carrying there the softest delights. Ah! what is life to him who has felt what she can inspire?

It became my rank in the world to take but little part in the conversation. The marshal, out of respect to my father, sometimes reproached me with the silence I usually preferred keeping, and I confess I did not always resist the desire of showing Madame de Nevers I had a soul, and that, perhaps, I was capable of understanding her own. But I always preferred listening to her; I heard her with joy; I divined what she was about to say, and saw in her countenance the reflected impression of the same emotions as I myself experienced. One of the principal charms of society is the certainty of being thus understood. It was not long before I perceived that the duchess felt that nothing she said was lost to me; she seldom spoke directly to me, but she always prevented the conversation from turning upon topics or society with which I was unacquainted; she spoke of literature, of France in general, of Lyons and Auvergne; she questioned me concerning our mountains, and the truth of d'Urfé's descriptions. I know not why, but it was painful for me to see her so attentive to me. The gentlemen surrounding her were exceedingly polite, and I was involuntarily hurt by the consciousness of it. A nameless suffering seized upon me, as soon as I found myself the object of attention. I would have wished to have been left alone to myself and my silence, to hear and admire Madame de Nevers.

Among the young gentlemen who daily visited the hotel d'Olonne, there were two who particularly attracted my notice, the duke of L—, and the prince of Enrichemont. The latter belonged to the house of Bethune, and was a descendant of the renowned Sully; he possessed an immense fortune, and I knew that the marshal wished to have him for his son-in-law. I do not see what there was to object to in the prince, but neither do I find that there was anything to admire. He was uniformly polite; he never said anything but

what was exceedingly correct and agreeably phrased; but, on the other hand, never did any spark of enthusiasm betray that there was any thing else in his soul but what education and a habit of living in the world had placed there. He would not have been mistaken as to the exact quantity of praise or dispraise due to a great action or an enormous crime; but even his very admiration was factitious, and one remained unmoved before his passion, and unexcited by his mirth.

With all his faults, I preferred the Duke of L—. Thoughtless and imprudent in his jests, he nevertheless loved what was good, and his countenance always expressed with fidelity the impressions of his mind; as he was volatile to excess, these were generally not very lasting, but at all events, he was able to understand the feelings of others. One would have thought that he looked upon life as a holiday, so intent was he upon pleasure; always in motion, he attached as much importance to the rapidity of his journeys, as if he were engaged in the most momentous business. He was always too late, and yet he was never more than fifty minutes coming from Versailles. He would enter the drawing-room, watch-in-hand, telling some ridiculous story, or some ludicrous anecdote, that excited bursts of laughter from his hearers. Generous and magnificent, the Duke of L— despised both money and life; and though he lavished both the one and the other in a manner frequently unworthy of the sacrifice I confess, to my shame, that I was seduced by his contempt for what men value so highly. It looks noble in a man not to admit of any obstacle to his will, and when he exposes his life gaily in a race, or risks his fortune on a card, we can with difficulty believe that he would not hazard both the one and the other when called to do so in a serious affair. The elegance of the duke of L— suited me somewhat better than the somewhat stiff manners of the prince of Enrichemont.

The kindness of the Marshal d'Olonne had induced him to place me in his society in such a situation as to make me feel as little as possible my inferiority of rank; this had scarcely occurred to my mind at first, but now it began to weigh upon me. It was easy for me, however, to forget myself while thinking of Madame de Nevers, and I thought of her at every moment of my existence.

One day, the conversation had turned for a length of time upon the heroism of Madame de B—, who had affectionately attended upon her friend, Madame d'Anville, who was dying of an infectious disorder. The company had extolled this action, and made mention of several other instances of friendship, worthy of being classed with the above. I was standing at the time near the fire-place, and behind the sofa on which Madame de Nevers was seated.

"I do not see that you have any intimate friend," said I.

"Oh! you are mistaken," she replied. "I have one who is very dear to me. I allude to the sister of the duke of L—. Our friendship was contracted in infancy; but I fear that we shall be separated for a long time. The marquis of C—, her husband, is minister to Holland, and she has been at the Hague for the last six months."

"Does she resemble her brother?"

"Not in the least," continued the duchess; "she is as calm and composed as he is volatile and gay. I regret her absence deeply, for no one is so necessary to me as Madame de C—; she is my reason, and I never cared to have any other; and now that I am alone, I know not upon what to decide."

"I should never have ascribed so much indecision to you," said I.

"Ah! it is so easy to conceal one's defects in public! Every one wears nearly the same dress, and we seldom take the trouble to observe that countenances differ."

"I thank heaven that I have been educated in a very unsophisticated state of simplicity; it has frequently occurred to me that no two persons resemble each other."

"That," replied Madame de Nevers, "is because you take the trouble to examine more closely. But," added she, smiling, "when one comes from Versailles in fifty minutes, how can you expect that one can have more than a superficial view of objects?"

"But if one did," said I, "one should certainly stop on the road!"

"What do I hear? gallantry from you?"

"Ah!" exclaimed I, "you know the contrary."

She turned and spoke to some one near her. I was in agony, for I feared that every one was about to discover my secret.

The next day my father was unwell: we were to dine at the Marshal's hotel, and, as he did not wish me to lose that pleasure, he made an effort and went out with me. His conversational powers had never appeared to better advantage than on that day. Several strangers who were at dinner, loudly expressed their admiration of his talents, and I overheard them say that such a man in England would enjoy the first offices in the state. The conversation lasted some time, at length the company separated; my father was the last to remain, and, on bidding him farewell, the Marshal d'Olonne made him promise to return on the morrow. Alas! there was to be no morrow for him! While crossing the vestibule, my father complained of indisposition. He leaned upon me and swooned. I called for assistance, and he was placed upon a bed; the marshal sent for the family-physician, and Madame de Nevers issued the necessary orders with admirable presence of mind. He was bled, and his senses returned. He opened his eyes, and their dying beams fell upon me. An expression of painful anxiety passed over his countenance. The marshal understood his look; he seized my hand.

"My dear friend," said he, "do not be uneasy; Edward shall be my son."

A look of gratitude lighted up his features; the expression passed away and the spirit fled. I shall not describe the horrors I felt; I fainted upon the lifeless body, and when I recovered my

senses I found myself in the parlor, where Madame de Nevers was in tears. The Marshal d'Olonne essayed the tenderest means to console me, but I could only reply to his kindness by my tears. It was resolved that I should thenceforward consider the Marshal's hotel as my home.

I retired to an apartment prepared for me, and for many hours I gave full vent to my grief. But even in the fullness of my sorrow, the recollection of Madame de Nevers's sympathy brought some consolation to my mind.

My father had expressed in his will the wish to be interred by the side of my mother. The discharge of this duty relieved my heart. Leaving the duchess seemed to me an atonement for the happiness I experienced in her society even after my recent loss. I had not yet made my preparations for my departure, and still I looked eagerly forward to the moment of my return to a spot which had long since been dearer to me than all the world beside.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 114.

"Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further."

I SAT at my window to watch the break of day. How the soul sympathizes with the magnificence of nature. To me there is nothing more impressive and sublime than silence. And then to reflect that in this deep universal hush, the stupendous globe, and the interminable system of flashing worlds, are for ever performing their revolutions. There is more morality in this than in a homily. It disenfranchises the soul from every artificial excitement, and affords the heart an opportunity to speak its own eloquence. Music hath its charm, and so hath the revel, and the flash and dazzle of fashion and beauty; and, under their thrilling influences, the young and the ardent, with unwithered hopes and passions, might tread boldly into the perilous battle. But it seems to me, that if some dark accident should startle me with the conviction that my last hour had come, I should require no sublimer preparation than a time spent in the perfect solitude—the vast stillness, the grandeur, the glory of the opening day.

"By your leave, sleepless and thoughtful student," said the voice of the Genius, "let me break your meditations."

His sudden interruption was rendered more striking by the images which suddenly rose up in the mirror. I beheld a Danish island in the midst of the ocean. Nature had blessed the country with beauty and abundance. Vegetation expanded into larger forms—the fruit displayed greater varieties—breathed richer fragrance, and glowed with deeper colors than those to which I had been accustomed. Every thing discovered luxuriance and plenty.

Upon a pleasant knoll, that overlooked a lovely scene, stood a youth. He was tall, athletic, and noble in person. His soul caught a spark of fire from the beauty of nature, and he said,

"Strange, that they who tread these scented fields should be slaves! Are they destined to be so for ever? It cannot be. The love of freedom is a principle in the character of man, and its possession is his birthright. His spirit is as the ocean; dam it up as you may, it will eventually heave and swell, and overflow its banks, and carry before it the fragments of that which opposed it: or it resembles fire in the bosom of the volcano; though its surface is green and tranquil, and fair to look on, the hidden flame will one day burst forth with overwhelming fury. What accident has made men slaves? Strange, that against their happiness and their nature, they will kneel down tamely, and suffer a human being to place his foot upon their necks. Strange, that while they have eyes to see the sun and stars, the blue ocean, the luxuriant hills and valleys that undulate this rolling ball, and all the bright forms of physical nature, they are destitute of moral sight to distinguish their own strength. It is conceivable why the elephant, however monstrous in size and strength, should suffer a puny man to be his master, to bid him kneel and rise, to weary him with heavy loads, and drive him into danger, even when by an exertion of his power he could fling his petty tyrant into the air, and dash him to pieces against the earth. But it is unaccountable how a few audacious reptiles can lord it over the nations, who, knew they but their own strength, and felt they but their own degradation, might harness them up, and make them draw like beasts of burthen."

This simple burst of feeling was overheard by a spy, a hireling creature—a slave himself, and paid for being the instrument to make slaves of others—a reptile which nature had created of her coarsest material, as if made to be trodden down into the dust, but whom accident had clothed with authority and blessed with the good things of life. Insolent and cruel—and, worst of all, ignorant: for I can conceive of no keener punishment than that could be inflicted upon these crawling things—these tools of human tyranny—thus gloating and fattening on the wreck and ruin of their fellow-creatures, than a clear power to behold themselves as they are, and yet to be so still. This would be a mental torture, more refined than any in their ownquisition.

The culprit was dragged by rough hands before what was termed a tribunal of justice. He had dared to look into his own soul, and was accused of plotting against the government. A heavy fine was the result.

"I will leave this wretched country," he said, and gathered together his property for that purpose; but another spy had detected his intention, and he was again dragged before the police.

"I confiscate your estate," said a bloated disgusting wretch. The criminal forgot he was in a country of slaves. His face revealed the indignation that boiled in his veins.

"As the stream late conceal'd
By the fringe of its willows,
Where it rushes reveal'd
In the light of its billows;
As the bolt bursts on high
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flash'd the soul of that eye
Through the long lashes round it."

"Thou art a tyrant," exclaimed the youth, "and I spit upon thee."

"To the dungeon—the deepest and the darkest," said the judge, and I saw him no more.

"Can such things be?" said I.

"Ay," replied my companion. "Thus it hath been for ages, in the fairest portions of the globe. Behold!"

I started, and nearly screamed, at the revelation of the glass. It displayed the interior of a gloomy building—the dreadful *inquisition*. My pen shrinks from the task of depicting the horrors of that sight. In a long and subterranean hall, lighted with the struggling rays of a few dim torches, sat men—demons in the shape of men—to superintend the tortures of the criminals. The fiends were clothed in black mantles and cowls, with the image of the cross upon their bosoms. They spoke no word, moved with a stealthy step, and preserved a meek humility in their countenances and demeanor, when contrasted with the hellish cruelties of their occupation, more repulsive and diabolical than the most convulsive paroxysms of rage and hate. Their victims presented a spectacle so exquisitely piteous, and yet so terrible, that the apprehension and agony with which I beheld them could have been heightened by no other incident than the heart-withering discovery that they consisted of the young—the noble—the virtuous—the brave—the beautiful of the earth. One was bound to the rack, and his limbs distended until his glaring eye-balls started from their sockets, and he was relieved, not from the blessed dictate of mercy; oh no! the marble rock, the raging fire, would feel its influence as soon as these; but lest, by being too much tortured, death should snatch the exhausted and now senseless victim from more protracted agonies. Another fair youth was convicted of having been overcome by compassion for a wretched female who had suffered under the ban of their institution, and for having given the dying wretch a little food. He was stripped, bathed with oil, extended upon an iron horizontal grate, and chained; a slow fire was lighted beneath. A lovely woman had assisted in the escape of her husband. For this atrocious deed her wrists were bound together behind her back, and by a cord attached to them in that position she was suspended from the ceiling. The air was rent with her shrieks. But my attention was diverted by the sight of another, also a female, confined in a large cage, the interior of which was covered with sharp steel points, so that which ever way she sought repose, they should pierce her feet or body. Others had their teeth extracted at short intervals, were fastened to infernal machines, and driven into excruciating pains—hideous diseases—madness—till at length death freed them from the earth.

"This," said the Genius, "is slavery. They deserve it who bear it. They doubly deserve it, who, having been once free, permit themselves to be again enthralled. The establishment of universal liberty should be the object, if not the greatest earthly object, of all human beings. Private vices are lost in those which injure this general cause. Virtue becomes infinitely more valuable and beautiful when it facilitates this grand plan. No man deserves the name, not ready to support it with pen, tongue, and sword. What does the glass discover now?"

"The gloomy scene of human woe is gone," said I. "A crowd of people are assembled beneath a summer heaven."

"And hear you nothing?"

"Ay, the tolling of bells, the thundering of cannon, bursts of enlivening music, the shuffling footsteps of millions, seem mingled from the paved city—from the grassy field—from the hill and the valley—from the inland forests and the shores of the sea."

"It is the sound of happiness and glory," said the Genius. "Your nation celebrates the birthday of that freedom which passes over the crumbling thrones of tyrants and the broken arches of the inquisition, as the lava and the ocean wave have buried ancient cities. The sight is imposing."

"Yea," said I, "the glitter of the soldiery—the vastness of the multitude—the grandeur of the processions—present a spectacle to be long remembered."

"It is not from these," said my companion, "that it derives its splendor: for they might grace the birthday of a tyrant as well. It is the moral grandeur of a people assembled to offer up their grateful joy to heaven for the sublimest of human blessings. It is glorious as a testimony that the inquisition and the spirit which reared, or which permitted it, can never contaminate the broad fields, the growing cities, and the old mountains of the west. Freedom dwells here—not protected by forts—not venturing abroad tremblingly, but in the feelings, the character of the people. And may she never be driven from this last hold, till your cataracts shall hush their thunders, your gray rocks crumble, your broad rivers dwindle into narrow streams, for shame that the earth hath no foothold for her, and that man will ever be contented to bow the neck, kiss the chain, and be a slave from choice, as he need never be from necessity. And yet so spake Greece once, and so spake Rome, and still their people have been debased. The voice of Brutus is hushed in the forum; the moonlight streams down upon the melancholy ruins. Truly hath the voice of the bard exclaimed,

"The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;

She saw her glories, star by star, expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site—
Chaos of ruins!"

"But hark—the voice of mirth and joy hath changed its tone. What sudden shadow is upon the nation—passing as a cloud over a sunny hill?"

"A silence hath gone forth," said I. "The same crowd are there but not in the revelry. The bells toll—but with muffled sound, and slow repeated and melancholy peal. The cheerful music hath saddened into mournful breathings—there are soldiers, but with reversed arms and gloomy faces. The thronging thousands are still as night, as the dark procession moves slowly onward—windows and doors are crowded—a sea of human beings that but now rolled in a mighty tide through the streets, are motionless—all breaths are hushed, all eyes fixed on the sable bier and nodding plume."

"Yes," said the Genius, "death is there. It hath sealed the wrinkled brow, and laid its hand on the silver head. The lips that once boldly proclaimed the rights of man—the bosom that has beaten and bled for your country, alas, alas, they are cold and still as the marble. Grateful eyes shall never again rest on his venerable form, all hallowed as it was by spirit-stirring associations. Ay, gaze on, ye breathless thousands—breathless—not tearless."

"And yet wherefore," said I, "wherefore should they weep? It is but meet that the aged should die. We bend to the expected decree of fate. The unconscious object of all this pomp filled up the measure of his life—of his glory. His departure is not terrible, as when the young and the gay are suddenly called to the grave. The death of such an one is but the fulfilling of nature's ordinance. It is but as the subsiding of the swollen stream—the cutting down of the golden ripe harvest—the glorious setting of the summer sun. Wherefore should they weep?"

"Not for the dead, master student. He sleeps in peace—but mourn for the absence of those whose mind has shaped the destiny of your country. Mourn that an unworthy spirit of parsimony has withheld from him a proper expression of sympathy and gratitude, while yet he lingered among you—and, most of all, mourn lest the passing away of these high toned characters of other years shall leave the nation a prey to selfish parties and cunning demagogues—to weakness—avarice—luxury—and perhaps to bondage."

"Tell me," said I, "you who can look into futurity, can this ever be? Will the glory of our beloved country ever be shaded? In what shape will the *incubus* appear?"

I received no answer. I was again alone, and my eyes were turned towards the beautiful east. Streaks of orange purple and gold "laced the severing clouds;" the moon and stars faded like my own visions, and the long silent streets began once more to be thronged with the children of toil and pleasure. F.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Conversations of the week.—The public are in a ferment. The duldest frequenters of fashionable circles, accustomed to palm off silence for sense and gravity for wisdom, finds food for wonder in the general effervescence, "opens his marble jaws," and expresses interest and utters opinions. In the first place there is "the dog law," which has received the stamp of general reprobation. Some people associate with dogs almost on equal terms. These regard the mild sages of the city as so many savages, read over Byron's inscription,

"Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never had but one, and here he lies."

and regard every accidentally wandering quadruped victim of injustice with exclamations of compassion. Scarcely, however, has the canine race been exterminated, "Tray, Blanche, and Sweet-heart—little dogs and all," when the "Magdalen Society Report" bursts over our heads like a thunderbolt from a blue sky;

"And if our quarrels should rip up old stories,
And help them with a lie or two additional,
I'm not to blame, as you well know, no more is
Any one else—they were become traditional;
Besides, their resurrection aids our glories
By contrast, which is what we just were wishing all;
And science profits by this resurrection,
Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection."

A burst of indignation has simultaneously broken from the community at this injudicious and ill-managed matter, which renders comment unnecessary. As fathers and brothers we cannot, however, refrain from adding our disapprobation. The Magdalen Report no sooner makes its exit from the stage of debate than the wrongs of the Courier and Enquirer demand the notice of our fellow-citizens. He fights bravely under the banners of "independence of the press" against the Journal of Commerce and the board of aldermen. He has, however, the 'popular body' on his side. From them we turn to the bloody form of murder, who seems to have stalked abroad, waving her red arm. The ratio in which this awful crime is increasing among us is extraordinary and appalling. Five or six have lately been committed.

An article in another page renders any description of the solemn pageant which attended the remains of our distinguished and venerable patriot to the tomb unnecessary.

Among the wonders of the present day is the fact that the Londoners are quizzing Paganini. How the celebrated master will brook the honest and well-meant railery of John Bull, we cannot say. The ridicule must, however, be pointed indeed, if it counterbalances the favorable notices of him published in several of the London prints; for instance, the following is from the Literary Gazette, translated from "Le Globe:"

"Paganini and his violin enter. A universal clapping welcomes

his appearance on the stage. He advances several paces with embarrassment, and bows; and the applause re-commences. He proceeds with a gait still more and more awkward, and is again applauded. He bows repeatedly, and endeavors to throw into his countenance a smile of acknowledgment, which is soon, however, replaced by an icy coldness of expression.

"He stops, and in a position in which he seems still more constrained than in his walk and his salutations, he seizes his violin, places it between his chin and his breast, and casts on it a proud look, at once piercing and sweet. He stands thus for several seconds, leaving the public time to observe and to examine his strange originality; to gaze with curiosity at his lank body, his long arms and fingers, his chestnut colored hair flowing over his shoulders, the illness and suffering imprinted on his whole person, his sunken mouth, his long hawk-nose, his pale and hollow cheeks, his large, fine, and open forehead, which Dr. Gall would love to contemplate; and under that forehead, eyes, hidden as if in shade, but every instant darting forth lightning."

"Suddenly his looks descend from his violin to the orchestra. He gives the signal, and abruptly raising his hand in the air, lets his bow fall upon his violin. You expect that all the strings are about to be broken. Nothing of the sort. You are surprised by the lightest, the most delicate, the finest of sounds. For several instants he continues to play with your anticipations, and to provoke you. All the caprices which occur to him are employed to rouse you from the indifference which he supposes you to feel. He runs, he leaps from tones to tones, from octaves to octaves, passes with incredible swiftness and precision the widest distances; ascends and descends natural and chromatic gamuts; produces every where harmonic chords; draws forth the most extraordinary sounds of which the violin is capable; makes it speak, sing, complain; now there is a murmuring of waves, now a breeze of wind, now a chirping of birds."

"This great artist has, however, other resources than such fantasies for the captivation of the public. To this musical phantasmagoria presently succeeds a broad, grand, and harmonious simplicity. Pure, sweet, brilliant, tuneful chords flow from his bow: sounds which seem to proceed from the heart, and which plunge you into a state of delicious feeling. Then come vague sighings of melancholy and self-abandonment. While you are sympathizing with the touching and melodious performer, a sudden access of violent grief, a sort of shuddering and rage seizes him; and cries, which penetrate the depths of your soul, alarm and freeze you, and make you tremble for the unfortunate being whom you see and hear."

Paganini, as Caleb Quotem would say, reminds us of music, music of love, love of turtle-doves, turtle-doves of turtle-soup, turtle-soup of Hoboken, and Hoboken of the Messrs. Stevens. The enterprise of these gentlemen has not been unrequited. Their steam-boats and their pleasure-grounds are in a style of princely magnificence. Their property on the opposite Jersey shore, from Hoboken to Weehawken, has been by them generously appropriated as a place of recreation for their fellow-citizens. Whoever has not visited Turtle-grove and the Elysian-fields, has neglected to indulge himself with a delightful gratification. These gentlemen have lately effected changes there which, for rural beauty, would do no discredit to the taste of Pope himself, who is said to have been the father of English gardening. Forests have been trimmed, underbrush cleared away, lawns turfed, a superb pavilion erected, and every thing done which could contribute to render it one of the very pleasantest of all pleasant places; and, among other wonders, workmen are employed in constructing a rail-road from the ferry, for a mile and a half along the shore, to the pavilion.

On Monday last a *fete* was given by these gentlemen to the corporation, the editors and other literati, &c. The guests assembled at the interesting hour of three, on board the steamboat Chief Justice Marshal—a much better boat than Charon's—which conducted the distinguished medley of literature and politics across the river to the fields of Elysium. The day was cloudless and calm, and the scene of course charming. The boat floated to the strains of a fine martial band, among which we recognized many airs from the public's pet musical favorite, Cinderella. A right hospitable banquet was spread out in Turtle-grove, where the scent of the fresh grass was mixed with the savory fumes of innumerable tureens, which would have made the soul of honest Sancho Panza leap for joy; and where the music of the birds and waters was considerably improved by certain emphatic *pops*, which, like Macbeth's curses, sounded to the heart "not loud but deep." We never observed, in so small a company, such a mass of talent, and such a powerful inclination towards eating and drinking. The hilarity of the scene was heightened by the presence of the New-York and New-Jersey Boat Clubs, in sailor uniform, who reached the spot in their barges, and immediately plunged in *medias res*. Some sweet singing and facetious toasts ushered in the evening, when the nautical gentlemen hailed each other, gave the word of command, and bided to their boats.

"*Rudit iter liquidum celeres.*"

We withdrew silently and discreetly from the merry scene, leaving divers worthies in excellent spirits, where, for aught we know to the contrary, they may be at this very moment, offering up libations to the jolliest of all the divinities.

Literary.—The Harpers have published Haverhill, which we shall notice in our next. We learn with pleasure that the Dutchman's Fireside continues to sell briskly. Three heavy editions have been already printed.

Notice to the public.—I take this method of stating that Samuel Marshal, who has been for some time employed by me as an agent for the New-York Mirror, will not be, from this date, connected with it in any way whatever. GEORGE P. MORRIS.
July 16, 1831.

O, THERE'S A MOUNTAIN PALM!

SUNG BY MISS LOVE—WORDS BY J. R. PLANCHE, ESQ.—MUSIC BY H. R. BISHOP.

Andante Affetuoso.

O! there's a moun - tain

palm that nigh, that nigh My child - hood's haunt doth grow, Whose boughs and leaves, to the pass - ing eye, As fans, as

fans and lan - ces show! Whose boughs and leaves to the pass - ing eye, As fans, as fans and lan - ces show!

2d verse—And like that well remembered tree || Would I be still to bear a shade for thee! || A shade; a shelter, love! for thee! || And for thy foes a spear.

* "The *Icztol* is a species of mountain palm, pretty lofty, and generally with a double trunk. Its branches form the figure of a fan, and its leaves a spear."—CLAYTON'S HISTORY OF MEXICO.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

STANZAS.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast."—Thomson.

Poets, they say, are privileged—
Perhaps 'tis very right,
But some small probability
'Twere well to keep in sight—
Now this was surely not the case
In Jamie Thomson's fight.

"Delightful task!"—A task indeed!
At least I found it so;
I kept a famed academy
Not many years ago,
But though I toil'd for it, I ne'er
That same delight could know.

The "tender thought," alas, is in
The rearing prone to die,
The "young idea" is apt to "shoot"
Provokingly awry,
And will not bear the proper fruit—
There is no knowing why.

The "fresh instruction," poured so oft,
Becomes at last quite stale;
The "enlivening spirit" oft o'ersteps
Of liveliness the pale,
And "breathes" so much of "spirit" that
Order and quiet fail.

"To fix the purpose in the breast,"
Pshaw! fix a weather-vane—
Who does not know the fickle moods
Of childhood's restless brain?
Aught in a breast so volatile
To fix we strive in vain.

Oh! bard inspired and eloquent!
Thy favored country's boast,
'Tis well for us, a teacher's lot
Thou knew'st not to thy cost,
Or this fine burst of eloquence
The world had surely lost.

CLARENCE.

CÆDICIVS, a Roman tribune, having once undertaken to perform a service of extreme danger, addressed his soldiers as follows: "My friends, it is necessary for the safety of the army that we should march to yonder station. It is not necessary that we should return." The army was saved, but every one of the followers of Cædicivus perished. He himself was found desperately wounded.

POPULAR JUDGMENT.—Men of learning are very apt to undervalue the taste and judgment of the vulgar, as they are called, especially in the fine arts. Yet no persons are more familiar with nature than people of this class. The best pictures and statues are those which are the most natural. Apelles was accustomed to expose his paintings in public that he might hear the criticisms of the passers by, of which he often availed himself. Malherbe consulted his servant, an old woman, on the music of his verses; and Moliere, his housekeeper, on the propriety of his characters. It is related by Annibal Caracci that he formed his opinion of two pictures of the martyrdom of St. Andrew, by Dominichino, and Francisco Albani, from seeing an aged female and her daughter standing a long time surveying the picture of Dominichino, and passing that of Albani without notice. One thing is certain, the common people are not led astray by fashion, which is as often the parent of a bad taste as of a good one.

BOOK-MAKING.—The Abbé de Marolles was so fond of book-making, that he published the names of all his friends and all their acquaintance in a catalogue at his own expense. This gentleman said to one of his companions, "My verses cost me very little." "They cost you as much as they are worth," replied his friend.

SOLITUDE.—Zimmerman, who was physician to the king of Prussia, and lived at court, has written a vast deal of nonsense about solitude. The wish to be always alone shows the disposition of a ferocious beast of prey, and carries with it the melancholy darkness of the tomb. The effect is described in the ancient phrase, "*Cor suum edens*," eating his own heart. Man is too feeble, too dependant a being to subsist by himself.

SANNAZARIUS.—He was the author of the following epigram, which has been indifferently translated from the original Latin:

"Neptune saw Venice on the Adria stand,
Firm as a rock, and did the sea command.
'Think'st thou, O Jove,' said he, 'Rome's walls excel?
Or that proud cliff whence false Tarpeia fell?
Grant Tiber best, view both, and you will say,
That men did those, gods these foundations lay.'"

The people of Venice presented Sannazarius with six thousand golden crowns for this composition. This beats Sir Walter Scott and the London booksellers.

DEDICATIONS.—Some writer observes in reference to the miserable and abject language formerly used on these occasions, "That the first inventor of dedications must certainly have been a beggar."

URBAN THE EIGHTH.—This pope was a man of wit, a fine scholar, and an excellent magistrate. "No pope," he was used to say, "could ever boast of such extraordinary nephews as I can. Cardinal Barberini has reformation always in his mouth, but I cannot find that he grows any better; he is certainly a saint, but I never heard any of his miracles. Cardinal Antonio is generous and munificent, but he never gives away any thing of his own. Maffeo is certainly a great general and commander of the ecclesiastical troops, but he never goes to war."

CRITICISM.—If men of genius were to express their own opinions of their works, they would prove the severest critics. Boileau once said, "Of all criticisms, those which hurt me the most, are such as my own judgment makes on my own works."

EPITAPHS.—Charpentier has the following eloquent passage on this subject. "Whenever," says he, "I cast my eyes on ostentatious epitaphs, I feel a wish to write under them, 'As man is composed of pride and infirmities, passenger, you here behold them fully exemplified. This tomb indicates the feebleness, and this epitaph the pride of his nature.' How just a picture is this of the character of the deceased person when alive! Under robes of silk and embroidery he concealed from the eyes of the world the weakness and diseases of his decaying body. A wounded conscience, a feeble understanding, and eternal toil of solicitude and sorrows, were hidden beneath the mask of a tranquil countenance, a steady and penetrating eye."

PHILOSOPHERS AND TRADESMEN.—Philosophers sport with the follies of mankind; tradesmen make money by them. Which is the wiser of the two?

CICERO.—Macrobius has recorded a good jest of Cicero on Caninius Bevilus, who was consul only for one day. "We have had," says he, "a consul of such extraordinary vigilance, that he has not slept one single night during the term of his consulship."

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,
To whom all communications must be addressed. No
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THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

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For the New-York Mirror.

A TWILIGHT SCENE, NEAR THE HIGHLANDS.

BY WILLIAM P. PALMER.

O, scenes there are of beauty
In this desert world of ours,
Oases-like, all redolent
Of fountains and of flowers;
Where the lonely heart, forgetting
O'er its exile lot to grieve,
In their lovely presence findeth
An Eden and an Eve!

And such a scene surrounds us,
My friend, long tried and dear;
Methinks with thee for ever
I could joy to linger here;
Nor sigh for other beauties,
For other pleasures pine,
Which in gayer hours we've courted
Mid the city's mirth and wine.

Look up—the west is gleaming
Like a sea of molten gold,
With crimson clouds o'ercurtained
In many a gorgeous fold;
While the highland peaks around us,
In that soft and mellow light,
Seem like monarchs of the genii world
In living rainbows dight.

And mark you glorious river,
As it sweeps before the lawn;
By cliff and beetling headland,
How it gallantly bears on!
While the mountain breezes gaily
Toss its curling waves to spray,
Like wild and wanton childhood
With a giant's locks at play.

Ay, view that airy pennant
Above the green isle's height;
One moment—and the bounding bark
Comes dashing into sight!
From distant lands returning
Through billowy wilds of foam,
Warm beating hearts she's bearing
To friendship and to home.

How fond the twilight lingers
Along the purple skies,
As if 'twere loth to leave behind
So fair a paradise;
While the jealous stars above us
Their heavenly emblems show,
Lest we gaze, alas! too fondly
On the fading scenes below.

How gaily, too, thro' yonder bowers,
Where free the moss-rose flings
Its perfume on the dewy air,
The laugh of childhood rings,
And blending with the boatman's song
In yon lone listening bay,
Awakes the echo's mimic tongue
In the far woods away.

And hark! from yonder casement,
Where the leafy shadow falls
In moonlight-checked loveliness
O'er Elmwood's snowy walls,
A voice of liquid sweetness
Steals forth upon the ear,
Like some aerial melody
From night's most tuneful sphere.

And on the broad piazza,
With flowering woodbines lined,
Fair forms are lightly moving,
While arms in arms entwined;
With motions free and graceful,
And eyes as softly bright,
As the willow's breezy wavings,
And the fire-fly's magic light.

O, scenes there are of beauty
In this desert world of ours,
Oases-like, all redolent
Of fountains and of flowers;
Where the lonely heart, forgetting
O'er its exile lot to grieve,
In their lovely presence findeth
An Eden and an Eve!

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Translated from the French for the New-York Mirror.

EDWARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF OURIKA.

IN TWO PARTS—PART SECOND.

THE day previous to my departure, the marshal was absent. With the exception of an old abbot, who had for many years enjoyed the protection of the family, Madame de Nevers and myself were alone at dinner. When the table was cleared, the abbot, seeing that the duchess had no skeins of silk for him to unravel, quietly installed himself in an arm-chair and fell asleep. I was thus left *titte-à-tite* with the object of my secret affection. I ought to have felt happy, but I did not. I cast down my eyes and remained silent. She was the first to speak.

"At what o'clock do you start to-morrow?"

"At five in the morning. If I were to delay any longer, I fear I should be unable to go at all."

"And when do you return?"

"I must fulfill my father's last wishes; but I think they will not detain me more than a fortnight; and time will pass so slowly that I am confident I shall not be in want of more."

"Do you intend visiting Torez?"

"I shall go through it on my way back."

"Do you not long to see it again? It is so natural for us to love the scenes of our childhood."

"I know not what has happened to me; but it seems that I have no recollection whatever of the past."

"Try to recollect it. Will you not relate your history? Now that you are the son of my father, I should be ignorant of nothing that concerns you."

"I have forgotten every thing. I have only commenced my existence since the last two months."

Madame de Nevers was silent for a moment, and then asked if the world had so soon obliterated all memory of my youth?

"It is not the world."

She blushed, and continued:

"I do not resemble you in that particular, for the spot in which I passed my earliest years is still green in my memory. Do make an effort, and I am certain that you will be able to recall the recollection of your younger days."

I complied with her request; she listened with attention, and as I was about to conclude, the abbot awoke. The marshal entered at the same moment, and, bidding me hasten my return, he retired. Madame de Nevers likewise withdrew, and I thought I discerned a look of interest in her eye as she noticed my salutation. I was, moreover, satisfied with myself, for I had as yet confessed nothing to her. The thought that she might suspect my passion, was

enough to chill me with apprehension, for I felt that my only safety lay in prudence.

I fulfilled the obligations imposed upon me, and was at liberty to return. The joy I felt on once more beholding the hotel d' Olonne was soon converted into disappointment when I heard that Madame de Nevers was about to start for the Hague, to visit her friend Madame de C. She seemed melancholy, scarcely spoke, and was extremely reserved. I knew not to what I should attribute this alteration in her conduct.

When she was gone, the marshal, ascribing my dejectedness to the death of my father, said,

"The duchess has severely felt our loss; she has not yet recovered from it. Holland is beautiful in the spring, and I am glad she has gone there; for I hope that a change of air may produce a favorable effect upon her enfeebled spirits."

This remark was far from relieving my anxiety, and, with his natural kind-heartedness, he endeavored to console me. He also entrusted to my keeping the secret affairs and correspondence in which he was engaged, by reason of his being the friend of the duke of A., at that time one of the most influential noblemen at court. I endeavored to prove myself worthy of this mark of confidence on his part, and he appeared gratified by the attachment I evinced for him.

Madame de Nevers was now hourly expected. My heart beat with joy at the thoughts of beholding her again. I fondly hoped that her reserve would have disappeared. I was cruelly deceived, for on the very evening of her arrival I experienced from her the coldest and most distant reception. She despised me, said I to myself; she spurns me; but I cannot live without loving her. I will leave this house, and never more submit myself to the galling fetters of society.

The next day, however, her manner was much softened; but she invariably went out to balls and concerts every evening, and when I used to see her with all her dazzling charms go into society where I could not follow her, I would retire to my apartment and devour my humiliation and regret. It was not without a most flattering sensation that I thought I discovered in her countenance an expression of indifference as to the pleasures in which, since her return, she had passed so much of her time. On one occasion, as she was going to a ball, she said,

"Do you not attend the play?"

"No; my pleasures are over for to-night."

"Why? It is but eight o'clock."

"Are not you going to amuse yourself?"

She sighed, and said with a melancholy smile,

"I had rather remain."

No sooner was she in her carriage than I retired to my chamber. None but those who have truly, deeply loved, can conceive the refined sensations of happiness, so exquisitely keen, that their excess almost amounts to a sense of pain, which a diffident lover experiences when the hope, the certainty beams upon his desolate heart, that his passion is not entirely unrequited. Repelling the thought that, had she remained longer in conversation with me, her very next words might have undone the happiness which her last had created, I recalled to my mind her words, her tone, her look, her sigh, more eloquent than all. I passed a restless and agitated night, and the next morning I was informed that the Marshal d' Olonne desired my attendance in his cabinet. I felt that it was incumbent on me to conceal all outward signs of happiness, and I endeavored to subdue and calm the expression of my countenance. Dissimulation was unnecessary, for I perceived that the duchess had again become distant, silent, and reserved.

She was invited to a ball in the evening, and before the hour arrived at which she usually left the hotel, her severity had vanished, or at least was much softened. I was convinced that she read my heart, that perhaps she compassionated my sufferings, and that, though my passion was unreturned, at least it met not with contempt.

I had never seen the duchess dance, and I had often wished to behold her, myself remaining unseen, at those assemblies where she was the chief object of admiration. It is the custom to admit spectators to the festivities of the great, where balconies are disposed around for their accommodation. The company to be met with there are generally those of the middle class, and they are separated from the guests by a palisade. I felt some reluctance to mingle with those of a rank from which I had lately estranged myself; but as I hoped to enjoy the happiness of seeing her without being seen, I could not resist the temptation, and I accordingly procured a ticket for the ball to be given by the English ambassador. I had seated myself in one of the balconies, behind a curtain, and shortly afterwards Madame de Nevers entered the saloon. She approached the place where I had, as I thought, concealed myself, and would have proceeded without noticing me, had not the ever-laughing duke of L., upon whose arm she was leaning, discovered me and called out my name. The duchess looked up and exclaimed,

"Is it possible? You here?"

"Yes," I answered. "I wished to see you dance. I had hoped to have remained unknown!"

She seated herself beneath the balcony, and, separated only by the palisade, I continued to converse with her. The ambassador came up, and asked who I was. The duchess introduced me as the son of Mr. G., recalling to the ambassador's mind that he had dined with my father about a year since at the marshal's.

"I never met with a man of more surprising talents," said he; and then turning to me, he continued: "I regret, sir, that the duchess of Nevers has not earlier procured me the pleasure of your acquaintance. I beg of you to descend into the room."

After I had complied with his request, he continued:

"The profession of the bar is one of the most honored in England—it leads to every thing. The present grand chancellor, Lord D., commenced his career by practising the law, and he now stands among the foremost in the realm. His son married a lady of your acquaintance, madam," added he, to the duchess. "I allude to lady Sarah Benmore, eldest daughter to the duke of Sunderland. Do you recollect that I once remarked that she bore a striking likeness to you?"

When the ambassador left us, Madame de Nevers addressed me.

"How pale you look! What is the matter?"

"I shall take charge of him," said the duke of L.

Thereupon the lively nobleman took my arm and sauntered with me through the rooms, naming half the company, and criticizing the whole. I felt unhappy, because I imagined that every one would be astonished at seeing me there. I managed to escape from the duke, returned to the place where Madame de Nevers was dancing, and seated myself upon the sofa which she had just left. I was reflecting upon what the ambassador had told me. How I admired that land where every avenue was open to merit, where nothing was too arduous for talent to accomplish, or for perseverance to surmount! Raising my eyes, I saw standing before me, Madame de Nevers. She approached me with one of her most fascinating smiles.

"What are you thinking of?"

"Of England," answered I; "that country where nothing is impossible."

"I was sure of it," rejoined she. "But do you not intend to dance?"

"I am afraid it would be improper."

"Why so? You are invited. But whom do you intend to choose for a partner?"

"I dare not engage you; I should be charged with presumption."

"Again!" said she; "this is really proud humility."

"Ah! in England I would be a candidate for that honor."

The duchess blushed at my words; I resumed:

"I must tear myself from society; I was not formed for it; I suffer in it; I will go to the bar; no one will question my right of being there. I will plead causes; will you entrust me with yours? Believe me, I will gain them all."

"But I must gain this one first," said she; "will you dance with me?"

The temptation was irresistible; I seized her hand which, until now, I had never touched. That moment was worth an age of misery. But I soon passed from the happiness of being so near her to the mortification of thinking that all eyes were fixed in amazement upon me. The transition struck daggers to my heart. Just as the quadrille was drawing near its close, the marshal came up. Surprise and displeasure were portrayed in his countenance. The duchess extricated me from my painful dilemma by whispering something in his ear. The cloud vanished from his brow, and he said,

"I am very glad the ambassador invited you; it was kind in him;" meaning, doubtless, that I owed the favor to the emissary's wish to oblige the marshal.

For some time after I was haunted by reflections whose bitterness was soothed only by the remembrance of the manner in which Madame de Nevers had conducted herself towards me at the ball. As I was thinking of the necessity of leaving the marshal's hotel, a misfortune occurred to him which no human prescience could have foreseen. The duke of A. lost his influence at court, and the marshal shared his adversity, without having partaken of his power. He was banished from Paris to Faverange. I tendered him my services, which he frankly accepted.

One day I was walking with Madame de Nevers in the garden adjacent to the marshal's dwelling, and speaking of her father's noble qualities.

"You have all that is requisite," said she, "to make you understand him. He is attached to you, because we never fail to become so towards those whose sentiments resemble our own."

"I think I could prove the contrary."

"Perhaps what you are about to say would confirm me in my

opinion, but I will not listen to you;" and under some pretence or other, she left me to myself and my thoughts, the worst society for me. It was impossible for her not to perceive that I adored her; and not only did I enjoy the happiness of seeing her, hearing her, walking at her side, and feeling the weight of her arm on mine, but I even hoped that a day would dawn when I might sue for the honor of her hand. Again, when a look from her convinced me that she was not insensible to the ardor of a passion which I am confident has been felt by few, and when that conviction should have made me the happiest, it made me the most miserable of men. What—had I then treacherously insinuated myself into the good graces of the marshal—had I no other return to make for his generosity and confidence towards me but a base abuse of the opportunities which circumstances had afforded me of fomenting a passion which the existing laws of society prevented from meeting with consummation or return? I could not bear the thought of such ingratitude. Moreover, I was not certain that I was loved, or at best, the love that springs from pity is but an unenviable treasure.

One evening, when the heat was intense, and the windows of the parlor had been left open to admit the fresh air that began to move the foliage of the trees at the setting of the sun, the marshal and some gentlemen from a neighboring town were discussing some question concerning political economy, and seemed wholly intent upon the subject of their debate, Madame de Nevers was seated in the recess of the window, I was standing a few paces behind her and gazing upon her profile as it appeared against the azure of the sky. My reflections were bitter in the extreme.

"How I love her! and yet we are separated for ever. I pass my days in this 'babbling hermitage,' she reads my heart, knows my sentiments, and though she does not scorn them, we never can be taught to either—never! The barrier that separates us is insurmountable. I can only love her in secret, for even would she consent to be mine, contempt would reach her even in my arms. And yet our hearts were formed to be united.——Was it not that she meant in the garden?"

I was irresistibly impelled towards her. I seated myself by the same window with her, and leaned upon the balcony; my heart was full—I could not speak.

"Edward," said she, "what is the matter with you?"

"Do you not know?" asked I.

She was silent for a moment, and resumed:

"It is true, I do; but if you do not wish to afflict me, do not be so unhappy. Do you not know that I sympathize with your sufferings?"

"What you tell me," said I, "should overwhelm me with joy; but, I know not why, I cannot feel otherwise than miserable."

"Could you be unhappy if we were to spend the remainder of our lives as we have passed the last two months?"

I wished to answer in the affirmative, but feared to trust myself with words. I gathered some leaves from the jessamine shrubs that surrounded her, gave them to her, retook them, covered them with kisses, and bedewed them with tears. She was violently agitated.

"If you are unhappy," I said, "how guilty am I! Must I then fly from you?"

"Ah!" exclaimed she, "it is too late now."

Just then, the servant entered with lights. I left the parlor and strolled over the grounds. I was in an ecstasy of delight—the fever rioted in my veins. I perceived a light in a window of a tower that formed one of the angles of the building. It was the favorite boudoir of Madame de Nevers. A winding staircase led to it from the garden, and, fatigued by my rambles, I seated myself upon the steps. The door was open, and smothering all sensation of fear to dispel her, I resolved to ascend. Hearing my steps, and thinking that they were those of her maid, she approached the door.

"Will you forgive me?" said I, in breathless haste.

"Edward," replied the duchess, "come in; I intended to write to you, but it is better that I should speak what I should long since have expressed."

I perceived that she had been in tears.

"I know that I offend you by my love," said I, "but I hope for nothing, I ask for nothing; I know full well that misery is all that awaits me. But tell me, if fate had made me your equal in rank, would you have rejected the homage of my heart?"

"Can you think it?" said she; "can you doubt my love? Our hearts have been long since exchanged, but at once I saw the necessity of not giving way to my affection. I went to Holland to rejoin my friend, and learn from her experience how to forget. I returned, armed with her wisdom, not my own. I went into society: but did you feel, Edward, that when my person was absent, my soul was hovering near you?"

To this affectionate appeal, for the tone in which it was spoken corrected what might have appeared too open and unveiled, I had but cold words to reply. I assured her again and again that I was happy—that I would pass my life in love and obedience to her.

"I have but one command to impose upon you," said she; "and that is—prudence. I need not tell you that, should my father discover out attachment, the peace of our lives would be irretrievably lost. I have now said more, much more than I should," added she, while the mantling blushes burned on her cheek; "but now that we know each other's hearts, we ought no longer to be seen alone."

"I am going," interrupted I; "do not repent of having made me happy."

The intoxication of delight in which I revelled for some days after this conversation would have been complete, had not the marshal one evening been pleased to lavish his praises upon me in the presence of several gentlemen assembled in his saloon. He extolled

my delicacy, my gratitude and devotion to him. I was stung to the quick by the consciousness of how little I deserved this eulogium, and my remorse was extreme. But I consoled myself by the knowledge that the marshal was ignorant of those sentiments, the force of which now began to have a serious and detrimental influence upon my frame.

We usually past our mornings in the library. The marshal had just received from Paris a beautiful globe; Madame de Nevers and myself were alone, and gazing upon the innumerable spots representing the Society Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. I described one in particular, as Cook had painted it.

"This one," said I, "is uninhabited, but does not deserve to remain so. The climate is a perpetual spring. Providence has there distributed its blessings with an unsparing hand; fruits and flowers are to be met with in endless variety; but the former are never culled, and the latter 'waste their sweetness on the desert air.' There, nothing disturbs the repose of nature, or breaks the silence that has reigned since creation, save the warbling of the feathered tribe or the murmurs of some pebbled brook. In that wilderness, all is harmony, all is happiness. Ah!" continued I, "it should be a home for those who love, since lovers would never need to stifle the pure flame of disinterested affection in a clime where aristocracy of rank or inferiority of birth are equally unknown."

I sank upon a chair, and buried my face in my hands. Madame de Nevers came near me.

"Edward!" said she, in broken accents, "you surely cannot mean to reproach me. Think you that I would look upon an alliance with you as a degradation? Do you not know that I would never have hesitated, had it not been for my father?"

"Forgive me!" cried I; "you cannot imagine the torments I undergo; but if you pity me, I may support my anguish."

As I was one evening returning home from a protracted ramble, I seated myself at the extremity of a long avenue, shaded by two rows of trees. I perceived Madame de Nevers approaching me; she was in a profound reverie, of which I dared to think myself the subject. She held her hat in her hand, and her beautiful hair streamed down in profusion upon her shoulders. So elastic was her step, the downy moss scarce yielded to the pressure of her slender foot.

"Where have you been?" asked she, as she seated herself at my side; "do you not fear that my father will take umbrage at your repeated absence?"

"It is immaterial," I replied; "my absence will soon be eternal."

"Edward!" exclaimed she, "is it thus you keep the promises you have made?"

"I know not what I have promised," replied I. "I am weary of life, for I shall never find repose but in the grave. Why do you start? Death will be kinder to me than life has been, for it levels all ranks. But at least the soul dies not: it loves beyond the harsh tomb, it loves through eternity. Shall we not, ah! tell me, sweetest, shall we not be united in another world?"

"We shall be, in this," answered she, and her charms brightened as she spoke; "but tell me that you will no longer look pale and ghastly as you have of late; say that you will return to life and hope, say that you will be happy."

"Never!" exclaimed I. "Merciful heaven! must I then dash from my lips the full cup of bliss! Shall I make you the object of scorn, tempt you to exchange the lustre of rank for obscurity like mine, and make you wear my almost unknown name?"

"But if I choose to make the exchange," said she, "there is no sacrifice on my part. Edward, do not refuse to be happy."

"Mention not happiness to me," said I; "happiness and shame are incompatible. How could I look your injured father in the face when men would stigmatize me as the abaser of your inexperience? Dishonor! no, nothing for me at that price."

"Then, Edward, must we part?"

"We must," cried I. "I shall soon leave you—I'll follow the profession of arms. Rank is not indispensable to become a soldier. I had spoken the last words in bitterness of heart, and with downcast eyes; I looked up and found that Madame de Nevers, overcome by her emotions, had swooned."

After some days, during which we incessantly combated each other's opinions, the duchess maintaining that it was I, not she, who made the sacrifice, and I assuring her it was honor prevented me from enjoying a happiness I would otherwise have willingly purchased at the price of my life, we were favored by the visit of two noblemen, the prince of Enrichemont and the duke of L. As the marshal had declined receiving any visits from his Parisian friends during his exile, their presence announced the news, joyful to all except myself, that he was recalled. The prince of Enrichemont was correct to a fault in his enthusiasm, but his more mercurial companion, the duke, informed the marshal of the fortunate change that had suddenly taken place in his circumstances, with the frankness and grace that characterized all his actions. Two days afterwards we left Faverange. I took a last farewell of the scenes consecrated by the remembrance of the duchess' avowal of her love, and I was once more established at the marshal's hotel, performing the duties of a secretary as well as I could. I was compelled to disguise the aching of my heart, to feign a spirit of gaiety; and this dissimulation was so revolting to me that I assumed it only through fear of exposing Madame de Nevers. I had latterly perceived that the prince of Enrichemont and the duke of L. had both changed their conduct towards me. The former assumed a haughtier look, the latter a turn of irony, that hurt me the more that I could assign no reason for this unexpected alteration. The marshal alone retained his usual kindness of behavior.

The marshal was obliged to leave Paris for Versailles; after supper, the duchess and myself found ourselves alone.

"Edward," said she, "I must blame you for your continual alterations with the prince of Enrichemont; I overheard you yesterday addressing to him the severest and most piquant remarks."

"Do you take his part?" said I. "I confess I hate him, for he aspires to you, and yet without presumption."

"Are you jealous of him?" said she. "I offer you what I refuse to his solicitations, and you will not accept it."

"Oh! make me an emperor," exclaimed I, "and I will woo you to be my bride."

"You are unwilling to receive that which you are willing to bestow!" "Have mercy on me," cried I; "do not continually place before my eyes the vision of a happiness I cannot enjoy, the temptation is too strong."

"I would it were irresistible."

"You kill me. Now listen: the sacrifice you ask of me is that of my honor; would you consent to the same to save my life?"

She understood me but too well.

"Edward," said she, in a hollow tone, "is it your voice I heard?"

I retired to the opposite end of the room; her words had pierced my heart. She approached me and wished to take my hand.

"Leave me," said I; "do not altogether deprive me of reason."

"I cannot think, Edward, that it is necessary for you to fly me in order to respect me."

I knelt before her.

"I adore, I venerate you. But I cannot live without you—we cannot be united. Death then is the only alternative; we will meet in another world; but tell me, will you there be as lovely, as beautiful as you now are? Will you there keep your vows of love?"

"Edward, I cannot survive you."

She burst into tears, I clasped her in my arms and imprinted a kiss upon her willing lips. She extricated herself from my embrace, and I retired to my apartment to spend the night in sleepless agitation. The next day Madame de Nevers succeeded in convincing me that our marriage would not be ill-omened, and as I could not longer exist in my present state of agony, I concerted with her a plan of escape to America as soon as our union should be solemnized at the altar. In the full tide of happiness, my hopes were at once blasted, when I heard that the tongue of slander and the breath of calumny conspired to blacken the fair fame of a being too pure for earth. As yet these rumors were vague, but by degrees they assumed a more palpable shape, and my blood was chilled with horror, when, after repeated efforts to trace the report to its fountain-head, I found that it had been circulated by the duke of L., than whom none knew better the innocence he attempted to destroy. My brain burned with living fire, my heart throbbed for revenge. I was on the point of setting out to meet him, when I was informed that Madame de Nevers was dangerously ill. Regardless of all consequences, I rushed into the apartment where she lay, senselessly extended upon a sofa. Her head was supported by a lady, who was in tears. The marshal came up to me.

"You will oblige me, sir," said he, "by leaving the room."

"No," said I, "I live or die with her."

I threw myself at the foot of the sofa; the marshal raised me up.

"You cannot remain here," said he; "retire to your apartment; I shall meet you presently."

I heeded not his words; but the lady assured me that the sight of me might be fatal to the duchess.

"In that case," said I, "I obey."

I was met in the entry by one of the servants.

"Good Mr. Edward," said he, "you will kill yourself; lean on my arm."

As I was about to comply, the marshal came out.

"Still here," cried he, in a voice almost choked by passion; "follow me, sir."

"He cannot walk," said the kind-hearted servant.

"You are mistaken," said I; and, collecting all my prostrated energies, I followed the marshal. He began:

"Explanations, sir, are unnecessary between us. My daughter has confessed all; her friend, Madame C., sooner informed than myself of the slanderous imputations cast upon my daughter, came hither from Holland to save her from impending ruin. You are doubtless aware of the harm you have done her reputation, and your conduct is the more culpable that it is out of your power to repair the injury. It is my pleasure that you quit my house instantly. I shall not altogether abandon the son of a valued friend, however unworthy of my protection he may have proved himself. I will obtain for you the situation of secretary to an embassy at a foreign court. You will repair without delay to Lyons, and there await your nomination."

"I am in need of nothing," answered I. "Allow me, sir, the privilege of refusing your offer; to-morrow I shall not be here!"

"Where do you intend going?"

"I know not."

"What are your prospects?"

"I have none."

"Do not think that a life of hopeless love is a desirable existence."

"I wish for no other."

"But what can I do for you?"

"Nothing."

"Edward, you lacerate my heart; I cannot long continue severe with you, but you must perceive that you cannot marry my daughter."

"I know it, sir; allow me to withdraw."

"Not thus," said he. "Am I not your second father?"

"Ah! you are the father of Madame de Nevers; be kind and affectionate to her, console her when I am gone."

I left him, and the thoughts of suicide occurred to me. I defer-

* Sister to the duke of L.

ed the commission of this crime until I had consummated my revenge. My rage against the duke of L. knew no bounds; for he had seen enough of me to know that my love for Madame de Nevers was at least equalled by my respect, and he could have pretended to consider me her lover only through a wantonness of malice, malice that merited the severest chastisement. I went to his house, and after some delay, was admitted into his chamber.

Without farther preface, I revealed to him my purpose.

"I come, sir, to call you to account for the insult you have put upon me, as well as for the slanderous reports you have circulated respecting Madame de Nevers and myself."

"I would willingly comply with your request, for I believe you know, sir, that these affairs are a perfect matter of indifference to me, but, unfortunately, in this case it is impossible."

"Impossible!" cried I, "we will see that presently. Do not think, sir, I will suffer you to calumniate virtue with impunity."

"As to *calumny*," said the duke of L., smiling, "you will allow me not to consider the question in that light. I thought you were the gallant of Madame de Nevers, and I think so still, and I have said it. Really I do not see what great offence there is in that; I give you the prettiest woman in all Paris, and you are displeased. There are many who would be glad to be in your place, and myself among the first."

"And I, sir, should blush to be in yours. Madame de Nevers is pure, she is unimpeachable. I demand from you satisfaction for the reports you have spread."

"As to that," resumed the duke, "I will spread whatever reports I think correct. You may deny your good-fortune if you please; it is handsome in you to do so, but at the same time it is not exactly the fashion with men of the world at the present day. As to fighting with you, I give you my word and honor I desire it as much as yourself, but, though very much of a gentleman, still you are not a *gentilhomme*, and I should cover myself with ridicule by agreeing to what you propose. Such are the existing prejudices. I am sorry for it," added he, in a milder tone; "believe me, sir, I esteem you from my soul, and I should have been delighted to fight with you. You grow pale! I pity you, for I know that you are a man of honor. I assure you I look upon this prejudice as barbarous and absurd. I am sorry for what has happened; but do not mistake a friend for an enemy. Are there no other means of atoning for an imprudent word or two?"

"None!" cried I. "Do you refuse me the satisfaction I demand?"

"It is with reluctance that I answer *yes*."

"Then," said I, "you are a villain and a coward; for none but a villain can insult a woman, and none but a coward will refuse satisfaction to her defender."

I retired from the duke's apartment, and was proceeding to put an end to my miseries at once, when my progress was arrested by a carriage which I recognised to be that of the duchess. She alighted at a church and entered. I followed her, fell upon my knees, prayed for her and myself, and in despair returned to the marshal's. Thus were my criminal intentions frustrated by a glimpse of that being from whom I was separated by the insurmountable barrier of public opinion. Madame de Nevers passed the night at a neighboring convent, and the next morning I started early, and travelled post-haste till I arrived at Lorient, where I embarked for America. *****

Here the manuscript ended. Months passed away, and the period arrived when an attack was to be made on the English camp. Though still enfeebled with my recent wound, I mounted my horse and joined the army. Edward was soon by my side. He had brooded over his mournful recollections till melancholy had become desperation, and, as he lifted his languid eyes to mine, I saw that he was sick at heart and weary of life. I conversed with him long, and attempted to direct his mind to more cheerful prospects; but nothing aroused him till I spoke of the battle, which we anticipated on the ensuing morning. Then his form grew more erect, and his shaded eyes flashed, and his whole face assumed an expression which I had never before witnessed.

"Come, my friend," I exclaimed, "to-morrow will see us victors, and you shall lose all memory of misery in the excitement and glory which await you."

"I will lose it in my grave," said he, in a low, but deep voice. "This dim and weary existence I will bear no longer. Inquire for me to-morrow, and they will point you to a bloody bier, and the eyes which now gaze on you will be closed forever."

As he spoke, he bent down his head and hid his face with his hands, but was aroused by a messenger, who placed in his hands a packet. He received it with apathy, and was in the act of flinging it aside, when his eye fell on the superscription, and an electric feeling of surprise and pleasure seemed to thrill through his whole body. He tore open the letter, and exclaimed incoherently:

"Here! She in America? On her passage? Expected daily. Gracious Providence, am I dreaming? Boy," he continued, almost breathless with the violence of his own emotion, "who gave you this letter? Who?"

The messenger stood quietly, and as I gazed I thought he was strangely beautiful in his appearance. He uncovered his head, and a few ringlets fell over his eyes—in an instant they were clasped in each other's arms. It was Madame de Nevers.

The first flush and fever of surprise and joy having passed away, the interrogations natural to the occasion were put and answered with an absorbing earnestness and eager rapidity which gave me ample opportunity to observe them at my leisure.

"And whence came you?"

"From France."

"And your object?"

"To pass my life with you."

"And your rank—your friends?"

"I left them all for you. What are they to happiness? Rather let me dwell here in this western seclusion with you, than move in the revel and splendor of Europe, wretched and heart-broken."

I need not continue the story. The battle on the morrow found Edward brave, not rash; and the next evening, instead of being stretched out on a bloody bier, he sat with his affianced bride drawing prospects of felicity, such as are more frequently sketched by love and youth than sanctioned by reason or realized by experience.

THE DRAMA.

GRAND HISTORICAL AND MILITARY SPECTACLE,

IN PREPARATION AT THE PARK THEATRE.

WE understand the managers are making every exertion to produce the new spectacle called "*Napoleon Buonaparte, Captain of Artillery, General and First Consul, Emperor and Exile*," (so successfully performed for a number of nights at Covent Garden theatre,) with, to use the language of the green-room, "unrivalled splendor." The piece, it is estimated, will cost about six thousand dollars. It will, it is said, flood the stage with a splendid variety of new scenery, dresses, banners, eagles, et cetera, copied from the best authorities. Among the *dramatis personæ*, are nineteen generals, independent of the staff, a military band, and two hundred supernumeraries as imperial guard, infantry, artillery, &c. The passage of Mount St. Bernard will be an imposing display of histrionic grandeur. Upwards of fifty additional hands have been employed since the twentieth of June last in preparations for this interesting spectacle. The effect of embodying upon the stage celebrated pictures of great events, is striking and beautiful to the spectator, and the public will doubtless on this occasion be highly gratified. The annexed notice, elicited by its first representation in England, we copy from the London Times:

"The new piece, which has been expected with so much curiosity and speculation, and which may be considered a sort of dramatic diorama of the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, has been produced at the Covent Garden theatre. Although it comes in a most questionable shape, yet do we feel little inclined to question it. With a conciliating modesty or timidity, it makes no pretension to the title of comedy, or tragedy, or melodrama, or even of the generic drama, but simply appears before us as an historical and military spectacle. Our Gallic neighbors, to whom we have latterly abandoned the embarrassing labor of originality in these matters, have taught us to laugh at the old pedantry of playwrights, and to feel that there may be a very sufficient interest awakened in our breasts by a prolonged action, in which the venerable unities are treated with supreme contempt. Thus much may be hazarded in assertion on so delicate a matter, that whatever may be subtracted by these lawless innovations from intensity or concentration of emotion, is compensated for in no small degree by the greater variety of those excitements of feeling in which we are so well pleased to indulge. If, however, we at all suffer the existence of this new principle of theatric composition, it must be confessed that it could not be applied to a more appropriate subject than that of his life, whose entire career presented a connected series of extraordinary events, forming, when contemplated as a whole, a combination of epic grandeur and effect. To connect the various most prominently remarkable of these events judiciously, to invest them with the moral importance which originally was associated with them, and to lead them with a gradual expansion of interest to a *denouement*, was the great difficulty which their dramatic arranger had to encounter; and in regard to it he has been very successful in the undertaking, which has attracted this notice. Its various acts, with the exception of the last, are essentially spectacular, and are very much disjointed. In the first, we are introduced suddenly and skilfully into the animation of the French camp before Toulon, where the young officer of artillery has already attracted the admiration and confidence of the shrewd soldiery—shows various symptoms of the restless genius by which he is *possessed*—obtains the sanction of *Duromier* for those plans which the stultified *Doppet* had rejected, and erects his celebrated battery which decided the fate of Toulon, which, to the great edification of a houseful of cockneys, was, on this occasion, veritably worked upon the stage. In this act is also introduced an interesting and lively sutler, *Victoria*, (Miss Taylor) who predicts to *Napoleon* his future fortunes, and appears episodically in the subsequent part of the piece. The second act brings us so far on in *Napoleon's* career as the passage of Mount St. Bernard in May 1800. This is all spectacular, but well and picturesquely arranged, giving a not inadequate idea of the toils which the French soldiery had to encounter in that stupendous expedition. The convent is here introduced, *Napoleon* on his horse, and the well known incident of his ordering the charge to be beaten when he wished to animate his almost exhausted troops to continued exertion. The effect of the first part of this act, in which he addresses his army on its commencement of the ascent, is diminished for want of a sufficient number of men on the stage. The latter part is free from this objection, and is highly interesting in its way. We next pass on to the capture of Vienna, in 1809, when *Napoleon* is emperor of the French and king of Italy. Here we have a review of the guards at Thonbrun. The interest of this act chiefly turns on the attempt at the assassination of the emperor by the German student, who is condemned to be shot, but is afterwards pardoned. Then comes the abdication and farewell at Fontainebleau; in which latter scene the arrangement of *Vernet's* picture is adhered to as nearly as possible. The piece finishes with a long act in St. Helena, ending with *Napoleon's* death. Its chief interest was, of course, concentrated in Mr. Warde; and it would be doing great injustice to that

gentleman not to add, that it was sustained with a power which very few had anticipated from him in so difficult a task. His personal appearance, particularly from the third part downwards, was singularly fortunate in its resemblance to the great original. In the two first scenes it was not equally so:—the strongly marked, thin, and austere countenance of Bonaparte which is seen in all portraits of him, even during the consulship, not having been well imitated. In his action, we should have thought Mr. Warde too mincing and abrupt. A similar remark we should apply to his manner of speaking; it was too unvaryingly sharp, quick, and epigrammatic. This is not consistent with the accounts given of him when emperor. As his frame became more rounded and fat, his voice became more mellowly toned, and was, except when particularly excited, destitute of harshness, while his manner was mild and prepossessing, more especially at St. Helena. Here, indeed, lay the chief fault in Mr. Warde's performance, because he could not disguise his style of speaking, as he did his person; and his well known incorrect mode of accentuation broke in upon the correctness of his living portraiture. The last scene is injured considerably by this blemish, and the more so because in it the whole interest is thrown upon the man alone—the philosopher. Independent of this, however, the scene is too long, and tried the patience of the audience considerably. The other characters in the piece are sufficiently well represented to aid the general effect. Miss Taylor's *Victoria* is distinguished by her usual talent. Mr. Warde was obliged to appear at the fall of the curtain, and receive a well merited compliment for his performance."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MEXICAN DOMESTIC BEES.—Two hives, constructed by these bees, have recently been presented to the Linnean Society of London. They are formed of hollow trees, a portion of which, of between two and three feet in length, has been cut off, and a hole is bored through the sides into the hollows at about the middle, and the ends of the hives stopped up with clay. These hives are usually suspended on a tree, in a horizontal position, with the opening into the cavity directed also horizontally, and are speedily taken possession of by the bees. Their interior arrangement differs materially from that of the European bee, some of the layers of the comb assuming a vertical, and some a horizontal position, the cells of the latter being most numerous. All the combs, both vertical and horizontal, are composed of a single series of cells applied laterally to each other, and not, as in the European bee-hive, of two series, the one applied against the extremities of the other. The cells appear destined solely for the habitation of the young bees. The combs are placed together, at some distance from the opening of the hives; and surrounding them are several layers of wax, as thin as paper, irregular in their form, and placed at some little distance from each other; externally to these are placed the sacs for containing the honey, which are generally large and rounded in form. They vary in size, some of them exceeding an inch and a half in diameter. They are supported by processes of wax from the wood of the cavity, or from each other, and are frequently placed side by side; but their indisposition is altogether irregular, and bears some resemblance to that of a bunch of grapes. Some of the honey sacs are placed apart from the others, and form a distinct cluster.

From this irregular position of the honey sacs, a most important advantage is gained by the cultivators of the Mexican hive bee, as, in order to possess themselves of the honey, all that is necessary is to remove the plug from the end of the cavity employed as a hive, and to introduce the hand and withdraw the honey. The store of the laborious bee is thus transferred to the proprietor of the hive without injuring, and almost without disturbing, its inhabitants. The end of the hive is then again stopped up, and the bees hasten to lay in a fresh store of honey. A hive treated in this way affords, during the summer, at least two harvests.

The bee itself, by which this nest is constructed, is smaller than the European hive bee; its abdomen, especially, being much shorter.

Some curious anecdotes are related by the possessors as to the manners of these bees, one of which deserves to be recorded. They assert that at the entrance of each hive a sentinel is placed to watch the outgoing and incoming of his fellows, and that this sentinel is relieved at the expiration of twenty-four hours, when another assumes his post and duties for the same period. Of the duration of this guard some doubts may be reasonably entertained; but of its existence ample evidence has been obtained by repeated observation. At all times a single bee was seen occupying the hole leading to the nest, who, on the approach of another, withdrew himself within a small cavity, apparently made for this purpose, on the left-hand side of the aperture; and thus allowed the passage of the individual entering or quitting the hive, the sentinel constantly resuming the station immediately after the passage had been effected. During how long a time the same individual remained on duty could not be ascertained; for, although many attempts were made to mark him, by introducing a pencil tipped with paint, he constantly eluded the aim taken. With the paint thus attempted to be applied to the bee the margin of the opening was soiled, and the sentinel, as soon as he was free from the annoyance he suffered from the thrusts repeatedly made at his body, approached the foreign substance to taste it, and, evidently disliking the material, he withdrew into his hive. A troop of bees was soon observed to advance towards the place, each individual bearing a small particle of wax, or of propolis, in his mandibles, which he deposited in his turn upon the soiled part of the wood. The little laborers then returned to the hive, and repeated the operation until a small pile rose above the blemished part, and consequently relieved the inhabitants from the annoyance.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 115.

IN almost every class of society reform is the paramount object of interest. We may with reason hope to dwell soon in the meridian splendors of the golden age. Nothing can be more truly gratifying than that these sagacious and stupendous schemes should have originated in our own country. I have observed with pleasure the rapid and general spread of the spirit of improvement. It pervades all branches of political and domestic economy, and each regenerated citizen lends his labors, or at least his name, to establish a state of society which shall be perfect.

I was engaged the other evening in reading a British author, of some renown, when—but as the page which occupied my attention seemed, in some measure, connected with what subsequently occurred, I shall take the liberty of introducing it here. It is in the form of a letter, and, as the reader will perceive, very short:

"I am one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of valetudinarians; and do confess to you that I first contracted this ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but I found my pulse was irregular; and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy myself afflicted with. Dr. Sydenham's learned treatise of fevers threw me into a lingering hectic, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied myself to the study of several authors, who have written upon phthisical distempers, and by that means fell into a consumption; till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner ashamed out of that imagination. Not long after this I found in myself all the symptoms of the gout, except pain; but was cured of it by a treatise upon the ague, written by a very ingenious author. I at length studied myself into a complication of distempers; but accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by Sanctiorius, I was resolved to direct myself by a scheme of rules, which I had collected from his observations. The learned world are very well acquainted with that gentleman's invention; who, for the better carrying on his experiments, contrived a certain mathematical chair, which was so artificially hung upon springs, that it would weigh any thing as well as a pair of scales.

"Having provided myself with this chair, I used to study, eat, drink and sleep in it; inasmuch, that I may be said, for these last three years, to have lived in a pair of scales. I compute myself, when I am in full health, to be precisely two hundred weight, falling short of it about a pound after a day's fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full meal; so that it is my continual employment to trim the balance between these two volatile pounds in my constitution. In my ordinary meals I fetch myself up to two hundred weight and half a pound; and if, after having dined, I find myself fall short of it, I drink just so much small beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other half pound; which, for my health's sake, I do the first Monday in every month. As soon as I find myself duly poised after dinner, I walk till I have perspired five ounces and four scruples; and when I discover, by my chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books, and study away three ounces more. As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and sup by the clock, but by my chair; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted, I conclude myself to be hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In my days of abstinence I lose a pound and a half, and on solemn fasts am two pounds lighter than on the other days in the year.

"I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep, within a few grains more or less; and if, upon my rising, I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair. Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two hundred weight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one ounce in my health during a whole twelvemonth. And yet, notwithstanding this my great care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep my body in its proper poise, so if is, that I find myself in a sick and languishing condition. My complexion is grown very sallow, my pulse low, and my body hydropical."

Notwithstanding the usual seriousness of my disposition, the dilemma of this writer provoked a smile, which was not repressed by the expression that lighted the countenance of the Little Genius, who seemed to share my mirth.

"Oh ho, sir student, dreaming still over the ways of men. Art thou not weary of thus plodding for ever in one dull round—of studying human nature, only to smile at its weakness?"

"Thou hast even read my heart," said I. "Fatigue often overcomes me, and my spirit mourns in its narrow prison—this dungeon, wherein the intellect lies obscured in the feeble light which gleams in upon it fitfully. I have become the victim of useless wishes. I envy the leviathan serpent his gigantic power to sweep the ocean from shore to shore, and to search beneath its untrodden depths; and the eagle his proud wing and unshrinking eye, and loneliness of nature, that I might take my flight from this poor world."

"Thou art a good fellow, master student, though not especially encumbered with wisdom," said my companion; "but come, thou shalt have thy wish. Prepare thyself for a flight."

"Whither wilt thou conduct me?" inquired I.

He beckoned me to the window. It was the middle hour of a summer night. The round moon was riding high in heaven, with one brilliant star by her side. It flashed with a trembling lustre from its distant sphere.

"What say'st thou to a trip to yonder gem? Nay, start not, but place thy hand in mine."

I obeyed, and suddenly the earth seemed to withdraw itself, as if falling into the immeasurable depths of space. Dimly in the distance I could trace the land and the ocean, then but a dark circle, and at length it disappeared among the shadows. In turning my straining eyes from the point where the vanished earth, with its millions of beings, had last met my gaze, and looking towards the star which had but now dazzled my eyes from the window, I found myself falling, with a gentle and regulated motion, towards a verdant plain, luxuriant in the warmth of a summer day.

"Why, we are again on the earth!" I exclaimed with surprise.

"No, you are in error," replied my companion; "we are descending upon the surface of the little star which you but now saw in the distance. Come, let us alight."

As he spoke we passed with a pleasant motion in an oblique direction over two or three groves, till we reached the ground on the top of a hill.

"Wonderful!" said I, strongly excited with the novelty of this expedition, and the strange appearance of the surrounding objects. "It is nearly impossible for me to realize that I am not on the earth; yet it would be almost equally so to believe that I was."

"Reality," said the Genius, "is widely different from your previous conception of it. You believe in many things implicitly, at the discovery of the truth of which you are strangely surprised. How often have you wandered in your little planet, cast your eyes towards this orb, and thought, 'how sublime thus to behold a mighty world hanging in my sight!' yet you start with incredulity when experience confirms the dictate of reason."

"And where is my little planet," asked I, "with its oceans and mountains, its leaping cataracts and silver rivers, its murmuring cities and waving woods, and its myriads of beings, whom I loved or despised?"

"Ay, gaze around upon the magnificence of this scene. The petty globe, whence thou hast surveyed the heavens, is not now visible to thee; but forget it for a moment, with its tyrants and its bigots, its canting demagogues and their slavish disciples, and the few of good and great who look on and smile, or weep or wonder in silence, and let us observe the spot which we have travelled so far to visit. You must know this world was once like yours. Its inhabitants were separated into different nations, each governed by their own laws, and speaking their own language. They grew up, as the mortals of the earth have done, under the influence of nature and reason. A thriving commerce crowded their shores with business, and covered the sea with ships; universal industry spread among the people, and populous cities arose and magnificent temples; the car shot along the rail-road with the velocity of the wind; steam-boats ploughed the waves, and conveyed precious products from distant countries, as if they were connected together; communities were naturally divided into different classes of society: there were the good and the bad, the rich and the poor, the idle and the industrious, the prosperous and the unfortunate; and the evils incident to human nature, of course, accompanied the advantages and alloyed the blessings. Notwithstanding this, however, the great mass of the nations seemed about as happy as man ever has been, or probably ever will be—for Providence hath every where drawn a limit to human enjoyment as to human pain. Even virtue, after having reached a certain point, finds its consciousness degenerating into pride. Its conviction of its own perfection and importance grows exaggerated and monstrous: it loses its character of meekness and modesty, becomes bigoted and domineering, imagines itself gifted with exorbitant powers over others, released from the rules of courtesy, the laws of justice, the dictates of mercy, and all the signs of respect and love which one frail human being, however good and great in his own estimation, should pay to another. In the pursuit of the most laudable objects it thus, with an absurdity and inconsistency disgustingly glaring to all but itself, resorts to the vilest and the wickedest means; and yet the delusion is so complete as, in the opinion of many, to sanction the exercise of fraud, the violation of truth, the practice of cruelty, till at length it enlists under its own banners vices more hideous than those which they are intended to exterminate. What pity, that fruit is no sooner ripe than it begins to rot: but wherefore do you start?"

"I was shocked to perceive the silence and destruction of yonder city," said I. "Its houses are ruined, its statues lie in fragments, ivy has crept over the broken arches of its temples, and grass and moss have grown up among its pavements, the streets are deserted, ships are mouldering on the water—what can this mean?"

"This world, once happy and free, is now under the dominion of a tyrant."

"What dazzling soldier," asked I, "has had the genius in war to overcome so great a people? What an army he must have commanded; what unknown weapons he must have used; what fatal engines; what—"

"Alas! thou art again in error. No physical power could do this: no cannon, no sword, no fire, no chain: for whatever wreck and ruin the gaunt and bloody figure of ordinary war may leave behind it; however towns may be burnt, plains desolated, and nations dispersed, there is a principle of re-action and remedy in nature, which will re-build the cities, improve the plains, and awaken the nations to hope and industry. But this tyrant has worked with moral weapons; his attacks have been made against the mind and heart. He has prostrated hope and pride, he has taken away the

incentive to human actions. Instead of making men virtuous, he has made them weak and idle."

"And who," exclaimed I, "may this despot be?"

"His name is Reform. Come, he holds a court to-day; we will visit him."

We travelled on, and presently arrived in a vast amphitheatre, where the monarch sat on his lofty seat. He was of a youthful appearance, with a sweet look and winning voice. His words were specious and irresistible: he repeatedly laid his hand on his heart, and his eyes in speaking immediately filled with tears.

A criminal was dragged before him.

"What is his crime?" inquired the king.

"We have detected him," said his accuser, "in having invented a machine to diminish labor."

"Monstrous. What, cast your fellow-creatures out of employ, that you may realize the advantage? Destroy his machinery, and conduct him to execution. The man who could inflict an injury upon the rights of another deserves to die."

"What has this fair creature committed that she is dragged before us?"

A coarse and awkward fellow, in filthy garments, with a discordant voice and bloated countenance, stepped forward and spoke:

"High and mighty sovereign of this enlightened spot, dispenser at once of happiness, virtue, and justice, and protector of the rights of man; thou who hast established equality among human beings, and made them free, I tremble and kiss the earth before thee! How shall I name the crime of this seeming angel?—She is guilty of music. She hath an instrument, a relic of the bad age; she made it sound, and displayed a wicked delight in the abomination."

"Wretch," said Reform, "what hast thou done? Music! As well mightest thou fondle in thy bosom the serpent that tempted man. It is poison—contamination—it melts thy firmness like snow in the sun; it awakens all the licentious passions of thy degraded nature; thou art an easy and a willing victim; thus corrupted, death is thy doom—away."

"Great asserter of universal independence!" said another, "I am pale with horror; we have discovered—"

"Speak, I charge ye!"

"We have discovered a conspiracy, of the most black and diabolical nature. A society of rebels have been in the habit of assembling to eat and drink—food and liquor not sanctioned by thy wise and just laws. In every way these reprobates scorn thee. They follow not the fashion of our goodly brethren, who thou knowest have their hair, that type of vanity, shaven from their heads, are clothed in scanty garments, and never smile, or speak above a whisper! There may be heard the horrid sounds of laughter, and inhaled the savor of villainous dishes—the flesh of beeves and the juice of the grape."

The scrupulous silence of the assembly was here broken by groans of compassion and anger. Reform, who, I found, kept a well-disciplined standing army for his own use, ordered a company to bring the offenders into his presence. I anticipated much amusement from the trial of the malefactors, who seemed hale, hearty looking gentlemen, with a goodly rotundity of person, which was immediately noted as a strong evidence of guilt, but I was interrupted by my companion.

"You see, master student, by this brief observation of the principles of Reform, and the general stagnation of his kingdom, that he has done more evil than good. He hath checked commerce, because it leads to corruption; steam-boats are not permitted to ply, from the danger which attends the use of steam. The press is destroyed, from the fear that it would circulate error; and the people do every thing according to law."

We walked a little further. Long tables were set out under trees; a huge bell was rung, and the hungry populace thronged to partake of the banquet. It consisted of cracked roasted corn and water.

"These, I presume, are the paupers?" said I.

"No, the first citizens," said the Genius. "This is the only meal the law allows, and no other material is permitted. But come, let us to earth again: thou hast seen enough; go tell to the inhabitants of thy planet how much they are excelled by their neighbors."

As he spoke we rose and sailed over the table, where the spiritless, lank disciples of the despotic Reform were mincing their cracked corn in mournful silence, when, with a sudden start, I raised my head and found I had been sleeping over the complaints of the unsuccessful valetudinarian.

F.

THE FINE ARTS.

ORGANS.

To all amateurs of the musical art, the progress of sacred music should be interesting, for although part of the community affect to regard the theatres as so many "Golgothas," and look upon the whole race of persons who make sweet sounds upon stringed and wind instruments, as children of darkness; yet we, who are not so violently afflicted, but have a strong partiality for the men of catgut and the inflators of wood, nevertheless feel deeply interested in the musical affairs of the church. In all countries, excepting America, the church is the nursery of dramatic vocal talent. In England, and throughout Europe, the concert-rooms and the stage are supplied from that source, and it would be extremely difficult to collect a chorus from any other class of persons. This state of things will arrive at the same point in this country in due time; and as reform is now the fashionable watchword every where, we think in this case it will be attended by improvement. But to our subject. An organ of large dimensions has been erected in St. Thomas's church, by Henry Erben, of this city; and although we are not prepared to state that

it is a faultless instrument, yet we consider that it is one highly creditable to the artificer. We were present when several amateurs and professors attended, by invitation, and essayed its powers, and we had an opportunity of making an examination of its qualities, which leads us to consider it worthy of the handsome case in which it is enclosed, and an appropriate ornament to the neat church in which it is erected. We understand that Mr. Hance is appointed organist, and we trust that he may be supported by a good choir, for after the organ at St. Paul's church, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best in New-York. In giving an opinion on such a subject, we are, of course, guided by the recollection of other organs which we have heard in many parts of Europe; but on this occasion we cannot follow the example of sundry contemptible snarlers who have wandered to this country, and who affect to awe the astonished natives by dint of effrontery into believing that nothing can be good here because they have heard something better there. "Ah, pooh! say these empirics, a concert! call that a concert! If you had heard a concert at Berlin, as I have! An opera! stuff and nonsense—do you pretend to have heard an opera here? You have never heard an opera at Prague, as I have! An organ! Do you call that an organ which Mr. Blondell plays on at St. Paul's church? Pahaw—if you had heard my friend Thumpenhause play on the great organ at Haerlem, as I have!" In the mean time, if the subject were investigated, in all probability, the grandiloquent gentleman would be found to have blown the bellows to some *maestro di capella*, or to have carried the violin-case of some professor in those cities—if indeed he had ever been there. Generally speaking we prefer the quality of tone of the English organs to those of the continent, the diapasons being more full and rich, and the reed-stops less harsh, although organs on the continent have frequently more power. The most esteemed in England are by Smith, usually called old Father Smith, from the early date at which he flourished; Avery, and England, also commonly called old England. The work put in by these artificers was so excellent that it has endured for a vast number of years, and at the present day their organs are unrivalled. Smith particularly excelled in fabricating the trumpet stop—and that stop of the great organ (in contradistinction to the choir organ and swell) in the instrument erected by him, and now in use at the cathedral chapel of Christ church, Oxford, is the admiration of all professors. By many it has been imagined that Handel, when he wrote those extraordinary and most difficult divisions for the trumpet in many of his songs, originally played them as obligato passages on the organ by the use of such a stop—this, however, is mere matter of speculation, and as such we leave it.

The organ at St. Paul's church in this city is built by England, and, from that circumstance, would be held in as much estimation by the curious in organs as an original by Titian, Rembrandt, or Annibal Caracci would be revered by the dilettanti in paintings. The instrument, indeed, although not of the largest calibre, fully establishes the reputation of its maker. At the present day, among the most reputed organ-builders in England are Gray, Elliot, Byfield and Green, and Flight and Robson. Gray's organs are remarkable for their extreme delicacy, and his choir organs generally possess the stop diapason, the flute, and the dulciana in great perfection; for this reason, he is generally preferred for chamber organs; and some magnificent specimens of his workmanship are to be found throughout England, in the houses of private individuals. Among the most remarkable is an organ at Uxbridge-house, in London, the property of Lord Anglesea; a beautiful specimen also is to be found in the new Mary-le-bone church, and at Drury-lane theatre; the price of the latter was three thousand guineas. Elliot, with Byfield and Green, are hardly less successful. Flight and Robson are probably the greatest musical mechanics of the age, and are remarkable for having brought to perfection the barrel-organ. A self-playing instrument of this species, which likewise possessed keys, was built for the late Lord Kirkwall, and first established their fame; its execution of the overture to *Il flauto magico* was almost perfect. An organ also built by them for the present duke of Leinster, is another curious specimen of the art. It not only plays by means of a barrel, but is so constructed as to fill up an interstice in the wall between two chambers, presenting an ornamental front and a row of keys in either. Since then they have erected, and are part proprietors of a gigantic instrument of this description, the primary cost of which was ten thousand pounds sterling; it is exhibited as the "Apollonicon," in St. Martin's-lane; and a first-rate organist, Purkiss, who is stone blind, on appointed days gives performances on the keyed part of the instrument, which are attended by all the fashion of London, and have proved a most lucrative speculation. To afford an idea of the power and gravity of the lower notes is impossible; suffice it to say, that the drums and bellows of the mechanical part of the instrument are acted upon by a small steam-engine. Messrs. Flight and Robson, a few years ago, built a splendid organ for some church in Calcutta, which we had an opportunity of inspecting: it had the peculiarity of quarter-tones, a mode of building which formerly existed, but is now disused: indeed the conformation of the ear must be fine to attach importance, or even reality, to such sounds; and, as an instrument so formed requires a different and more perplexed scale, it has been very generally abandoned. The only organ which we ever inspected with quarter-tones, in addition to this, is in the curious old chapel of the Temple; and, if we mistake not, it was built by England. In conclusion, it remains for us to notice the general use, or rather the abuse of this noble instrument. We fearlessly assert, that in no country has the organ had equal justice done to it as in England, which is fairly attributable not to superiority of tact or musical knowledge on the part of the natives, but to the superiority of their organ music. To lay before our readers proof of this assertion is easy. The

great composers who have written for the service of the catholic church in other countries have invariably written in score for a full band, and the organ is but a minor consideration to them; in short, we seldom find Haydn, Mozart, Pergolesi, Guglielmi, Sarti, and a whole host of great masters, contemplating the organ, except as giving harmony to the thorough bass. In England, on the contrary, the sublime service of the cathedral depends entirely on the organ, and has been so written by every composer, from Bird and Travis down to Dr. Crotch. Let any amateur take up the beautiful masses of the catholic church, and play them on the organ, as arranged by Latrobe or Novello; they will be found to contain troops of demi-semi-quavers and staccato passages, in allegro time; which species of music is not only ineffective but disgusting on the organ, although charming when played by a band. Let him then take up some of the services, or even anthems, of the protestant church, and the long holding notes and fine modulation of the slow movements, followed by the bold and steady fugue, will admit of that grasp being laid on the instrument, without which its chief beauties are lost. At the same time we are perfectly free to confess that, for the study of the organist, the fugues written as exercises by the Bachs, particularly by Sebastian Bach, are models of perfection; and we likewise must add that, giving the preference to the service of the English cathedral, as a school for correct organ-playing, we by no means forget that numerous talented organists are to be found in Germany, whose treatment of the instrument is worthy of all praise. In Italy this is not so common. In Spain and Portugal bad taste generally prevails; and in France, particularly in country towns, it is deplorable; the organists literally amusing their congregations with the overtures of Grétry, Boieldieu, Auber, and Rossini; and at marriages and christenings they actually play cotillions and the contré-dances, and that, too, generally upon the great organ; while at funerals this pathetic instrument is seldom used, but in place of it two or three lusty priests roar a "de profundis" to the coarse notes of the military serpent or trombone.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

It is some time since you have heard, my dear public, from my old friend Peregrine George. Meanwhile you have probably forgotten his existence, and you will read his epistle as from the pen of an utter stranger. Be it so! names die into echoes, and faces, except the few "old and familiar ones," are soon forgotten. Four weeks, as times go, form a considerable immortality, and particularly blessed is the writer not entirely dead and buried in six. Since you last read a line from my pen, now I fear some two months since, what revolutions have marked the face of the globe! The medium through which my own poor paragraphs have reached you, with the change and improvement of things about it, has also been improved and changed—and when, for the future, you meet me in the columns of the Mirror, it will be as an old friend with a new face.

Manifold and marvellous have been the matters which have disturbed within the last two weeks the little spot from which I date. We have just had a plan for a beautiful cemetery in the neighborhood of the city, proposed and carried on; two or three noble celebrations of the fourth; a prosecution for a libel begun, carried on, and dropped, and perhaps another interesting item or so, of which more in the subsequent paragraphs.

The proposed cemetery, which is about to be established under the direction of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, is to be situated in a beautiful spot a few miles from Boston, known by the name of Sweet Auburn. It is a noble place, standing by a fine sweep of Charles River, with every variety of surface, and covered with a vigorous growth of wood. The ground selected is about seventy-two acres in extent, and those parts of it best adapted to that purpose are to be divided into lots of two hundred or more square feet, to be used by individuals becoming proprietors of them for places of burial; the remaining portions are to be appropriated to gardens. "It will be at the option of those interested to build tombs of the usual construction on these lots, or to make graves in them when occasion may require; identifying the lot by a single monument, or the graves by separate stones, or leaving the whole without any other ornament than the green turf and the overshadowing trees."

The propriety and advantages of a burial-place of this description in the neighborhood of a populous city are too obvious to need recapitulation. The remarkable beauty of the site chosen for this cemetery, its vicinity to our venerable university, combined with the good taste and careful art which will be used in its arrangement, will make it in a few years one of the most interesting greens in New England. "In a spot like this," says the article from which we have quoted in the preceding paragraph, "were laid the remains of the patriarchs of Israel. In the neighborhood of their great towns the ancient Egyptians established extensive receptacles for the dead, and the Greeks and Romans erected the monuments of the departed by the road-side, on the approach to their cities, or in pleasant groves in their suburbs. A part of the grove of Academus, near Athens, famous for the school of Plato, was appropriated to the sepulchres of their men of renown; and it was a saying of Themistocles, that the monuments he beheld there would not allow him to sleep. The Appian-way was lined with the monuments of the heroes and sages of Rome. In modern times the Turkish people are eminent for that respectful care of the places of sepulture, which forms an interesting trait of the oriental character. At the head and foot of each grave a cypress tree is planted, so that the grave-yard becomes, in a few years, a deep and shady grove. These sacred precincts are never violated; they form the most beautiful suburbs to the cities,

and not unfrequently when the city of the living has been swept away by the political vicissitudes, frequent under that government, the grove of cypress remains, spreading its sacred shelter over that of the dead."

Have you seen the first number of the New England Magazine, published and edited by the Messrs. Buckingham? It promises to be really a good thing, and will enlist no inconsiderable share of talent in its pages.

Among other strangers of distinction in the city is an *ourang outang*, who, on the fourth of July held a levee crowded with fashionable visitors. She has been sitting for a full-length portrait, which is to be engraved on wood for a work on natural history, now in the course of publication by Messrs. Gray and Bowen!

You have, no doubt, seen a paragraph going the rounds about a little vagrant by the name of Yorke, who says that he sailed from Fairfield, Maine, in an open boat, entirely alone. He was picked up by a party of fishermen beyond our light-house, on Sunday last. I saw him on Wednesday, and was much amused. He is a small, Cape Codish-looking fellow, brown as a nutmeg, short and impudent. He swears pretty considerably, and is not afraid of the emperor of darkness himself. The printed paragraph is accurate. He was without compass or quadrant, and subsisted principally on live fish; occasionally stopping at some town on his way for fresh food and water. This, at least is his own statement. "Once," said he, "I thought I was gone for it. A pretty d—d big fish came prowling about, and was after swallowing me alive—boat and all." The chap is an old one. Under what star was he born? I feel quite an interest in the fellow, and should like to be able to cast his horoscope. He may yet live to be an admiral.

Peter has just brought me in the first number of the ninth volume of the Mirror from the post-office. He tells me there was quite a crowd there, and that it was with difficulty he could procure it. He saw a great many bearing off the new Mirror in triumph, and infers from this circumstance that your improved appearance, and the admirable dramatic sketch on the first page, were the occasion of the excitement. Whether it was that, or some other important matter, I will not undertake to determine. Peter is a philosopher and a scholar, and his opinion is well worth two or three of mine. P. G.

LETTER FROM A LADY.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I am sorry to observe that you have ceased the castigations with which, several months ago, you were wont to lash the prevailing follies of the times. Are there no more follies, or do the satirists despair of ever shaming or whipping them out of existence? I should regret to see them lay aside the thong, for there are many practices which are ridiculous, and many which interrupt the peace and happiness of social life. Among these latter, permit me to direct your attention to one which is both ludicrous and disagreeable. Nobody loves my brother Charles more than I; yet, with all his admirable qualities of head and heart, he is the passive victim of one weakness, which I am resolved to reveal to the world. Perhaps when he beholds himself figuring away at full length in the Mirror, he may rouse up sufficient resolution to correct the error.

You must know he is haunted by a demon in the shape of the toothache. I need not tell you how unwelcome is this terrible and execrable intruder into the domestic circle. Sometimes we are all at dinner, laughing and talking, when Charles springs up as if he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, and darts up and down the room with both his hands pressed against his cheek, and there is an end for him of all pleasure for that day. It seems to me that we never accept an invitation to spend an evening abroad but, just as we are dressed and ready for a sally, poor Charles may be seen writhing with the agony of his dreadful disease, with flushed cheeks and drooping lids, and thus the party is broken up. It attacks him with the same unrelenting virulence on all occasions—drives him from his necessary business, breaks his slumbers, arouses the whole family in the middle of the night, and disturbs every body in the house as well as himself. Then we have such a medley of specifics, drops, panaceas, nostrums, and *knick-knacks* to overlook in order to afford him relief. Out come handkerchiefs, cotton, brandy, laudanum, this, that, and the other. Here's a vial of the essence of cloves, and here of slum and spirits of nitre. Here's Mr. Snubb's cure, and Mr. Peterson's cure, and the immediate and certain remedy introduced by Monsieur Le Foi, dentist to his majesty, from Paris. He smokes a pipe, and steams his face with vinegar and hot bricks; binds hot mashed potatoes on his cheeks, or a mustard and pepper blister behind his ear. Still the torture goes on aching, aching, aching, and we go on pitying, pitying, pitying, and all to no purpose, for the pain takes its departure just when it pleases, its retreat being not at all accelerated by the innumerable "certain cures" offered by the quacks.

Notwithstanding this continual and excruciating anguish which thus, while it almost overcomes the sufferer, plunges a whole family into confusion, no one has sufficient eloquence to induce him to have it out. We have tried all means, have particularly recommended him to call on some dentist acquainted with his business, and read to him your appropriate notice of "Mr. Parmy's Treatise," in a late number; yet, with a singular perversity and cowardice he holds on to the miserable stump, as if it were a source of happiness instead of misery. I should also add that his other teeth, which were recently in excellent order, are beginning to decay, in consequence of the frequent application of powerful stimuli. Please publish this unvarnished statement, and oblige yours,

PORTIA.

P. S. Charles has just come in, almost distracted with his old agony. He looks in a dying condition. I must get the cotton, the laudanum, the—heigho! I wonder how a man dare be such a coward.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Baverhill; or Memoirs of an Officer in the army of Wolfe. By James A. Jones, author of the "Tales of an Indian Camp." Two vols. 12mo. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

THE "Tales of an Indian Camp," written with much vigor, were well received. The author's reputation will suffer nothing by the present publication. As a complete story, it is not above criticism; for it sometimes approaches so nearly the limits of probability, as at least to induce the inquiry if it has not overstepped them. It contains, however, much really good writing. There are both philosophy and lively humor in the account of the cause of the hero's first attempts at study:

"I take pleasure in declaring that my pride was first roused, and my attention first drawn to books and learning by the sarcasms of a female; and that I was continued in the study, and afterward confirmed in the love of these 'mute oracles of truth' by the same lovely and gentle being. I shall never forget the hour when I made the unpleasant discovery, that a pair of the brightest eyes that ever lighted up the human face were weeping from very laughter at my mis-spelling the word 'nose—nose on your face,' by spelling it as though it were the plural of the negation. I did not before think that I should feel so much chagrin at any gibe which did not tax me with being flogged by an equal in years, or otherwise rivalled in pugilistic or gymnastic exercises. I remember well that there was a loud and general titter, which finally swelled into a deafening peal of laughter; and further remember, and shall never forget, that when I hung my head for shame, and tears rushed to my eyes, kind, good, sweet little Mary Danvers looked up, with a countenance in which visible sympathy with my suffering and regret for having participated in causing it, were struggling with a strong wish to join in the merriment which was pervading the rest of the school. It was her laugh which had vexed me. *****

"In ill-regulated country schools there is usually a strife to see who shall first leave the school-house, and as much hustling takes place as there does among a crowd of London pickpockets on Lord-mayor's day. On this day I made great exertions to get out, not so much for the honor of mastery, as to avoid Mary. Hitherto it had been my invariable custom to wait at the door until she had adjusted her cloak or her shawl, as the season demanded one or the other, and put on her bonnet and gloves, that I might lend her my assistance to cross the rude bridge thrown over the neighboring streamlet. To-day I made no pause, but I heard from the noisy crowd of giddy urchins behind me shouts of 'the bridge, Lynn, the bridge; help Mary Danvers over the bridge;' coupled with other cries of 'nose—nose on your face,' and mixed with the noisy remonstrances of the few who kindly clung to my fallen fortunes, and defended me from the taunts and reproaches so liberally showered upon me. But I was fleet of foot, almost as fleet as the wild colt, and soon left both friends and foes far behind me. I could see them, however, for minutes after I had ceased to hear them, throwing their caps and hats into the air, with as much joy at my discomfiture as a nation of the old world would have testified for the death of a tyrant—or the birth of one.

"As the usual road to my home was much too public for one laboring under a consciousness of deserved disgrace, I took an unfrequented path, which would screen me in some measure from observation. It was true it led over a morass, an almost impassable morass; but what were bogs and quagmires, wet feet and fevers, to meeting Mary, or hearing the dreadful sound—'nose on your face.' I proceeded in this seldom-trodden path till I came to the edge of the bog, and then secure, as I thought, from interruption, gave myself up to grief. It was not a usual thing for me to shed tears; the last three years, boy as I yet was, had not witnessed the occurrence half a dozen times, but now I shed them as plentifully as Niobe, or Rachel weeping for her children. I had wept long enough to get somewhat tired of the pastime, and, with swollen but dried eyes, was amusing myself with making a hedge of whortleberry bushes around an ant-hill, when a soft voice, which never spoke but it sent a thrill—of what? I am sure I could not have told then, I only knew it was sweetly painful—through my bosom, whispered at my shoulder, 'Lynn!'

"I looked up hastily, and there stood Mary Danvers. I was not well pleased to be caught in this situation, with the traces of tears on my cheek, and so idly employed; but there was something in her countenance, and more—I knew not what—in my own heart, which forbade me showing a sulky feeling. And, then, had she not come a long way out of her own path, and dared snakes, and toads, and bats, and jack-o'-lanterns, and other things which a girl of eleven by no means looks upon as trifles? My pleasure at finding myself the object of such deep interest to the charming little girl was very great, nor was I practised enough in deceit to disguise it.

"You are angry with me, Lynn, because I laughed," said she, her bright eyes glistening with tears, and her cheeks glowing with blushes; "but I could not help it. I am sorry I laughed. If it were to be done again I would sooner cry than laugh."

"I know you could not help laughing, Mary," said I. "I do not blame you for laughing. I am, as they say, a great booby," and my tears flowed in spite of my endeavors to control them, and my sobs became deep and frequent. "You need not be sor—sorry that you laughed: to laugh at a—booby is what no one need be ashamed of."

"Ah, but, Lynn, why will you not strive to sink that name in one which shall mean and sound something better? It is a bad word—booby. It is, believe me, quite as easy for you to acquire a name for learning as for ignorance; you may become as celebrated for your industry and good behaviour in school, as you have been

for good behaviour, barring your mad pranks, out of it. Read and study, as you work and play, and you will soon become a great scholar. The same diligence which has caused you to be first in whatever manual pursuit you have undertaken, exerted upon books, would place you at the head of your class in a very few weeks, at the head of the school in a very few months."

"I cannot learn, Mary."
"You will not learn, Lynn."
"No, I cannot learn."
"Did you ever try?"
"Yes," and I held down my head, sheepishly, with a fear of being probed further.

"When?"
"Last Monday."
"Thought, maybe, to finish your education by Tuesday, We'n'sday morning at farthest? Oh, Lynn. But I will not add to your griefs. That you have made so little progress in learning is not because your Maker has withheld talents from you, but because you are—I don't wish to grieve you, Lynn, but I must speak the truth—a very idle boy, as regards learning, not in any thing else—oh no, not idle in any thing else—and spend in play and mischief—why will you do so, Lynn?—the hours which, properly employed, would, papa says, make a very great man of you by and by."

"Mary, I asked, 'did your papa say this of me? if he did he's a kind old gentleman, and the next time I go into his meadows with the scythe I'll cut so much grass that he'll think Old Nick has helped me. But, did he say so?"

"Did you ever know me to tell an untruth?"
"Never. Oh, yes, I forget, once."
"Me fib, Lynn! how dare you say it?"
"You said that never while you lived would you forgive me for sending purblind Jo two miles to shoot the rabbit-skin I had stuffed with straw."

"Well, I did wrong, I am sure, to forgive one so very wild and naughty; but I won't repent of having done so now."

"No, don't—but your father?"
"He was talking with yours the last time he came to bring us fish, and was questioning him about his children; how many he had, what they particularly excelled in, what were their dispositions, and many other things; for, you know, it is my dear papa's foible to appear to be ignorant of the condition of all who are not in the same sphere of life with himself. I did not hear much of what they said till they came to you, and then, by dint of elbowing, and at the expense of a reprimand from papa for my rudeness, I got near enough to hear all they said."

"And what did they say, Mary? I long to know."
"Be very quiet, and don't interrupt me, and I will tell you. Your father said you were a good child to your parents, and so expert a fisher, that though you were not fifteen years of age, you 'went shares' with Harlow Crosby, and Jethro Ripley, and Henry Butler, and other experienced fishermen. Then papa says to your father, 'Sure you do not think, neighbor Simon'—papa very seldom calls any body neighbor; he must be very good-natured when he does so—'you don't think, neighbor Simon, of tying that noble boy down to a fish-boat always, do you? He was born, I am sure, for something better.'"

"What did my father answer?"
"Oh, I don't know," he said, "Lynn hates books, and Mr. Kendall says he is the greatest dunce in the school. I fear he will never be any thing better than a fisherman."

"Pity, pity," said my father; "if he would but take to learning, he would become a great man by and by." Why will you not become that great man, Lynn?"

"I am too old and big to learn now, Mary; I am almost fifteen, and among the tallest boys in the school. I cannot now undertake to master the contents of all the books which James Willis is studying; and then I am so big that I am ashamed to do it."

"No, you are not too old to learn now, nor too big, and as it is not expected that you will go, like James Willis, to college, you will not have, like him, to fill your satchel with musty old Greek and Latin books. Strive to excel in those branches of learning which will be of every-day use to you; learn to read, write, cipher, (the curl of her little ruby lip hinted at the next word,) above all, learn to—spell, she could scarce restrain her laughter, even while her eyes were full of tears,) and you may become a great man—no, not a very great man, without other study or acquirement than these."

There are other lively sketches, and an Indian story in the second volume, of more than ordinary interest and beauty.

A charge of plagiarism has been alleged against this author, with the particulars of which we are not sufficiently acquainted to form a satisfactory decision.

Museum of Foreign Literature, Science, and Art. No. XIX. New series, with a plate to each number. Published monthly, 12mo. pp. 120. Philadelphia. E. Littell. New-York. G. & C. & H. Carvill. July, 1831.

The Museum is a truly valuable work, the failure of which would be an unpleasant comment upon the discernment of the public. It is greatly enlarged, is printed with accuracy and neatness, and furnishes in a form convenient for preservation, an abundance of matter, selected with taste and judgment, from the best journals extant. Among these are Blackwood's Magazine, the Edinburgh Quarterly, Foreign Quarterly, and Westminster Reviews, the New Monthly (Campbell's), Metropolitan, and many others of universally acknowledged superiority. An engraving is given with each number. The present is accompanied by a spirited full-length sketch of John Wilson, the editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

Dr. Clark's Commentary on the New Testament. New-York. S. Hoyt & Co. Two volumes in one. 8vo. pp. 546.

This is a new and improved edition of a work which has long been before the christian world, and which is duly appreciated by all whose religious sentiments are in unison with those of the reverend author. It is published in two volumes, (the copy before us, however, is bound in one, which is the most convenient mode,) impressed with new type, on paper of a durable quality. Numerous errors, which have crept into former editions, have been carefully corrected in this; and as the pages are printed from stereotype plates, these corrections must be permanent. The Old Testament is now preparing for the press, in the same style and form, comprising four volumes, which may be bound in two, corresponding in size with the one before us.

The Persian Adventurer; being the Sequel of the "Kuzilbash." By J. B. Frazer, Esq. author of a Tour to the Himala Mountains, Travels in Persia, &c. Two vols. 12mo. pp. 322, 317. Philadelphia. Cary & Lea. 1831.

The public press have united in praise of this work. It is a story calculated to afford general satisfaction.

The plays of Philip Massinger. Adapted for family reading, and the use of young persons, by the omission of objectionable passages. Dramatic series. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. 18mo. 3 vols. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

These volumes form the first number of the dramatic series of the Family Library. They are accompanied by explanatory notes and adorned with a portrait of the author. The introduction of these sterling old British dramatists into our country, is an epoch to be regarded by the lovers of poetry and the drama with much satisfaction. These distinguished writers have been hitherto for many reasons beyond the reach of our reading public. Massinger's plays will be succeeded by those of Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Shirley, Webster, Middleton, and others. It is truly said of these productions, that they abound in wit and fancy, in force and copiousness of expression, and in truth and variety of character. The plan pursued by the Harpers is an excellent one, and will command attention and success. We would also suggest the republication of a few native plays. If carefully selected, they would form a volume not without interest, both in this country and Europe.

Life of Robert Burns. By J. G. Lockhart, LL.B.; with an Essay on his Writings, prepared for this edition. New-York. William Stoddart and C. S. Francis. One vol. 12mo. 1831.

In the publication of this little duodecimo the object of Mr. Lockhart appears to have been to compress, within the limits of a single volume, the substance of materials already open to the world. How well he has completed his task we have not yet had leisure to determine; but it has been praised by the Edinburgh Review. It is embellished with an engraved frontispiece and a portrait of Burns.

Domestic Happiness Portrayed.

Mr. William M. Dunning, of this city, is about publishing, by subscription, a volume on the duties and felicities of the married life, to be entitled as above, compiled from the writings of Addison, Johnson, Hawkesworth, Steele, Newton, Witherspoon, and other English writers of equal celebrity. Mr. Dunning has offered premiums, of forty dollars each, for two original essays on the following subjects, viz.: first, "Domestic Happiness, or a contrast between a state of matrimony and that of celibacy." Second, "The necessity of virtue and religion to constitute happiness in the marriage state." Each of these essays is to comprise about six pages duodecimo, and must be forwarded, in the usual form, on or before the twentieth of August.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

THERE is no more delicate step in life than the operation designated by the elegant phrase I have selected for the title of my present lubrication. Much winding, and caution, and previous sounding, is necessary when you have got a favor to ask of a great man. It is ten chances to one that he takes it into his head to consider your request exorbitant, and to make this the pretext for shaking off what he naturally considers a cumbersome appendage to his state—a man who has a claim upon his good offices. But this hazard is nothing in comparison with the risk you run in laying yourself at the mercy of a young gipsy, fonder of fun and frolic than any thing in life. Even though she love you with the whole of her little heart, she possesses a flow of spirits, and woman's ready knack of preserving appearances; and though her bosom may heave responsive to your stammering tale, she will lure you on with kind, complacent looks, until you have told "your pitiful story," and then laugh in your face for your pains!

It is not this either that I mean to express. Men are not cowards because they see distinctly the danger that lies before them. When a person has coolness sufficient to appreciate its full extent, he has in general either self-possession enough to back out of the scrape, or if it is inevitable, to march with due resignation to meet his fate. In like manner, it is not that poor Pilgrick, the lover, has a clear notion (persons in his condition are rarely troubled with clear notions) of what awaits him, but he feels a kind of choking about the neck of his heart, a hang-dog inclination to go backwards instead of forwards, a check, a sudden stop in all his functions. He knows not how to look, or what to say. His fine plan, arranged with so much happy enthusiasm, when sitting alone in his arm-chair, after a good dinner, and two or three glasses of wine, in the uncertain glimmering of twilight, with his feet upon the fender, proves quite impracticable. Either it has escaped his memory altogether, or the conversation perversely takes a turn totally different from that by which he hoped

to lead the fair one from indifferent topics to thoughts of a tenderer complexion, and thus, by fine degrees (he watching all the time how she was affected, in order to be sure of his depth before he makes the plunge) to insinuate his confession, just at the moment that he knows it will be well received.

The desperate struggles and flounders by which some endeavor to get out of their embarrassment, are amusing enough. We remember to have been much delighted the first time we heard the history of the wooing of a noble lord, now no more, related. His lordship was a man of talents and enterprise, of stainless pedigree, and a fair rent-roll, but the veriest slave of bashfulness. Like all timid and quiet men, he was very susceptible and very constant, as long as he was in the habit of seeing the object of his affections daily. He chanced, at the beginning of an Edinburgh winter, to lose his heart to Miss —; and as their families were in habits of intimacy, he had frequent opportunities of meeting with her. He gazed and sighed incessantly—a very Dumbiedike, but that he had a larger allowance of brain—he followed every where; he felt jealous, uncomfortable, savage, if she looked even civilly at another; and yet notwithstanding the encouragement afforded him by the lady, a woman of sense, who saw what his lordship would be at, esteemed his character, was superior to girlish affectation, and made every advance consistent with woman's delicacy—the winter was fast fading into spring, and he had not yet got his mouth opened! Mamma at last lost all patience; and one day, when his lordship was taking his usual lounge in the drawing-room, silent, or uttering an occasional monosyllable, the good lady abruptly left the room and locked the pair in alone. When his lordship, on assaying to take his leave, discovered the predicament in which he stood, a desperate fit of resolution seized him. Miss — sat bending most assiduously over her needle, a deep blush on her cheek. His lordship advanced towards her, but losing heart by the way, passed on in silence to the other end of the room. He returned to the charge, but again without effect. At last, nerving himself like one about to spring a powder mine, he stopped short before her—"Miss —, will you marry me?"—"With the greatest pleasure, my lord," was the answer, given in a low, somewhat timid, but unfaltering voice, while a deeper crimson suffused the face of the speaker. And a right good wife she made to him.

Some gentlemen, equally nervous, and unaided by such a discriminating and ingenious mamma, have recourse to the plan of wooing by proxy. This is a system which I can by no means recommend.

Day, the philosopher, had a freak of educating a wife for himself. He got two orphan girls intrusted to his care, on entering into recognizances to educate and provide for them. One proved too mulish to make any thing of. The other grew up every thing he could have wished. And yet he gave up the idea of marrying her because she one day purchased a handkerchief more gaudy than accorded with his philosophical notions. Of course, it never came to a declaration. I wish it had, that one might have seen with what degree of grace a man could divest himself of the grave and commanding characters of papa and pedagogue, to assume the insinuating deportment of the lover.

There is a set of men, whose success in wooing—and it is un-failing—I cannot comprehend. Grave, emaciated, sallow divines, who never look the person in the face whom they address—who never speak above their breath—who sit on the uttermost edge of their chairs, a full yard distant from the dinner-table! I have never known one of these scarecrows fail in getting a good and a rich wife. How is it, heaven knows! Can it be that the ladies ask them? One thing is certain, that I myself have never been able to "pop the question."

English Magazine.

ORIGIN OF THE VEIL.

The origin of the veil is referred by the Greeks to modesty and bashfulness, properties which partake equally of timidity. They used to tell a pleasant story on the subject, for which we are indebted to Pausanias. About thirty furlongs from the city of Sparta, Icarus placed a statue of Modesty, for the purpose of perpetuating the following incident:—"Icarus having married his daughter to Ulysses, solicited his son-in-law to fix his household in Sparta, and remain there with his wife, to which Ulysses would not consent. Frustrated in his application to the husband, he made the like request to his daughter, conjuring her not to abandon him; but, seeing her ready to depart with Ulysses for Ithaca, he redoubled his efforts to retain her, nor could he be prevailed upon to desist from following the chariot on the way. Ulysses, shocked at the desperate situation of his father-in-law, and wearied with his importunities, addressed his wife:—"You can answer this request: it is yours to determine whether you will remain with your father at Sparta, or depart with your husband for Ithaca: you are mistress of the decision." The beautiful Penelope, finding herself in this dilemma, blushed, and, without making the least reply, drew the veil over her face, thereby intimating a denial of her father's request, and sunk in the arms of her husband. Icarus, very sensibly affected by this behavior, and being desirous of transmitting it, consecrated a statue of modesty on the very spot where Penelope had thrown the veil over her face, that, after her, it might be a universal symbol of delicacy with the fair sex."

Court Journal.

A MOORISH BEAUTY.

The Moorish ideas of female beauty differ from our notions on that point in one considerable respect. With us a slender waist and graceful figure add very greatly to other personal charms, and fat people, though much respected, are not so much admired. This is the very antipodes of Moorish criterion. A really handsome woman ought not to be able to walk, corpulence and comeliness being

synonymous, and the extreme of the one being considered the height of the other. A woman of a ton weight is, in the opinion of a Moor, a beauty fit for the sultan; and instead of the waspish proportion of a modern waist, which is laced in as tightly as possible, a Moorish shape, "if shape that can be called which shape hath none," is considered, in the opinion of these connoisseurs, as nearly approaching to perfection when it resembles, or rather exceeds, the circumference of a butt, pipe, or any other large measure.

Brooke's Travels.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

Croly, in his life of George the Fourth, states what we do not remember to have read elsewhere, that George the Third, in the height of his popularity, became so sensitive to the attacks made upon him by the opposition, in consequence of the appointment of Lord Bute as prime minister, that he is said to have conceived the idea of abandoning England, and retiring to Hanover. At one time his inclination to take this step was so great, that he communicated it to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who honestly told him that, "though it might be easy to go to Hanover, it might be difficult to return to England."

LUTHER'S OPINION OF MUSIC.

"Whoever despises music," said Martin Luther, "I am displeased with him. Next to theology, I give a place to music; for thereby all anger is forgotten, the devil is driven away, and melancholy, and many tribulations and evil thoughts are expelled."

ANTIGONUS AND ALEXANDER.

When Antigonus, the conqueror, followed his rival, Cassander, into Asia, he exacted enormous tribute: and, on the inhabitants reminding him that Alexander did not behave so oppressively, he replied, "that may be, for Alexander reaped Asia, and I am only gleaning after him."

THE COUNTRY DANCE.

BY T. H. BAYLY.

I stood amid the glittering throng—
I heard a voice: its tones were sweet.
I turn'd to see from whence they came,
And gazed on all I longed to meet.
She was a fair and gentle girl,
Her bright smile greeted me by chance!
I whispered low—I took her hand—
I led her forth to dance.

There was but little space to move,
So closely all were drawn;
Yet she was light of heart and step,
And graceful as a fawn.
A virgin flower gemm'd her hair,
Her beauty to enhance;
She was the star of all who stood
In that close cottage dance.

I've moved since then in stately halls,
I tread them even now;
I hold in mine the hand of one
With coronet'd brow;
And I may seem to court her smile,
And seem to heed her glance;
But my heart and thoughts still wander
To that sweet country dance.

Oh when I sleep, a melody
Comes rushing on my brain;
And the light music of that night
Is greeting me again;
I take her still small hand in mine,
Amid my blissful trance;
And once more, visions worth my life,
I lead her forth to dance.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Conversations of the week.—The tranquil surface of the literary world has been slightly rippled since our last, by an advertisement of Mr. Halleck's intention to undertake the editorial superintendence of a new monthly review:

We are requested by Messrs. Peabody & Co. to say, that "the announcement was premature, and without the knowledge of Mr. Halleck, and originated in a misunderstanding. They, however, have such a work in contemplation, and hope to procure his aid, and that of several other distinguished American writers, in carrying it on."

This same sudden monthly review, thus edited, we confess we regarded with some incredulity. In the first place, it bore evident marks of too much haste. Mr. Halleck never does any thing in a hurry—and there is nothing into which he would be less likely to precipitate himself than the responsibilities of such an undertaking. The establishment of a NEW LITERARY MAGAZINE, like the building of Rome, is not the work of a day. It requires study, plan, and capital. Six or seven able and punctual writers should be engaged, and such a remuneration offered to some gifted and thoroughly well-disciplined scholar, as would induce him to surrender the superior pecuniary advantages which await such men in other departments. That this may be done we do not doubt, and that it will be done we sincerely desire. There is no satisfactory reason why New-York should not support an efficient quarterly review as well as Charleston, Philadelphia, or Boston. But it should be reared on a firmly-laid foundation, or the whole superstructure will come tumbling to the ground: when once thus established, Mr. Halleck's name would be a host; but he is not likely to embark in any precarious adventure. When he announces himself as the editor of a journal, the public may depend upon its being both a durable and a good one.

The famous Magdalen Record continues to agitate the public mind. The committee seem inclined to shuffle off the responsibility from one to another; while others deem the weight (and, by our lady, it is a heavy one) may be more easily borne by being divided among the whole. A Mr. David M. Reese, late of Baltimore, has been rather unceremoniously dragged into the glare of public notice, but denies having made the offensive calculations. The general burst of feeling upon this topic is manly, and speaks well for the community. Here people understand it and reprobate it; but, we believe, the echoes of this officious report will never have done dying away in the neighborhood. They are stigmatizing us to the right and left: some laughing, some wondering. Articles like the following are going the rounds of the United States, and will find their way into the European journals, where, probably our explanations and indignation will never be known. "Alas! poor country!" We extract a paragraph from the American:

"This report is, we observe, hawked about the streets by little boys, at twenty-five cents a copy. How much the indiscreet and ill-judging men who sanctioned its publication have to answer for! Copies of it have, we know, been sent to London and Paris, in proof of the state of our morals! and we shall doubtless, ere long, have its statistics re-echoed on our shores in the pages of the Quarterly."

We present one more well-written article, from the Philadelphia Gazette, and hope we may never hereafter have occasion to recur to the subject:

"It is gratifying to contemplate the contrast between the operations of the New-York and Philadelphia Magdalen Societies. Among the many excellent institutions with which this city abounds, there is not one more praiseworthy than the Philadelphia Magdalen Society. Its objects have never been paraded before the world; secrecy, and the diffusion of that unseen charity which is twice blessed of heaven, have been its chief characteristics. The designs of the institution, the incalculable importance of which has never for a moment been questioned by any good man, are carried out into unostentatious efficiency, and a vast good is thereby continually accomplished. There is no charity more deserving of approbation; and when properly conducted, as it has been in this city, its benefits are beyond computation in this world. So long as the movements of the society are managed with due privacy, they cannot be too highly extolled; and we speak from knowledge when we say, that the effects and misrepresentations of the New-York report have been deeply reprobated by sundry members of a similar society in Philadelphia; a society composed of some of our best citizens, who have already accomplished much good, in a quiet and creditable way; and who, if they are duly assisted, will yet perform wonders of benevolence, without the bold blazon of their benefactions, or the character of those on whom they were bestowed, to the world."

A suicide, of a most distressing nature, is related in a Pittsfield paper. It was committed by Mrs. Laura Holcomb. The verdict of the coroner's jury state, that she was driven to the fatal act by mental derangement, "caused by religious excitement!"

From these unpleasant events among ourselves we turn to more grateful scenes abroad. The brave Poles are pouring out, in every possible manner, their high character and heroic love of liberty. We subjoin an account of a lively and animating ceremony, which recently took place at Warsaw:

"On the eleventh of May last, a superb colossal bronze statue, which had been erected to the memory of Copernicus, was first unveiled to the public. The Philomathic Society, after attending divine service in the church of the holy cross, adjourned to the open place, when the venerable Julian Ursyn Niemcewicz, from the raised platform of the monument, addressed the assembled multitude with singular eloquence and power; and his words, falling from the lips of a man of more than eighty, moved whole masses of the listeners, now to enthusiastic plaudits, and anon to tears. He said that three centuries had passed since Copernicus had been gathered to the bosom of that earth whose motion round the central sun he had revealed. That the forgetfulness of the great services of the great was usually succeeded by the outbursts of grateful remembrance, and that posterity often dragged forth to immortal memory the names which had been resting in temporary oblivion. He spoke of this as the fate of Copernicus, and he honored with deserved plaudits Staszyc, who had defrayed half the expenses of the statue. He mentioned Thorwaldsen, who had modelled it. "Now," said he, "after ten years' lingerings, shall every Polish heart vibrate with the satisfaction that beams from every Polish eye; and the sun, on which Copernicus turned in perpetual gazing, shall for the first time visit his image with its glorious beams." At this moment the tapestry fell which covered the statue, and he continued—"Henceforward ever present wilt thou be. Highest, happiest of the eternal! The honor of thy country—the glory of thy race. Let thy influence, watching over the temple of the national muses, guard it from all degradation, and aid the propagation of all knowledge and all truth. And how infinitely happy am I in the privilege of having lived to extreme old age, to perform this honorable office—*nunc dimitte, Domine, errorem tuum.*" Every head was uncovered—every face turned towards the statue—and the heavens, which for three days had been cloudy and dark, broke out into sudden brightness and sunshine. There was a burst among the people as if a miracle had really been wrought, in celebration of the great festival; and a band of musicians and singers suddenly broke forth from the cupola of the Philomathic Society's edifice, with a hymn, of which what follows is a close translation:

"O sun of glory! Let that glory shed
Its most concentrated radiance on his head—
On him the orbits of the stars who drew,
And nature's mystic lore and language knew:
Illustrious man! Marmatia's grateful tongue
Has to the echoing world thy honors sung:
Though Lechian voices loudest speak—yet all
In blending accents hail thy festival."

The latest advices continue to encourage the hope, that this gallant and heroic people may be permanently triumphant over their oppressors. The Russian leaders seem to have been completely out-generalled. Arrivals from Europe are now watched with intense interest, as some important crisis must soon occur.

New papers.—Badger's Weekly Messenger merits the commendation with which it has been noticed by the press. It is a capacious and well printed sheet, and contains a variety of interesting matter. The "Amateur, a Cabinet of Science, Literature, and the Fine Arts," has made its appearance in this city in a very neat form. The engraving of New-York from Weehawk is beautiful, as are all executed by Smillie. It is drawn from a painting by W. G. Wall. We observe among its correspondents the name of Sumner L. Fairfield.

FLY AWAY, PRETTY MOTH.

POETRY AND MELODY BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

Moderato.

Fly a-way, pret-ty moth, to the shade Of the leaf where you slum-ber'd all day; Be con-tent with the moon and the stars, pret-ty moth, And make use of your wings while you may; Though you glit-ter-ing light may have daz-zled you quite, Tho' the gold of yon lamp may be gay, Ma-n-y things in this world that look bright, pret-ty moth, On-ly daz-zle to lead us a-stray. Ma-n-y things in this world that look bright, pret-ty moth, On-ly daz-zle to lead us a-stray.

SECOND VERSE.

I have seen, pretty moth, in the world
Some as wild as yourself and as gay,
Who, bewitch'd by the sweet fascination of eyes,
Flitted round them by night and by day;
But though dreams of delight
May have dazzled them quite,
They at last found it dangerous play!
Many things in this world that look bright, pretty moth,
Only dazzle to lead us astray.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A FRENCH ARTIST AT LISLE.

A FIRST SITTING.

Oh, my dear Deveria! I think of the life of a poor painter of portraits, running after customers through England and Holland. It is the life of a perfect straggler, haunting public-houses, flying about, gipsy-like, from one place to another; all confusion, dust, and disorder. At morning in the ante-chamber of a retired dealer in charcoal; at evening inhaling the lazy smoke of an inn-parlor, to catch, for some five or six louis, the blooming face of a purse-filled sailor; it is, throughout, a scene of rudeness and derangement. How much reason have I to regret Paris, with its smoke and dirt, its bustle and your friendship! If I had the manner of Charlet, what sketches of buffoonery I would send you! It is a queer people, and they have some amusing heads among them.

Take your crayon, and sketch as I write.

I have under my hand at this moment a pretty neighbor of mine, whose manners are young, in spite of her age, and who could assist in the introduction of more than one contraband article into this frontier city. Imagine her with the form of a woman, and the head of a child; simple manners, and a sweet countenance, with the very air of the holy virgin. She persecutes me to take her portrait. I believe there is some little trick of gallantry about it; and her companion, a pretty babbling creature, is trying to drive me to the asking of an indiscreet question. The artist, however, is as wise as a confessor; and I will make no inquiries as to the designs of our lady, notwithstanding there is a young officer, with fair cheeks, who sings a lamentation every evening before our house. I wish he would sing more in tune!

See now what art is, and judge for yourself how happy the man must be who binds himself to it. Imagine me in my gallery.

She enters this morning, with the following scene:

"Oh, sir, I disturb you?"

"Oh, no, madam, certainly not."

"What! are you going to place me in that great chair? I shall be afraid to look you in the face, I am so timid. The very sight of a man makes me tremble. Is it not so, Henrietta?"

"Yes, madam, always."

"I give you notice beforehand, sir, that I desire a likeness, that shall be an exact likeness, without the least flattery. I want a perfect resemblance."

"Flattery, madam, would be quite impossible; altogether out of the question. The finest mirror shall not be more faithful than my canvass. You would certainly be a loser if my pencil were untrue." After a few preliminaries, such as selecting an attitude, obtaining a favorable light, composing her features agreeably, and smiling sweetly with considerable effort, the affair made rapid progress. It was a full-length picture. I sketched the whole figure very roughly; while my fair visitor favored me with a flow of chit-chat, very soporific, to which I paid very little attention.

"O!" she exclaimed suddenly, on observing the manner in which I was arranging some articles of her dress, "I have put on a beautiful new stomacher, and you have taken no notice of it." I found it was necessary for me to lie, and I lied.

"The slight redness that I have under the eye this morning is a mere accident, and will pass away immediately," she observed a little while after.

"Very probably," was my reply.

"Is not my eye a little smaller than usual?" This question was put to her sewing maid. "I have passed a very ill night, and slept very little, and my eyes have suffered a good deal from it."

"Very much so, indeed, madam. I thought of mentioning it myself. Madam's eyes are much smaller than usual," replied the docile domestic, biting her lip.

"How very provoking it is. A few weeks ago I had a fine head of hair, and fine flowing curls; my mother's death, however, has caused all this. The physician assures me they will grow out again. Do you think so, sir?"

"I have seen numerous instances of it," I replied, suiting my action to the word, and doubling the locks of her hair.

"Don't you think, Henrietta, that my lips are very pale this morning?"

"Rather so, madam."

"The merest trifle troubles me so. The volunteers passed under my window this morning, and I thought there was an insurrection. The fright has made me quite pale."

I took some carmine on the end of my brush.

"Did not some one ring at my door, Henrietta?"

"No, madam, I believe not."

"I am expecting my milliner. How very provoking to be left in a robe which depresses my shoulders so much. It looks as if I had not any. One likes, under such circumstances, to appear to the best advantage."

"It is very natural," I replied, without laughing.

"Hand me the mirror, Henrietta. Don't you think, sir, that the reflection of this dead light is unfavorable to my complexion?"

I smiled.

"One might almost think it was taken by candle-light."

"I can put on a red drapery, if you prefer it."

"You are very kind, sir. Do any thing you please—only be sure not to flatter me."

She at length rose, and casting her eye upon the confused masses of color, thrown at hazard upon the canvass during the first sitting,

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "Henrietta, does this monster look like me?"

"There is some little resemblance," she replied, with considerable sang froid.

Oh, Deveria! happy is he who can cultivate the arts at Paris, and impart his spleen at the follies of the world to those who are neither their slaves nor their victims! H.

NOT AT HOME.—Some one observed to Jerome Rignon, that Rome was the mansion of piety. "Very true," he replied, "but piety resembles other great personages, one can never find them at home."

PRaise.—Voiture truly says, "That praise is more affecting which proceeds from the mouths of the common people, than that which flows from the pens of poets."

THE SATIRIST'S FUNERAL EULOGY.—A great number of friends attended the funeral of Boileau. An old woman of the lower class, seeing the multitude that filled the street, observed, "The man had a great many friends, and yet they say he spoke ill of every body."

A RUSSIAN.—It was a saying of Napoleon, that if you scratched the skin of a Russian, you would instantly discern the barbarian.

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No. 4.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A SKETCH.

A PERUSAL of the "sketches from the diary of a physician," so widely circulated in this country, reminded me of one something similar, which a friend of mine lately read to me from his own common-place book. I have obtained permission to copy it for the Mirror. It is as follows:

One of the most extraordinary instances of delusion which ever came under my observation, was presented in the person of young Edward N—. The name of insanity, in the minds of most people, is connected with ideas of delirium and danger, of the barred cell, or shaded apartment, nearly as awful to the chilled soul of the spectator as the chamber of death itself. Those, however, whose mental aberrations are glaring to all, form but a small part of the many who, although mingling in society, and conforming to its ceremonies, are nevertheless haunted by some dreadful thought, some apparition in the shape of a fancy, which they are unable to banish, and which, in reality, constitutes a lunacy as distinct, and perhaps as dangerous, as that of the raving wretch, whose peals of hysteric laughter are heard mingling with the clank of his chains. Edward was not my intimate friend, but I had known and admired him. His health was not apparently impaired, and he had never dreamed of requiring my professional aid, although I perceived that he was naturally of that nervous and irritable state of body and mind which most easily falls a prey to hypochondriacal imaginations. His talents were dazzling—indeed brilliantly so; and after having completed a very finished course of classical education, he had entered upon the study of the legal profession, with the ardor of youth and conscious genius. In person I never knew any more perfectly noble; and his manners exercised a fascinating influence over every circle. He was the ornament, the charm, the life of every company. I never saw in any one perceptions of the beautiful more continually awake. I had gained some insight into his character, however, which surprised me, by some stanzas shown me, and ascribed to him. They were totally irreconcilable with his general liveliness of demeanor, and seemed poured forth in an agonizing spirit of wretchedness, which I could scarcely contemplate with unmoistened eyes.

One evening I accompanied him to a rather brilliant *fete* at B—'s. Habituated as I was to his animated manner in society, even I was astonished at the perpetual sparkles of wit and merriment, which drew upon him the eyes of all present. As he stood by the piano, in the act of singing, I was struck with his lofty and elegant form, the expression which flashed from his large black eyes, and the mellow richness and perfect sweetness of his voice. A fair young girl, who had been gazing with a dangerous earnestness, blushed as she perceived I noticed her; and yet, with a look of glowing admiration, whispered me, while the lids of her glistening eyes drooped, as if she were saying something which she felt to the innermost core of her heart.

"Edward N— ought to be the happiest man in the world."

The next morning I was called in to see him. I absolutely started on beholding his fine countenance, now unlighted by any expression but that of a dim weariness, an apathy, as of one sick of life. I had never yet thus accompanied him behind the scenes, and as I took his dry, feverish hand, and felt his pulse, he read my astonishment in my looks, and said,

"Well, doctor, you think I am sick?"

"You have certainly exposed yourself since last night," said I.

"Oh, a slight shower," he answered.

"But that was not till late; besides, you returned in a carriage."

"Ay, doctor, but I walked out again."

"Walked out again?" exclaimed I. "What! after two o'clock, and those heated rooms! Walk out again in a shower? You deserve some pain for such carelessness. What was the matter? Any accident?"

He raised his languid eyes.

"Doctor, I have often had a mind to confess to you, but, some how or other, a fear, a silly fear, has prevented me."

"Confess! What?"

His face assumed an expression of horror, and a momentary paleness overspread it.

"Doctor, I am a *wretch*! a blighted, scathed outcast; life is a curse. Since Providence first created man, this puny creature, this reptile, the basest and meanest of all his productions; he never formed one so low, so unfortunate, so—

"Why, Edward," I said, chilled through with the singular earnestness, and the apparent agony with which he spoke, "what nonsense has mastered you this morning? You are slightly indisposed—with cold, and a touch of the blues; to-morrow you will be as merry as ever."

"To-morrow! he echoed bitterly and sarcastically; "merry—oh,

yes. This is a momentary feeling, I suppose. This withering agony, which rankled in my bosom for years. Oh no, doctor; the flashes of brief cheerfulness, which you have noted in society, are a species of intoxication; wine, women, the upspringing of the mind from protracted and gloomy depression—the natural brightness of my nature gleaming out fitfully; but, when the excitement has passed away, heavens! the slimy toad in the dungeon, the hideous light-hating owl, are not more lonely, dark, and miserable than I."

"And for what, pray, Edward?" said I, smiling.

My incredulity appeared to vex him, and to urge him on to be more communicative than he had at first purposed.

"Doctor, I am laboring under a curse—a hideous, blasting, unshunnable ban from some demon. It follows me like a shadow, everywhere, everywhere, everywhere. It crosses me in all my plans. It falls like a thunderbolt on all my budding hopes. Every thing I undertake fails; every one I love dies or turns traitor. I have knelt down and prayed that the lightning might strike me, that disease might touch me, or that some sudden accident might break this *nightmare* dream of existence."

I at once perceived my friend was afflicted with hypochondriacism.

"And how long have you supposed yourself so unfortunate?"

"Since my boyhood—it has ever been thus. I am permitted to hope, to believe myself happy. The most delicious and tempting prospects are spread out before my eyes, but when I would approach, just as I have, or as I think I have reached the summit of my desires, the demon strikes—wrenches my heart—stabs, stabs with a dagger, which agonizes for ever, but cannot kill."

I endeavored to persuade him of the impossibility of his suspicion. I urged that all human beings were subject to disappointments, and that while he felt his own, those of others were concealed from his examination.

"Go abroad," continued I; "walk forth through the churchyard. It is crowded with mossy stones and stately monuments. The names of sweet women and children, of fathers, mothers; all are written there in melancholy silence. Each one of those has wrenched fond hearts, has left wrecked hopes and affections. Thousands throng the streets of this great city, whose souls yearn for that unbroken repose; besides, in dwelling too intensely upon your miseries you overlook innumerable blessings. Everybody believes you to be happy. You have health, education, personal advantages, accomplishments, youth, and wealth."

He smiled mournfully.

"Alas, alas! What are these when the heart is a void. All these I could despise, if in their stead I possessed affections, occupied and successful. But the curse of my life has been that these should be always disappointed. I am forever rolling the rock to the summit to behold it again cast down."

I hinted to him, with an attempt to rouse him into some mirth, that *bacheloriem* was his disease.

"You are surrounded," said I, "by young and beautiful women."

"Ay," said he, "but who loves me? I know that if I should dare to fix my outpouring passion upon any one, it would be singling her out for heaven's wrath, from all the crowd about her. Either she would hate me, or I should be the means of leading her into some misery, now unforeseen and inconceivable. Disease would strike her, or some wintry grief would freeze the current of her sparkling joy."

"Ridiculous," said I, for I noticed that he seemed to waver in his anguish, that the turn which the conversation had taken had touched some string in his bosom, whose vibrations stirred within him more agreeable emotions. With difficulty I persuaded him to unbosom himself to me, and I learned, with the most pleasing surprise that he had conceived a determined passion for the lady who, on the previous evening, had betrayed such a decided interest in him. I mentioned the circumstance; it thrilled him with pleasure. We parted—weeks passed away; and, after the customary preliminaries, their mutual partiality was mutually understood, and they were married. I attended the joyful ceremony, on the completion of which the party set out on a little tour, usual on such occasions, and I required no powerful persuasions to accompany them. Edward's spirits were high. He never appeared to so much advantage. I could perceive how the influence of such circumstances would at length have re-established his mind, and restored the elasticity of his broken spirits. I am rather too far advanced in life to fall into raptures about a face, or a form, be it male or female; for the years which sprinkle snow on a man's forehead also chill the heart, and sober down the restless fancy. But the unusual loveliness of the happy bride, the grace and propriety of her deportment, and the evidently favorable sway with which she controlled the wayward gloom of my friend, elicited both pleasure and hope.

"She beams upon him," I thought, "as the spring sun upon the late frozen earth, and his bosom will change from a desert to a gar-

den clothed with luxuriant verdure. Accustomed, as I am, to the dark accidents of life, the dream that this latest and most specious plan of happiness which my friend had ever formed, might also be broken, never entered my mind. Gloomy, indeed, are the ways of the world. I tremble and shudder to look abroad."

It was proposed by Edward that the party should deviate a day's journey from their route, for the purpose of visiting a romantic cataract, embosomed among towering cliffs, and presenting a scene of uncommon grandeur and beauty.

Mary objected. It was strange. She stated no reason, but that she had a fear of that precipitous style of scenery.

"You little coward," said Edward. "She wants your assistance, doctor. You have cured me, you know, and now you shall her."

We accordingly started for the — falls.

It was one of those glowing, tranquil summer afternoons, when we reached the scene, which casts a subdued splendor over all nature. The red beams of the declining sun streamed through the green forest, as we wandered down the broken rocks to the spot whence the roar of the cataract proceeded.

Mary had forgotten her fears, and was the liveliest of the company. The sound of her sweet laugh yet rings in my ears; her eyes sparkling with the excitement and exercise, her cheeks glowing, and all her looks and words compelled me to murmur a prayer of gratitude, that two whom I so loved were so completely blessed.

"Come, Mary," said Edward, "let us walk to yonder rock. Come, doctor."

"We shall get wet with the spray," said Mary.

"Who cares," replied Edward; "no one with a soul can take cold with such a scene before his eyes. Come along, you coward! What are you afraid of?"

Our voices were lost in the deafening roar of the heavy body of water which swept beautifully over the precipice, and poured splendidly flashing, in one unbroken sheet of green, white, and gold. Our path was narrow, and led along the very bank of the river, which, after the leap, lapsed by with a silent swiftness, presenting a broad black current of extraordinary depth and power. We picked our road over the broken ledges. I was foremost, Edward next, and lastly the dear, the beautiful, and beloved companion of our journey; the path being too narrow to admit of any other method of reaching the point proposed. The rest of the company had pursued a different direction.

I looked back once. Edward was stooping to pick up a shell. Mary flung a little pebble at me, and shook her head laughingly. I turned away, and in a moment again looked back. Never shall I forget the shock—the horror that thrilled through every nerve of my body, at the sight which then blasted my view. Edward was standing in an attitude of frenzy, his eyes starting from their sockets, his hands clasped convulsively together, his lips quivering, and his face terribly pale. Mary was no where to be seen. Her bonnet and plume floated on the water. It would be agonizing to pursue the narration further. Months have elapsed. Edward is in Europe. He writes me sometimes, and reasons with me on my disbelief in his awful doom!

SEDLEY.

THE CARELESS MAN.

"It's dreadful! it's wonderful! there is no reliance to be placed on any thing he says or does. If you lend him a book, you might as well fling it into the fire. Whatever he touches he destroys; and if you call his aid in any matter of importance, you may set it down as a failure, of course. There is a fatality about him which brings trouble and confusion wherever he goes. He is the best-hearted fellow you ever saw; would not do any one an injury for the world, if he could help it, and would sooner die than be guilty of a deliberate falsehood; yet he is, as matters stand, a most untrustworthy and unfortunate reprobate of a gentleman, and wastes his whole life in awkward blunders."

This eulogy was intended, fair reader, for your humble servant, the unhappy author of this very discourse. Yes! alas that it should be so, I am that wretch; shunned by all—a careless man. I am not afflicted with that what essayists denominate absent-mindedness. That is generally excused, as it seems pardon is more easily procured for the greatest crimes. I do not swallow my dice and fling my wine on the backgammon-board; nor inquire for letters at the post-office, without being able to recollect my name: but my disease occupies the middle point between that, and what, it seems, ought to be the character of a gentleman and man of the world. Now concerning the reason of this crack in my brain, I am most lamentably in the dark. Is it organization, or is it habit? If the former, why should I be censured; if the latter, why have not I been successful in my long and repeated efforts to remedy the error? You will suggest, perhaps, that I have not been sufficiently persevering in my endeavors; or that my parents and instructors have not superintended my education with proper care. No; I assure you in

confidence, if scolding and brow-beating could have done it—if hearing my fault rung into my wearied ears, from my earliest boyhood to the present moment—if the consciousness that I am regarded with a suspicious eye by all my friends, in matters of moment—if mortification, ridicule, disappointment, and many a school-boy beating could have ground this stain from my character, I should now be a pattern of punctuality and prudence. Alas! the more they bullied and beat, and the more in after life I have writhed under the unpleasant consequences of my provoking propensity, the more confirmed it seems to be; the more miserable, the more intolerable.

At school I was noted, and bore the blame for every accident which occurred, whether in reality I was guilty or not.

"Take care, Peter," said my master to me one day as I was just completing a copy, with more than ordinary neatness; "take care, Peter! My son, that's very well; that's the best thing you have done this week."

I was very proud of his approbation, and before his eyes were off the book I executed a little flourish with my pen; the demon that presides over my destiny brought my elbow in contact with the inkstand, and, how I know not, swept the full contents exactly across the page, and liberally sprinkled the white dress of my rash admirer.

"Take care, or you'll break it, Peter," said another, as I was volunteering to carry a pitcher of hot coffee across the eating-room.

"Take care, or you'll break it."

"Oh no, ma'am; no danger."

My foot struck against something on the floor, and the crash and splash which succeeded need no comment. Innumerable were the accidents which I suffered from this woful lack of presence of mind and attention. If we walked abroad for pleasure, and any one stepped into a ditch, it was I; if we went to skait, and one fell into the awfully cold water, (oh! the breathless sensation of a sudden sowse into a wintry pond—the surprise and horror as the cracking and slippery cakes of ice splinter and shiver, and give way beneath your feet—the convulsive struggles to avoid your fate—the desperate conviction that you are in, and the reckless exertions to get out again,) I was sure to be the one. It seemed that even in cases which could not possibly have been influenced by any carelessness of mine, I was sure to be the victim. The bees all stung me; the snakes chased me; thunder-showers waited for me to go out, and then poured down their unexpected floods, when I was exactly at a point the farthest from home; and if by chance any one gave me an umbrella, or, resolved to escape without a ducking, I ran my breath fairly out of my body, I could no sooner get safely ensconced under some protecting shed, than the whole heavens would be sure to brighten up, and the clouds break away. You may smile, if you please, incredulous reader, but, as Jack Falstaff says, "is not the truth—the truth?" Why, I was once chased round the corner by a sky-rocket. I am a much abused man. I never poke the fire without (not a polite but an expressive word) *bumping* my head; and if there is a barrel with a nail sticking out from it in all New-York, or a newly painted entry, or a ship just *tarred*, circumstances occur so that I am mysteriously led into contact with them. In conversation I am the same; and am equally certain to run my boat upon every rock and quicksand which lurk under the surface of society, visible to all but myself. We were talking of a famous beauty, who had just left the room.

"She is certainly a fine-looking woman," said a lady, who herself made pretensions to elegance of person.

"Yes, but," added I, "she has red hair. I can't endure red hair. A woman might be as beautiful as Venus, and if she had red hair I could never—"

"Never what?" said my companion, in a voice so snappish and changed, that it arrested my discourse at once.

I looked up. Her hair was beautiful, fine, and silky, but the tinge which I was deprecating preponderated in a most unequivocal manner.

I stammered, looked silly, and felt a feverish flush mount up into my cheeks and forehead.

I tremble to reflect upon the number of albums I have spoiled; of illegible letters I have written; of choice dresses I have ruined by spattering gravy to the right and left, when elected by the suffrages of my companions to fill the distinguished office of carver. I lately spent a week at a celebrated place of summer resort, where I accompanied several ladies and gentlemen, whose acquaintance I had there made, upon a fishing excursion. To rig out such a medley of nautical inexperience and timid beauty for action is a job about as intricate and difficult as to fit a man-of-war for sea; at length, however, all arrangements were completed, the boat was luvien, pushed off, rowed out to a spot famous as the haunt of the finest fish. Sleeves were tucked up, seats selected, jokes passed, and divers important preliminaries settled. The ladies admired the *blueness* of the distant shore, the gentlemen pronounced the day auspicious for the sport, as the brightness of the heavens was softened by a few light clouds, which spread themselves out like a gauze over its azure bosom. Our wit had made a pun, (there is always sure to be a wit on such occasions,) and our poet had given vent to his anticipations in divers quotations, and particularly those exquisite lines of Thomson:

"If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short time
He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw."

"But come," said the wit, who also in this instance happened to be a thorough-bred sportsman, and had rather catch a bass than

hear that the Poles had beaten the Russians, "come," said he, "in my opinion you had better catch your fish before you dispose of them." "To cook a dolphin," you know, "catch a dolphin"—eh—ha, ha, ha! "Tom, sit in the stern—we shall make a glorious day of it. Harry, where are the lines?"

"I put them all together in a little basket," said Harry, "and gave them to Tom."

"Where are they, Tom?"

"I gave them to Peter."

He turned to me—my heart sunk—I had brought no basket. I recollected some one's having handed me something at the hotel—and there I had left it.

A general expression of disappointment burst forth. I had to stand the reproachful glances of three or four pair of brilliant eyes, besides the woful hammerings of my own conscience.

I was subpoenaed some time ago to give my testimony in a cause of importance, in which I could have served a valued friend if I had attended to my duty. It seems the whole trial turned upon the point which it was supposed I was about to elucidate.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury," said the counsellor, with a sly, triumphant air, passing the palm of his hand across his chin, "I'll call one more witness. He was present during the whole time, gentlemen; and as my learned friend and opponent has demanded, if the words were said, where are our witnesses, we answer confidently, here—and will abide by his testimony. Officer, call me Peter N."

I had just arrived in court, in obedience to the subpoena, and with as little knowledge of the matter as any one present.

I responded with due deliberation to the usual prefatory interrogations, as—"Is your name Peter N.?" "Do you know the parties," &c. &c.

"And now, Mr. N. do you remember having been requested by the defendant in this case to accompany him to the house of the plaintiff, in order to hear what passed between them?"

"I do, sir."

"And you went?"

"I did, sir."

"Now, please to tell the jury what you heard upon that occasion. Mr. N., gentlemen of the jury, is a respectable citizen. His statement is to be depended upon."

There was a situation. I recollected to have gone to the house, but while the parties were discussing matters together, my attention had been attracted by a beautiful tortoise-shell kitten. I took forth my pocket handkerchief, and proceeded to provoke the gambols of the pretty pet, without the slightest regard to what was passing around.

I stammered. The lawyer looked surprised, displeased, and whispered to his client; the gentlemen of the jury put their heads together, and a titter ran through the crowd, while the calm encouragement of the judge—"Go on, Mr. N. speak up," sounded to me like a knell. And thus my friend lost his cause for a kitten.

I have confined myself in this communication exclusively to the consequences of my fault in trifles. The task of illustrating its effects in more important matters would be too laborious at present; but, as far as trifles can tend to ruffle the tranquillity of life, they disturb mine. Among the thousand by which I am continually injured, I have at this moment painful recollections of gloves and umbrellas left—no one knows where; sabbies made into the street, with a pen behind my ear; mysterious separations from keys, pencil-cases, and pen-knives; blotting letters, or writing over the place intended for the superscription; running against lamp-posts, and treading into mud-puddles; leaving open private letters and journals in mixed companies, and amusing myself during an unavoidably protracted absence, with exaggerated fancies respecting the number of "good-natured friends" who may while away a leisure hour, by peeping into the same; and, after hurrying through the fiercely glaring heat of a summer day, to meet a party for an excursion of pleasure, arriving just as the steam-boat has separated three yards from the dock, with all your friends' faces, and some two or three hundred strangers gazing at your fruitless exhaustion, without taking any particular pains to disguise their amusement. I could enlarge, Messrs. Editors, upon these miseries; I could work them up, till they would bring tears into your eyes; but I have dropped a fine new pen, and put my foot on it, my penknife I lent to somebody last night, and I write these last few lines with a pencil, which is just worn down to the end.

IRON STOCKINGS; OR THE VILLAGE GAZETTE.

You have heard of the iron mask, my good reader, and of the iron boot; you may not be ignorant also of the azure hose; but did you ever before hear of *iron hose*? Doubtless your first impulse will be to set it down as some instrument of torture from the inquisition, to extort from the miserable slaves and victims confessions of crimes by themselves or friends of which till that moment they never heard. No such thing. You are wide of the mark.

The weekly gazette of the village of — is published on Saturday afternoon, and distributed to the anxious readers who have, perhaps, gone through their customary avocations with more than ordinary haste in order to enjoy ample leisure for the perusal of their sole political literary periodical soon after the dinner hour.

It was now the fall of the year, and the dealers of the place were daily receiving their new supply of the various articles which comprise the stock of a country store, and these, as a matter of course, were all to be advertised for the information of their "friends and the public." This alone would have been sufficient to heighten the usual anxiety to see the gazette. Besides this, a long talk of ball

was about to take place, for which the village belles were exceedingly anxious to provide themselves with new dresses.

On the Saturday to which we now particularly refer, masses of heavy clouds had been gradually overspreading the heavens; at length the sun was obscured. The wind whistled and rattled the windows in their frames, and at times whirled forth the smoke in eddies from the fire-place into the parlor of Mrs. Horston, the wife of a thriving counsellor at law of the village—drawing from the careful matron sundry expressions of uneasiness and impatience, partly from the extremely agreeable sensation which that article produces to the eyes, and partly from the fear of its consequences to the snow white ceiling, the tasty paper, and damask curtains which imparted such an air of neatness and comfort to the room.

These were the aristocracy of the village, or at least wished to be considered so, notwithstanding the pretensions of others who dressed with much more splendor, tossed their heads more haughtily, and thought themselves "as good as some folks," whatever might be the opinions of Mrs. Horston or her mincing daughters.

It was near two hours past the time when the paper usually arrived, and what with the gloominess of the weather, the persecution of the smoke, and the delay of the newspaper carrier, even the rosy lips of Harriette and Louisa uttered peevish words.

"That stupid carrier," said Harriette, "what can keep him so long?"

"I wonder if Mr. Mount has received his goods?" said Louisa. "I will go this very afternoon and buy—"

The task of following a lively young girl, and a belle, through the incomprehensible catalogue of articles necessary to complete that great *tout ensemble*, a ball-dress, is beyond my powers. She, however, dashed through her recital, (as a pert schoolboy declines *bonus*, or a lawyer opens a case, crowding upon the bewildered jury a swarm of *technicalities*) which at length dwindled into a plain English climax of silk figured stockings. As she finished, the sudden rap at the door, which could only belong to a dun, or a carrier, announced the arrival of the wished-for journal.

Who that ever lived in the country does not know the value of the newspaper? With what an exaggerated importance it is invested? Its vast complication of heterogeneous materials—its deaths and marriages—its love and murders—its politics and news—and the voices of all quarters of the globe reaching us through its narrow columns.

"Now," said Harriette.

"Now," said Louisa, "we shall see," and even the old lady looked over her spectacles as the damp sheet was unfolded, held before the fire to dry, and at length displayed on the table with two pair of eyes bent upon its unconscious type with such inquiring glances as would have made the heart of many an honest swain leap in his bosom.

"Here we have it," said Louisa. "Bank nots table—whereas William Cook has conducted himself—pshaw—drugs and medicines—paints and oils—dissolution of partnership—ourang outang—Poland—Jackson—lotteries—letters—accident—by virtue of a writ of *feri facias*—"

"Nonsense, look for Mr. Mount," said Harriette.

"Cash for rags—butter and cheese—oh here it is. Mr. Mount—splendid assortment—but expected daily."

"Look for Harris," said Harriette.

"Here it is—silks, laces, ribbons, veils, artificial flowers, china cut glass, and—oh dear, mother, what's this—also just received an entirely new article—confidently recommended—never before offered to the public—a large and valuable assortment of *iron hose*, on an improved principle."

"*Iron stockings*?" said Harriette. "Heavens, did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Why, Harriette," said Louisa, "don't you understand? It's only a name. You cannot think they are actually made of real iron?"

"And why not?" said the mother. "They may be some great improvement—something economical—when we travel sixty miles an hour on rail-roads, we should not suffer ourselves to be surprised by hearing of any improvement in stockings. I suspect they are intended for the lower classes."

"I will go this very minute," said Harriette, "and see what they are; and if they are anything fine, I will have a pair for the ball."

"But it rains," said the mother.

"Well, then I'll go early Monday morning. I shall not rest till I find out what sort of things these iron stockings are."

Sunday morning came. The sun gleamed and glistened brightly over the fresh green wet herbage. The family of "the Horstons" seated themselves in the church—the mother with her mind fixed on the sacred duties of the day, the daughters' heads running on iron stockings. They even looked slyly down at the many pretty slender feet which came in lightly, and twinkled from under the fine ample folds of the silken garments. The customs of this degenerate town had not reached the quiet and secluded village of —. But had the fresh, sweet-looking, demure maidens been arrayed in all the audacious elegance of New-York fashions, though many a splendidly figured silken stocking might have arrested the wandering eyes, you would have looked in vain, as the young ladies did, for any constructed of iron.

After the services were concluded, some of the congregation assembled on the green before the overshadowed and antiquated building where the humble inhabitants and their ancestors for many a long vanished year had assembled to offer up their grateful praises to their Maker.

Nothing is more touchingly beautiful to me than a village church, with its quiet, silent, natural look of humility; its groups of old elms, oaks, or willows; its green lawns; its rich grassy picturesque

grave-yard, dotted with broken and aged moss-grown stones, sacred for the sake of the beloved dead. I am truly a moralist in a country church-yard. I could lie down to death as to a sleep in the shadow of its waving branches.

Free from these reflections were the gay groups who lingered beneath the immense oak on the hill side, after the sermon. Something was said of the text and the weather, inquiries of each other's health, and several attempts made to be prim and hypocritical, but it would not do, and their secret thoughts at length popped out like the cork of newly bottled cider, and the cherry mouths fairly overflowed with wonder and admiration at Mr. Harris and his iron stockings! It was certainly very provoking and mysterious.

Monday came. At an early hour several ladies met, and also several beaux, by appointment, to go (that *ne plus ultra* of female occupations) "a-shopping."

"And what do you think, Mr. Smith, of the iron hose?" inquired Harriette.

Mr. Smith was a young clerk from New-York, and might be supposed to know as much as other people, if not more.

"My opinion," said Mr. Smith, "is that they are some splendid article worn last winter in New-York at the masquerades, and that Mr. Harris has bought them to get up masquerades here."

"Oh delightful!" said Louisa.

"I should like dearly to go to a masquerade," said several at once.

Whereupon, with that deep sagacity which characterizes the human race in general, and village belles in particular, they all began to name the character which they should assume, and to describe the dresses they would wear. One would be a Swiss girl, as seen in the annual—one would be Lady Macbeth. No character, however, seemed so generally a favorite as that of a fairy, with her magic wand bringing sighing mortals to her feet. The possession of this was insisted on by Miss Polly Higgins, the blacksmith's daughter, who, under the rose, dear reader, and between you and me, might as well have appeared as one of her father's sledge hammers. So wrapt were they in fanciful ideas that the plain matter of fact business which brought them together, was nearly forgotten. One, less visionary than the rest, and who had not selected any character for the masquerade, at length recalled it to their attention. The iron hose were once again the theme of discussion—conjecture was exhausted.

"Come along," said Harriette, "we shall soon know what they are."

Away they went, but Mr. Harris had never heard of iron stockings, and the printer had put *hose* for *hoses*! So fades many a human anticipation.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

A RECLUSE.

THE following particulars of the habits and death of Francis Abbott, who for the last two years has lived in a secluded and unhappy manner, on and near the islands at the Falls of Niagara, were furnished by the politeness of a gentleman residing at that place, to the editor of the Lockport Balance.

In the afternoon of the eighteenth of June, 1829, a tall, well-built and handsome man, dressed in a long loose gown or cloak, of a chocolate color, was seen passing through the principal street of the village of Niagara Falls, on the American side. He had under his arm a roll of blankets, a flute, a port-folio, and a large book; in his right hand he carried a small stick. He advanced towards the Eagle-hotel, attracting the gaze of the visitors and others about the house by his eccentric appearance. With elastic step and animated motion, he passed along, heeded not the inquiring gaze of the idle multitude, but erect and proudly bent his course to the small and lowly inn of Ebenezer O'Kelly. He at once entered into stipulations with his host, that the room he occupied should be solely his own; that he should have his table to himself, and only certain parts of his cooking should be done by Mrs. O'Kelly. He made the usual inquiries as to the localities of the Falls, and wished to know if there was a library, or reading-room in the village. On being informed that there was a library, he immediately repaired to the individual by whom it was kept, deposited three dollars and took out a book; purchased a violin, borrowed music books, informed the librarian that his name was Francis Abbot, and that he should remain a few days at the Falls. He conversed with him on various subjects, and his language was delivered with great ease and ability. The next day he returned to the same person—expatiated largely upon the beautiful scenery of the Falls, the grand views of the cascades and cataracts, and of that most sublime spectacle, the Falls themselves. In all his travels, he said, he had never met with any thing that would compare with it, for sublimity, except Mount *Ætna* during an eruption. He said he should remain at least a week: observing, that as well might a traveller in two days examine in detail the various museums and curiosities of Paris, as to become acquainted with the splendid scenery of Niagara in the same space of time. He was informed that visitors at the Falls frequently remained but a day or two, and he expressed his astonishment that they should be so little interested in the grand and beautiful works of nature, as to spend only so short a period there.

In a few days he called again—again expatiated upon the beauties of the Falls, and said he had concluded to remain a month at least, and perhaps six months. In a short time after this, he determined to fix his abode upon Goat or Iris Island, and was desirous of erecting a rustic hut for the purpose of abstracting himself from all society, and becoming a solitary hermit. The proprietor of the island did not think proper to grant him the privilege of erecting a building for such a use, but permitted him to occupy a small room

in the only residence on the island. In this house there lived a family, who furnished him occasionally with bread and milk. But he generally dispensed with these, providing himself with other articles, and always doing his own cooking. This was his permanent residence for about twenty months. Last winter the family removed, and to those few persons with whom he held any communication, he expressed his great satisfaction of having it in his power to live alone. For some months he seemed to enjoy himself very much, until another family entered the house. He then concluded to erect a cottage of his own, and as he could not build it on the island, he determined to build it on the main shore. It yet stands about thirty rods from the grand fall on the bank of the river. He occupied it about two months.

On Friday, the tenth of June last, he went twice to the river to bathe, and was seen to go the third time; at that time the ferryman saw him in the water. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon; the ferryman did not see him return, and his clothes were observed where he had deposited them. An examination was immediately made, but his body could not be discovered. On the twenty-first it was taken up at Fort Niagara, and on the next day it was removed to, and interred decently at the burial ground at Niagara Falls.

Thus has terminated the career of the unfortunate Francis Abbott—little, indeed, known to those near whom he has spent the last two years of his life. Some few gleanings can alone be given. He was an English gentleman, of a respectable family, of highly cultivated mind and manners. He had a finished education, was not only master of the languages and deeply read in the arts and sciences, but possessed all the minor accomplishments of the gentleman—colloquial powers in an eminent degree, and music and drawing in great perfection. Many years of his life had been spent in travelling. He had visited Egypt and Palestine, had travelled through Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France, and had resided for considerable periods of time in Rome, Naples, and Paris. While at the Falls, business brought him in contact with some of the inhabitants; with a few of these he would sometimes be sociable—to all others he was distant and reserved. At such times his conversation would be of the most interesting kind, and his descriptions of people and countries were highly glowing and animated. But at times even with those he would hold no conversation, but communicated his wishes on a slate, and would request that nothing might be said to him. Sometimes for three or four months he would go unshaved, often with no covering on his head, his body enveloped in a blanket, shunning all, and seeking the deepest solitude of Iris Island. He composed much, and generally in Latin; but destroyed his compositions as fast almost as he produced them. When his little cot was examined, hopes were entertained that some manuscript or memorial might be found of his own composition, but he had left nothing of the kind. His faithful dog guarded his door, and was with difficulty persuaded aside while it was opened. His cat occupied the place appropriated as his bed. His guitar, his violin, and flutes, and music books were scattered around in confusion. There was a port-folio, and the leaves of a large book; but not a word, not even his name was written in any of them.

Many spots on Iris Island are consecrated to the memory of Francis Abbott. On the upper end of the island he had established his walk, and at one place it has become hard and well beaten, like that on which a sentinel performs his tour of duty. Between Iris Island and Moss Isle, there is embowered in seclusion and shade one of the most charming waterfalls or cascades imaginable. This was his favorite retreat for bathing. Here he resorted at all seasons of the year. In the coldest weather, even when there was snow on the ground and ice in the river, he continued to bathe in the Niagara.

At the lower extremity of the island is a bridge leading to what is called the Terrapin rocks; from this bridge extends a single piece of timber some twelve or fifteen feet over the precipice. On this bridge it was his daily practice to walk: with a quick step he would pass the bridge, advance on the timber to the extreme point, turn quickly on his heel, and walk back, and continue thus engaged for hours together. Sometimes he would let himself down at the end of the timber, and hang under it by his hands and feet over the terrific precipice for fifteen minutes at a time! To the inquiry why he would thus expose himself, he would reply, that in crossing the ocean he had frequently seen the sea-boy perform far more perilous acts, and as he should probably again pass the sea himself, he wished to inure himself to such dangers. If the nerves of others were disturbed, his were not. In the wildest hours of the night he was often found walking alone and fearless in the most dangerous places near the Falls; and at such times he would shun approach as if he had a dread of men. He had a stipend allowed him of about five dollars a week. He always attended to the state of his accounts very carefully, was economical in the expenditure of money for his own immediate use, and was generous in paying for all favors and services, never receiving any thing without making immediate payment. He had a deep and abiding sense of religious duties and decorum; was mild in his behavior, and inoffensive in his conduct. Religion was a subject he well understood and highly appreciated. The charity he asked from others, he extended to all mankind.

What, it will be asked, could have broken up and destroyed such a mind as Francis Abbott's? What could have driven him from the society he was so well qualified to adorn—and what transform him, noble in person and in intellect, into an isolated anchorite, shunning the association of his fellow-men? The history of his misfortunes is not known, and the cause of his unhappiness and seclusion will, undoubtedly, to us be ever a mystery. He was about twenty-eight years of age at the time of his death. He was perfectly infatuated with the scenery of the Falls, and expressed himself in ecstasies with the romantic retreats of Iris Island.

For the New-York Mirror.

EXTRACT FROM A TRANSLATION OF

"LE DERNIER CHANT DU PELERINAGE D'HAROLD."

BY ALPHONSE DE LA MARTINE.

Muse of these latter days, who dost not rest
On time-worn mounts, in fabulous song renowned,
But raisest up thine altar in the breast
Of earth's sublimest spirits—and hast crown'd
Thy brow with light unfading;—and around
Thy lyre hast strung the martyr's palmy wreath,
And made the halls of tyranny resound
With thy stern watchword—liberty or death!
Vouchsafe thine inspiration till my latest breath.

To thee at length my heart has offered up,
(Thou more than human feeling deified!)
Of bitter sorrows past, the mantling cup,
Error dethroned, and passions which have died—
As manhood's nobler feelings cast aside
The foolish toys of careless infancy—
Olympus sees no more, with nostrils wide,
Phœbus' swift steeds with flowing rein pass by,
And in Jove's hands his thunderbolts neglected lie!

The Nile bears onward through the desert strand
The broken monuments of Memnon's line;
The shrines of Delos now no longer stand,
Nor Pythia's oracles are deemed divine:
Temple and tripod, overthrown by time,
No more shall claim the worship of mankind—
In Rome's proud ashes seek her gods sublime.
All past, save two, the idols of the mind!
Yes! love and liberty do linger yet behind.

Love! I have sung thee, when in days gone by
Thy name alone could wake to ecstasies;
When I could melt 'neath glance of beauty's eye,
As melts the snow-wreath under summer skies.
I loved and was beloved! let that suffice;
And when I die, I would not that they rear
The costly tomb—let but a stone arise
With this, my epitaph, engraven there—
And as he reads each care-worn wight let fall a tear!

Oh thou, whose birth was when th' eternal voice
Bade the young earth in pristine bloom be drest—
Freedom! beneath whose sway all hearts rejoice—
Deep is thine impress made in man's proud breast!
And thy vast power by nature's self confessed.
Oh thou pure air, which art the breath of life,
By thy bland influence care is lull'd to rest;
Though oft, alas! vain mortals darkly strive,
From their own fellow-man this precious boon to rive!

More cruel far than fate, what God hath made
Free as the mountain-breeze, man doth enchain—
And from her throne proud reason they degrade—
And e'en in thee have found a crime, a shame,
Oh liberty! and dare condemn thy name;
But as in flint a latent fire may be,
Thou dost e'en in cold hearts unseen remain,
Till falls the iron rod of tyranny—
Then forth th' electric spark doth leap, and earth is free!

The train is fired now! from Argos' strand
Dost hear that war-cry wafted o'er the wave?
The name of liberty wakes up the land!
Prolonged in echoes from each honor'd grave,
Where sleep in glory's breast the storied brave,
The voice of thousands forms one single cry!
A cry which sweeps beyond the seas which lave
That native land for which they swear to die,
Or free her hallowed soil from slavery for aye.

See! 't thou where yonder fleet at anchor rides—
Secured from all alarm they fondly deem—
But, like a wily snake, the fire-ship glides,
And soon on high the mantling flashes gleam!
Such lights around their altars ever beam,
Thou stern avenger of the suffering band!
Thou, whom proud despots dare to call a dream!
The torch hath done its work—now seize the brand,
And from these butchering tyrants purge the groaning land!

But where is Harold, the world's pilgrim, now?
Whose onward course I thus have followed long—
To time or toil doth he, faint-hearted, bow!
Or in fair beauty's arms his pastime doth prolong?
Have I then lost this link of my sad song?
The idol'd image, into which I breathed
My tale of deep and unrequited wrong;
While round his brow I silently enwreathed
The mournful cypress-crown which fate to me bequeathed!

Myself the hero of my wayward rhyme!
Yes! Harold's heart but beat in unison
With feelings, thoughts, and passions all of mine!
But since the Cesar's palaces were won,
Where Tiber leaped to greet song's favorite son;
Thence turned his footsteps towards those summits blue;
And ye might deem his pilgrimage were done,
When from Albano ocean met his view,
And there he murmured forth that last, sublime adieu!

Then died the accents on his trembling tongue—
But earth still listened with attentive ear,
To catch the words which yet suspended hung
Upon those lips they hoped again to hear;
Even as we pause some holy temple near,
To catch the dying fall of melody,
Which through the long-drawn aisle so softly rung—
By rock or faithless wave where lingereth he?
Where'er his path, O muse! his footsteps follow we!

He who knows how to govern himself, always becomes a favorite with society.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Translated from a French periodical for the New-York Mirror.

SELFISHNESS: OR THE HUNCHBACK.

CHAPTER I.

Showing how Mendoza lost his horse, and what followed thereupon.

Two travellers, the one mounted on a mule loaded with a huge portmanteau, the other on a noble Andalusian courser, were slowly following the road from Valdepeñas to Calatrava. The first wore a tasteful, rather than gaudy livery, and the little net which confined his black hair under a narrow laced hat, increased the sinister expression of a face naturally repulsive. His master, wrapped in the folds of his mantle, seemed absorbed in melancholy reverie.

The mule of the valet turned by a sort of instinct to a little inn by the roadside.

"Señor Mendoza Perez," said his rider, halting at the door, "you have had no nourishment since we left Valdepeñas; take my advice—let us rest here a moment."

He leapt from his mule without waiting for an answer, and Mendoza followed his example mechanically.

The tavern displayed all the trouble and confusion which the unexpected arrival of a stranger of importance usually occasions. The hostess was screaming out contradictory orders to two swarthy kitchen maids and a ragged stable boy, while a child, crouching in the chimney corner, was preparing to turn the spit on which the host was putting a fowl, whose feathers, scattered over the floor, betrayed the recentness of his murder. He interrupted his employment to advance to meet Mendoza.

"Cavalier," said he, "I regret exceedingly that all my provisions are engaged by the noble strangers whose carriage you saw at my gate; but if you can put up with an excellent omelet, an *olla podrida*, and some of the best wine made in La Mancha—"

"I will be satisfied with whatever you can give me," said Mendoza, abstractedly, and, seating himself on a wooden bench near the chimney, he did not even observe that he was forced to wait an hour for the wretched omelet that was at last set before him.

When he had finished his humble meal, he ordered the host to call his valet.

"Your valet?" answered the innkeeper, "he has gone off with his mule and your horse to bespeak lodgings for you at Calatrava, though you would have been just as well off in the house of your humble servant, Gregorio Gonzalez."

"Gone! gone off with my horse!" said Perez, roused from his dreams. "I have been cheated by a scoundrel. Find me a horse, a mule, anything to overtake the rascal."

He felt for his purse in his girdle, but in vain—it had gone to Calatrava with the horse and mule.

It would be difficult to paint the consternation of Mendoza, and the expression of mean triumph which suddenly lighted up the features of Gregorio.

"Don't think to deceive me with these airs," cried he, sharply; "you have conspired with your sham valet to rob me, but by San Gregorio, my patron saint, it shall not be so: you shall not stir a step hence till you have paid me every maravedi; by the way here is something that will secure me;" and at the same time he seized hold of the mantle, which Mendoza had laid on a chair during his meal.

"What will become of me?" said the unhappy young man: "how can I return to Toledo without money, without a horse! and, to complete my degradation, I must endure this wretch's insolent suspicions. Fatal journey! Oh Inesilla, Inesilla, into what an abyss of suffering and misfortune has my ill-starred love for you thrown me!"

And letting his head fall on the table, he covered his face with his hands to hide the tears he could not restrain.

"What means all this noise?" said another traveller, suddenly coming out of the next room. "You insolent rogue, how dare you address a young stranger in this way, and take such advantage of the difficulty into which a rascal has thrown him? Cavalier," he added, turning to Mendoza, "I offer you my purse; and though I have not the honor to be known to you, I hope you will spare me the mortification of a refusal. Would you hesitate to make me the same offer if I was in the same difficulty? Certainly not; I entreat you then to grant me the same favor."

Mendoza removed his hands and turned his eyes on the stranger who addressed him. He was a little man—perhaps sixty years old, but hardly four feet high, and nature, in one of her freaks, had placed his bald head in the very middle of his shoulders. His animated look and regular pleasing features announced talent and a glowing imagination; but his smile was peculiar, it resembled at the same time that which curls the lips when we are insulted by one we despise, and that sort of convulsive contraction which distorts the face of the unsuccessful gambler. He saw in Mendoza's countenance how painful it was to him to have recourse to the purse of a stranger, and renewed his offers with such tact and delicacy that Mendoza could not refuse them; and when the servants announced that Count Alvarez de la Ribeira's carriage was ready, the two new friends entered it together.

CHAPTER II.

Containing an account of what happened at the count's castle, Mendoza's narrative, and a dissertation on selfishness.

Left alone in the apartment which his kind host had prepared for him, Mendoza gave a free course to his tears, and yielded himself up to the violence of his grief. Don Alvarez overheard his extravagances, and fearing the consequence of his despair, paid him a second visit, and taking a seat by his side,

"Señor Mendoza," said he, "I know not what can thus afflict you; but the feelings of youth are quick, and your sorrows are perhaps less overwhelming, less real, than you imagine. I am old, I have some influence, and if my advice and my experience—"

"My lord," said Mendoza, "my sufferings are beyond all cure. If you will deign to listen to me, I will narrate my sad story. I can acknowledge my sense of your kindness in no other way than by giving you this mark of my confidence; besides, I feel a mournful pleasure in pouring out my sorrows into the bosom of the generous friend whom my good fortune raised up for me in you—it is the only solace now left to the unhappy Mendoza."

"My name is Mendoza Perez. I am the only son of a rich merchant of Toledo. My father associated me in business with himself at the age of eighteen, and I led a life quiet, peaceable, uniform, and consequently happy, when one evening, at the corner of a by-street, I saw an old man and a young girl attacked by two bravos. I flew upon the ruffians, sword in hand; one expired beneath my blows, the other fled. 'Brave cavalier,' said the old man, 'I am a stranger, called to Toledo by business of importance. My name is Don Garcia de Puebla, and the king has been pleased to bestow on me the post of commander of Merida. My lodging is hard by, and I must insist on your accompanying us thither to shelter yourself from punishment for the murder of the ruffian you slew in our defence.'

"Urged by a strong desire to see more of the young lady who was hanging on Don Garcia's arm, I accepted the invitation. But how shall I describe my astonishment and agitation when the lady, raising her veil, exposed to my enraptured gaze features of dazzling beauty! No, nothing can equal Inesilla's charms. Her winning graces, the sweetness of her features—"

Mendoza was about to draw his mistress' portrait, according to the custom of lovers in such cases, when casting his eyes on the hunchback, he saw he was endeavoring to suppress a smile, and I have already said his smile had something extraordinary in it which disconcerted our hero; he stopped short, and after a moment's pause, continued his story as follows:

"When they left Toledo I followed them to Merida; but, sir, would you believe it, neither the recollection of the service I had done him, nor the violence of my love, nor Inesilla's tears, could make Don Garcia consent to our union. 'Inesilla is necessary to my old age,' said he; 'I cannot do without her.' 'But,' exclaimed I, 'I am rich, come and live with me, come and dwell at Toledo with your daughter.' 'What, renounce the honorable station the king has confided to me,' answered the cruel old man, 'and put myself at the mercy of a son-in-law? No, Mendoza, never; abandon such idle schemes.' The next day I again sought to move him; the ungrateful wretch refused to see me, and I was on my return to Toledo, deploring my unhappy love and the revolting selfishness of Don Garcia, when you so kindly rescued me from the awkward situation in which my valet's roguery had placed me."

"Señor Mendoza," said the Count de la Ribeira, "I am not like most old men, who cannot commiserate the sorrows of youth because they no longer feel them themselves. Those sorrows, whether well grounded or not, are not the less violent. True, you are unhappy, but time will soon soften, I would even say, did I not fear you would accuse me of blasphemy, will soon cure your grief. Let not that grief, however, make you unjust. You accuse Don Garcia of selfishness; are you less selfish than him in wishing an old man, at the expense of his happiness, to deprive himself of a beloved daughter; to give her to a stranger, whose enticements have inspired that daughter with a passion which he disapproves of? Have you not abused the rights of hospitality? Have you not deceived the confidence he reposed in you? But do not let the reproach of selfishness affect you. It is a sentiment implanted by nature in the heart of all men. They act for themselves, for themselves alone; if they do good, it is because divine wisdom makes painful remorse the consequence of evil doing, and heartfelt and exalted joy the reward of a good action. Examine with care the most hideous vices as well as the most elevated virtues—all have their origin in selfishness."

The desire of showing himself grateful, or at least polite to Don Alvarez, could not draw Mendoza from his reverie; yet still as soon as he heard an opinion contrary to his own advanced, he hastened to oppose it, so natural to man is the spirit of contradiction.

"But, señor," exclaimed he, "such a paradox is not even specious. How can you attribute to selfishness love and friendship—those emotions which make the most painful sacrifice easy, benevolence which denies itself to assist others, and glory to which we sacrifice wealth, happiness, and life itself?"

"Love!" said Alvarez, kindling as he spoke, "love! is anything so selfish as this madness? Do we not require that the object of our love shall renounce all other affections? Do we not tremble involuntarily with rage and fear when another even lets his eyes rest on the object of our passion? Friendship! It is the desire of filling up the craving void within the breast, of dissipating that ennui which alone makes us seek the company of our fellows, and were it not for which, we would live solitary and savage. If we are beneficent, it is in order to enjoy the pleasure attached to it, finally; strip glory of its brilliant halo, and what is it? mere vanity."

"What a revolting system!" said Mendoza. "It hardens the heart and degrades us from the dignity of men. I cannot believe it, it is too hateful to be true."

"Such are men," said Alvarez; "they open their eyes and they complain because the strong light hurts their feeble vision, and because they no longer find that imaginary charm with which they, in their blindness, delighted to clothe every object. Señor Mendoza," said he, in a melancholy tone, and conducting him to a window, "your illusions will soon be dissipated, and then the world will seem to you like this moon-lit landscape. In spring the thick foliage hid

these gloomy abysses and masses of rocks, the musical accents of the nightingale charmed the listening ear, and the shepherds danced on the green to the sound of the guitar, singing their rustic *seguidillas*. Now winter has come, the fields are deserted; no more birds, no more songs, no more joyous fandangos! But the eye can penetrate through the black and naked branches into yon horrid depths, or rest with terror on the shapeless and barren masses of rock which frown around us. Young and inexperienced, you will not believe the sad truths I have just explained to you. But I have traversed nearly the whole of the path of life, and what I have said is the result of sixty years' meditations and sufferings. I will likewise confide to you the story of my life, and when you shall have heard it, you will declare with me that vile selfishness is the moving spring of all human actions."

As Alvarez said this, he left Mendoza without giving him time to answer him. He, perhaps, did not regret this, for after all, it is not very pleasant to contradict a rich nobleman who lodges you in his house, receives you at his table, lends you his purse, and is besides, commander of the order of Calatrava; as my learned friend, Doctor Geronimo Valerio, says very justly, "such a man cannot possibly be altogether in the wrong."

CHAPTER III.

The Hunchback tells his story.

The slumbers of lovers, and above all, of unhappy lovers, are seldom peaceful or long-continued. It was, however, late ere Mendoza arose. He revolved a long time in his mind the various events of the last few days, and at last rejoined his host, whom he found conversing with two cavaliers, richly dressed, whose attentions to the count were so prodigal as to seem servile and despicable. "My guest, these are Don Fernando del Lunas, and Don Gabriel de Riboza, my distant relations—and my only heirs." These last words were accompanied by that strange smile of his with, as Mendoza thought, an expression of double bitterness. He was astonished also to see that during breakfast Don Alvarez seemed to delight in wounding their self-love by reciprocating none of the attentions with which they overwhelmed him. This, however, they did not observe, or at least, they pretended not to do so, and redoubled their protestations and embraces when they came to take leave of their relative.

Alvarez remained sunk in thought for some time after their departure; then suddenly turning towards Mendoza, as though ashamed of being detected in his reverie, "I promised you yesterday," said he, "an account of my adventures; that promise I will now fulfil. The story will be some consolation to you, for so selfish is man that he feels his own sorrows less when he sees a fellow-creature more miserable than himself."

"My mother, Doña Bianca, belonged to a poor, but not noble family of Calatrava. A grandee of Spain, Don Antonio de la Ribeira, smitten with her beauty, formed a secret union with her, of which I am the fruit. The deformity which has disfigured me since my birth, inspired my father with such aversion, that he always refused to see me, or to acknowledge a marriage which gave him a hunchback for his heir. This unjust behavior affected my mother so deeply as to cause her death but a few months after I saw the light."

"Don Antonio soon contracted a new marriage, and I was, by his orders, placed in a convent, under the name of Pedrillo, while the children of his second wife received a finished education, suitable to the rank their father thought me unworthy of. I languished, abandoned and destitute; an old monk took pity on me, nursed my frail and weak childhood, taught me what little Latin he knew, and when I had reached my sixteenth year, advised me to take orders. I was about to follow his advice when I was told that I was son of a grandee of Spain, and that my father, the noble Conde de la Ribeira, had sent for me. I wept on leaving the good monk, my benefactor. Alas! he was the only being that ever really loved me."

"All the count's children were dead. No one remained to inherit his proud titles and immense wealth, but the poor despised hunchback; and the same pride which at first had made him deny me even the name of my ancestors, now induced him to send for me that his vast possessions might not pass into the hand of a stranger. A year after, he died in my arms; and while I wept by his side, I saw that he even then could not overcome the repugnance he felt for the deformed monster whom he never called his son. At eighteen I was left possessor of an immense fortune, and absolute master of my actions. Isolated since my birth, I felt strongly the necessity of something to love, and soon became bound in friendship's strongest ties to Don Juan Salzedo, a young cavalier, an orphan like myself, but whose scanty fortune did not correspond to his high birth. We were inseparable, and our friendship was celebrated throughout the court and all over Madrid."

"I gave myself up wholly to the pleasures of this union, till a new sentiment agitated my heart. At a bull-fight I was seated near a young girl of extraordinary beauty—"

"Cavalier," said Alvarez with a smile, "I am no longer young, and am effectually cured of my passion, so I will not draw Doña Margarita's portrait, nor speak of the means by which I sought to please her. Enough, that I fancied myself beloved."

"While the preparations for our marriage were going on, one night, after a short absence from Madrid, I hastened to Doña Margarita's abode. The door stood half open; I entered, and my ear was greeted with shouts of laughter."

"My dear Juan," said a voice I knew but too well, 'you mimic admirably your modest friend, who, in his silly vanity, supposes that any one can love a monster for his own sake. My poverty forces me, against my will, to espouse him, but thy love—'

"I did not give her time to finish. I rushed upon them, sword in hand, and was about to destroy the traitors, who fled before

me, when a mirror gave me a full view of my hideous deformity. This sight in a moment undeceived me. I felt that love and friendship could not exist for a miserable being, the outcast of nature; and I returned home, radically cured of my love, and estimating my friends at their true value.

"Another man, perhaps, would have regretted the loss of these delusions. I, on the contrary, congratulated myself on it. I began to despise mankind, and took no pains to hide the contempt I felt for them, which every day's observation strengthened more and more. I even found pleasure in debasing all whom they term great, noble, and virtuous, by showing or disclosing the selfishness which is their governing, moving principle; in a word, I forced men to see themselves as they are."

Don Alvarez would, doubtless, have continued his invectives longer, had he not been interrupted by the arrival of the alcalde, who came to inform him that the valet had been arrested at Calatrava, and that he would infallibly be condemned to the galleys. The young man imagined he was about to recover his portmanteau and his horse; but, as they were witnesses for the prosecution, the tribunal did not think it proper to part with them, and he heard nothing more of them. Afterwards, indeed, he saw at Toledo a grave and withered looking personage, who, he was informed, was one of the judges of the tribunal, and who was riding one of the witnesses for the prosecution, very much at his ease.

CHAPTER IV.

Death of the Hunchback, with a copy of his last will and testament.

Time is generally a sure cure for love, yet two years had elapsed since the events detailed in the last chapter, and Mendoza's love for Inesilla had lost none of its violence; and he wept with pleasure and pain whenever one of those old duennas, whom gold induces to take pity on the sufferings of true lovers, brought him a letter from the daughter of Don Garcias.

One day a carriage, with the armorial bearings of Don Alvarez, drove up to his door. Hoping it contained his generous benefactor, he hastened to meet it, when, to his great surprise, he saw only the count's two kinsmen, Don Ferdinand and Don Gabriel, dressed in the full livery of sorrow, and with all the external symptoms of profound grief. They informed him that their dear and worthy kinsman, Don Alvarez, was dead, and that he had named Mendoza his executor, and requested him to accompany them to Ribeira, to open his deceased friend's will. Mendoza, after paying the tribute of some natural and sincere tears to the count's memory, set off with his two visitors, who, during their journey, could not by all their efforts contain the joy they secretly felt. Their conversation turned incessantly either on the plans they had formed for embellishing the villa, of which they already saw themselves masters, or on the splendid figure their cousins' wealth would enable them to make at court. On their arrival at the castle the notary and alcalde were sent for, and the seals of the will broken in due form, when the man of law read, in his best pleading voice, as follows:

"I, Alvarez Antonio count de la Riveira, señor of Formosa, commander, &c. &c. justly appreciating the honorable character of my kinsmen Don Fernando del Lunes and Don Gabriel Riboza, declare that the tokens of affection they have lavished on me, and the numerous presents with which they have fairly loaded me—"

Here the two cousins were seen to wipe away a tear, and made a modest bow; the notary, whom this display of affection had interrupted, paused for a moment, and continued to read as follows:

"With which they have fairly loaded me have not deceived me, and that these two worthy gentlemen, having no legal claim to my fortune, shall never have a single maravedi of it.

"I appoint Don Luis Garcias de Puebla, commander of the fortress of Merida, my universal legatee, on condition that he gives up his command to live at Toledo, and gives his only daughter in marriage to my executor Mendoza Perez."

The reader may imagine for himself the rage and despair of the kinsmen, and the ungovernable joy of Mendoza. The latter, not daring to believe his ears, took the will from the notary to convince himself of the reality of his good fortune. All at once a blush of confusion and shame covered his face. He had read the following postscript, in the count's handwriting:

"Mendoza, are you now convinced that all men are selfish—that you yourself are selfish? I know the human heart well enough to be certain that you are now thinking only of your own marriage, and that you have not once remembered, I will not say to regret, the Hunchback, (men do not regret those whose heirs they are,) but even to bless his memory."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Life of Robert Burns. By J. G. Lockhart, LL.B.; with an Essay on his Writings, prepared for this edition. New-York. William Stoddart and C. S. Francis. One vol. 12mo. 1831.

SECOND NOTICE.

We mentioned in our last number that this little work had made its appearance here, after having been generally read and praised in Great Britain. We are constrained to say, however, that the volume itself is scarcely of sufficient importance to require a second notice, or an elaborate review, consisting, as it does, so much of quotations and large extracts from the letters of the poet himself, which have already been before the public. There is in it, however, a number of pages wherein Mr. Lockhart displays himself as a man of no inconsiderable talent, and a writer well accustomed to the pen. We lay before the reader two brief extracts, from which he will derive a tolerable idea of our author's power:

"The *Cottar's Saturday Night* is, perhaps, of all Burns' pieces

the one whose exclusion from the collection, were such things possible now-a-days, would be the most injurious, if not to the genius, at least to the character of the man. In spite of many feeble lines, and some heavy stanzas, it appears to me that even his genius would suffer more in estimation, by being contemplated in the absence of this poem, than of any other single performance he has left us. Loflier flights he certainly has made, but in these he remained but a short while on the wing, and effort is too often perceptible; here the motion is easy, gentle, placidly undulating. There is more of the conscious security of power than in any other of his serious pieces of considerable length; the whole has the appearance of coming in a full stream from the fountain of the heart—a stream that soothes the ear, and has no glare on the surface.

"It is delightful to turn from any of the pieces which present so great a genius as writhing under an inevitable burden, to this, where his buoyant energy seems not even to feel the pressure. The miseries of toil and penury, who shall affect to treat as unreal? Yet they shrunk to small dimensions in the presence of a spirit thus exalted at once, and softened, by the pieties of virgin love, filial reverence, and domestic devotion." *****

"Let us beware, however, of pushing our censure of a young poet, mad with the inspiration of the moment, from whatever source derived, too far. It can hardly be doubted that the author of the *Cottar's Saturday Night* had felt, in his time, all that any man can feel in the contemplation of the most sublime of the religious observances of his country; and as little, that had he taken up the subject of this rural sacrament in a solemn mood, he might have produced a piece as gravely beautiful as his *Holy Fair* is quaint, graphic, and picturesque. A scene of family worship, on the other hand, I can easily imagine to have come from his hand as pregnant with the ludicrous as that *Holy Fair* itself. The family prayers of *Saturday night*, and the rural celebration of the Eucharist, are parts of the same system—the system which has made the people of Scotland what they are—and what, it is to be hoped, they will continue to be. And when men ask of themselves what this great national poet really thought of a system in which minds immeasurably inferior to his can see so much to venerate, it is surely just that they should pay most attention to what he has delivered under the gravest sanction. In noble natures, we may be sure, the source of tears lies nearer the heart than that of smiles."

The essay prefixed to this edition, by a gentleman of this city, is written with fluency; and although it does not, as indeed it could not, start any new ideas upon the subject, it has compressed and presented in an attractive form much that will prove new to many, and interesting to all.

We take the occasion which this publication affords to add several ably written passages from the Edinburgh Review, elicited by the original publication of Mr. Lockhart's production in Great Britain, but which acquires additional interest and value from its enlarged views of the character and life of the gifted ploughman. We subjoin them without further comment.

"His former biographers have done something, no doubt, but by no means a great deal, to assist us. Dr. Currie and Mr. Walker, the principal of these writers, have both, we think, mistaken one essentially important thing: their own and the world's true relation to their author, and the style in which it became such men to think and to speak of such a man. Dr. Currie loved the poet truly; more, perhaps, than he avowed to his readers, or even to himself; yet he everywhere introduces him with a certain patronizing, apologetic air; as if the polite public might think it strange and half unwarrantable that he, a man of science, a scholar, and gentleman, should do such honor to a rustic. In all this, however, we readily admit that his fault was not want of love, but weakness of faith; and regret that the first and kindest of all our poet's biographers should not have seen farther, or believed more boldly what he saw. Mr. Walker offends more deeply in the same kind: and both err alike in presenting us with a detached catalogue of his several supposed attributes, virtues, and vices, instead of a delineation of the resulting character as a living unity. This, however, is not painting a portrait; but gauging the length and breadth of the several features, and jotting down their dimensions in arithmetical ciphers. Nay, it is not so much as this: for we are yet to learn by what arts or instruments the mind could be so measured and gauged.

"Mr. Lockhart, we are happy to say, has avoided both these errors. He uniformly treats Burns as the high and remarkable man the public voice has now pronounced him to be; and in delineating him, he has avoided the method of separate generalities, and rather sought for characteristic incidents, habits, actions, sayings; in a word, for aspects which exhibit the whole man, as he looked and lived among his fellows. The book, accordingly, with all its deficiencies, gives more insight, we think, into the true character of Burns, than any prior biography; though, being written on the very popular and condensed scheme of an article for *Constable's Miscellany*, it has less depth than we could have wished and expected from a writer of such power; and contains rather more, and more multifarious quotations, than belong of right to an original production. Indeed, Mr. Lockhart's own writing is generally so good, so clear, direct, and nervous, that we seldom wish to see it making place for another man's. However, the spirit of the work is throughout candid, tolerant, and anxiously conciliating; compliments and praises are liberally distributed, on all hands, to great and small; and, as Mr. Morris Birkbeck observes of the society in the backwoods of America, 'the courtesies of polite life are never lost sight of for a moment.' But there are better things than these in the volume; and we can safely testify, not only that it is easily and pleasantly read a first time, but may even be without difficulty read again.

"Nevertheless, we are far from thinking that the problem of Burns'

biography has yet been adequately solved. We do not allude so much to deficiency of facts or documents—though of these we are still every day receiving some fresh accession—as to the limited and imperfect application of them to the great end of biography. Our notions upon this subject may perhaps appear extravagant; but if an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of opinion, that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man's life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did co-existing circumstances modify him from without; how did he modify these from within? With what endeavors and what efficacy rule over them; with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him; what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions, in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in biography. Few individuals, indeed, can deserve such a study; and many *lives* will be written, and, for the gratification of innocent curiosity, ought to be written and read, and forgotten, which are not in this sense *biographies*. But Burns, if we mistake not, is one of these few individuals; and such a study, at least with such a result, he has not yet obtained. Our own contributions to it, we are aware, can be but scanty and feeble; but we offer them with good will, and trust they may meet with acceptance from those for whom they are intended.

"Burns first came upon the world as a prodigy; and was, in that character, entertained by it, in the usual fashion, with loud, vague, tumultuous wonder, speedily subsiding into censure and neglect, till his early and most mournful death again awakened an enthusiasm for him, which, especially as there was now nothing to be done, and much to be spoken, has prolonged itself even to our own time. It is true, the 'nine days' have long since elapsed; and the very continuance of this clamor proves that Burns was no vulgar wonder. Accordingly, even in sober judgments, where, as years passed by, he has come to rest more and more exclusively on his own intrinsic merits, and may now be well nigh shorn of that casual radiance, he appears not only as a true British poet, but as one of the most considerable British men of the eighteenth century. Let it not be objected that he did little. He did much if we consider where and how. If the work performed was small, we must remember that he had his very materials to discover; for the metal he worked in lay hid under the desert, where no eye but his had guessed its existence; and we may almost say that, with his own hand, he had to construct the tools for fashioning it. For he found himself in deepest obscurity, without help, without instruction, without model; or with models only of the meanest sort. An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is his state who stands on the outside of that storehouse, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain for ever shut against him! His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf behind his steam-engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them down with the pickaxe, and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.

"It is in this last shape that Burns presents himself. Born in an age the most prosaic Britain had yet seen, and in a condition the most disadvantageous, where his mind, if it had accomplished aught, must accomplish it under the pressure of continual bodily toil, nay, of penury and desponding apprehension of the worst evils, and with no furtherance but such knowledge as dwells in a poor man's hut, and the rhymes of a Ferguson or Ramsay for his standard of beauty, he sinks not under all these impediments. Through the fogs and darkness of that obscure region, his eagle eye discerns the true relations of the world and human life; he grows into intellectual strength, and trains himself up into intellectual expertness. Impelled by the irrepressible movement of his inward spirit, he struggles forward into the general view, and with haughty modesty lays down before us, as the fruit of his labor, a gift which time has now pronounced imperishable. Add to all this, that his darksome drudging childhood and youth was by far the kindest era of his whole life; and that he died in his thirty-seventh year: and then ask if it be strange that his poems are imperfect, and of small extent, or that his genius attained no mastery in its art? Alas, his sun shone as through a tropical tornado: and the pale shadow of death eclipsed it at noon! Shrouded in such baleful vapors, the genius of Burns was never seen in clear azure splendor, enlightening the world: but some beams from it did, by fits, pierce through; and it tinted those clouds with rainbow and orient colors into a glory and stern grandeur, which men silently gazed on with wonder and tears!

"We are anxious not to exaggerate; for it is exposition rather than admiration that our readers require of us here; and yet to avoid some tendency to that side is no easy matter. We love Burns, and we pity him; and love and pity are prone to magnify. Criticism, it is sometimes thought, should be a cold business; we are not so sure of this; but, at all events, our concern with Burns is not exclusively that of critics. True and genial as his poetry must appear, it is not chiefly as a poet, but as a man, that he interests and affects us. He was often advised to write a tragedy; time and means were not leant him for this; but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock, 'amid the melancholy main,' presented to the reflecting mind such

a 'spectacle of pity and fear,' as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him, till only death opened him an outlet. Conquerors are a race with whom the world could well dispense; nor can the hard intellect, the unsympathizing loftiness, and high but selfish enthusiasm of such persons, inspire us in general with any affection; at best, it may excite amazement; and their fall, like that of a pyramid, will be beheld with a certain sadness and awe. But a true poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of wisdom, some tone of the 'eternal melodies,' is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation: we see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us, and we mourn his death, as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.

"Such a gift had nature in her bounty bestowed on us in Robert Burns; but, with queenlike indifference, she cast it from her hand, like a thing of no moment; and it was defaced and torn asunder, as an idle bauble, before we recognized it. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable, but that of wisely guiding his own was not given. Destiny—for so in our ignorance we must speak—his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and that spirit, which might have soared, could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom, and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. And so kind and warm a soul; so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things! How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal nature; and in her bleakest provinces discerns a beauty and a meaning! The 'daisy' falls not unheeded under his ploughshare; nor the ruined nest of that 'wee, cowering, timorous beastie,' cast forth, after all its provident pains, to thole the sleety dribble, and cranreuch cauld. The 'hoar visage' of winter delights him: he dwells with a sad and oft-returning fondness in these scenes of solemn desolation; but the voice of the tempest becomes an anthem to his ears; he loves to walk in the sounding woods, for 'it raises his thoughts to Him that walketh on the wings of the wind.' A true poet-soul, for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music! But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother men. What warm, all-comprehending fellow-feeling, what trustful, boundless love, what generous exaggeration of the object loved! His rustic friend, his nut-brown maiden, are no longer mean and homely, but a hero and a queen, whom he prizes as the paragons of earth. The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him; poverty is indeed his companion, but love also, and courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart; and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence, he pours the glory of his own soul: and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest. He has a just self-consciousness, which too often degenerates into pride; yet it is a noble pride, for defence, not for offence; no cold, suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one. The peasant poet bears himself, we might say, like a king in exile; he is cast among the low, and feels himself equal to the highest; yet he claims no rank, that none may be disputed to him. The forward he can repel, the supercilious he can subdue; pretensions of wealth or ancestry are of no avail with him; there is a fire in that dark eye, under which the 'insolence of condescension' cannot thrive. In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty of poetry and manhood. And yet, far as he feels himself above common men, he wanders not apart from them, but mixes warmly in their interests; nay, throws himself into their arms; and, as it were, entreates them to love him. It is moving to see how, in his darkest dependency, this proud being still seeks relief from friendship; unshoes himself, often to the unworthy; and, amid tears, strains to his glowing heart a heart that knows only the name of friendship. And yet he was 'quick to learn'; a man of keen vision, before whom common disguises afforded no concealment. His understanding saw through the hollowness even of accomplished deceivers; but there was a generous credulity in his heart. And so did our peasant show himself among us; 'a soul like an Æolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody.' And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarreling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging alebarrels! In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted; and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste." *****

"Independently of the essential gift of poetic feeling, as we have now attempted to describe it, a certain rugged sterling worth pervades whatever Burns has written; a virtue, as of green fields and mountain breezes, dwells in his poetry; it is redolent of natural life, and hardy natural men. There is a decisive strength in him, and yet a sweet native gracefulness; he is tender, and he is vehement, yet without constraint or too visible effort; he melts the heart, or inflames it, with a power which seems habitual and familiar to him. We see in him the gentleness, the trembling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardor of a hero. Tears lie in him, and consuming fire; as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer cloud. He has a resonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling; the high and the low, the sad, the ludicrous, the joyful, are all welcome in their turns to his 'lightly-moved and all-conceiving spirit.' And observe with what a prompt and eager force he grasps his subject, be it what it may! How he fixes, as it were, the full image of the matter in his eye;

full and clear in every lineament; and catches the real type and essence of it, amid a thousand accidents and superficial circumstances, no one of which misleads him! Is it of reason; some truth to be discovered? No sophistry, no vain surface-logic detains him; quick, resolute, unerring, he pierces through into the marrow of the question; and speaks his verdict with an emphasis that cannot be forgotten. Is it of description; some visual object to be represented? No poet of any age or nation is more graphic than Burns; the characteristic features disclose themselves to him at a glance; three lines from his hand, and we have a likeness. And in that rough dialect, in that rude, often awkward metre, so clear and definite a likeness! It seems a draftsman working with a burnt stick; and yet the burin of a Retach is not more expressive or exact." *****

"Force and fineness of understanding are often spoken of as something different from general force and fineness of nature, as something partly independent of them. The necessities of language probably require this; but in truth these qualities are not distinct and independent; except in special cases, and from special causes, they ever go together. A man of strong understanding is generally a man of strong character; neither is delicacy in the one kind often divided from delicacy in the other. No one, at all events, is ignorant that in the poetry of Burns, keenness of insight keeps pace with keenness of feeling; that his *light* is not more pervading than his *warmth*. He is a man of the most impassioned temper; with passions not strong only, but noble, and of the sort in which great virtues and great poems take their rise. It is reverence, it is love towards all nature that inspires him, that opens his eyes to its beauty, and makes heart and voice eloquent in its praise. There is a true old saying, that 'love furthers knowledge'; but above all, it is the living essence of that knowledge which makes poets; the first principle of its existence, increase, activity. Of Burns's fervid affection, his generous all-embracing love, we have spoken already, as of the grand distinction of his nature, seen equally in word and deed, in his life and in his writings. It were easy to multiply examples. Not man only, but all that environs man in the material and moral universe is lovely in his sight: 'the hoary hawthorn,' the 'troop of gray plover,' the 'solitary curlew,' all are dear to him; all live in this earth along with him, and to all he is knit as in mysterious brotherhood. How touching is it, for instance, that amidst the gloom of personal misery, brooding over the wintry desolation without him and within him, he thinks of the 'ourie cattle' and 'silly sheep,' and their sufferings in the pitiless storm!

'I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' wintry war;
Or thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scaur.

Ilk happy bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cow' thy chattering wing,
And close thy ee?

The tenant of the mean hut, with its 'ragged roof and chinky wall,' has a heart to pity even these! This is worth several homilies on mercy; for it is the voice of mercy herself. Burns, indeed, lives in sympathy; his soul rushes forth into all realms of being; nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him. The very devil he cannot hate with right orthodoxy!

'But fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben;
O wad ye tak a thought and men!
Ye ablin's might—dinna ken—
Still hae a stake;
I'm wae to think up' ye den,
Even for your sake!

He did not know, probably, that Sterne had been beforehand with him. 'He is the father of curses and lies,' said Dr. Slop; 'and is cursed and damned already.' 'I am sorry for it,' quoth my uncle Toby! 'A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility.'

"Why should we speak of *Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled*, since all know it, from the king to the meanest of his subjects? This dithyrambic was composed on horseback; in riding in the middle of tempests, over the wildest Galloway moor, in company with a Mr. Syme, who, observing the poet's looks, forbore to speak—judiciously enough—for a man composing *Bruce's Address* might be unsafe to trifle with. Doubtless this stern hymn was singing itself, as he formed it, through the soul of Burns; but to the external ear, it should be sung with the throat of the whirlwind. So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode, the best, we believe, that was ever written by any pen."

The Young Duke. By the author of "Vivian Grey." 2 vols. 12 mo. pp. 214. 223. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

This book is brilliant—full of wit not forced, and sentiment without affectation. We have rather a horror of novel reading in general: one gets tired of feasting perpetually on sweetmeats. We have gone through all the Waverleys two or three times, and have entrenched ourselves behind them, contented with our lore. Even Pelham and Devereux could scarcely win us from our apathy, and we were audacious enough not to peep into Vivian Grey. We thought then it was audacious, and one does not care for a charge of audacity; but the Young Duke has compelled us to set it down as folly, and that we despise, and shall hasten to repair the error. Every body must read the Young Duke. We have spoiled a neat copy writing "beautiful" and "superb" in the margin. It is full of poetry, though not exactly the nymph who dwells in the green woods, among the mountains, or the quiet rich valley, with its flashing brook and pleasant shadows; but as she is found in great cities, reposing in palaces, with her foot on an ottoman, or

her radiant face beaming beneath a coronet of diamonds, or the shadow of nodding plumes. Still it is poetry—the poetry of fashion—and none but a choice spirit, with a most rare fancy and deep passions could have reflected a scene so magnificent as that presented in this story. The sentimentousness of Ossian is succeeded by the morality and voluminousness of Johnson. Every chapter advances the plot visibly, flings a new light and interest about the characters, and events follow each other with a "bright rapidity." It is a sort of book which one hates to read alone, but regrets that the quiet chairs and tables around have no comprehension for the graceful and fascinating eloquence which arouses him in almost every page. There runs through the whole an air that is delightful; a fine *Byronic* mixture of waggery and pathos, of wit and morality, set off with a curious felicity of expression. The tears have not fairly sprung into your eyes, before you are in a roar, and that is the pleasantest laughter in the world. If our publishers continue to send us such compositions as these, there is no better business than "reviewing," unless perhaps portrait painting in the style of Ingham, with such subjects as the White Plume. There are whole pages of vivid description like the following:

"There was a constant bustle kept up at Malthorpe, and the young duke was hourly permitted to observe, that, independent of all private feeling, it was impossible for the most distinguished nobleman to ally himself with a more considered family. There was a continual swell of guests, dashing down, and dashing away like the ocean—brilliant as its foam, numerous as its waves. But there was one permanent inhabitant of this princely mansion far more interesting to our hero than the evanescent crowds who rose like bubbles, glittered, broke, and disappeared." *****

"I hint at her faults. How shall I describe her virtues! Her unbounded generosity—her dignified simplicity—her graceful frankness—her true nobility of thought and feeling—her firmness—her courage and her truth—her kindness to her inferiors—her constant charity—her devotion to her parents—her sympathy with sorrow—her detestation of oppression—her pure unsullied thoughts—her delicate taste—her deep religion. All these combined would have formed a delightful character, even if unaccompanied with such brilliant talents and such brilliant beauty. Accustomed from an early age to the converse of courts, and the forms of the most polished circles, her manner became her blood, her beauty, and her mind. Yet she rather acted in unison with the spirit of society, than obeyed its minutest decree. She violated etiquette with a wilful grace, which made the outrage a precedent, and she mingled with princes without feeling her inferiority. Nature, and art, and fortune were the graces who had combined to form this girl. She was a jewel set in gold and worn by a king." *****

"Small feet are fitting in the mazy dance, and music winds with inspiring harmony through halls whose lofty mirrors multiply beauty, and add fresh lustre to the blazing lamps. May Dacre there is wandering like a peri in paradise, and Lady Aphrodite is glancing with her dazzling brow, yet an Asmodeus might detect an occasional gloom over her radiant face. It is but for an instant, yet it thrills. She looks like some favored sultana, who muses for a moment amid her splendor on her early love."

There is no *dandyism* in all the Pelham novels more exquisite than this:

"His grace had a taste for magnificence in costume; but he was handsome, young, and a duke. Pardon him. Yet to-day he was, on the whole, simple, and with the exception of the pink topaz buttons, which shed their rosy hue over his white silk waistcoat, he wore no jewels. Confident in a complexion whose pellucid lustre had not yielded to a season of dissipation, his grace did not dread the want of relief which a white face, a white cravat, and a white waistcoat would seem to imply; nevertheless, the interior of the waistcoat was imperceptibly lined with rose-colored silk, and a rich and flickering light was thus thrown over the soft beauties of the blonde. The effect, as the cause was concealed, was in a manner supernatural."

"Luigi advanced with a coat, of a color—remember, it was summer—stolen from the neck of Juno's peacock. While he fits it to the back, Spiridon arranges the ruffles, replaces on the favored finger the signet-ring, and presents his lord with a handkerchief, which assuredly must have been dropped on that immortal bank o'er which the south did breathe so sweetly! A hair chain set in diamonds, worn in memory of the absent Aphrodite, and to pique the present Dacre, is annexed to a glass, which reposed in the waistcoat pocket. This was the only weight that the duke of St. James ever carried. It was a bore, but it was indispensable."

"It is done. He stops one moment before the long pier-glass, and shoots a glance which would have read the mind of Talleyrand. It will do. He assumes the look, the air that befit the occasion: cordial, but dignified; sublime, but sweet. He descends like a deity from Olympus to a banquet of illustrious mortals." *****

We cannot close the article without one more extract:

"There is nothing more strange but nothing more certain, than the different influence which the seasons of night and day exercise upon the moods of our minds. Him whom the moon sends to bed with a head full of misty meaning, the sun will summon in the morning with a brain clear and lucid as his beam. Twilight makes us pensive; Aurora is the goddess of activity. Deepair curses at midnight; Hope blesses at noon."

"And the bright beams of Phœbus—why should this good old name be forgotten?—called up our duke, rather later than a monk at matins, in a less sublime disposition than that in which he had paced among the orange-trees of Dacre. His passion remained, but his poetry was gone. He was all confidence, and gaiety, and love, and panted for the moment when he could place his mother's coro-

net on the only head that was worthy to share the proud fortunes of Hauteville.

"Luigi, I will rise. What is going on to-day?"

"The gentlemen are all out, your grace."

"And the ladies?"

"Are going to the archery ground, your grace."

"Ah! she will be there, Luigi!"

"Yes, your grace."

"My robe, Luigi."

"Yes, your grace."

"I forgot what I was going to say.—Luigi!"

"Yes, your grace."

"Luigi, Luigi, Luigi," hummed the duke, perfectly unconscious, and beating time with his brush. His valet stared, but more when his lord, with eyes fixed on the ground, fell into a soliloquy, not a word of which was audible, except to my reader.

"How beautiful she looked yesterday upon the keep, when she tried to find Dacre! I never saw such eyes in my life! I must speak to Lawrence immediately. I think I must have her face painted in four positions, like that picture of Lady Alice Gordon, by Sir Joshua. Her full face is sublime; and yet there is a piquancy in the profile, which I am not sure—and yet again, when her countenance is a little bent towards you, and her neck gently turned, I think that is, after all—but then when her eyes meet yours, full—oh! yes! yes! yes! That first look at Doncaster! It is impressed upon my brain, like self-consciousness. I never can forget it. But then her smile! When she sang on Tuesday night—Pretty puss! By heavens!" he exclaimed aloud, "life with such a creature is immortality!"

"He advanced with rapid strides, with his razor in his hand. Luigi retreated—the duke pushed on—Luigi was in a corner—in a moment his throat must have been cut. He coughed: the duke started. "Ah! Luigi, am I up? Archery, eh? Then, I wear my green frock."

"About one o'clock the duke descended into empty chambers. Not a soul was to be seen. The birds had flown. He determined to go to the archery ground. He opened the door of the music-room. He found May Dacre alone at a table, writing. She looked up, and his heart yielded, as her eye met his.

"You do not join the nymphs?" asked the duke.

"I have lent my bow," she said, "to an able substitute."

"She resumed her task, which he perceived was copying music. He advanced, he seated himself at the table, and began playing with a pen. He gazed upon her, his soul thrilled with unwonted sensations, his frame shook with emotions which, for a moment, deprived him even of speech. At length he spoke, in a low and tremulous tone,

"I fear I am disturbing you, Miss Dacre?"

"By no means," she said with a courteous air; and then remembering she was a hostess, "is there any thing that your grace requires?"

"Much—more than I can hope. Oh! Miss Dacre, suffer me to tell you how much I admire, how much I love you!"

"She started, she stared at him with distended eyes, and her small mouth was open like a ring.

"My lord!"

"Yes!" he continued, in a rapid and impassioned tone; "I at length find an opportunity of giving way to feelings which it has been long difficult for me to control. Oh! beautiful being, tell me, tell me that I am blessed."

"My lord! I—I am most honored—pardon me if I say, most surprised."

"Yes! from the first moment that your ineffable loveliness rose on my vision, my mind has fed upon your image. Our acquaintance has only realized, of your character, all that my imagination had preconceived. Such unrivalled beauty, such unspeakable grace, could only have been the companions of that exquisite taste and that charming delicacy, which, even to witness, has added great felicity to my existence. Oh! tell me—tell me that they shall be for me something better than a transient spectacle. Condescend to share the fortune and the fate of one who only esteems his lot in life because it enables him to offer you a station not utterly unworthy of your transcendent excellence!"

"My lord, I have permitted you to proceed too far. For your for my own sake, I should sooner have interfered, but, in truth, I was so perfectly astounded at your unexpected address, that I have but just succeeded in recalling my scattered senses. Let me again express to you my acknowledgments for an honor which I feel is great; but permit me to regret, that for your offer of your hand and fortune, these acknowledgments are all I can return."

"Miss Dacre! am I then to wake to the misery of being rejected?"

"A little week ago, my lord, we were strangers. It would be hard if it were in the power of either of us now to deliver the other to misery."

"You are offended then, at the presumption which, on so slight an acquaintance, has aspired to your hand. It is indeed a high possession. I thought only of you, not of myself. Your perfections require no time for recognition. Perhaps my imperfections require time for indulgence. Let me then hope!"

"My lord, you have misconceived my meaning, and I regret that a foolish phrase should occasion you the trouble of fresh solicitude, and me the pain of renewed refusal. In a word, it is not in my power to accept your hand."

"He rose from the table, and stifled the groan which struggled in his throat. He paced up and down the room with an agitated step and a convulsed brow, which marked the contest of his passions. But he was not desperate. His heart was full of high resolves and

mighty meanings, indefinite but great. He felt like some conqueror who, marking the battle going against him, proud in his infinite resources and invincible power, cannot credit the madness of a defeat. And the lady, she leaned her head upon her delicate arm, and screened her countenance from his scrutiny.

"He advanced."

"Miss Dacre! pardon this prolonged intrusion; forgive this renewed discourse. But let me only hope, that a more favored rival is the cause of my despair, and I will thank you—"

"My lord," she said, looking up with a faint blush, but with a flashing eye, and in an audible and even energetic tone—"the question you ask is neither fair nor manly; but as you choose to press me, I will say, that it requires no recollection of a third person to make we decline the honor which you intended me."

"Miss Dacre! you speak in anger, almost in bitterness. Believe me," he added, rather with an air of pique, "had I imagined from your conduct towards me that I was an object of dislike, I should have spared you this inconvenience, and myself this humiliation."

"My lord, as mistress of Castle Dacre, my conduct to all its inmates is the same. The duke of St. James, indeed, had both hereditary and personal claims to be considered here as something better than a mere inmate; but your grace has elected to dissolve all connection with our house, and I am not desirous of assisting you in again forming any."

"Harsh words, Miss Dacre!"

"Harsher truth, my lord duke," said Miss Dacre, rising from her seat, and twisting a pen with agitated energy.—"You have prolonged this interview, not I. Let it end, for I am not skilful in veiling my mind; and I should regret, here at least, to express what I have hitherto succeeded in concealing."

"It cannot end thus," said his grace; "let me, at any rate, know the worst. You have, if not too much kindness, at least too much candor, to part so!"

"I am at a loss to understand," said Miss Dacre, "what other object our conversation can have for your grace, than to ascertain my feelings, which I have already declared more than once upon a point, which you have already more than once urged. If I have not been sufficiently explicit or sufficiently clear, let me tell you, sir, that nothing but the request of a parent whom I adore, would have induced me even to speak to the person who had dared to treat him with contempt."

"Miss Dacre!"

"Your grace is moved, or you affect to be moved. 'Tis well:—if a word from a stranger can thus affect you, you may be better able to comprehend the feelings of that person whose affections you have so long outraged—your equal in blood, my lord duke, your superior in all other respects."

"Beautiful being!" said his grace, advancing, falling on his knee, and seizing her hand—"Pardon, pardon, pardon! Like your admirable sire, forgive—cast into oblivion all remembrance of my fatal youth. Is not your anger—is not this moment a bitter, an utter expiation for all my folly—all my thoughtless, all my inexperienced folly,—for it was no worse? On my knees, and in the face of heaven, let me pray you to be mine. I have staked my happiness upon this venture. In your power is my fate. On you it depends whether I shall discharge my duty to society, to the country to which I owe so much—or whether I shall move in it without an aim, an object, or a hope. Think—think only of the sympathy of our dispositions—the similarity of our tastes. Think—think only of the felicity that might be ours. Think of the universal good we might achieve! Is there any thing that human reason could require that we could not command?—any object which the human mind could imagine that we could not obtain? And as for myself, I swear I will be the creature of your will. Nay, nay!—oaths are mockery—vows are idle! Is it possible to share existence with you, beloved girl! without watching for every wish—without—"

"My lord, my lord, this must end. You do not recommend yourself to me by this rhapsody. What do you know of me, that you should feel all this? I am rather different from what you expected—that, that is all. Another week, and another woman may command a similar effusion. I do not believe you to be insincere. There would be more hope for you if you were. You act from impulse, and not from principle. This is your best excuse for your conduct to my father. It is one that I accept, but which will certainly ever prevent me from becoming your wife. Farewell!"

"Nay, nay! let us not part in enmity!"

"My lord, enmity and friendship are very strong words—words that are much abused. There is another, which must describe our feelings towards the majority of mankind, and mine towards you. Substitute for enmity—indifference."

"She quitted the room: he remained there for some minutes leaning on the mantel-piece, and then rushed into the park. He hurried for some miles with the rapid and uncertain step which betokens a tumultuous and disordered mind. At length he found himself among the ruins of Dacre Abbey. The silence and solemnity of the scene made him conscious, by the contrast, of his own agitated existence,—the desolation of the beautiful ruin accorded with his own crushed and beautiful hopes. He sat himself at the feet of the clustered columns, and covering his face with his hands, he wept."

We do not pretend to have given the best extracts which these volumes afford, as there are certainly others superior in interest, but of greater length. Detached sentences of much beauty strew the pages profusely, and whether ludicrous or sentimental, derive an additional effect from their contrast with each other. Many of the incidents are highly dramatic, and the dialogue is pointed, spirited, and elegant.

THE FINE ARTS.

VIEWS OF NEW-YORK AND ITS ENVIRONS.

THE second number of this publication has appeared. It is very neat and pretty, and contains four plates: the City Hall, the Navy Yard, Le Roy Place, and the Shot Tower. The engravings are creditable to the artist, and the general typographical execution of the work combined with its cheapness, gives it a just claim to extensive support. A ready sale will probably remunerate the publishers for their evident liberality. We have but one objection to make: there is rather too much puffery about the cover. But the publishers, we presume, must not be "out of fashion." Our friend Peabody no doubt recollects the sublime reply of the keeper of a lunatic asylum to a great philosopher. "Do you use coercion?" inquired the philosopher. "No, sir," said the keeper, "we use soft soap!"

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The latest publications of Bourne are, "Up, Brothers, up," by Auber; "The Gascon Vespers," as sung by Madame Vestris; "Land of Liberty," recitative and song, by Mr. Jones of the Park theatre; "Cherubs took her from me," "Bouquet of waltzes and dances of various nations," with a letter press account of their style and origin; "Glide on my bark," with a landscape vignette; and "Parting Hymn," by Hance, words by bishop Heber, and a portrait.

THE DRAMA.

After a successful tour through the southern states, Miss Clara Fisher has returned, and appeared once in three popular characters, for the benefit of Mrs. Vernon. She was welcomed with applause long and loud by an uncommonly crowded and fashionable audience. The correctness and lively spirit which she throws into her performances, and the pleasure with which they are acknowledged by the public, continue unabated, and afford rich assurances for the future career of this deservedly favorite young girl. If there be any perceptible alteration in her style, it consists in a yet more skilful management of those singular powers with which nature has gifted her, and which have been so fully developed by education and practice. Mrs. Gilfert has sustained several parts with considerable effect. She has been celebrated for her successful tragic efforts in the history of our stage, and we sincerely trust has not appealed to her numerous admirers in vain. Tom and Jerry has been produced; but after a brief consultation with the thermometer, we denied ourselves the pleasure of witnessing that burlesque, especially as Mr. Parsloe also again afforded the enlightened classes of the community an opportunity of admiring his interesting personation of a monkey. This gentleman is a star; and it is really a refined delight after Cinderella, Clara Fisher, and little Burke, to sit out a sultry summer evening to see a man in a hairy dress, tumbling about the stage, scratching his back and kicking up his heels in the air. A love of truth, however, compels us to state, although we highly appreciate the taste of this ingenious candidate for histrionic honors, that his gambols bear about the same resemblance to a monkey's that they do to those of a pig, when that respectable animal is under the influence of spirituous liquor. The first representation this season of the French opera company of New Orleans, will be given on the first of August. The manager announces, that many new and popular operas, melo-dramas, &c. are in preparation.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Defeat of the Poles.—The engrossing subject of attention and regret for several days past has been the defeat of the heroic Poles. Week after week brought such rapidly succeeding accounts of their brilliant successes, that the most sceptical began to hope, while the ardent were eager to celebrate in advance the establishment of their independence. Few accustomed to regard public affairs with any degree of interest, could refrain from a lively sympathy with their anticipations, and an earnest prayer for their success; and it would be a consolation to that gallant nation to know what a feeling of general and real disappointment their unfortunate reverses have occasioned in this country.

Rail-roads.—Rail-roads are springing up every where. The Washington Telegraph says, "the contemplated rail-road from Charleston to the Mississippi will pass over a country possessing many advantages for manufacturing. Boston, New-York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, may find much of their commerce transferred to southern cities, and Lowell may find a rival in the healthy and well watered highlands of the Carolinas." A journal has been established at Rogersville, Tennessee, entitled the *Rail-road Advocate*.

Ladies' Magazine.—We have perused the last number of this well edited and neatly printed publication with pleasure. It consists entirely of original articles, and forms a most proper and desirable journal for the use of families. Its already established literary character should be alone sufficient to command for its proprietor an ample reward; but when we consider that it is edited by an intelligent and respected female, pursuing with the most unremitting toil this honorable method of educating her children, her claims upon the support of the public assume an importance which should not be slightly overlooked, especially by those of her own sex.

Columbia College.—The commencement of this institution will take place on Tuesday next, the second of August. On Monday, the first, at half-past five o'clock, P. M. Edward P. Livingston, Esq., our lieutenant-governor, will deliver the annual address before the alumni and two societies of the college.

YOUNG LUBIN LOVED THE FAIR LISETTE.

COMPOSED BY H. K. BISHOP.

Allegretto non presto.

Young Lu-bin loved the fair Li-sette, And tap-ping at her win-dow came, The

sun had scarce-ly ri-sen yet, She peep'd, and cried, "O fy, for shame!" "Sweet maid," he cried, "'tis smi-ling May, Come let us rove;" "In-deed," said she "so soon? What will the neigh-bors say? Fi

done! Fi done! ah, mon a - mi! Fi done, ah, mon a - mi! Fi done, ah, mon a - mi! Fi done, Fi done, Fi done, Fi done, ah, mon a - mi!

SECOND VERSE—Still Lubin soft persuasion tried,
And fair Lisette, at last content,
Forgot the neighbors, ceased to chide,
Stole out, and with him maying went!

And oft a stolen kiss he caught,
Lisette, no doubt, displeased would be,
Yet only said, whate'er she thought,
"Fi done! Fi done! ah, mon ami!"

THIRD VERSE—He talk'd of love, "come let's away;"
She cried, yet loiter'd, silly thing;
He press'd her, too, to fix the day,
And on her finger placed a ring;

She started, blush'd and hung her head,
Yet very angry tried to be;
But only sigh'd, and softly said,
"Fi done! Fi done! ah, mon ami!"

For the New-York Mirror.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

"Death lies on him, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flow'r of all the field.—*Shakespeare*."

'Twas some few hours past noon;
Young spring had burst its fetters, and diffused
Its cheering and bland influences. Pure,
Fresh, and odorous came the balmy air,
Stolen from unnumber'd sweets just peeping forth
In rich and varied beauty. The earth was full
Of renovated life, and sent up streams
Of nurture and support. Each shrub, and flower, and tree
Imbued the precious moisture, and was clad
In the rich vesture of the vernal day.
Melodious voices from the woods gave out
That not alone from things inanimate
Swell'd the glad burst of nature's festival:
Each little throat pour'd out its orisons;
And the whole grove, rich with collected good,
Allured to taste the freshness and the shade.
The young, the grave, the gay, those of gray hairs
And those of tender age were there, alike
To breathe the inspiring fragrance, and to join
With universal nature in subdued
And silent thankfulness to Him who gave
The lily's beauty, and whose care relieves
The ravens when they cry. Amidst the throng
A little child, whose days were yet but few,
Attracted mute attention:—there was that
In his young playful gambols, which subdued
All hearts within their influence. His eye
Shone like the wild gazelle's—a lustrous black,
Fring'd with long silken lashes; and his locks,
Which wanton'd in the breeze, play'd o'er a brow
White as the sculptur'd marble; young buds and flowers
Were twin'd amidst his tresses; and he look'd

Like a pure habitant of air, just come
Awhile to sport within our sphere.

The sun had set
In purple and in gold—the hum of men
Died with its sinking radiance, and the calm
Of evening stole along the wide domain:
Silence profound reign'd through the still abode,
Whose halls were wont to echo with the sound
Of playful mirth and innocent enjoyment;
The jocund cry—the heart-inspiring laugh—
And the bright smile which radiated all
Were absent; all was gloom. Slow stealthy steps
Were fitting to and fro; the stifled sob,
The melancholy visage—the dimm'd eye
Betoken'd heartfelt sadness. Grief was there!
A feeble light stole through a spacious chamber.
Round a low couch, where a young infant lay,
Were gather'd its fond parents. Pale his lips
As rose-leaves are when dash'd from off the tree
By summer's thunder-shower; his slender frame
Had lost its sprightliness; the hue of health
Had droop'd away; languor was in his eye;
And the frail covering that enclosed his spirit
Seem'd wasted and o'ercome. Kind friends were there
To minister and soothe him; and the leech
Had exercised his skill—but all in vain!
A momentary gleam, a glance of recognition,
Which seem'd to be the harbinger of good,
Was but the farewell to his earthly home;
And then his spirit, unconfin'd and free,
Wing'd its fair flight to heaven.

'Tis midnight!

How solemn is the silence. Death is here—
The little child who lies a clay-cold corse,
At noon was buoyant as the gilded moth
That dances in the sunbeam. Short-lived flow'r,
How beautiful! This form would put to shame
The noblest work that came from Phidias' hands,

And instigate the modern to throw by
His chisel and his skill. How calm he looks!
As if he'd enter'd on "the way of life."
There is not that in death which superstition
And the bigot's fear have fenced around it:
It seems a placid sleep—a sacred rest;
Welcome to those whom weariness and pain,
And disappointed hopes, and deep distress,
Have sicken'd of the world:—to them 'tis life!
Peace—and a sure reward! The pure in heart
Find there the everlasting doors, which ope
To glory and to heaven; the little child
Shall meet maternal fondness, which no more
Shall know of pain, or parting, or decay,
But ripen into love eternally.
How holy is their rest who rest in youth!
Time has not scar'd their feelings, nor has care
Blench'd the pure vermilion of their rosy cheeks;
They are like angel-visitors, who glide
Full quickly past our vision, but yet leave
Their brightest scintillations far behind.
To Jesus they were friends—his thrilling words
Cling to the childless mother with a power
That nought on earth can weaken or subdue:
"Suffer these children, and deny them not,
Their spotless lives exhibit all my words,
And bear a just similitude to heaven!"

J. S.

A LAWYER OUTWITTED.—Several years ago, a young gentleman
went to consult a certain attorney, how he might carry off an
heiress. "You cannot do it with safety," said the counsellor; "but
I'll tell you what you may do—let her mount a horse, and hold a
bridle and whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe—
for she runs away with you." The counsellor, however, was
sufficiently punished for his quibbling advice, when next day he
found that it was his own daughter who had run away with his
client!

Court Journal.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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No. 5.

For the New-York Mirror.

A SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

"And thou hast sought in starry eyes
Beams that were never meant for thine,
Another's wealth;—tame sacrifice
To a fond faith! Still dost thou pine?
Still dost thou hope that greeting hands,
Voice, looks, or lips may answer thy demands?"

THEIR parents had been playmates in their youth,
And they, the fair Ianthe and Eugene,
The sole inheritors of all their love,
From the first rising blush of childhood's morn,
Had lived amid life's freshly opening flowers
Like twins in heart together. At all hours
Between the cool and bright extremes of day,
The laugh, the footfall, or the cheerful song
Of either, heard in household-haunt or grove,
Bespoke the other's presence, as in spring
The first soft whisper of the sweet southwest
Tells that its mates, the social birds, are nigh.
Beneath a tall catalpa's breezy shade,
When skies were fair, upon a swarded seat
From the same page they conned the self-same task,
Cheered by the bright example of the bee,
That active toiled from bloom to bloom around;
Or, rising, sought in mossy dells sweet flowers,
And playful wreathed them in each other's hair.
Their homes were but parted by a lawn,
Whose sloping verdure lapped a silver lake
With radiant dimples smiling, half-embowered
Mid broad green elms that lined its pebbly marge.
Hers was allied to palaces, boudoirs,
And lofty halls with arabesques o'erwrought,
And airy balconies, and windows arched
With silken rainbows, spanning in their pride
White vases of the rarest, richest flowers,
And broad piazzas graced with many a shape
Of wreathing woodbine, formed Ianthe's home.
His could not boast such splendors, yet 'twas rich
In cottage beauties, and his gentle mate
Loved all its simple unobtrusive scenes
As fondly as she loved the pomp of charms
That beamed around her native paradise.
At length they parted, she to seek new grace,
And nicer polish mid the city's courts;
And he to spend long months of pleasing toil
In learning's storied cloisters deep immured,
Where oft the lonely student holds commune
With thoughts of old renown, till morning's star
Bedims the radiance of his wasted lamp.
They parted—ah, the memory of that hour
Is like a mother's blessing—like the breath
Of some sweet flower whose fragrance long survives
The freshness and the beauty of its bloom.
It was an eve in autumn, when they met
Beneath the trysting bower for love's farewell;
The moonlight trembled on Ianthe's brow,
As if it feared to soil its spotless snow,
Yet could but choose to linger fondly there;
And in her eyes, upraised in tearful prayer,
The watchful stars did seem to recognize
The long-lost sisters of their shining band.
They parted as the linked in soul do part,
When mutual vows have sealed the mutual love,
And faith reposes on the smiles of hope.
Years saw their absence, and when next they met,
It was within a proud and spacious hall
Where wealth, and fame, and fashion had convened
Their honored favorites, while a heaven of lamps
With starry splendor lit the sparkling scene.
Ianthe reigned the queen of that bright throng,
The worshiped of all worshipers, and wild
With thoughts of vanished days and those to come,
Her student lover trembling flew to her,
And bowed himself before his idol's shrine.
She knew him, yet she knew him not as one
She cared to know amid that courtly throng:
The eye so lavish of its gentle smiles,
For him so lavish erst, was changed to ice,
And the cold pressure of that careless hand,
Whose clasp was once so ivy-like and warm,
Would not have crushed the spring's most fragile flower.
He gazed at her one moment, proudly gazed,
While flashed the quick blood o'er his pale thin cheek,
Then turning to an alcove's lone recess,
He stood apart from all. No malison
Escaped his lip instinct with silent scorn,
As bitterly he marked her point him out
To one on whose obsequious arm she leaned,
And name his name with smiles of cold disdain.
From that sad hour they never met again,
Except, perchance, in sleep's unreal world,
Which wakes around us at the touch of dreams.
Awhile in maiden pride she brightly moved,
Then gave her hand, and with it her fair hopes,

To one of gentle birth, who soon became
In wealth, as love, a bankrupt and a curse.
He toiled to triumph o'er his humble lot,
Nor toiled in vain, for soon to him arose
A princely fortune and a far renown.
Yet, ah, what solace to a blighted heart
Can gold's poor dust administer? What charm
So sweet, so soothing in the breath of fame,
Can summon gladness to a lonely couch,
Or waken music in a childless hall?

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

HOPE—AN ALLEGORY.

THERE is nothing like hope. *Dear hope*—but before I proceed further, mark me, reader, and I will tell thee a story. Many thousand years ago, before steam-boats, rail-roads, books, cities, or even governments were dreamed of, a creature, curiously formed, sat beneath the shadow of a tree and wept. This strange being was inferior to all others. It wanted the bear's fur, the bird's wing, the lion's ferocious strength, the bee's ceaseless and contented industry, the speed of the deer, the fins of the fish. Nature, which had completed the accommodation of all the rest of creation, seemed to have cast this thing abroad unfinished. It was a timid, naked, defenceless, and unhappy creature—exposed to every sort of inconvenience and danger. The summer's heat poured fiercely on its head. Its limbs were chilled and trembled with the winter's cold. It was hungry, and scarcely knew where to seek for sustenance. It shrunk from the glaring eyes of the beasts of the fields. It longed for something, it knew not what. It remembered its miseries, it felt its destitution. A companion whom it had loved was lying cold and motionless by its side. Tears rolled down its cheeks, and sobs convulsed its bosom. It yielded itself to despair.

Suddenly a spirit stood by its side, with radiant wings unfolded from his shoulders, and a circle of light beaming around its forehead. "Mortal," said the stranger, "Jupiter pities thee. Thy lot is a hard one. We, the inhabitants of a better world look down on thee with interest and compassion. In obedience to the high and inscrutable plan of omnipotent wisdom thou art doomed to woe. That under which thou writest at present is but the commencement of years which will roll over thy devoted head full of gloom and tempests. Disease shall wound thy body and rack it with pangs, but these are nothing when compared with the stabs which must be inflicted on thy mind and thy soul. Nor is this awful fate confined to thee alone. Thy children, and thy children's children for thousands and thousands of years must succeed thee in thine agonies. When the vast earth, which now spreads around thee an untrodden wilderness, shall be swarmed with beings like thee, even as yonder forest is darkened with innumerable leaves—when wondrous cities shall usurp the place of the cataract, the wood, and the meadow, even then shall the cry of grief and wailing be heard, and the countless myriads shall groan and writhe and weep like thee. Their greatest enemies shall be each other. The spot whereon thou now reclinest shall be wet and crimsoned with blood, wasted in dreadful strife, where more wretches shall be struck down in death in an hour than thy imagination can number."

"Oh, heavy misery," said the mortal; "why did Jupiter awaken us to scenes so dreadful, and from which even he cannot rescue us?"

"What he can do, or what is best to be done, it is not for thee to know. But whether or not he can end thy woes, he can at least alleviate them, and I am sent to bestow upon thee a precious boon."

"What availeth reward to the unhappy?" said the mortal. "Oh what availeth even life?"

"And when the hunter pursues the fierce wild tiger," said the spirit, "and the beast turns and tears his bosom, is there no virtue in the balm which can heal the lacerated flesh, assuage his quivering pangs, cool his fevered and restless frame, and gently overcome him with a soft and grateful slumber?"

"Nothing like this hast thou with thee," said the mortal; "besides, an thou had'st, I wish it not. Oh, rather let me hasten to the savage embrace of the hungry tiger, that he may tear in pieces an unfortunate wretch, who must ever draw the breath of life in the bitter anguish till death comes fearfully and ends the pain."

"What I offer thee," said the spirit, "is no medicine for the body. But I am prepared to endow thee with a new mental faculty. Many sweet and glorious ones hast thou already. Many are thy subtle sources of joy, so that nearly all objects minister to thy pleasure. Behold the stirring of yonder clustering flowers. The wind is breathing among them, and now thou inhaledst the floating fragrance which creeps over thee with a delightful consciousness of gratification. Hark! yonder is a strain of aerial music, and tears of rapture are already glistening in thine eyes. When thou art hungry, here is fruit of a sweet taste; when fever riots in thy veins, go lave thy hot forehead in yonder pellucid stream, that falls with a murmur into the

rocky basin; and through those two wonderful organs of sight which heaven has placed in thy head, what visions of light and beauty flow in upon thy soul? But hark! I hear again the music of my distant companions, and must quit thy side. Take then thy gift—the blessing which the indulgent father of men and gods bestows upon thee. From this time forth be *hope* in thy bosom."

The mortal was alone. A mountain has melted from his heart. His soul is shining in a light like that which falls from the heavens when the tempest has exhausted its fury, and the clouds are put to flight. He arose. What vigor animated his limbs—what joy thrilled through his nerves—what fire flashed from his eyes!

He looked down upon the body of his friend. Oh, she was beautiful as morning, and had ever been as welcome to his heart. In her absence he had trembled—in her presence he had rejoiced. He would rather that all the stars of heaven had been extinguished than this being torn from him. Her death left his soul in darkness as the wintry groves, when the sun goes down silently, and cloudy night comes on, and the wind whistles among their naked branches. He had seen her freshness fade away like a flower—her smiling lips grow pale and serious. Drooped over the radiant eyes the veined lids—and the dim glassy fixed orbs were half-seen through the long lashes which were no more to reveal the shaded brilliancy of life and love. Oh, she was dead. He bore her to the stream—he kissed her white, cold, unmoving lips, and the closed eyes which trembled no more beneath his ardent touch. He called aloud—and strangely his voice died away among the quiet forest glades, unanswered but by the dash of the fountain, the gentle wave of branches, or the rustling fall of a leaf. Agony was in his soul. A moment and his heart would have broken, when the same strain of music which had warned the bright spirit to depart, came to his ears as from a distance, swelling gradually on the breeze, and then dying away as if the invisible choir were floating slowly far off through the long aisles of the forest. Yes, it was the spirit. He felt the delight, the rapture of hope. Its dictates came up softly in his understanding, and opened new scenes to his contemplation. He thought he beheld her whom he mourned. She was the inhabitant of a better world. She was with the spirit who had visited him, and she said, "Hush, my beloved—hush the transports of grief. We shall meet again in a higher existence. Yield not to thy earthly sufferings—they are the sorrows of a day. I am happy—thou shalt be so too. Check thy weak tears. Go forth into the world. Thou mayest do good for my sake; 'and when thy life is at an end, that which thou hast esteemed a dread and a misery, will be a blessing.'"

He dried his eyes. He laid the sweet statue in the earth. Then as his serene face gazed upon her, a grief broke over it—the irrepressible agony of tortured nature—but it passed away. And where she lay, there rose a mound, green and overgrown with flowers. And he went and sat there—solitary and pensive—but happy. And thus does hope ever soften the harsh features of evil—change agony into bliss—irradiate with a glory the dark passages of existence, and, like a guardian angel, hover over the bleak and rugged path of the unhappy.

SEDLAY.

AMERICAN CHARACTER.

JAMES MONROE.

THE following is taken from "Letters of the British Spy," by William Wirt, first published about twenty-five years since:

"In his stature he is of the middle height of men, rather firmly set, with nothing further remarkable in his person, except his muscular compactness, and apparent ability to endure labor. His countenance when grave, has rather the expression of sternness and irascibility; a smile, however, (and a smile is not unusual with him in a social circle,) lights it up to very high advantage, and gives it a most impressive and engaging air of suavity and benevolence. Judging merely from his countenance, he is between the ages of forty-five and fifty years. His dress and personal appearance are those of a plain and modest gentleman. He is a man of soft, polite, and even assiduous attentions; but these, although they are always well-timed, judicious, and evidently the offspring of an obliging and philanthropic temper, are never performed with the striking and captivating graces of a Marlborough or a Bolingbroke. To be plain, there is often in his manner an inartificial and even an awkward simplicity, which, while it provokes the smile of a more polished person, forces him to the opinion, that Mr. Monroe is a man of a most sincere and artless soul.

"Nature has given him a mind neither rapid nor rich, and therefore he cannot shine on a subject which is entirely new to him. But, to compensate him for this, he is endowed with a spirit of testless and generous emulation, a judgment solid, strong, and clear; and a habit of application which no difficulties can shake, no labors tire. With these aids, simply, he has qualified himself for the first honors of this country; and presents a most happy illustration of the

truth of the maxim, *Quisque, sua fortuna faber*. For his emulation has urged him to perpetual and unremitting inquiry; his patient and unwearied industry has concentrated before him all the lights which others have thrown on the subjects of his consideration, together with all those which his own mind, by repeated efforts, is enabled to strike; while his sober, steady, and faithful judgment has saved him from the common error of more quick and brilliant geniuses—the too hasty adoption of specious, but false conclusions.

"These qualities render him a safe and an able counsellor; and by their constant exertion he has amassed a store of knowledge which, having passed seven times through the crucible, is almost as highly corrected as human knowledge can be, and which certainly may be much more safely relied on than the spontaneous and luxuriant growth of a more fertile, but less chastened mind—'a wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuously shoot.' Having engaged very early, first in the life of a soldier, then of a statesman, then of a laborious practitioner of the law, and finally again of a politician, his intellectual operations have been almost entirely confined to juridical and political topics. Indeed it is easy to perceive, that the mind of a man engaged in so active a life, must possess more native suppleness, versatility, and vigor, than that of Mr. Monroe, to be able to make an advantageous tour of the sciences in the rare interval of importunate duties. It is possible that the early habit of contemplating subjects as expanded as the earth itself, with all the relative interests of the great nations thereof, may have inspired him with an indifference, perhaps an inaptitude, for mere points of literature. Algernon Sidney has said, that he deems all studies unworthy the serious regard of a man, except the study of the principles of just government; and Mr. Monroe, perhaps, concurs with our countryman in this as well as in his other principles. Whatever may have been the occasion, his acquaintance with the fine arts is certainly very limited and superficial; but, making allowances for his bias towards republicanism, he is a profound and even an eloquent statesman.

"Knowing him to be attached to that political party who, by their opponents, are sometimes called democrats, sometimes jacobins; and aware also that he was a man of warm and ardent temper, I dreaded much, when I first entered his company, that I should have been shocked and disgusted with the narrow, virulent, and rancorous invectives of party animosity. How agreeably, how delightfully, was I disappointed! Not one sentiment of intolerance polluted his lips. On the contrary, whether they be the offspring of rational induction, of the habit of surveying men and things on a great scale, of native magnanimity, or of a combination of all those causes, his principles, as far as they were exhibited to me, were forbearing, liberal, widely extended, and great. As the elevated ground which he already holds has been gained merely by the dint of application; as every new step which he mounts becomes a mean of increasing his powers still further, by opening a wider horizon to his view, and thus stimulating his enterprise afresh, re-invigorating his habits, multiplying the materials, and extending the range of his knowledge, it would be no matter of surprise to me, if before his death the world should see him at the head of the American administration. So much for the governor of the commonwealth of Virginia—a living, an honorable, an illustrious monument of self-created eminence, worth, and greatness!"

MYTHOLOGY.

THE MONTH OF AUGUST IN NEW-YORK.

THE eighth month of the year (counted the sixth by the ancients) was called August, in honor of Augustus Cæsar. The Saxons designated it by the term barn-month, as they then gathered their hay, &c. into barns. It has been distinguished by several remarkable events, a few of which are worthy of record in this place, viz., A. D. 1485, the battle of Bosworth-field, in which Richard III. was slain, took place on the twenty-second; 1502, Columbus discovered the continent of America on the first, and landed on the seventeenth, but lived and died under the impression that it was an island; 1676, the celebrated Indian chief, King Phillip, was surprised and slain on the twelfth; 1769, Bonaparte was born on the fifteenth; 1770, Chatterton, the poet, committed suicide, to prevent starvation on the eighteenth; 1776, battle of Long Island, twenty-seventh; 1798, battle of the Nile, on the first; 1802, Bonaparte declared first consul for life, on the second; 1803, Beattie, the poet, died on the eighteenth; 1804, Commodore Preble attacked the batteries of Tripoli on the third and several subsequent days, and finally, with the assistance of General Eaton, compelled the bashaw to behave himself decently; 1812, the frigate Essex captured the Alert on the thirteenth, the first British prize in the late war; three days afterwards, on the sixteenth, General Hull surrendered Detroit and the American army to the British; six days after this disgraceful act, on the nineteenth, the United States frigate Constitution captured and sunk the British frigate Guerriere; 1814, the city of Washington was entered by the British on the twenty-fourth; 1824, Lafayette, the "nation's guest," arrived at Fort Diamond, in the harbor of New-York, on the fifteenth, and landed in the city, at Castle-garden, on the following day, amid a splendid display of naval, military, and civic honors.

Nor is the month of August deficient in honorary days, set apart for some consecrated purpose. The first is called Lammas day, or more properly, *lamb-mass*; because, on that day, the tenants who held lands under the catholic church in York, (England) which was dedicated to St. Peter, *ad vincula*, were bound by their tenure to bring a live lamb into the church at high mass. These priests were doubtless fond of good eating; but a few score of bleating

lambs must have made curious discords, when mingled with the solemn chants of the choristers.

The fifteenth of August is called Assumption day, "a high festival of the Romish church, which was formerly observed in many places with extraordinary rejoicings and pomp of theatrical worship, in representation of the assumption. The vast unoccupied space in the old European cathedrals, for which the modern spectator is sometimes unable to account, was the theatre wherein these spectacles and shows were performed by the monks, assisted by ponderous machinery, which required a capacious area for working it. On Assumption day it was customary to implore blessings upon herbs, plants, roots, and fruits, in allusion to which, Googe, translating from Naageorgus, has the following lines:

"The blessed virgin Marie's feast hath here his place and time,
Wherein, departing from the earth, she did the heavens climb;
Great bundles, then, of herbs, to church the people fast do bear,
The which against all hurtful things the priest doth hallow there;
Thus kindly they, and nourish still the people's wickedness,
And vainly make them to believe whatsoever they express;
For sundry witchcrafts by these herbs are wrought, and divers charms,
And, cast into the fire, are thought to drive away all harms."

"It is amusing," adds the author of Festivals, Games, and Amusements, from which we have here quoted, "to see Naageorgus condemning the ignorant people for their credulity, and yet implying his own belief in witchcraft. Thus each age laughs at the mistakes of its precursor, as each in turn will probably be laughed at by its successor."

The day succeeding Assumption is dedicated to St. Roche, who devoted himself to the sick, and was deemed the patron of all who were afflicted with the plague. The phrase, "sound as a roach," is thought to have been derived from the legends and attributes of this benevolent saint. His festival, on the sixteenth of August, was kept like a *wake*, or general *harvest-home*, with dances in the churchyard in the evening.

The twenty-fourth is dedicated to St. Bartholomew, one of the apostles, who preached the gospel in the Indies, in Ethiopia, and Lyconia. It is said that he suffered martyrdom in Armenia, where he was flayed alive! but this last assertion is not considered to be well founded. This day is also called the *Fest of St. Louis*, being instituted in honor of that great and good prince, Louis the ninth, king of France. In addition to these, the tenth of August is consecrated to St. Lawrence, the twenty-sixth to St. Augustine, and the twenty-seventh to St. John the Baptist.

On the twenty-third of this month the sun enters that sign of the zodiac which astronomers have denominated *Virgo*, or the virgin; said to be Erigone, the daughter of Icarus,

Who, when she saw she could not give relief
Unto her father, hang'd herself for grief.
The maid by whom is borne,
In her fair hands, the ripen'd ears of corn.

Icarus was an Athenian, and is said to have given wine to some peasants, or shepherds, who drank it with the greatest avidity, being ignorant of its intoxicating qualities. The natural consequence was, that they were soon deprived of their reason; while the fury and resentment of their friends and neighbors was immediately turned upon the indiscreet donor, who perished by their hands. Temperance societies, it seems, were not then in fashion; so that summary vengeance was rashly resorted to, instead of sober argument and stereotyped tracts. After his death, however, Icarus was honored with public festivals; and his daughter Erigone was led to discover the place of his interment by means of his faithful dog Mæra. She hung herself in despair, and was changed into a constellation, called *Virgo*. Icarus was also changed into the star Bootes, and the dog Mæra into the star *Canis*.

Summer now of the dog-star boasts,
Of angry constellations honored most.
Now bright Andromeda's refulgent sire
Shows to the world, under his hidden fire;
Now Procyon and the raging lion ways,
And Phœbus brings forth dry and parched days.
The shepherd dreads, with his faint flock doth hie,
To find cool shades, or troubled current nigh,
And rough Sylvanus' thickets, while the shore
Beckoned, stands from seas tumultuous roar.
The furious dog-star's heat
Upon the parched corn long since hath beat
With its fierce scalding influence, and made
The beasts to seek the spreading elm's cool shade.

In the city of New-York, the influence of August is not only seen and felt, but heard, smelt, and tasted. Business of every description is languishing, and almost entirely suspended. Every steam-boat that departs from our piers is loaded with human beings, of every age, sex, and condition, flying to purer airs and distant scenes, in search of health or pleasure. Houses are left either entirely empty, or in the charge of some faithful domestic; and even shops and stores, if not actually closed, become merely the lounging places for such victims of *ennui* as happen to stand on a familiar footing with the under clerks. All the schools are suspended for four or five weeks; the teachers "make the grand tour," and the happy urchins either accompany their parents to the country, or render the streets vocal with their noisy gambols. Even our worthy corporation can seldom form a quorum at this season; and the poor dogs skulk into corners, as if they thought the very old nick was to pay. All enjoy some respite from the din and noise of a city life, except editors, poets, and others who write for their daily bread. For them, alas! there is no vacation, no recess, no holiday! Their daily drudgery must be performed, despite of languor, hydrophobia, pestilence, and famine; while their fair readers are rambling through the woods, musing by the waterfall, or looking from the summit of some mountain upon the panoramic view below, this unfortunate class are plying their ceaseless labors—pen running, brain straining, ink flying, proof gathering, sun scorching, and devil crying for copy. Pity the editor in August.

* Horatio Smith, Esq.

BIOGRAPHY.

DEATH AND MEMOIR OF MRS. SIDDONS.

FOR the satisfaction of that portion of our readers who take an interest in the affairs of the drama, we exclude several original communications to make room for the subjoined memoir, from Bell's Weekly Messenger. The name of this extraordinary woman is nearly as familiar here as in London; every relic of her is, therefore, regarded with curiosity, and as such we present the annexed extract:

This lady, who, at no very distant period, was not less eminent for the splendor of her mental endowments, than for the towering majesty of her person and demeanor, paid the great debt of nature on the tenth of June last, at her residence in Upper Baker-street, Portman-square. We hear that her life was wholly despaired of by her medical attendants on Saturday last, since which, however, she rallied a little, and slight hopes were entertained by some of her friends that she might for a time longer be spared to them. The disorder for a little while manifested signs of abatement, but returned with accumulated force, and she sank under its effects on the day above stated.

Mrs. Siddons was the eldest daughter of Roger Kemble, and was born on July sixteenth, 1755, at a public-house, called the Shoulder of Mutton, at Brecknock, in Wales. Her father was the manager of a strolling company of comedians; her mother was the daughter of Mr. John Ward, in his line an actor of repute, and also the manager of a company of comedians. Her father was a catholic, but Mrs. Siddons was, we believe, bred up to the faith of her mother. Mrs. Siddons' early life was passed under her father's roof till her fifteenth year. She had at that time excited in her future husband, Mr. Siddons, an attachment of which her parents did not approve. Mr. Siddons was an actor of her father's company; and though he was respectable, both as a performer and as a man, her parents endeavored to break off the engagement. When the attachment was discovered, the effect of absence was tried, and Miss Kemble was placed as a companion or servant with a Mrs. Greathead, near Warwick. While she was there this lady informed Mr. Garrick who she was, and solicited his judgment of her abilities, and his protection. Garrick (says Mr. Boaden) seemed highly pleased with her utterance and her deportment, wondered how she had got rid of the old song, the *ti-tum-ti*; told her how his engagements stood with the established heroines, Yates and Young—admitted her merits—regretted that he could do nothing for her—and wished her a good morning. During her residence at Mrs. Greathead's, she kept up a correspondence with Mr. Siddons, and at length made up her mind to become an actress, and complete her union with Mr. Siddons by a trip to Scotland. The latter was probably averted by the consent of her parents, and before she had completed her eighteenth year her father gave her hand to Mr. Siddons. They joined a company then performing at Cheltenham, and both of them were immediately taken notice of by Lord Bruce, afterwards off Aylesbury, and his accomplished family. A recommendation to Garrick took place; the Rev. H. Bate, afterwards Sir Bate Dudley, was requested to examine and report concerning her performances. He saw and admired her, recommended her to Garrick, and on December twenty-ninth, 1775, when she was twenty years of age, Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance in London at Drury-lane, in the character of Portia, and was received with great applause. She had no articles of agreement and no salary; and her biographer speaks as if Garrick was even then insensible to her merits. At the close of her career, on May twenty-third, 1776, he revived *The Suspicious Husband*, and gave her the part of Mrs. Strickland, to play to his own Ranger. She added by it to her growing reputation. Her first appearance in tragedy was made in the part of Lady Anne, when Garrick revived Richard the Third. She there met Roscius in all his terrors, and hung back from timidity; his severe glance corrected the failure, and the reproach was, with extreme sensibility, long remembered. On June the fifth she played before their majesties as Lady Anne, but she seems then to have made no impression on Garrick. He soon after left the stage; she was dismissed, and retired from a scene that presented little but mortification. She was, however, immediately engaged by Mr. Richard Yates, the manager of the Birmingham company; and Henderson seeing her there, had the sagacity to predict her great success, and pronounce that she would never be surpassed. She was soon afterwards engaged at Bath, and there restored, by her great powers, the tragic muse to her honors, and established for herself the fame that carried her in a few years in triumph back to the metropolis. She played in the interval chiefly at Bath, but she also played at York and Manchester, and at the latter place performed Hamlet with great applause. It was in 1782-83, seven years after her first appearance at Drury-lane, that she was re-engaged at that theatre, and came out in the character of Isabella, on the tenth of October. She was, however, so much attached to Bath, and retained so lively a recollection of her failure at London, that she could hardly be induced to come. The manager would not raise her salary, and her increasing family compelled her to demand an additional income. On that not being granted—and a small increase would have been sufficient—she summoned her friends to the theatre, and there surrounded by her children, explained in verse of her own composition the reasons for quitting them. Displaying her children she said,

"These are the moles that heave me from your side,
Where I was rooted—where I could have died."

Her success at London was now as decisive, and her triumph as great, as her former reception had been mortifying. Her next character was Euphrasia, in *The Grecian Daughter*, and till then the vast power and extent of her voice were imperfectly appreciated.

Mrs. Siddons next most deeply interested the public by her *Jane*.

Shore. So affecting was she in this mistress of a prince, that at the end of the close of the play, where Shore sees her husband and breathes out the few dying words, "Forgive me, but forgive me," the sobs and shrieks of the women were distinctly audible; and even the other sex, who tried to suppress their tears, were obliged to weep. Several persons fainted, and the artificial grief of the actress gave rise to much alarm in the audience.

Her salary was at this time ten pounds a week, but she was allowed two benefits. For one of which she chose the character of Belvidere, in *Venice Preserved*, and was eminently successful. From this time her reputation was fully established. Their majesties honored her by seeing her in all her characters. Drury-lane closed on June the fifth, with *Isabella*, which Mrs. Siddons had played twenty-two times. The returning winter saw two of her brothers, Mr. Stephen and Mr. John Kemble, engaged in London; the former performed Othello, and failed; the latter was splendidly successful in Hamlet. The number of Mrs. Siddons's characters was this year, 1783-4, increased by *Isabella*, in Shakspeare's play of *Measure for Measure*; by Mrs. Beverley, in the *Gamster*; by Constance, in *King John*; and by Lady Randolph, in *Douglas*. In this year Mrs. Siddons also played Sigismunda, in Thomson's play of *Tancred and Sigismunda*; and it is supposed that her appearance in that character led Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint his noble picture of her in the character of the tragic muse, as that picture was painted in this year. Her second season closed, which was one of vast exertion, with great applause; and during the summer she visited Edinburgh, Dublin, and Cork. She was reported to have refused to play for Digges, though that was a work of charity, unless he paid her fifty pounds; and that she would not play for Brereton, though he had been Jaffier to her Belvidere, on any terms. These accusations were, however, publicly denied by her husband. Mrs. Siddons now added to her other characters Margaret of Anjou and Lady Macbeth. From this time forward, for many years, Mrs. Siddons continued to be the chief attraction at the theatres. Her empire over the public was divided, indeed, by Mrs. Jordan. Each had her partisans, each had her followers, and each her favorite critics. Her brother, John Kemble, became in 1787 stage manager of Drury-lane, which contributed much to his sister's happiness. In 1792 Mrs. Siddons played the Jealous Wife with success, and in 1794 opened the then new theatre of Drury-lane with her Lady Macbeth. On the German drama being imported into England, she, too, performed Mrs. Haller in *The Stranger*. About 1801 Mr. Kemble acquired a share in Covent-garden theatre, and the services of Mrs. Siddons were afterwards transferred thither. Mrs. Siddons lost one of her daughters, the youngest, whom it was expected Sir Thomas Lawrence would wed, in 1798; her husband died in 1802, and her eldest daughter in 1803, which events gave an hitherto prosperous life—prosperous beyond the ordinary list of mortals, the first distaste, and she began, for the first time probably since she first knew the enchanting breath of popular applause, to wish for retirement. In 1808 the conflagration of the theatre for a season suspended her efforts. She, however, accepted an engagement at the new house at fifty pounds a night, which she opened, and performed her part of Lady Macbeth in dumb show in the midst of the O. P. riot. Mrs. Siddons took leave of the profession on the twenty-ninth of June, 1812, her last performance being the character of Lady Macbeth. In 1813 she performed the same character for the benefit of her brother Charles; and in 1816 the character of Queen Catherine, for the same object. On the eighth of June in that year she performed Lady Macbeth, to gratify the Princess Charlotte of Wales and the Prince of Saxe Coburg, which was, we believe, her last appearance on the stage. She, subsequent to that time, gave public readings of Shakspeare and Milton; but, generally speaking, she has lived in close retirement since 1816. She resided in Upper Baker-street, and continued in good health, and capable of taking air, till within a few days of her death.

Mrs. Siddons was gifted with a noble and commanding person, a most beautiful but energetic countenance, a voice powerful and melodious, and with all the charms both of mind and body that are calculated to make an impression on mankind. She was a very queen. Her great natural talents were perfected by diligent study, and she not only comprehended—she knew all the parts she undertook. Her action was noble and impressive; and her character unsullied by any vice, gave a dignity to her profession, such as never before belonged to it in England. She was as exemplary in her duties as a mother, as she was admirable as an actress. In her time, she was admired by Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, and all the great political characters of the last fifty years. Royalty did not disdain to honor her with its countenance; and if ever woman was at once popular with the multitude, honored by the great, and respected by the good, it was Mrs. Siddons. She had three children, who all died before her. Her son was proprietor of the Edinburgh theatre, and died a few years ago. The death of her two accomplished daughters and her husband we have already mentioned. The daughters were said to have possessed the happiest minds and the most delightful persons: the eldest sister was an accomplished and scientific musician. Thus did this celebrated actress see all that could connect her with the world perish before her. Her grand-children, indeed, and her brother remain; and it was reserved to her, as one of the last pleasures of her existence, to see her niece, though not gifted with her extraordinary talents, attain a high degree of public approbation. Mr. Kemble announced the event at Covent Garden, where the performances were immediately changed. Early in the forenoon, bills were posted up at the doors of the theatre, announcing the melancholy event, and that Miss E. Tree would perform the part of Lady Townly, in the *Provoked Husband*, in place of Miss F. Kemble.

Mrs. Siddons, at the time of her death, would undoubtedly bequeath her fortune to her grandchildren. Her son George visited India, where he had a writership given to him, we believe, by the late Lord Melville. Miss Siddons resided with her mother when she died; and there are grandchildren, the offspring of Mr. Henry Siddons, who live with their mother in Edinburgh. This statement is requisite, because some of the morning papers have asserted that Mrs. Siddons has left her fortune to Mr. Horace Twiss and the children of Mr. Charles Kemble.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

THE ARK AND DOVE.

GENTLEMEN—Oblige a mother by inserting the enclosed extract from the Episcopal Watchman. It is from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, better known to the lovers of poetry by the name of Lydia Huntley. I read it to my little girl of four years old, (a namesake of the poetess by the by) and she now tells the story in her own simple way to her younger sister. This fact convinces me that my opinion of the piece is correct, and that it is calculated to do more good than all the silly ghost stories and nursery tales that have appeared since the reign of queen Ann. Yours respectfully, L. W.

"Tell me a story, please," my little girl
Lisp'd from her cradle. So I bent me down,
And told her how it rain'd, and rain'd, and rain'd,
Till all the flowers were cover'd, and the trees
Hid their tall heads; and where the houses stood,
And people dwelt, a fearful deluge roll'd,
Because the world was wicked, and refused
To heed the words of God. But one good man,
Who long had warn'd the sinful to repent,
Obey, and live—taught by the voice of heaven,
Had built an ark, and thither with his wife
And children turn'd for safety. Two and two
Of beasts, and birds, and creeping things he took,
With food for all—and when the tempest roar'd,
And the great fountains of the sky pour'd out
A ceaseless flood, till all beside were drown'd,
They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure—
And so the mighty waters bare them up;
And o'er the bosom of the deep they sail'd
For many days. But then a gentle dove
Scap'd from the casement of the ark, and spread
Her lonely pinion o'er that boundless wave.
All, all was desolation—chirping nest,
Nor face of man, nor living thing she saw,
For all the people of the earth were drown'd,
Because of disobedience.—Nought she spied,
Save wide, dark waters, and a frowning sky,
Nor found her weary foot a place of rest.
So with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
Sole fruit of her dear voyage, which, perchance,
Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
With drooping wing the peaceful ark she sought—
The righteous man that wandering dove received,
And to her mate restored, who with sad moans
Had wonder'd at her absence.

Then I look'd
Upon the child, to see if her young thought
Wearied with following mine. But her blue eye
Was a glad list'ner—and the eager breath
Of pleased attention curl'd her parted lips.
And so I told her how the waters dried—
And the green branches waved, and the sweet buds
Came up in loveliness—and that meek dove
Went forth to build her nest—while thousand birds
Awoke their songs of praise, and the tired ark
Upon the breezy breast of Ararat
Reposed—and Noah with glad spirit rear'd
An altar to his God.

Since—many a time—
When to her soft rest, evening's earliest star,
That little one has laid—with earnest tone,
And pure cheek prest to mine, she fondly asks,
"The Ark and Dove."

Mothers can tell how oft,
In the heart's eloquence, the prayer goes up
From a seal'd lip—and tenderly hath blent
With the warm teaching of the sacred tale
A voiceless wish—that when that timid soul,
Now in the rosy mesh of infancy
Fast bound—shall dare the billows of the world,
Like that exploring dove, and find no rest—
A pierced, a pitying, a redeeming Hand
May gently guide it to the ark of peace.

THE DRAMA.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC THEATRICALS.

This is inauspicious weather for theatricals. The regular company at the Park ended their representations for the season, with *Cinderella*, and made

"a swan-like end,
Fading in music."

The actors and actresses are dispersed over the surrounding country. Macbeth and Macduff are smoking cigars together at Congress hall. Dennis Brulgruddery and Desdemona are taking a sociable peep at Niagara; and Cinderella has disappeared somewhere indefinitely, as if the whole affair had been to us as to the bewildered prince, "a lovely dream." Some are ploughing the waters among the highlands of the Hudson; and some wandering in the quiet shadows of Oyster Bay. They have passed like beings of the world from the stage of life, and a new people "reign in their stead."

This new people, as the reader is probably aware, is no other than the French company, who opened on Tuesday evening, with the

comic opera of *The False Agnes*, and the French national piece of the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July.

We have not yet been able to attend their exhibitions; and in the dearth of other dramatic information, extract the following from Frazer's Magazine, touching a universal favorite with our public:

"Of all created beings, Madame Malibran possesses the truest, the purest, and the most pervading genius. This, combined with musical knowledge seldom equalled, with a voice of singular extent and power, and features capable of expressing every—the minutest shade of feeling, enables her to excel in all departments of the lyric drama. In the comic characters—the simple coquet of the village—the intellectual coquet of the city—the wily, yet pure hearted bride of Figaro, she is unapproached. Zerlina, Rosina, and Susannah, are actually before you. They never could have appeared on earth under any other aspect. But, in tragedy, she has some rivals to contend with. Over all these, however, she triumphs in that which is at once the most charming to the spectator, and to the actress the most difficult in the lyric repertory—Desdemona. It was as Desdemona she bid the town farewell at the close of the last season—farewell for a long period, perhaps for ever; for she is one of those, fashioned from that porcelain clay which is so ill calculated to resist the shocks of life, and the anxious admirer of her genius cannot oftentimes fail to mark—

"A gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favorites—early death!"

This is, however, too sad a theme to dwell upon. In Desdemona she bid the town farewell; and never was seen any thing which so nearly approached perfection, as her personation of the character upon that evening. All traces of her recent illness had vanished, her eyes were never brighter,

"Eyes whose arrowy light
Shone like the reflex of a thousand minds."

And never was her beautiful brow more clear: her voice had perfectly recovered its flexibility and richness, and her acting throughout seemed one continued inspiration."

Paganini, also, appears to have set all London crazy. The journalists declare, that to whatever extravagant pitch anticipations may have been excited, they assuredly fall far short of the reality. "He is not only the finest player, perhaps, that has ever existed, on the violin; but he forms a class by himself, and produces effects which he has been the first to discover, and in which few, if any, imitators will be able to follow him." From every thing related of him, we must conclude that he is a most extraordinary being. The critics are beginning to inquire, whether he can ever be persuaded to visit this country. Our public are quite ready to fall into raptures. Few ever excited such intense curiosity.

THE FINE ARTS.

POWER OF MUSICAL INTONATION.

It is said of Pacchierotti, that on one occasion when playing the character of Arbaces at Rome, he pronounced the three words, *Eppur sona innocente*, in so touching a manner, that the very orchestra stopped; a short symphony, which should have immediately succeeded his declaration of innocence, was neglected, and on his demanding somewhat angrily of the leader, what he and his subordinates were about, the flattering answer was, "Sir, we are weeping!"

THE BOOK OF ARMAGH.

A short time since great curiosity was evinced by the amateurs and literati of Armagh, with respect to the sale of this truly valuable and unique curiosity. The manuscript is the production of the seventh century, and is written on vellum in the pure Irish character, with Greek capitals intermixed; both sides of the membrane are written upon. It is of the small quarto size, about eight inches high, six inches wide, and about three inches thick. It contains four hundred and twenty two pages, and is altogether perfect, except the first membrane part of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and a few pages, which have been defaced by attrition. The cover, or case, is not the least singular part of the treasure. It is of thick black leather, having raised ornamental devices, hieroglyphics, and figures of animals upon it. It has also a very antique brass lock and hasp, part of which latter remains. There were originally eight brass staples, which passed through the lid, a bolt or pin passed through them under the hasp, like our modern portmanteaus. It sold for three hundred and ninety pounds. All were anxious to hear who was the purchaser of this gem of antiquity, but no one knew. Some kind Asmodeus from the house of Cochran and Co., of London, we understand, has borne it off in triumph from its native shore.

MARVILLE DE PAGANINI.

This is the title of a duetto for a single violin, (says the Boston Commentator,) recently published in London. It is the famous piece, the performance of which by Paganini has excited such astonishment throughout Europe. One part he executes with the bow, the other with the fingers only, or *pizzicato*. Three bars from the first movement of this will give some notion of the whole, and of the nature of the performance. It must, of course, be numbered among the curiosities of music.

ADAGIO.



ORIGINAL TALES.

THE GREAT MEDICINE; OR THE MAGIC WHISKERS.

IN THE STYLE OF MODERN BOOKS OF TRAVELS;

Being an abridgment of eight octavo manuscript volumes.

YOUNG HYACINTH PRIMROSE was early in life smitten with the mania for locomotion. As soon as he was his own master he commenced his travels, and in the course of seven years poked his nose into divers unknown countries with hard names, and inhabited by people of hard characters. He visited the Black sea, the White sea, and the Red sea; he visited the cataracts of the Nile, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, and the Catacombs. From thence he took an excursion to Palestine, where he saw Mount Tabor, the lake Tiberias, the ruins of Tyre; had a long talk with Lady Hester Stanhope, and was not half so surprised at any thing, in the whole course of his travels, as at not finding a single Jew in Jerusalem.

After this he perambulated almost all Europe, saw every thing that every traveller had seen for a thousand years past, and was just on the point of invading old Africa, for the purpose of visiting the famous city of Timbuctoo, and ascertaining the course of the Niger, when it occurred to him he might die before he got there; whereupon, considering that there were no more old worlds to conquer, he stopped short in his career, and sojourned awhile at the city of the restaurateurs.

While there, the savans bored him about his own country, and especially about the aborigines, concerning whom the learned of Europe are exceedingly curious. Hyacinth had passed so much of his time in acquiring a knowledge of other countries, that he knew little or nothing of his own. Having displayed his ignorance one evening, in a very decisive manner, a learned and distinguished old philosopher was overheard to say, "Monsieur, if you wish to acquire information of other people, you should bring a little with you by way of exchange;" whereupon friend Hyacinth beat a retreat, and returned to the new world, with a prodigious outfit of whiskers.

He determined to qualify himself for the society of the learned of Europe, by acquiring a competent knowledge of matters of which they were ignorant. But how to do this was the question. "Books can teach me nothing but what these fellows know, for they read every thing; and as to travelling, every part of this continent has been explored. There is no *terra incognita* here."

He thought of the sources of the Mississippi; but, as ill luck would have it, Mr. Schoolcraft had just been there, and published a book. Next he proposed to explore the country beyond Lake Superior, but Captain Franklin had been beforehand with him. Then he thought of the vast regions about the Missouri, the Yellow Stone, the Platte, and the Arkansas; but alas! here too Messrs. Lewis and Clarke, and Major Long had anticipated him. He was almost ready to weep, like another Alexander, when the thought struck him that no one had ever yet explored the recesses of the Rocky Mountains, and he determined to set about it immediately.

"It must be a glorious place for wonders," quoth he; "and if not so, I can make as many wonders as I please, for there will be nobody to contradict me."

Accordingly he hastened his preparations, consisting of some trinkets to conciliate the Indians, some coffee to refresh himself, and divers other little affairs too tedious to mention. At St. Louis he met a party of traders, going up the Missouri, as far as Council Bluffs, who agreed to take him with them. From Council Bluffs they proceeded up the Platte river, till they came to the Loup Fork, where the party separated: the traders going to the Pawnee villages on that stream, to barter for furs; and Hyacinth, with his companion, interpreter, and guide, all in one person, proceeding up the main stream towards the Rocky Mountains. The guide was half Frenchman, half Indian, or, to say truth, rather more of an Indian than a Frenchman, or indeed any thing else. He professed to speak French, but our hero perceived it was not exactly with the Parisian accent; and as to his English, it was mixed up with a strange variety of classical Indianisms. He was as thin as a reed, of a dark, weather-beaten complexion, long lank raven hair, and a face as smooth as the palm of my hand. He had exterminated his beard by the roots, in compliment to the Indian ladies, who abhor such an appendage to a fine gentleman. There could not have been found in all the world a greater contrast than the faces of Hyacinth Primrose and his travelling mentor, Pierre Fuzee, as he was called, presented. Pierre remonstrated seriously against the appearance of our hero, and wanted very much to shave him outright, but he swore he would rather be hunted for a buffalo than part with a single hair. Pierre Fuzee shook his head, and instead of heaving a sigh, as some men would, or getting angry, as others might have done, cut a caper, and began a song in all languages, about hunting grizzly bears, and such other rural recreations. He was indeed the merriest, best natured, bravest rogue that ever danced a jig on the banks of the Platte.

The third day of their pilgrimage they saw an immense drove of wild horses, which came galloping towards them, like a troop of Arabs of the desert. Our hero, indeed, mistook them for such, until they came near enough for him to see they were without riders. They curvetted round and round in a circle, gradually contracting at each circuit till they came high enough to have kicked our travellers into mummies, if they had been so minded. Without paying any attention to Pierre they all rallied round Hyacinth, with whom they seemed to acknowledge a close affinity. They rubbed their noses against his whiskers with infinite satisfaction, and appeared so desirous of his accompanying them, that Pierre Fuzee was afraid they would seize on his master, and run off with him. He therefore fired his gun over their heads, upon which they all scampered away like the

wind; not, however, without now and then turning round to look at his whiskers!

"Diable!" said Pierre, laughing, "I believe Monsieur Hyacinth carries some great charm about him."

A few days more brought our travellers to a part of the river which was quite dry, as it is in many places, where, like some of the streams in Africa, it is absorbed by the quicksands and disappears. Pierre was running about among the stunted cotton trees, in search of game, and Hyacinth took it into his head to cross over on the other side of the dry bed of the river. Before he had gone ten steps he sunk up to his shoulders in the quicksands, through which the river found its silent unseen way. He called for help—it was high time to call, for in addition to the quicksands, there was a great brown bear approaching from the opposite shore towards him, and he in the struggle had lost his rifle, which immediately disappeared in the sands.

Pierre fired at the animal without effect. He either missed him entirely, or the creature did not feel the ball, for they don't mind a few shot through the liver and lungs. Before Pierre could load again the bear had come up with our unfortunate hero, and was reproaching his whiskers.

"My master is a gone man!" sighed Pierre—but for once he was mistaken. Sir Bruin discovered a marvellous sympathy with the unfortunate gentleman, whom he mistook, probably, for one of his fellow-creatures; and after kissing and hugging all he could see of him, which indeed was nothing but his head and face, shook his wise noddle, as much as to say, it is all over with my brother, and scrambled away out of the quicksands as fast as he was able, I suppose to call his friends to the assistance of Mr. Hyacinth Primrose.

"By St. Gallinipper," quoth Pierre, "but my master has certainly got something about him, to keep off the wild beasts. I must find out what it is."

But first he thought of getting the poor gentleman out of the quicksand. After a moment's reflection, he bethought himself of one of those slipping nooses used by the Indians to catch the wild horses of the prairies; and getting as near as he could, without sinking into the sands himself, he threw it with such dexterity that the noose went right over his head. He then pulled him out of the sand as softly as possible, for fear of choking him, which he certainly would have done had it not been for the vast tuft of hair he carried about his muzzle and under his chin, which prevented the rope from even chafing his skin.

"What a fool I was," quoth Pierre Fuzee, "to pull up my beard by the roots. There is no medicine, not even a rifle that never misses, equal to such a suite of whiskers."

Soon after they came to a prairie dog village, and being very hungry, having met with no game for the last three days, they were in hopes to be able to procure one of these little animals for supper; but they were so wild, that it was impossible to come within gunshot of them. Accordingly, they laid themselves down at the root of a cotton tree, and instead of taking supper, took a nap. Presently a troop of prairie dogs crept close to our hero, and seemed to be very curious about his whiskers. They conversed together in low under tones, looked first at the whiskers, then at each other, pricked up their ears, cocked their tails, and seemed so eager to make acquaintance with this new species of puppy, that Pierre, who could not sleep sound for hunger, took the opportunity of seizing a couple of them by the legs, and converting them to his own use and behoof; in other words, cooking one for supper, the other for breakfast.

"Hurrah!" cried Pierre Fuzee, "whiskers forever! It don't signify, but I must have a pair, by hook or by crook."

He took a piece of dry cotton-wood, and having burnt it to a coal, applied it to his muzzle with such surprising effect, that at a little distance his whole face looked as if it were bewhiskered in the very first style. He then laid himself down, and pretended to be asleep. But the prairie dogs were not to be taken in by such a counterfeit. They did not discover the same disposition to cultivate his acquaintance, as they did that of our hero, nor acknowledge the same affinity with his whiskers.

As they approached the head waters of the Platte river they encountered a herd of buffaloes, which stood stock still, and suffered our hero to come close up to them, without appearing to take any notice of his approach.

"He certainly is in possession of some unseen charm," quoth Pierre, as he fired at a fat bull, whose hump had caught his fancy. The herd fled at the report of the rifle, but looked back several times, apparently wondering Hyacinth did not follow them, for there can be little doubt but they mistook him for one of their company. In the rage and anguish of his wound the great bull made for our hero, roaring like the sounds of the tempest in the wilderness, as it seemed with a full determination to demolish him in a twinkling. Pierre shouted with all his might to put his master, who was standing with his back towards the enraged animal, on his guard, while he again loaded his rifle, and the young man turned round just as the bull was within a single jump of him.

"It is all over with my master," quoth Pierre, "unless the whiskers do their duty now."

But what was his surprise at seeing the fiery animal stop short the moment Hyacinth turned towards him, shake his head, as if he had made a mistake, then advance up to him, and rub against his side, as if he had been for all the world just like a fellow-creature!

Being now at the entrance into the Rocky Mountains, our hero, as was his custom, took out his book, and was busy making some notes for the benefit of the savans at Paris, when he was aroused by a whizzing sound passing close to his ear, followed by a most appalling yell. Before he could gather himself together, a band of

mountain Indians rushed upon, and would soon have dispatched him, had not Pierre Fuzee called to them in their own language, and told them they were friends. The party was headed by a great chief, called Mitaminaboo, or the Tobacco-bag, and belonged to a tribe which inhabited a valley far in the bosom of the mountains, to which they conducted Hyacinth and his attendant. When they came in sight of the village, which consisted of about forty or fifty lodges or tents, made of buffalo skins, they raised a loud shout, and all the women and children came out to meet them; but, as soon as they saw our hero's tremendous whiskers, they ran away, and hid themselves in the woods. It was some time before they could be prevailed on to return, which they did at last, on the assurances of Pierre that his master would not hurt them. After admiring and wondering a good deal, one of the women, a daughter of Mitaminaboo, ventured to come, and smoothe his whiskers, laughing at the same time, and crying out, "Ouskinekissi Manichick," which Pierre translated "The Great Medicine." The name of this princess was Nikik, or the Little Otter, and her mother, now dead, was a Spanish woman of Santa Fé.

The great Tobacco-bag took Hyacinth to his lodge, and gave him a little short pipe to smoke. He was one of the gravest Indians in all the Rocky Mountains, but he could not help laughing to see the smoke coming out of his whiskers, like a little prairie just getting on fire. This band was at war with its neighbors, as is customary with this amiable, interesting race, and soon after set out on an expedition against a tribe, the chief of which had pronounced the Tobacco-bag to be an old woman.

Hyacinth was complimented with the privilege of going along with them, accompanied by Pierre, and the Little Otter begged him very tenderly to take care of his whiskers. In two days the Tobacco-bag came up with the enemy, who made a stout resistance, until our hero advanced, whereupon they all ran away as fast their legs would carry them!

Hyacinth was considered the hero of the day, and his whiskers from that moment held in profound veneration, as the greatest medicine ever known in the Rocky Mountains. They had gained a victory over one of the most powerful nations in the world, commanded by Kallitaté, or the Lame Duck, a mighty warrior, who wore a necklace of scalps a yard long.

From this time the renowned Tobacco-bag meditated a plan for securing the great medicine, by marrying his only daughter, the Little Otter, to our hero, and adopting him into the tribe. While he was wavering on this point, and summing up the *pro* and *con*s, the Little Otter, and indeed all the women of the tribe, did nothing but admire the great medicine. Pierre Fuzee, by putting odds and ends together, and recollecting the incidents of the bear, the prairie-dog, the buffalo, &c. had made it out entirely to his satisfaction, that all the virtue of the great medicine his master carried about him was in his whiskers. This idea he communicated to the ladies, and great therefore was their desire to get possession of the least curl of this wonderful talisman.

They begged and entreated him, if it was only a single hair, but our hero was inexorable; he would rather have sacrificed his ears than his whiskers. Every night, while he was asleep, they came and twitched his moustaches, till he had no peace of his life; and if he took one of the little poppooses on his knee, it was sure to lay hold of them with all its might, being doubtless thereunto invited by the vehement desires of the mother. In this way Hyacinth lost some of his most precious curls, and became quite inconsolable when he contemplated his visage in a pocket-glass, which he had carefully preserved.

The Little Otter, who had become very fond of him, and could hardly bear to be out of his sight, one day looked over his shoulder, and saw the reflection of the whiskers in the glass; upon which she ran away to the rest of the women, and reported that there was another "Ouskinekissi Minichick" come among them. On explaining the affair, they determined to get possession of the second great medicine, and that night purloined his pocket-glass. But great was their astonishment and disappointment at finding no Ouskinekissi behind or within it. They were, however, consoled for their disappointment by each one seeing herself there, instead of the great medicine. For a long time they did nothing but take turns to admire themselves, and passed all their time looking in the glass, instead of cultivating corn, carrying wood, cooking dinner, and mending moccasins, as in duty bound.

The discovery of this wonderful little thing that contained so many faces, added to the veneration of these simple people for our hero. The great Tobacco-bag hesitated no longer about giving him his daughter, and adopting him for his son and successor. But previous to this grand ceremony, it became necessary to consult the old women, who among the tribes of the Rocky Mountains dream all the dreams, and decide on all questions of public interest. They are the most wonderful old ladies in the world, for they will sit three whole days perfectly silent, before they deliver their opinions.

After due deliberation the old ladies decided that, according to immemorial custom, ever since the great comet with a great beard came out of the earth, dragging their great ancestor, the great field-mouse, by his tail, no man could be adopted into the tribe without first having his beard pulled out by the roots, so that it should never grow again, to give offence to the great comet, which was justly entitled to a monopoly of all the beards in the universe. These cunning old baggages thought that by this decision they would each have a chance of getting a few hairs of the great medicine, to wit, the whiskers of the renowned traveller, Hyacinth Primrose. The old men were also, no doubt, influenced by a secret wish of this kind, and the decision was unanimous against the whiskers.

It is impossible to describe the indignation of our hero, when he heard of this confiscation of the honors of his muzzel. He swore that he would see the Tobacco-bag, the Little Otter, and the great comet with a great beard, and the great field-mouse hanging by his tail, at the d—l, before they should touch a hair of his beard. Nor was the horror of Pierre Fuzee a whit inferior to the rage of his master. He muttered an *olla podrida* of imprecations, half French, half Spanish, half English, and half Indian—for it took four halves to make up such a diabolical whole—that would have made the very beards of a forest of live oak stand on end, had they, peradventure, heard him. He held the whiskers of our hero to be the greatest medicine in the world, and like a faithful retainer, took no little share of their honors and dignity to himself. He did not fail to blacken his muzzel every morning with burnt wood; but the Indians easily distinguished between this paltry imitation and the original whiskers of his illustrious master.

The expostulations of Hyacinth and his faithful squire were vain. They might have sworn till the Rocky Mountains echoed with their swearing—the old women were determined to get possession of a few hairs of the great medicine, but how to disforest the phiz of our hero was the question. Such was their awe of the possessor of the mighty whiskers, that the stoutest warriors shrunk from committing the sacrilege of even touching them without his consent. They sent the Little Otter, like another Delilah, to cheat our hero out of his beard and his supernatural powers; but that little traitress did nothing but tickle her nose with his whiskers, and laugh like an innocent child, to see how it made her sneeze. She then, after amusing herself sometime in this way till she was tired, told him what she came for; and instead of trying to induce him quietly to resign his honors, insinuated to him to run away with her to the white people, and make her his wife. Pierre Fuzee joined his entreaties, and our hero consented, if they could find an opportunity, for he swore they should have his life sooner than his whiskers.

The Little Otter was accordingly instructed to tell the old women that the great Ouskinicki Minichick had promised to submit to the disforesting, (that was the phrase of these simple people,) provided they would permit him to do it in his own way. In the first place they must pitch him a tent by itself, at some distance towards the sources of the river Platte, and leave him alone with his servant, Pierre Fuzee, with a supply of provisions for seven days; that they must neither come that way or look that way, if they wished to raise any pumpkins or kill any buffaloes all the rest of their lives. They might come on the eighth night, and by that time the Ouskinicki Minichick's face would be as bare of whiskers as the great snowy summit of the mountain was of trees.

The old women unanimously assented to this arrangement; the lodge was erected, the provisions deposited, and the Ouskinicki Minichick shut up with his faithful squire, Pierre Fuzee. That very night, so soon as it was dark, the Little Otter stole from her lair, and joined them. They lost not a moment, all things being previously prepared, in departing with all speed towards the sources of the Platte, which they reached on the second day; and proceeding along the banks of that stream were at length fortunate enough to meet the very party of traders which had accompanied our hero as far as the Loup Fork.

In the mean time the seven days had expired, and every soul of the tribe was so completely absorbed in the subject of the great medicine, that nobody missed the Little Otter; or if they did, nobody thought of inquiring after her. At length the eighth day arrived, and it was midnight. The whole tribe, with the old women at their head, proceeded to the solitary lodge, and knocked at the door, with fear and trembling. No one answered. They knocked again, and still no answer. At length the Tobacco-bag began to be somewhat impatient, and the old ladies mighty curious. After trying a third knock in vain, they proceeded, in fear and silence, to remove the simple fastenings. All within was dark as pitch, and silent as the grave. After some little hesitation, the Tobacco-bag, accompanied by the oldest of the old women, entered, and groping about came in contact with the skin of a buffalo's head, which had been left there in lieu of the invaluable whiskers of our hero. "The great medicine! the great medicine!" exclaimed the great Tobacco-bag, in triumph; and "the great medicine!" shouted they all together.

Anxious to divide the treasure, and to thank the illustrious giver, they lighted a pine knot and proceeded to examine the prize. It was some time before they could distinguish the Buffalo's head from the muzzel of our hero, and had it not been for the horns, the thing would have been almost impossible. When, however, they at last discovered the cheat, and that both Hyacinth and his squire were *non est*, their rage and mortification were terrible. Instead of being silent three days, the old women talked three days without stopping, and all together; and the Tobacco-bag, with his warriors, on missing the Little Otter, which they did the next morning, concluding they had all three gone off together, determined on a vigorous pursuit.

The Indians of this part of the continent all ride on horses, the breed of which was originally derived from Mexico. They travel like the wind, and unfortunately the party which our hero had joined had but few horses, and those jaded by a long journey.—While sitting at supper one evening around a fire, they were roused by a terrible yell. It was the party of the Tobacco-bag, and so much more numerous than that of the traders, that it was in vain to think of resistance in case of an attack. The Tobacco-bag, however, being still in awe of the whiskers, contented himself with demanding the three fugitives, relating, at the same time, the history of our hero and the great medicine. A thought struck the captain of the trading party, a shrewd old backwoodsman, who knew the

Indian character perfectly. He entered forthwith into a negotiation with the Tobacco-bag, who agreed, after consulting with his warriors, that if the Ouskinicki Minichick would comply with his agreement, and bestow upon them the great medicine, he might go where he pleased, and marry his daughter, the Little Otter.

Sore was the dilemma, and terrible the conflict of doubts in the bosom of Hyacinth Primrose. To lose his whiskers which he had been cultivating with such parental care, whose young ideas he had taught to shoot—the delight of his soul and the ornament of his existence! It was too bad—it was impossible—better lose his life—better lose his wife—better be nothing than an unwhiskered man. But when he turned to the Little Otter, and saw her deer eyes swimming in tears, and thought what a kind friend and mistress she had been, what a pretty wife she would be, and what a figure he should cut in Paris with a princess for a bride, his stubborn resolve gave way, and with a mighty effort he consented—yes, he consented to be shaven! The feat was performed by Pierre Fuzee, who managed to pocket some scores of the sacred hairs, unseen by the Indians, who received the great medicine in triumph, dashed away over the vast plains towards their snow-clad mountains with a speed that outstripped the sight of the eye, and disappeared like shadows in the distant horizon. Upon the strength of the possession of this great medicine, which was distributed among the tribe, they became extremely arrogant and presumptuous—quarrelled with all their neighbors, and got many a sound drubbing. But they never lost their confidence in the great medicine, and the miraculous whiskers still continued to be cherished as the most valuable of all their possessions.

On arriving at St. Louis, our hero, like a man of honor, married the Little Otter, and after some time spent in vainly attempting to recruit his whiskers, returned to Paris with Pierre Fuzee, who, seeing so many muzzles *a-la-bison* in that renowned city, lost all faith in the great medicine.

"By all the saints whose names I know or don't know," quoth Pierre, "I believe my master's whiskers are no better than a buffalo's."

The Little Otter was received at court with much distinction, having proved her descent from the great Tobacco-bag, who was descended from the great Field-mouse, which hung at the tail of the great comet with a great beard; and our hero had the satisfaction of astonishing the savans with some exceeding tough stories about the Rocky Mountains. He was never afterwards flouted for not knowing any thing about his own country.

But his whiskers? The great medicine? Alas! the primitive energies of the soil had been exhausted in producing the first crop, and they never grew again!

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

Extract from the journal of a nobleman.

In a gloomy day in the month of November, a traveller on horseback stopped at the door of an inn, in the village of Rouelle, which adjoins the park of Malmaison. The hostess went out to receive him, and having given his horse to the stable-boy, he ordered dinner. He was shown into the best room in the house, and the busy hostess set about preparing the repast. In a few minutes another traveller, on horseback, stopped at the inn and also ordered dinner. "I am very sorry that I cannot accommodate you, sir," said the hostess; "but every thing we have in the house has been bespoke by a gentleman who arrived a few minutes before you." "Go up stairs," said the traveller, and tell your guest I shall be obliged to him if he will permit me to share his dinner, and I will defray my portion of the expense." The hostess delivered the message to the first traveller, who politely replied, "Tell the gentleman I shall be glad of his company, but that it is not my practice to accept payment from persons whom I invite to dine with me." The second traveller accordingly went up stairs, and having expressed his acknowledgments for the kind reception he had received, they both sat down to the table.

The dinner was as cheerful as could be expected, considering the short acquaintance of the parties; but during the dessert, when some excellent wine was placed before them, the conversation became more unrestrained, and the second traveller ventured to ask his obliging Amphitryon what had brought him to that part of the country, where he appeared to be a stranger? "I have been ordered here," he replied, "by the cardinal." "By the cardinal?" resumed his companion. "Pardon my curiosity, sir, if I inquire whether you have given his eminence any offence?" "By no means," replied the first traveller; "and it is only to free myself from any such imputation that I have come here. The fact is, there have been published at Rochelle, my native town, a virulent satire upon the public conduct and personal character of the cardinal, several copies of which have been addressed to the king, and though I never in my life wrote a single word that has appeared in print, I am unjustly accused of being the author of this pamphlet. Nothing obtains such ready relief as the whisperings of folly and ill-nature; and I have therefore lost no time in obeying the summons of his eminence, in the hope of effectually refuting the charge that is brought against me." "Sir," said his companion, with an expression of marked anxiety, "return thanks to Providence for the fortunate accident that introduced me to you to-day. I also have been summoned hither by the cardinal, and for no other purpose, I am convinced, than that of beheading you." A thrill of horror passed through the frame of the person to whom these words were addressed. "Yes, sir," resumed the speaker, "my task would have been to behead you. I am the executioner of a neighboring town, and whenever the cardinal has any secret act of vengeance to perform, I receive orders to

repair to the castle. The particulars I have just heard you relate, together with the hour of your appointment here, all convince me beyond a doubt, that you are marked out as a victim. But fear nothing, I will secure your escape. Order your horse instantly and go with me. I will acquit myself of the debt of gratitude which your courtesy has imposed upon me."

The horror and alarm of the poor traveller may be more easily conceived than described. He instantly ordered the horses to be saddled, and having paid the bill, he and his companion set out, taking a private way through the wood of Bertrand. "Do you see," said the guide, as they approached the castle, "that grated window which almost reaches the crannies of the central turret? In that dungeon, sentences against which there is no appeal, are pronounced and executed, and the mutilated bodies of the victims are hurried into the moat below, where they are speedily destroyed by quick lime. Neglect not to observe my instructions. Conceal yourself behind that hedge, and if within the space of an hour you see a light glimmering at the window which I have pointed out, then you may conclude that I am ordered here to execute vengeance upon another; but if, on the contrary, you see no light, rely on it that you yourself are the intended victim. In that case, lose not a moment. Profit by the darkness of the night and the swiftness of your horse. Gain the frontier and there plead your cause as you think fit. But permit me to tell you, that it is absurd to seek to justify yourself against the imputation of an offence which you have not committed; for, where despotism reigns, truth and justice are powerless."

Having expressed unbounded gratitude to his tutelar saint, the traveller withdrew to his hiding-place. The suspicions of the cardinal's agent proved well founded. No light appeared at the window of the turret; and at the expiration of an hour the traveller galloped off. He immediately quitted France, and did not venture back until after the death of the cardinal.

On returning to his native country, his first business was to visit the inn of Rouelle, and to make inquiries respecting his benefactor, who, however, had not been heard of for several years. He then related his adventure, which has since become a local tradition, and has conferred celebrity on the inn of Rouelle, known by the sign of the *Cheval Blanc*. The room in which the two travellers dined is shown to this day, and is called *la salle de bon secours*.

THE VILLAGE GARRISON.

It happened in the course of the thirty years war, that Gonsalvo de Gordeva, who commanded the Spanish troops, then overrunning the Palatinate, found it necessary to possess himself of a little walled village, called Ogersheim, that lay in his way. On the first intelligence of his approach all the inhabitants fled to Mannheim; and when Gonsalvo at length drew near, and summoned the place to surrender, there remained within the walls only a poor shepherd and his wife, the latter of whom, having that morning brought a little infant into this world of misery, was unable to leave her bed, and her husband of course staid with her.

The anxiety and distress of the poor man may be more easily conceived than described. Fortunately, however, he possessed both courage and shrewdness; and on the spur of the moment bethought himself of a scheme for escape, which, after embracing them both, he hastened to put into execution.

The inhabitants having run off in a tremendous hurry, had left almost all their property at his disposal; so he had no difficulty in finding what was requisite for his purpose, viz. a complete change of dress. Having first arranged his lower man in military guise, he tossed away his shepherd's hat, which he replaced with a huge helmet, "a world too wide;" he buckled a long sword to his side, threw a goodly cloak over his shoulders, stuck two enormous pistols in his belt, and putting on boots, so thick in the soles and high in the heels that they lifted him about half a foot from the ground; he fastened to them a prodigious pair of jingling spurs, which were the fashion of the time. Thus accoutred, he forthwith betook himself to the walls, and leaning with a pompous air on his sword, he listened coolly to the herald, who advanced to summon the village to surrender.

"Friend," said our hero, as soon as the herald had concluded his speech, "tell your commander that though I have not yet made up my mind to surrender at all, I may possibly be induced to do so, provided he agrees to the three following conditions, in which I shall make no abatement whatever:—first, the garrison must be allowed to march out with military honors; second, the lives and property of the inhabitants must be protected; third, they must be allowed the free exercise of the protestant religion."

The herald immediately replied, that such preposterous conditions could not for a moment be listened to; and added, that the garrison was known to be weak, and concluded by again demanding the instant surrender of the place.

"My good friend," answered the shepherd, "do not be too rash. I advise you to inform your general from me, that nothing but my desire to avoid bloodshed could make me think of surrendering on any terms whatever; and please to add, that if he does not choose to agree to those I have stated, he will gain possession of the town only at the point of the sword; for I swear to you by the faith of an honest man and of a christian, as well as by the honor of a gentleman, that the garrison has lately received a reinforcement he little dreams of."

So saying the shepherd lighted his pipe, and puffed away with an air of the most consummate nonchalance. Confounded by this appearance of boldness and security, the herald thought it prudent to return, and state to Gonsalvo the demands which had been made. The Spanish general, deceived by this show of resistance, and being unwilling to waste either men or time in reducing this paltry

town, resolved to agree to the conditions offered, and followed by his troops, approached the gates. This lenient determination was announced by the herald to the shepherd, who only vouchsafed to say in reply, "I find your commander is a man of some sense." He then left the walls, let down the draw-bridge, deliberately opened the gates, and allowed the Spanish troops to pour into the town. Surprised at seeing no one in the streets but a strange looking fellow, whose caricature of a military costume hung upon him like patchwork, Gonsalvo began to suspect treachery, and seizing the shepherd, demanded to know where the garrison was.

"If your highness will follow me I will show you," answered the rustic.

"Keep by my stirrup, then," exclaimed Gonsalvo, "and on the least symptom that you mean to betray me, I shall send a bullet through your heart."

"Agreed," said our friend. "Follow me, Spaniards! for I swear by the word of an honest man and a christian, as well as by the honor of a gentleman, that the garrison will offer you no injury."

He then placed himself by Gonsalvo's stirrup, and followed by the troops, passed through several silent and deserted streets, till at length, turning into a narrow lane, he stopped before a mean-looking house, and having prevailed on Gonsalvo to enter, he led him into a small room, where lay his wife, and her little boy beside her.

"Noble general," said he, pointing to the former, "this is our garrison; and this," he added, taking his son in his arms, "is the reinforcement of which I told you."

Aware now of the real state of matters, the absurdity and cleverness of the trick, moved even Spanish gravity, and Gonsalvo gave free course to his mirth. Then taking off a rich gold chain, which decorated his own person, he passed it round the neck of the infant.

"Permit me to offer this mark of my esteem," he said good-naturedly, "for the valiant garrison of Ogersheim. By the hand of a soldier, I envy you the possession of such a reinforcement; and you must let me present you with a purse of gold, for the use of the young recruit."

He then stooped down and kissed the delighted mother and her boy, and quitted the house, leaving the shepherd to boast, for many a summer day and winter night, of the success of his stratagem.

Anecdotes of Thirty Years' War.

EXTRACT FROM A LATE DISCOURSE.

The worship of some divinity is coeval and connatural with the existence of man. Wherever the light of the sun has shone—wherever the beauties and the glories and wonders of creation have been seen, the footsteps of a God have been traced, and observing man has recognized the handy work of a divinity. Go to the rudest and most uncultivated age of man; visit the most barbarous climes that have ever been explored, where the dim light of nature alone had been seen—where the illuminations of science and the sun of supernatural revelation had never shone—where the temple for public worship had never been reared—nor the pious anthems of a cultivated and chastened devotion ever ascended—or on the green banks of the gentle meandering Euphrates, or by the side of the dark rolling Ganges, or along the stealthy waters and sultry clime of the Niger, or amid the polar regions of the North, or far to the west, where the red savage pursues the bounding game along the wooded banks of Columbia—there you will find the impress of the deity enstamped on his offspring, and the child looking around for its father.

And, though rude may be his manners and crude his conceptions, there will you find him prostrating himself in adoration, or in some form or other paying religious homage to a power which, though unseen, is felt to be above and around him. He knows that he has a being, that he had a beginning, that he did not create himself, and hence, that there is a power, a being, prior and superior to himself. And according to his conceptions of the nature and character of that being, will be his feelings and acts of devotion and religious homage.

We can see the tokens of his goodness, and read in letters of gold his boundless love in all the vast range of creation. We behold them in the mechanism of nature, in the heaving tides of the ocean, in the lofty mountains and wide spread valleys of the earth, in the beauties of the landscape, the gurgling fountains of water, the fragrance of the air, the flowery decorations of spring, the green and luxuriant summer, the rich golden harvest of autumn, and the white robes of winter—in the golden beams of the noon-tide sun, in the silver rays of night's gentle queen, in the star-spangled firmament of evening, in which the Father of mercies seems to look down upon us with myriads of sparkling eyes of love. They are alike visible in the nice gradation of being, from the groveling reptile to the burning seraph, in the subserviency of all to each, and each to all, while man holds the middle grade and forms the connecting link by which, though bound to earth and inferior objects, for a season, he is indissolubly linked to angels and to God, by the intellectual powers and faculties with which he is endowed.

Dr. Skinner.

THE POLISH LADIES.

Who would not feel an affection for Poland, the Poles, and, above all, the Polish women? Who would not admire the wit and courage of the men, and the grace and beauty of the women? The manners of the Polish ladies are more exquisitely fascinating than those of all others. To prefer another city to Warsaw is impossible. There you find the most refined *ton* of Paris allied with oriental manners, the good taste of Europe and the magnificence of Asia united, the politeness of the most civilized society, with the plain, unaffected hospitality of barbarous nations. Who would not admire a people whose external appearance is universally noble or prepossessing? and whose manners, though plain and unassuming, are polite and cordial? In the cities you meet with good breeding and urbanity

every where, and in the country good-natured roughness prevails. The comprehension of the Poles is quick, their conversation light and agreeable, and their education has made them possessors of every talent. They have the gift of languages, are deeply read in general literature, eloquent and accomplished. Their taste in every thing is highly cultivated; they are admirers of the fine arts, passionately fond of state, private theatricals, and of their national dancing. Their dress is original; some of their customs extraordinary; their style of living magnificent. They are good and open-hearted, and ever gratefully inclined.

Journal of a Nobleman.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Journal of a Naturalist. 12mo. p. 286. Philadelphia. Carey and Lea. 1831.

This publication is at once delightful and instructive. It contains a mass of interesting and valuable facts, conveyed in a chaste and unpretending style. The reader accustomed to study nature, will be gratified and enlightened by the intelligent suggestions of the author, while he, unused to seek amusement from such a source, will be agreeably surprised to find what a charm, what an importance can be shed around common things. Science, in so many ages, has been locked up in dead languages, or concealed in shady cloisters, that we are pleased with the spirit of the age which strips her of pomp and mystery, and makes her familiar to the ordinary understanding. It would be both honorable and advantageous to us as a nation, if this volume, and others of a similar description, were to be found in every family.

The author informs the reader, that he resides upon a "very ancient road," connecting the city of Bristol with that of Gloucester; and without any attempt to make us swallow his moral wrapped up in sweet fiction, he proceeds at once to communicate his ideas upon various subjects. You feel yourself walking abroad through nature with an intelligent man, who points out many beauties which without him you would not have discerned, and offers explanations upon topics with which you were before unacquainted.

Perhaps there is no plant more frequently resorted to in poetry, for the sake of its striking and mournful imagery, than the ivy. It is introduced with equal effect into painting. Among the numerous objects which occupy our author's attention, this has not escaped him. The following are his remarks:

"The ivy, (*hedera helix*) the dark-looking ivy, almost covers with its thick foliage the pollards in our hedgerows; and, creeping up the sides of the old barn, and chimney of the cottage, nearly hides them from our sight; affording a sheltered roosting-place to many poor birds, and is almost their only refuge in the cold season of the year. But the ivy can boast of much more extensive service to the poor wayfarer beings of creation than the merely affording them a covering from the winds of winter. Those two extreme quarters of our year, autumn and spring, yield to most animals but a very slender and precarious supply of food; but the ivy in those periods saves many from want and death; and the peculiar situations, in which it prefers to flourish, are essential to the preservation of this supply, as in less sheltered ones it would be destroyed. In the month of October the ivy blooms in profusion, and spreading over the warm side of some neglected wall, or the sunny bark of the broad ash on the bank, its flowers become a universal banquet to the insect race. The great black fly (*musca grossa*) and its numerous tribe, with multitudes of small winged creatures, resort to them; and there we see those beautiful animals, the latest birth of the year, the admiral (*vanessa atalanta*) and peacock (*vanessa io*) butterflies, hanging with expanded wings like open flowers themselves, enjoying the sunny gleam, and feeding on the sweet liquor that distils from the nectary of this plant. As this honey is produced in succession by the early or later expansion of the bud, it yields a constant supply of food, till the frosts of November destroy the insects, or drive them to their winter retreats. Spring arrives; and in the bitter months of March, April, and even May, at times, when the wild products of the field are nearly consumed, the ivy ripens its berries, and then almost entirely constitutes the food of the missel thrush, wood-pigeon, and some other birds; and now these shy and wary birds, that commonly avoid the haunts of man, constrained by hunger, will approach our dwellings to feed upon the ripe berries of the ivy. Now too the blackbird and the thrush resort to its cover to conceal their nests. These early-building birds find little foliage at this period sufficient to hide their habitations; and did not the ivy lend its aid to preserve them, and no great number are preserved, perhaps few nests would be hidden from the young eyes that seek them. The early expansion of the catkins of the willow (*salix caprea*) and others of the willow tribe, whence the bee extracts its first food, and the late blooming of this ivy, are indispensable provisions for the existence of many of the insect race; the 'young raven does not cry in vain,' nor is any thing abandoned by that power which called it into being.

"We all seem to love the ivy, 'The wanton ivy wreathed in amorous twines,'

more than any other uncultured evergreen that we possess; yet it is difficult satisfactorily to answer why we have this regard for it. As a lover of the lone, the ivy-mantled ruin, I have often questioned with myself the cause and basis of my regard for that, which was but a fragment of what might have been formerly splendid, and intrinsically possessed but little to engage admiration, yet wreathed in the verdure of the ivy, was admired; but was never satisfied, perhaps unwilling to admit the answer that my mind seemed to give. The ivy is a dependent plant, and delights in waste and ruin. We do not often tolerate its growth when the building is in repair and perfect; but, if time dilapidate the edifice, the ivy takes possession of the fragment, and we call it beautiful; it adorns the castle, but is an indispensable requisite to the remains of the monastic pile. There is an abbey in the north of England, which has been venerated by all its late possessors. It is trimmed, made neat, and looks, perhaps, much as it did formerly, except being in ruins. The situation is exquisite, the remains are splendid, yet with many it fails to excite such interest as it should do. It is a bare reality. A ruin in the west of England once interested me greatly. The design of re-visiting and drawing it was expressed at the time. A few days only elapsed; but the inhabitant of a neighboring cottage had most

kindly labored hard in the interval, and pulled down 'all the nasty ivy, that the gentleman might see the ruin.' He did see it, but every charm had departed. These two instances, from many that might be advanced, manifest that ivy most frequently gives to these ancient edifices the idea of beauty, and contributes chiefly to influence our feelings when viewing them. The ruins of a fortress, or warlike tower, may often historically interest us from the renown of its founder or its possessor, some scene transacted, some villain punished, hero triumphant, or cause promoted, to which we wished success: but the quiet, secluded, monastic cell, or chapel, has no tale to tell; history hardly stays to note even its founder's name, and all the rest is doubt and darkness; yet, shrouded in its ivied folds, we reverence the remains, we call it picturesque, we draw, we engrave, we lithograph the ruin. We do not regard this ivy as a relic of ancient days, as having shadowed the religious recluse, and with it often, doubtless, piety and faith; for it did not hang around the building in old time, but is comparatively a modern upstart, a sharer of monastic spoils, a usurper of that which has been abandoned by another. The tendril pendent from the orient window, lightly defined in the ray which it excludes, twining with graceful ease round some slender shaft, or woven amid the tracery of the florid arch, is elegantly ornamental, and gives embellishment to beauty; but the main body of the ivy is dark, sombre, massy; yet, strip it from the pile, and we call it sacrilege, the interest of the whole is at an end, the effect ceases—

'One moment seen, then lost for ever.'

Yet what did the ivy effect? what has departed with it? This evanescent charm perhaps consists in the obscurity, in the sobriety of light it occasioned, in hiding the bare reality, and giving to fancy and imagination room to expand, a plaything to amuse them."

We copy the subjoined for the moral it conveys. It is imbued with a portion of that spirit of universal benevolence, which should enter into every character; and, in affording details useful and curious to the naturalist, it puts to flight a whole host of prejudices which too frequently find their way into the minds of those, whom but for them, both nature and education would teach to shrink from cruelty:

"Notwithstanding all the persecutions from prejudice and wantonness to which the hedgehog (*erinaceus europæus*) is exposed, it is yet common with us; sleeping by day in a bed of leaves and moss, under the cover of a very thick bramble or furze-bush, and at times in some hollow stump of a tree. It creeps out in the summer evenings; and, running about with more agility than its dull appearance promises, feeds on dew-worms and beetles, which it finds among the herbage, but retires with trepidation at the approach of man. In the autumn, crabs, haws, and the common fruits of the hedge, constitute its diet. In the winter, covering itself deeply in moss and leaves, it sleeps during the severe weather; and, when drawn out from its bed, scarcely any thing of the creature is to be observed, it exhibiting only a ball of leaves, which it seems to attach to its spines by repeatedly rolling itself round in its nest. Thus comfortably invested, it suffers little from the season. Some strong smell must proceed from this animal, as we find it frequently with our sporting dogs, even in this state; and every village-boy with his cur detects the haunts of the poor hedgehog, and as assuredly worries and kills him. Killing every thing and cruelty are the common vices of the ignorant; and unrestrained innocence becomes a ready victim to prejudice or power. The snake, the blindworm, and the toad, are all indiscriminately destroyed as venomous animals whenever found; and it is well for the last-mentioned poor animal, which, Boyle says, 'lives on poison, and is all venom,' if prolonged sufferings do not finish its being; but even we, who should know better, yet give rewards for the wretched urchin's head! that very ancient prejudice of its drawing milk from the udders of resting cows being still entertained, without any consideration of its impracticability from the smallness of the hedgehog's mouth; and so deeply is this character associated with its name, that we believe no argument would persuade to the contrary, or remonstrance avail with our idle boys, to spare the life of this most harmless and least obtrusive creature in existence.

"If we were to detail the worst propensities of man, disgusting as they might be, yet the one most eminently offensive would be, cruelty—a compound of tyranny, ingratitude, and pride; tyranny, because there is the power—ingratitude, for the most harmless and serviceable are usually the object—pride, to manifest a contempt of the weakness of humanity. There is no one creature, whose services Providence has assigned to man, that contributes more to his wants, is more conducive to his comforts, than the horse; nor is there one which is subjected to more afflictions than this his faithful servant. The ass, probably, and happily, is not a very sensitive animal; but the poor horse no sooner becomes the property of man in the lower walks of life, than he commonly has his ears shorn off; his knees are broken, his wind is broken, his body is starved, and his eyes —!! I fear, in these grades of society mercy is only known by the name of cowardice, and compassion designated simplicity and effeminacy; and so we become cruel, and consider it as valiance and manliness. Cruelty is a vice repeatedly marked in scripture as repugnant to the prime attributes of our Maker, 'because he delighteth in mercy.' One of the three requisites necessary for man to obtain the favor of heaven, and which was of more avail than sacrifice and oblation, was that of 'showing mercy'; and He, who has left us so many examples in a life of compassion and pity, hath most strongly enforced this virtue by assuring us, that the 'merciful are blessed, for they will obtain mercy.'"

One more extract, and we leave this sensible work to the care of the public, without doubting for a moment that it will be properly appreciated:

"Man from the earliest periods began to subject the animal world to his dominion, and avail himself of its properties and powers to improve his own condition. As his wants or propensities occurred, he compelled to his aid such animals as he could subdue, or were adapted to his purposes. The chief objects for which we require the aid of animals, are for food, clothing, vigilance, and strength. Though the two former are highly essential to our comfort, they are not indispensable; the vegetable world supplies them in abundance to large portions of the inhabitants of the globe, and the companionable qualities, watchfulness, and swiftness of the dog might be dispensed with. It is the strength of animals that makes us

sensible of our own weakness. By their power we build our dwellings, effect an intercourse with distant places, obtain much of our food, and the fuel of our hearths: a state of civilization requires, as an indispensable requisite, these things and others, rendering most manifest our obligations to the animal world. Animals were created before man; but some of them were apparently endowed with their useful and valuable properties for his comfort and assistance; for he had the dominion of them consigned to him, and was commissioned to subdue them. Having used their products for food and clothing, conjointly with the fruits and seeds of the vegetable world, and their bodies for the carriage of his burdens, after a long age of abstinence he began to feed on their flesh; and they have continued his faithful and assiduous servants, contented with their destiny, and submissive to his desires. He gives them food and shelter in payment of service, attending them with diligence and care: all this may be for his own emolument and pleasure, yet the well-being of the creature, had it continued wild, would not have required it: most of them live longer, and have more enjoyment in a wild and unreclaimed state, than when domesticated with him. By art, and for profit, he has in many instances altered the very nature of the animal, and created ailments, rendering his cares and attentions necessary, which in a state of nature are not required. The lives of many of them, even when subjected to the best of treatment, are consumed with labor and fatigue: and when their unhappy destiny consigns them to the power of poverty and evil passions, what an accumulation of misery and suffering do these wretched creatures undergo! If these arguments have any foundation in truth, it will appear, that animals are not necessarily dependent on man, and generally derive no benefit from their intercourse and association with him; but that, in conformity with original appointment, they aid him to acquire the enjoyments and accomplish the necessities of civilized life. Yet there is one creature, that seems designed by its natural habits to be the servant and dependent of man; and of all that fall under his dominion, not one receives an equal portion of his care, or is more exempt from a life of exhaustion in his service. The dog is fed with him, housed, and caressed; associates with him in his pleasures, is identified with and enjoys them with his master; living with him, he acquires the high bearing and freedom of his lord; feels he is the companion and the friend; deports himself as a partaker of the importance and superiority, we might almost say of the sorrows and pleasures of the man; is elated with praise, and abased by rebuke; submissive when corrected, and grateful when caressed: his anxiety and tremor when he has lost his master, and with him himself, is pitiable: when deserted by his lord, he becomes the most forlorn of animals, a never-failing victim to misery, famine, disease, and death. His ardor may excite him at times until overpowered by fatigue; but he is not generally stimulated by pain or menace to attempts beyond his natural powers: view him in all his progress, his life will be found to be an easy, and frequently an enjoyable one; and though not exempt from the afflictions of age, yet his death, if anticipated, becomes a momentary evil. When in a native state, he is a wretched creature, a common beast of the wild, with no innate magnanimity, no acquired virtues; has no elevation, no character to maintain, but passes his days in contention and want, is base in disposition, meager in body, a fugitive, and a coward."

The Cabinet History of England, Scotland, and Ireland. By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh, M. P., Sir Walter Scott, Bart. and Thomas Moore, Esq. England. Vol. II. Philadelphia. 12mo. pp. 314. Carey & Lea. 1831.

The present volume of this publication embraces the history of England, from the reign of Henry the Sixth to the death of queen Mary. The accomplished compiler stands among the first candidates for literary renown; and his name, combined with those of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Moore, is a sufficient pledge for the sterling merit of the Cabinet History, and affords assurances which the second volume of "England" has not disappointed. He has skillfully effected the difficult task of compressing the narrative of important events within a comparatively narrow compass, without injuring their force and general arrangement. His style is clear and rapid. Many will, doubtless, peruse this production, and thereby acquire useful information, who would have failed to undertake more elaborate works. In presenting history in a simple and attractive form, the author has rendered a service to the reading community, especially to that portion whose avocations do not allow them leisure for systematic study, and consequently to the cause of learning.

The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, A. M. sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and Founder of the Methodist Societies. By Richard Watson. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 323. New-York. S. Hoyt & Co. 1831.

A stereotype edition of this work has just been issued. It is neatly printed and bound, and will no doubt meet with encouragement from a respectable class of the community.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Conversations of the week.—The information by a late arrival from Liverpool that the French government will be required to take a more decided part in behalf of the Poles than it has hitherto done, gives their affairs an encouraging aspect, which could not have been anticipated so soon after their late reverses.

There is a strong and universal desire here to offer assistance to these brave people, struggling against tyrants; but, as it is impossible for us to extend our aid to them, it would be well for all who experience a sincere wish to ameliorate the condition of their fellow-creatures, to examine into the distresses which they can relieve. We allude now to the exertions which the poor and hard-working women of our own country, of our own city, are making, to place themselves in the way of honestly obtaining a necessary support. They are goaded on to this by absolute want; and there is a degree of inconsistency in our high-flown strain of pity for people on the other side of the globe, coupled as it has been with such an apathy respecting the miseries of thousands immediately around us, and which might be remedied without either difficulty or danger. Should the Russian government abduct the poorest vagabond who calls him-

self an American citizen, the nation would fall into a frenzy; but we go on with our theatres and celebrations, our plans and our pleasures with perfect composure, as long as our citizens are only destitute of death in the streets, or driven to such a degree of destitution as to be precipitated, however reluctantly, into the most abandoned means of obtaining a livelihood. Mr. Mathew Carey is entitled to the gratitude of all good men, as well as the respect of the intelligent classes, for the sensible and arduous endeavors with which he has striven for the benefit of the unfortunate and virtuous female laborers. These friendless women have had several meetings, in the course of which they decided that they could not accept of the prices offered them by the clothiers. The Daily Sentinel states that the clothiers have threatened that if their terms are not acceded to, they will make no further efforts in favor of the women who have resolved that they will contend for their own prices. We are well aware that this question of combinations is a delicate one, and in general is justly considered as highly reprehensible; but it is not to be supposed that these females will contentedly starve to death from respect to an abstract principle of political economy. We observe that they have appointed a committee to receive donations, and to apply them to the relief of the most needy. This is an inefficient and precarious method of assistance, and can be but temporary. The subject is not one which admits of legislation, and must be, therefore, submitted to the tribunal of public opinion, which, if once aroused, will be amply sufficient to decide the question justly and permanently. Let the tailors, therefore, as has been suggested, "publish the names of those merchant tailors and clothiers who give full prices, in order that those friendly to their cause may know where to bestow their patronage; and it is strongly urged that they lose no time in establishing a store under suitable management where they may receive work themselves."

A general sensation has been excited by the recent discovery of a part of the jewels supposed to have been stolen at the palace of the prince of Orange, in Brussels, on the ninth of September, 1829, and for which was offered a reward of fifty thousand guilders. Mr. Swartwout, one of the most prompt and indefatigable officers under the general government, deserves every praise for his attention to his duties on this occasion. The value of all the trinkets lost is about a million. The amount recovered from the Italian, Carrara, is estimated at a hundred thousand, besides about five thousand dollars in money. It is presumed that a part of the jewels are concealed in Brussels. The others were smuggled into France and thence into this city. Carrara was assisted, it is said, in his designs by a Frenchman, who here betrayed him. He was accustomed to wear many of the valuable jewels on his person, and the probability is that a number of them have been disposed of in this city. The officers of the customs, unacquainted with the great value of the property, or with the fact that it was stolen, allowed the criminal to escape. His arrest, at ten o'clock on Saturday night, at Brooklyn, was principally owing to the perseverance and courage of Mr. Seely, who leaped after him into a ditch, and there secured him till the police-officers approached. The goods having been smuggled into this port, are forfeited by law, and before they can be delivered to their rightful owner, it will be necessary for congress to pass a special act for that purpose. It is wonderful how the thieves evaded the vigilance of the European police, and by what cunning management the property was embezzled, and conveyed so secretly from the prince's household and dominions. We may look for developments of a very interesting nature upon this subject.

A procession, consisting of a military escort, the great body of our fellow-citizens, the clergy, the directors of the Bible Society, the Cincinnati, judges, the corporation, &c. &c. followed the remains of our venerable and respected fellow-citizen, Col. Richard Varick, to the New-York Marble Cemetery, on Tuesday. We offer a brief sketch of the life of this brave soldier, this faithful patriot, and excellent man. He was born about the year 1752, and has a claim upon the grateful recollection of his fellow-citizens for his fidelity and courage both in military and civil stations. He tendered his services to the late Major General Schuyler, then commanding the northern army, and was appointed his military secretary in 1776, immediately after the declaration of independence. In February 1777, he was named by congress deputy commissary general of musters for the northern army, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was present at the memorable battles of Stillwater and Saratoga, (nineteenth of September and seventh of October 1777) and with others reaped the reward of those actions, in the surrender of the British army under the command of General Burgoyne to General Gates on the sixteenth day of October of the same year. He was afterwards stationed at West Point, and performed the duties of inspector-general of the troops at that post and its vicinity until after the treason of General Arnold, to whose family he was for some time attached as aid-de-camp. After Arnold's desertion, Col. Varick was appointed recording secretary to General Washington, in which capacity, with great honor to himself, he remained until nearly the close of the war. After the evacuation of New-York by the British troops on the twenty-fifth of November 1783, and the restoration of the civil government of the state, he held the office of recorder of this city, and subsequently of mayor—the latter for many years. On the fourth of July 1806, he was chosen president of the State Society of the Cincinnati, and has been re-elected ever since.

Selected poetry.—We take this occasion to acknowledge the politeness of a correspondent in sending us the subjoined selections. The first, from the United States Gazette, is spirited and worth preserving. The second is also good; but our friend has omitted to name the publication in which it originally appeared. We regret this, as every thing worth copying should be ascribed to its proper source.

THE FLAG OF THE WEST.

Ne'er waved beneath the golden sun
A lovelier banner for the brave,
Than that our bleeding fathers won,
And proudly to their children gave!
Not earth a fairer gem can bring,
Or freedom claim a brighter scroll
Than that to which our free hearts cling—
The flag that lights the freeman's soul!

Its glorious stars in azure shine,
The radiant heraldry of heaven;
Its stripes in beauteous order twine,
The emblems of our union given.
And tyrants with a trembling gaze,
Survey its bright and meteor glare!
While glory's beams around it blaze,
And rest in fadeless splendor there!

Look, freemen! on its streaming folds,
As gallantly they range afar,
Where freedom's bird-undaunted holds
The branch of peace and spear of war;
While high amid the rolling stars,
With words which every heart expand,
Within her beak serene she bears
The badge of our united land!

Behold, thy star-wrought ensign sweep,
Thy country's pride, the tyrant's bane;
Unrivalled on the foaming deep,
Unconquered on the battle plain.
Along the exulting mountain gale
'Tis borne with wild majestic flow,
As trailing meteors skyward sail,
And leave the dazzled world below!

From shore to shore, from hill to hill,
Where freedom's voice hath yet been heard,
'Tis welcomed with a holy thrill,
And oft rebellion's flame hath stirr'd.
Around the globe, through every clime,
Where commerce wafts or man hath trod,
It floats aloft, unstain'd with crime,
But hallow'd by heroic blood.

Though France hath crush'd her Bourbon flower,
And seized the flag her valor sought,
She holds it as oppression's dower—
A name is all the boon it brought.
Though Albion boast her cross of blood,
Encrimson'd on a thousand plains,
Yet freedom's cause she hath withstood,
And mark'd it with redeemless stains.

But thine, Columbia! thine's the prize,
To cheer the free, and guide the brave,
To wave through earth's remotest skies,
And plant upon oppression's grave.
Thine is the standard freedom wrought,
To rear above the lion's form,
Whose flame their martyr'd fathers sought,
To cheer them through the battle's storm.

Flag of the free! still bear thy way,
Undimm'd through ages yet untold,
O'er earth's proud realms thy stars display,
Like morning's radiant clouds unroll'd.
Flag of the skies! still peerless shine,
Through ether's azure vault unfurl'd,
Till every hand and heart entwine,
To sweep oppression from the world!

STANZAS,

Addressed to a young boy, who, supposing himself rebuked for his affection, replied, "I am not too old to love my mother."

I did not think to check the flow,
Of thy young heart's deep love, fair boy,
And with ungentle hand to throw
A cloud athwart thy sun of joy.
Would—though fast-coming years will steal
The boyish freshness from thy brow,
Thou ne'er couldst be "too old" to feel
The same pure love that stirs thee now.

Would that thine heart might ever be
Linked to thy mother's, by a spell
As strong as human destiny,
And love that years nor cares may quell;
That manhood might not lead away
Thy steps from the maternal knee,
The spot where thou art wont to pray,
The lip that only bleaseth thee.

Yet vain the wish—a mother's voice
May not forever win thine ear,
A mother's heart bid thine rejoice,
Nor blend with thine a mother's tear.
Thou wilt commix with men—and yearn
For the endearments childhood knew,
And sigh, when later friendships burn,
For those they early loved and true.

And they will greet thee not—no charm
Lingers about our after years;
There cometh no maternal arm
To mould our course, or stay our fears.
And thou wilt look, in sorrow, back
On many a joy-enlivened scene,
But find on manhood's blistering track,
Naught like a mother's love, I ween.

Then think not I could bid thee seal
Thy living heart up in thy breast,
And would that thou shouldst cease to feel
All that hath power to make thee blest!
O, no! let thine affections now,
Gush out, whene'er their promptings move;
Hereafter it may be that thou
Wilt find no human thing to love.

HE PASS'D AS IF HE KNEW ME NOT!

WRITTEN BY T. H. BAYLY.

Andantino ed espressivo.

He pass'd as if he knew me not! Un-con-scious I was near! And can he then so soon for-get A be-ing once so dear! No, through com-po-sure

Crescend.
ill as-sumed, I mark'd the blush of shame; I saw him trem-ble when he heard A-no-ther breathe my name. I saw him trem-ble

f *p* *Ritard.* *A tempo.* *piu f* *Cres.*

when he heard A-no-ther breathe my name.

crescend. *mf* *p*

SECOND VERSE.

I ask not now a lover's smile—
These eyes are sunk and dim;
But in their ruin they possess
An eloquence for him:
Though others pass me—from his heart
More sympathy I claim;
When I am gone—perchance he'll weep
When'er he hears my name.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

LINES.

"I could weep, madam, would it do you good."

O, I COULD weep to think how soon
Our joys decay,
To see the leaves and flowers bloom,
To fade away.

Yes: I could weep, as few have wept,
O'er friendship's grave;
O'er feelings, hopes, affections swept
In one dark wave!

Canst thou not weep for every woe
That claims a tear!

O'er all the poorest wretch can know
Of misery here!

Yes! all can weep with those who play
A mourner's part;
Sweet sympathy has power to sway
The coldest heart.

Feelings like these have nought of earth,
But all of heaven;
The purest they, which, at his birth,
To man are given.

Indulge thou, then, this holy grief
For others' woes;
This sorrow for the falling leaf,
And fading rose.

But cherish not ideal sadness,
Or fancied pain;
Nor let a single ray of gladness
E'er shine in vain.

POINTS IN WRITING.—Joseph Scaliger says
"The use of commas and semicolons was, in my
time, invented by Manutius, and entirely unknown
to the ancients." There were three persons of the
name of Manutius, whose editions of the classics
are still considered superior to all others. Aldus

Manutius, the eldest, died at Venice in 1516. He
was one of the most laborious and indefatigable
scholars of the age. Over his door was this in-
scription: "Stranger, whoever thou art, it is the
request of Aldus Manutius, if you have any busi-
ness with him, that you would announce it as
briefly as possible and retire, unless, like another
Hercules, you are come to relieve for a while the
weary Atlas of his weight; for endless toil awaits
you here." Paul, the son of Aldus, was far more
learned than his father, and is highly complimented
by Scaliger. The younger Aldus, son of the pre-
ceding, bid fair to outstrip both his father and
grandfather; but he wanted their industry and
perseverance, fell into poverty, was obliged to sacri-
fice his noble library of eighty thousand volumes,
and died in great poverty at Rome, in 1597. The
famous Aldine Classics are editions by this distin-

guished family, so called from the surname of
Aldus.

DICTIONARIES AND LOTTERIES.—Monsieur Me-
nage says, "There cannot be more unequivocal
proofs of the increase of ignorance and poverty in
any nation, than the multiplication of dictionaries
and lotteries." Alas, for the present age!

A DISPENSATION.—The same author says, that
"Among the Greek manuscripts contained in the
King's Library at Paris, there are to be found decrees
of the Council of Constantinople, which permit
the Emperor to dispense with the ten command-
ments!"

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,
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No. 6.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THOU NEVER SHALT FORGET ME.

THOU never shalt forget me! go, mingle with the gay,
Clad in the rounds of fashion, sport thy morn of life away;
E'en there thou never canst repress those thoughts of shame that rise,
E'en there canst never choose but feel the sting that never dies.
From the lips of thy admirers when thou hear'st thy praises burst,
Oh then when thus commended, shall thy tortures be the worst;
Think, then, oh think how quickly they all of them would flee,
Did they know how thou hast broken all thy vows of love to me.
To me, who ever thought thee as constant as the dove,
To me, who ever loved thee with a fondly trusting love;
To me, who for thy happiness would willingly have died,
And for thy sake have sacrificed peace, glory, hope, and pride!
And, like a second siren, if thou luredst by thine art
Some other one to woo thee, and to offer thee his heart,
Wilt thou dare to plight thy troth to him, before the face of heaven,
And swear to him eternal love, yet hope to be forgiven?
In the brightness of the morning, in the shadows of the night,
Shall my spirit be about thee, like a mildew and a blight;
Whatever lot await thee, thy curse shall be the past,
To wither all thy blooming hopes, thy happiness to blast.

MY HEART WAS WITH THOSE LITTLE GIRLS.

Written after seeing some little children at play.

My heart was with those little girls,
With laughing eyes and sunny curls;
It joined them in their merry play,
And I felt as young as they.
I saw them glide from tree to tree,
In the shadow of the grove,
And those beautiful creatures were to me
So many things of love.
O! every one hath sometime felt,
Through all his weary wanderings,
The tears within his bosom melt
At touching of some secret springs,
That long had slumbered, dead to feeling,
But called to life, a power revealing,
That bade him throw the mortal by
And feel his immortality!
It was of joy a very sight,
Of which I felt a part—
They wrought in me a pure delight,
And I blessed them from my heart!

A FRAGMENT.

How beautiful she is! I gaze on her,
As the old miser counts his hoarded wealth;
With this sole difference—his regard surveys
The precious heap, and finds it still deficient;
Still it doth lack what his o'er-anxious heart
Most eagerly desires; but when my eyes
Do read the soft perfection of her face,
I think the fates have granted me enough.
I knew not such felicity could be
On this side heaven; and with requited love,
Supremely blessed and happy, pass on, work!
Or good or bad alike thy ways to me,
In my own world, where nothing I regret
But that a life so sweet should be so brief.

WRITTEN IN A FIT OF THE BLUES.

Why should I blush and hang my head? Because
My neighbor's house is larger than mine own;
Or that he wears a coat that gains applause,
Of finer cloth than this that I have on?
Why should I blush? Is it because he drives
A curricle or carriage, and drinks wines
From silver goblets, and luxurious thrives
On the rich provender on which he dines?
And has his nightmare on a couch of down,
Hung round with tapestry, when he eats too much;
And menials tremble at the great man's frown,
And flatterers cringe his haughty palm to touch?
Is it for this? No! by all nature, no!
Perish the thought that ever stooped to this!
Contentment dwells not in such paltry show—
From many a nobler source man gathers bliss.
Why should I blush? Is poverty a crime?
Is it a stigma on the immortal mind?
Is man less man—in feeling less sublime—
In thought more trammelled, or in soul confined?
Nature, through all my veins, doth answer—no!
And the roused spirit speaks a stern amen.
Stoop not, for sake of gold, the mind too low—
For they who do so seldom rise again.
Lose once thy balance—let the scale but turn,
And wisdom strikes the beam, and man's debased;
Low, groveling thoughts with avarice will burn,
And intellect and feeling run to waste.

It is a thing that every day is done,
To weigh minds in a balance with men's cash;
Such kind of talents man delights upon—
The starving Otways were to these but trash!
Your pocket is your true thermometer,
By which to tell the weather of life's sky;
Consult it—like a faithful monitor,
'Twill tell you when the silver there runs high,
That men will greet you with a gracious ken,
And make warm climates in hearts cold as ice;
But when to zero sinks the metal—then
They'll sting like adders, or avoid like mice.

I will not blush—but should the fiery glow
Of indignation rise upon my cheek,
Deem it no sign of guilt that it is so,
Nor misinterpret that which it may speak.
I envy not a man because he's rich,
Nor more nor less respect him for his state;
But some do puff and strut to such a pitch,
That one must think, with pity, on the fate
Of that poor frog who, as old Æsop says,
Aspired the ox in stature to excel,
But, like some would-be giant of these days,
Burst, as a bubble, in the pompous swell.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED POETS.

BY SAMUEL L. KNAPP.

ROGERS.

Samuel Rogers was well educated and well disciplined. After enjoying the benefit of a classical education and foreign travel, he set down to business as a banker, and pursued his profession with the attention and correctness of the sale-devoted sons of trade. Goldsmith was his model, and he labored his lines with ten times his master's care, if not always with his master's success. Perhaps the English language does not afford a more finished composition, in regard to language, than the "Pleasures of Memory." He wrote because he felt the inspiration, and polished his verse and chastened his language, because he was too scrupulous to give his country a specimen of careless or unfinished poetry. He was born in 1762, and, of course, is now an old man, and if his muse has lost some of her fire, his heart has lost none of its warmth. It was Rogers who came in to soothe the last pangs of Sheridan, as he was drinking the dregs of the cup of his misfortunes and his follies on his death-bed.

CAMPBELL.

Thomas Campbell has filled a great space in English poetry for more than thirty years. He was born in 1777. He was made professor in the Royal Institute, and gave lectures on poetry, which are in print—and if they are not all we might have expected from the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," they are learned and smooth, and abound in striking passages. He has also given lectures on Greek literature—a subject of deep interest to the scholar.

The "Pleasures of Hope" is a splendid poem. It was written for perpetuity. Its polish is exquisite, its topics felicitously chosen, and its illustrations natural and beautiful. This is poetry, philosophical and plain, but full of imagination. There are no startling paradoxes, no abrupt endings and beginnings—all is as pure as day and as sweet as summer. He lifts you up to an exceeding high mountain, and you see all nature in her loveliness, and man in the truth of his character, with hope irradiating, cheering, and sustaining him in the numerous ills of life. "Gertrude of Wyoming" is preferred by some readers even to his "Pleasures of Hope." It is a sad tale, told with tenderness as well as genius. But if these never had been written, his songs would have given him claims as a first-rate poet. They cover sea and land. Their spirit stirs the brave, whatever may be his field of fame, whether the snow is to be his winding-sheet or the deep his grave. National songs are of the most difficult production, and of the highest value. They are the soul of national feeling, and a safeguard of national honor. They are readily impressed on the memory, and never forgotten when acquired. They are fitted to every instrument and every voice. They are on the lips of infants, and are breathed from the dying patriot's heart. England has not been wanting in patriotic songs; but that song composed by Peterborough, and sung by Wolfe on the eve of battle, and many others that have assisted to rouse drooping spirits, are not equal to those of Campbell. "Ye mariners of England," will live as long as there is a timber left of the British navy. The spirit of a great poet goes back to what has passed in the affairs of man, and carries with it the hopes of future times.

Campbell not only sung the mighty but unsuccessful struggle of the Poles, "when Kosciusko fell," but shadowed forth that distinct and awful determination of man which is inherent in his nature, and which time will bring forth sooner or later to put down all oppres-

sion. Every great poet is indeed a seer for his country's good, and not that only, but for the good of all mankind.

"Oh! righteous heaven! ere freedom found a grave
Why slept thy sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O vengeance, where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crushed proud Ammon when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left the trembling coast,
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?
"Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye who at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van.
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as thine own.
Oh! once again to freedom's cause return—
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!
Yes, thy proud lord's unpittied land shall see
That man hath yet a soul, and dare be free;
A little while along thy saddening plains
The starless night of desolation reigns.
Truth shall restore the light by nature given,
And like Prometheus, bring the fire from heaven.
Frons to the dust, oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature withered from the world:
"Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light, because your deeds are dark—
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of hope untrue—
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of genius, and the powers of man—
Perhaps ye watch at pride's unbalked shrine,
Her victims newly slain, and thus divine
Here shall thy triumph, genius, cease, and here
Truth, science, virtue, close your short career.
"Tyrants, in vain ye trace the wizard ring,
In vain ye limit mind's unwearied spring.
What! can ye hush the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No, the wild wave contends your scepter'd hand,
It rolled not back when Canute gave command.
Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow,
Still must thou live a blot on nature's brow?
Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furled?
Shall crime and tyrants cease but with the world?
What! are thy triumphs, sacred truth, belied,
Why then hath Plato lived, or Sidney died?"

Sarmatia is awake, and armed to hurl oppression to the dust. The soul of the patriot is hers. She dares attempt to be free! Hope is still alive. Her warriors are firm and undismayed. The departed spirits of the mighty dead are with her; not only those of Marathon and Leuctra, but the shade of Kosciusko walk "unavenged amongst them." May the sword be omnipotent to save. Tell—Bruce—Washington, will be there also. May the starless night of desolation be followed by the dawn of freedom. And the poet's song and the prophet's voice be all truth—sound historic truth in this struggle for liberty.

CRABBE.

Crabbe is now an old man—his life has been one of professional duties and of great virtue. He has had no eccentricities or aberrations. His life exhibits nothing for the world to censure or deplore. He is now almost an octogenarian, and the muse has inspired him perhaps as long as she will. His works are both admirable and novel. He truly took a new pathway to fame. His portraits are mostly from humble life—he has shown their vices and their virtues. The world had heard enough of their vices, but few in the reading circles had been taught their virtues. His profession had made him acquainted with both. He could read their hearts, and he has delineated their characters most faithfully. It is one of the facts in the history of man, that his affections may be purified while his mind is only partially enlightened. This was known to the careful reader of human nature, but had in a great measure been overlooked by the bard. Agreeable images suited the poet best, or if not those at all times, striking incidents he thought seldom occurred in the lives of the humble, or if they did occur, they were not likely to be noticed. Crabbe probed deep, and gave an honest account of the misery, and anguish, and the sources of joy of the poor. His works are yet to be more known and admired than they have been, for in time the poor will read them, which is not the case now. He who softens the anguish of the wretched, or suggests to them any mode of ameliorating their condition, is a benefactor of his rank. Crabbe will go down to posterity as a moralist and a poet together, and one too that the church may be proud of. It may be said that the poor had no poet until Crabbe arose. He has given their sorrows and their joys without one particle of coarseness. "Those his Saviour cherished, he has portrayed, and like him he has taught them to hope for another and a better world. Such a man does more good than a thousand proud men, who can only look on what is classical and refined. In the grave there are no distinctions, and to that condition we must all come at last. There is no difference now between the dust of Lazarus and that of the mighty Caesar and the great Napoleon. The great enemy of man is a leveller, and to him we must yield sooner or later. He who encourages the faint and weary in the journey of life, is a servant of God and a friend to his species, and verily will receive his reward, both in the life that is,

and in that which is to come. Crabbe has asked no honors and received no distinctions for his services, except such as the public awards to merit. He has, in imitation of his divine master, washed the feet of his disciples, and prepared himself for the burial.

When the monuments of sublime genius have crumbled to dust, and are remembered no more, the labors of the pious survive; they, as it were, fertilize the soil of hope, and reap and secure the harvest of faith. The poor of unborn ages will acknowledge that Crabbe led them by his writings to patience, resignation, and unwavering belief, which softened their hard fates, and lighted up in them bright and glorious visions of immortality and happiness when the miseries of existence should be over.

THOMAS MOORE.

It is difficult to speak of Moore without saying too little of his beauties or his faults. No man was ever more felicitous than he in his peculiar style of writing. He attacked the heart through the medium of the senses, and if his spells were not lasting, they were all powerful while they existed. His muse came not from Pindus, braced with mountain air, but all redolent from the paradise of Mahomet, full of joy and enchantment, bordering upon intoxication. The young read his productions with avidity, and the old wondered at his power over words. His sweets never cloy; nor can it be said that he is ever vulgar, however sensual. His are Apician dainties, and therefore more dangerous. It must be confessed that in his late poetical works he has atoned for the looseness of his earlier writings. It is to be regretted that he should ever have written the lives of Sheridan and Byron. These works can do no good. The exposure of the follies of these extraordinary men neither deter the rising generation from vice nor enlighten the minds of those who are out of danger from such examples.

This high authority will induce many to drag into public view the faults of less distinguished persons, and the grave, which formerly hid the sins of ordinary men, may do so no longer. To say nothing of the dead but what is good, is too narrow a rule; but all the truth should not be spoken of every one, unless its publication can benefit the community. These liberties of the press destroy the respect with which the exalted in mind or station were formerly regarded. The follies and vices of these superior beings bring them down to the level of vulgar minds. One of the greatest ties of the social compact was the gravity and dignity that was attached to knowledge and experience. The philosophers proclaimed liberty and equality in France in 1789, but the true spirit of it not being understood by the lower orders, they caught the hatred to tyranny, and, with the oppressors, swept away the philosophers also.

But to return to the poetry of Moore—he is now in his prime, and may woo the muse for many a sunny day, and more entirely redeem his early aberrations. But we beg of him to give no more lives in this style. If he would take up some holy man, whose days had abounded in incident, and throw around him the rays of his poetical genius, he would make a work that would long and widely benefit mankind; but we have had enough of travels and baggies of Circes and of Cyprians. The mind after a while, even of those who had a strong appetite at first, turns with loathing from these offensive details, which in the life of Byron seem to occur as constantly as the seasons; and it makes no difference whether it be said by the living, or written by his departed subject. Fiction, however monstrous, is better than such truths; for there is always a lurking remembrance in the mind that it is fiction, and poor human nature is saved from the effect which might be produced if it had been treading over realities.

Moore has genius of a high order, and it is devoted to the public. Let him recollect his responsibility to that public, and take such subjects as will enlighten many, amuse all, and be constantly doing good.

MILMAN.

The Rev. Henry Milman is one of the finest poets of England, whether you consider the genius, the taste, or the purity of the man. He has been, and probably now is, professor of poetry at Oxford. In his college days he took all the prizes for poetry, or more of them than any other person in his way. He has written since he has been in the church with great power and elegance. Milman is in the prime of manhood, a sound believer, a good moralist, a splendid prose writer, and yields to no one in his wishes to do good. It is to be hoped that his productions will soon become as fashionable as those of Byron and Moore.

BYRON.

All the world has read Byron, and it has not yet gone from our ears that the great poet is dead. Recollections, lives, sketches, and anecdotes have been profusely poured out upon the world, until all have grown weary with wading through them. It is well to know enough of his character as a poet, and to find the best portion of his works and of his history, not to dwell on it. His course from the dawn of reason was wayward. His vices commenced early and lasted as long as he lived. He violated duties, scorned all human ties, and offended every religious creed.

He wrote many things with great effect. He saw and felt much, but after all was selfish in his feelings. He was sometimes generous, and always profuse; but in the midst of labor, pleasure, or profligacy, his own greatness and his wrongs, real or imaginary, were uppermost in his thoughts. When the excitement about Lord Byron has passed away, the world will admire his talents, and will select many parts of his works, and bind them up together for posterity. The Greeks will erect a monument to his memory out of the remains of the tombs of Pindar and Alcibiades; and when time has sunk some glaring instances of his profligacy into dimness and

shade, the mitred guardian of the gates of Westminster-abbey may permit a slab to be sculptured with his name. Charity will not always plead in vain for this honor; she will be heard when she offers, as a palliation for many of his errors, the want of parental example and domestic instruction.

SHELLY.

The name of Shelly excites unpleasant feelings. He was a being to be pitied. His were the wanderings of a powerful intellect, that led directly down to the gates of death. He pushed, while yet a youth, his skepticism to frenzy. By his waywardness he had nothing to gain, but much to lose. Perversity and infidelity drove him from the university, and at last almost from the society of men; but the time that passed over him did not return him to reason, nor did he acknowledge that the Most High reigneth among men. Shelly wrote under a torture that even his muse could not describe, nor find any match for among earth-born beings. Shelly had in prospect *titles, wealth, and fame*. His mind was of a gigantic order. He reasoned against revelation and religion with the strength of the prince of darkness. His poetry partakes of the obscurity of his reasonings; but there is in it a most wonderful power of thought and expression. Sometimes this obscurity seems to heighten the sublimity of his poetry. Curses were on his lips, and poverty stung him to madness, and made him blaspheme the more. He was called to his great account at thirty years of age. He was drowned; and Byron erected, and fired his funeral pile, and watched it as the flames ascended; and in admiring the classical beauty of the scene, forgot to shed "*the tear to friendship due*."

There is a possibility that such a mind as Shelly's might have worked itself free from the vile stuff about it if he had been spared to a mature age. Shelly's principles were too much enveloped in metaphysics to have had a very deleterious effect on society. The poison lies deep in his works, when there is any, and will not be sucked in by the cursory reader; and the wise one will have an antidote for it when he is in danger. There is a charm in sound principles worth all other talismans. It is painful to see youthful virtue cut off in the early summer of life, but the pang is tenfold when misguided genius is called to depart, "*unavowed, unannealed*." Shelly rather strove to vindicate his absurdities than to propagate his principles. His example will not be infectious, for his short life proved that disobedience and transgression are sources of misery; and that he who defies the community will find himself bound hand and foot, and thrown away with contempt; life to him is without enjoyment, and death comes without hope; he departs without the lamentations of the good, and rests without the praises of the eloquent. If those bound by the ties of consanguinity or alliance shed a tear upon his grave, it flows not from the fountain of pure affection; but is a scalding drop, wrung from painful recollections of his worse than useless course.

MATTHIAS.

When the elements of the moral and political world were in a state of high commotion, a work entitled the "*Pursuits of Literature*," was published anonymously. It was a severe and an indignant satire upon the wild and unprincipled writers of that period. Its tone was high and manly, but its severity was directed by no party-spirit. The author struck down the sciolists and charlatans of that period with a strong hand. He neither courted nor feared those in power. In the pride of a man of letters he assumed the bold, but true doctrine, that on literature, well or ill conducted, depends the fate of a nation. He spoke of literature in its broadest sense. He brought great stores of learning to his aid. He had drank deeply of the sweet waters of the Pierian spring. If he sometimes was guilty of affectation, it could do no harm to any but himself. The author of the "*Pursuits of Literature*" was a learned man, if his pedantry was at times too apparent. If this composition was not equal to the pretensions of the writer, it most certainly was a learned production. The notes were more valued than the verse. This work did much to put down the trash of spurious politicians, and writers of affected importance, even if he did, in some hasty moments, throw his arrows sometimes too promiscuously. He plumed himself, like Junius, on concealment; but was not, like him, capable of keeping his secret. The author was found to be Mr. Matthias, a learned man. Canning, in his poem called "*New Morality*," speaks of the writer of the "*Pursuits of Literature*," then unknown, with no small share of praise.

Thou too! the nameless bard, whose honest zeal
For law, for morals, for the public weal,
Pours down impetuous on thy country's foes
The stream of verse, and many-lingued prose:
Thou too! though oft thy ill-advised dislike
The guiltless head with random censures strike,
Though quaint allusion, vague and undefined,
Play faintly round the ear but mock the mind.
Through the mix'd mass yet truth and learning shine,
And manly vigor stamps the nervous line:
And patriot warmth the generous sage inspires,
And wakes and points the desultory fires!

From Matthias the Lake poets received a serious castigation. Perhaps he was too intent upon extirpating the pitiful gnats and fire-flies of literature, that were buzzing and stinging about him, while he should have been dealing his ponderous blows upon the monsters and dragons of mischief; though full of classical allusion and heroic examples, he forgot that of Hercules. Had this hero stopped on his journeys to abate every little nuisance, or to have crushed every tarantula and viper in his pathway, the Augean stable might never have been cleansed, nor the Nemean lion slain. Great efforts should be directed to great ends.

The name *Diebitsh* signifies, in his native language, *thievish*. The Russian army is now commanded by another German, General Toll, which means *mad*.

THE FINE ARTS.

PAINTINGS AT THE ARCADE BATHS.

A NUMBER of paintings, chiefly by James Ward, R.A. are at present opened for exhibition at the rooms above the Arcade baths, in Chambers-street. Among these the prominent picture is a cattle piece, as large as life, in imitation of the grand Paul Potter, said to have been one of the finest in the Bonaparte Louvre. We have not yet had leisure to bestow a sufficient examination upon this picture to speak of it as it deserves. Our readers may rest assured that they have seldom been afforded an opportunity of witnessing one more deserving their attention. Its coloring is unusually fine. The animals in the foreground are thrown out from the canvass with wonderful effect, and the far perspective in the distance is an admirable illusion. Besides the cattle piece there are specimens by Watteau, De Hooghe, Rembrandt, Breughel, Ostade, Van Meer, Brauwer, Angelica Kauffman, R. A.; Clater, Nasmyth, Barney, Towne, &c. There are some sweet faces in the "*Mistletoe, or Christmas-eve*," by Clater; and the glare of the deep red firelight upon those in its vicinity is highly effective. We would direct the attention of the spectator to the figure of the father in the "*Reluctant Consent*." This collection is small in number, but of superior merit, and the proprietor may confidently anticipate throngs of visitors when the wanderers begin to return to their homes; at present he must not be discouraged, as everybody is out of town. Eleven hundred in one week sipped the waters at Saratoga. The streets are abandoned. We miss many a face, which we suppose is off somewhere among the mountains. The summer in the city is dull enough; nobody here but "*business men*;" but notes of preparation may be heard from various quarters, which give token of a brilliant winter.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Bourne has published the admired "*Overture to William Tell*," "*Annot Lyle*," a fine ballad; and "*Music floats in the air*," from Cinderella. The entire score of this opera is nearly completed.

Hewitt also has issued the second number of the "*Casket, or Musical Companion*," containing a variety of pieces; the ballad of the "*Switzer's song of home*," and "*My sire is in his grave*," the words of the last by Horatio Gates, Esq.

MISCELLANY.

SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN JOURNALS.

MRS. GORE'S LATE WORK.—The following paragraphs are extracted from a new novel entitled "*Pin Money*," recently published by Mrs. Gore, authoress of the "*Manners of the Day*."

"There was a certain Lady Mapleberry, with six unmarried daughters—one of those large, lively, good-humored, singing, dancing, riding, chatting families, where a young man seeking a wife is apt to fall in love with the joint-stock merit and animation of the group; and to feel quite astonished on discovering, after his union with Harriet or Jane, how moderate a proportion he has received in his lawful sixth of the music, information, accomplishments, and good-humored gossipry of the united tribe." ****

"We have been admonished by the royal philosopher of the Jews, that the sun should not go down upon our wrath; but had Solomon penetrated half the mysteries of the female breast, he would have additionally interdicted a sunset upon our coolness! Anger is of brief endurance, and soon raves itself to rest; but coolness is as long-lived as other cold-blooded animals—it is as the toad which exists for a thousand years in the heart of a rock! Were I, like Dr. Gregory and other moral tacticians, to bequeath a legacy of counsel to my daughters, I would say—'*Never sleep upon a misunderstanding with those you love; if you feel less kindly towards them than usual, the chances run that you are in the wrong*.'"

"Among the incidents and passions influencing the variability of woman's humor few are more potent, yet more indignantly disavowed, than the love of finery. From the moment a girl becomes conscious of the difference between sky-blue and rose-color, it is astonishing what wonders can be wrought in the temper of her mind and mood of her feelings, by the acquisition of a new dress, or the sight of some particular friend's Parisian bonnet; and there scarcely exists a woman wise or virtuous enough to be insensible to the change produced in her appearance by variation of attire. Goldsmith knew more of womankind than they knew of themselves, when he made Dr. Primrose declare, that a set of new ribands sufficed to metamorphose his philosophical daughter Sophia into a coquet!" ****

"Alas! how rarely amid the scenes of polished life are the surface and substance truly identified; how seldom does the word on the lip, or the expression glancing in the eye, accord with the mighty feeling laboring within! A diamond melts in the crucible—but the exhalations emanating from its decomposition are not a degree more noble than those which arise from an ordinary conflagration; the heart consumes away in secret corrosion—but flippant wit and hollow laughter grace its martyrdom."

DR. ABERNETHY.—The late Dr. Abernethy would never permit his patients to talk much. He could not succeed in silencing a loquacious old lady but by the following expedient:—"Put out your tongue, madam." The lady complied. "Now keep it there till I have done talking." An old lady, very much inclined to be prosy, once sent to him and began by saying that her complaint commenced when she was only three years old. The professor rose abruptly, and left the house. It was observed to Dr. Abernethy that he appeared to live much like other people, and by no means to be bound by his own rules. He replied, that he wished to act according to his own precepts, only he had "*such a devil of an appetite*."

CANOVA.—Many authors have fancied particular hours of the day, or particular seasons of the year, as more propitious to flights of genius. Canova fancied the sun of Italy alone propitious to his genius; a clouded sky or a foggy atmosphere cast a gloom on his spirits which he could not overcome, so that even Paris was to

him the grave of genius. Napoleon perceived that in the bust Canova made of him, and which is now in the possession of Baron Depon, that there was wanting that grand character which distinguished his work from the rest of modern sculptors, and observed to him, that he did not think he had been happy in the execution. "I feel it, sire," replied Canova, "but I cannot help it; the clouded sky of France does not inspire me like the warm sun of Italy."

ADVANTAGE OF A GOOD CHARACTER.—A country paper, giving an account of an inquest upon the body of a young man, who had been killed by a blow from the sails of a mill, says—"The previous good character of the deceased, left no doubt that the catastrophe was purely accidental. Verdict accordingly."

VENTRILOQUY.—During Mr. Love, the ventriloquist's sojourn in Dublin, he happened to visit Dr. R. in St. Stephen's-green. The doctor, wishing to create a little amusement for his lady, who was considerably indisposed, requested Mr. Love to favor them with some trifling specimen of his powers. The doctor's servant, a lad who was not overburdened with the article of brains, and who was unacquainted with Mr. L.'s person, was selected as the object. While he was in the act of removing the cloth after dinner, a sudden and loud call was heard in the passage, "Joe, my lad, come and help me to finish the bottle of wine we stole out of your master's cellar last night." The surprise of Joseph may be more easily conceived than described. He proceeded to the door, saw nobody, but speedily heard the same voice in the cellar, crying out, that he had unluckily knocked the spigot out of a barrel of ale, and the stingo was inaudible to the cellar. Honest Joseph, who now began to entertain very considerable doubts, as to whether he was awake or the reverse, rushed down to the cellar, where, finding every thing in a quiescent state, he returned pale and speechless to the dining-room. Indeed, he strove to speak, but his tongue refused its office, and his words, like Macbeth's, "stuck in his throat." The invisible speaker was then heard in the street, and finally upon the roof of the house. The doctor and his lady, now almost bursting with laughter, considering that the joke had been carried far enough, informed poor Joseph that the whole had been a deception on the part of the ventriloquist, of which they had some difficulty in persuading him.

MEMORY OF A BULLFINCH.—The late Sir William Parsons, when a very young man, took great delight in a piping bullfinch which he had taught to sing. When he was about to visit Italy, he entrusted the favorite to a married sister, of whose humanity he was well assured; and on his return, the first visit he made was to his sister, who, with all reasonable allowance for brotherly affection, strongly suspected that she was indebted to the bullfinch for this special attention. The bullfinch had been long in declining health, and was at the moment thought to be dying. Sir William, full of sorrow, opened the cage-door, put in his hand, and spoke to the bird; the bird recollected his voice, shook its feathers, staggered on to his finger, piped the favorite tune of his master, and fell dead. There is nothing, perhaps, in this story, which needs a warranty, but we have it on authority which cannot be questioned.

EXTRAORDINARY MATCH AGAINST TIME.—In 1753, the Duke of Queensbury, then Lord March, made a match to convey a letter a certain number of miles in a given time. Even the most knowing ones of the day deemed the thing impossible; his lordship, however, enclosed his letter within a cricket-ball, and stationing twenty young fellows, who were good hands at catching, in a large circle, made them throw it from one to another for the appointed period—at the expiration of which, on the ground being measured, the distance that the ball had been made to travel, was found to exceed, by nearly one-fourth the stipulations of the wager.

THE BILL.—A gentleman, a few days ago, when he was leaving Long's hotel, had his bill presented to him by one of the waiters. The gentleman paid it to a single penny. The waiter stood in expectation of the usual gratuity, but received nothing. "Sir," said the waiter, "I hope every thing has been to your mind." "Perfectly so," replied the gentleman. "I hope, sir, I have given you no offence." "None whatever," answered the gentleman. "Will you be pleased to consider the servants?" "No, no, my man; I am for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill."

WAY TO MAKE AN AUDIENCE UNANIMOUS.—"A serious disturbance," says a French paper, "broke out in the theatre of Toulouse. A violent quarrel arose between two parties, one of which wished to support an actor on his *début*, the other seemed determined to hiss him. The authorities ordered the house to be cleared, which the National Guard did with energy and promptitude."

LOVE AND MURDER.—A young gentleman and lady, residing in England, being violently attached to each other, and the relatives refusing to consent to their union, they agreed to go abroad and put an end to their existence. They arrived at Lisbon, and, with loaded pistols pointed at each other's bosoms, they agreed to fire at the same moment. His pistol took effect, and laid the young lady dead at his feet, but hers missed fire. On his arrival in England, he was arrested, tried by a special commission, and was hanged at Newgate.

MRS. SIDDONS.—The demeanor of Mrs. Siddons was rarely divested in private life of the solemnity contracted during her histrionic functions. It is said that a Bath shopman was frightened into a fit by the scrutinizing eye and sepulchral tone with which, during the purchase of a piece of calico, she once inquired, "Did you say, sir, this would wash?"

The only surviving son of Mrs. Siddons went out a writer, and is now a judge in India, where he has greatly distinguished himself by his forensic acquirements. The only daughter, Miss Siddons, a very accomplished young lady, was with her mother when she died.

PIGEON-FANCIERS.—Dr. Mitchell, in a lecture lately delivered on ornithology, relates the following extraordinary anecdotes in proof of the strength of the ruling passion in pigeon-fanciers. A gentleman, an admirer of pigeons, went to the house of a weaver in Spital-fields, who was a pigeon-fancier, to make a purchase. On entering, he was struck with the appearance of poverty apparent in the nakedness of the children who were playing about. He was sent up to the pigeon-loft, where he found the fancier in all his glory, at-

tending his birds with a degree of care far beyond what he appeared to bestow on his children. He showed his birds, and pointed out their various perfections, pledging "his honor" to their hereditary claims to superiority. The gentleman having selected a pair, asked the price. "Five guineas," said the fancier. "Five guineas!" exclaimed the gentleman, whose impression from the poverty he had seen made him think it impossible that the birds could be so valuable—"Would not two guineas do?" Indignation flashed from the eyes of the fancier: he seized the two birds, and twisted their heads off. "There," he exclaimed with Roman energy, accompanying the exclamation with terrible imprecations, "do you suppose that because I am a poor man I will allow myself to be trampled upon? Bess," said he to his wife, "grill these for my supper. Now do you, sir," turning to his amazed customer, "get down the ladder, or I will kick you down." The gentleman found it would be vain to attempt to treat the wound he had inflicted, and thought it safest to retire. A party of pigeon-fanciers met at a public house in Spital-fields, to show their pigeons. Two journeyman silk-weavers had each an almond tumbler, and a contest arose as to which was the finest. The beak of each of them was scarcely a third of an inch in length, and the plumage was announced to be the most beautiful in the whole world; but one was decided to be a little superior to the other. The owner of the second bargained for and purchased the victor, giving for it eleven guineas, all the money he had in the world. He then took the bird and wrung off its head, exclaiming in exultation, "Now my bird is the best in the whole world."

MUSIC ALL OVER.—London is swarming with musicians, till it is humming all over like a bee-hive. Wars with come, in order to conduct a new oratorio of his at Dublin: Hummel is going to try his luck at Manchester; what the celebrated Field, from Petersburg, is come for, we have not yet been able to learn; and there are fifty more, at least, all ready to rival Paganini, and delight John Bull.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A NEW HYDROMETER.—A new instrument to measure the degree of moisture in the atmosphere, of which the following is a description, has been recently invented by M. Baptiste Lendi, of St. Gall. In a white flint bottle is suspended a piece of metal about the size of a hazel nut, which not only looks extremely beautiful, and contributes to the ornament of a room, but likewise predicts every possible change of weather twelve or fourteen hours before it occurs. As soon as the metal is suspended in the bottle with water, it begins to increase in bulk, and in ten or twelve days, forms an admirable pyramid, which resembles polished brass; and it undergoes several changes till it has attained its full dimensions. In rainy weather this pyramid is constantly covered with pearly drops of water; in case of thunder or hail, it will change to the finest red, and throw out rays; in case of wind or fog, it will appear dull and spotted; and previously to snow, it will look quite muddy. If placed in a moderate temperature, it will require no other trouble than to pour out a common tumbler full of water, and put in the same quantity of fresh.

PURE WATER.—A plan for supplying London and other large cities with pure filtered water is about to be submitted to parliament. The design consists in forming filters under the bed of the Thames, through which a quantity of pure water, equal to the consumption of the metropolis, will be furnished to the companies now in being.

PROPOSED RAIL ROAD THROUGH FRANCE.—The last number of the *Revue Encyclopedique* has suggested a plan, to form a rail-road from Havre to Strasburg, by way of Paris, which would open a communication with the south of Germany and Switzerland, that might be carried on at half the present cost by the Rhine navigation. The capital required has been calculated at four millions. It is assumed that the line of road pointed out, embraces a population of two millions, and that if one in a hundred made a journey daily, on which a franc would be payable as toll, the whole expense of interest and repairs would be covered. The impetus that such an undertaking would give to commerce is incalculable; but unfortunately, it is easier to estimate than to furnish capital.

MANUFACTURED ANTHRACITE.—Several pieces of polished anthracite coal, says the *Miner's Journal*, converted into writing appliances, such as inkstands, and boxes, wafer vases, paper weights, &c. displaying much taste in their execution, were exhibited yesterday in our borough. Being for sale, we understand they were purchased with much avidity. Their appearance was very pretty and inviting, and highly creditable to the skill and ingenuity of Mr. Kirk, by whom we understand they were executed in this country. The period is close at hand no doubt, when this mineral will be extensively laid under contribution for articles of useful and ornamental workmanship, and furnish an extensive field for exercise of mechanical genius. No stronger proofs of this production are required than the beautiful specimens above alluded to, combined with the enterprising spirit of improvement which distinguishes the present age.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

We omitted in our last to notice the performance at the Park on the twenty-ninth ultimo. We take the present occasion, however, of doing so, as it was for the benefit of Mr. Simpson, and it once more brought before us, and for the first time since her late indisposition, Mrs. Austin. The house was crowded, and the *prima donna* was received with those flattering marks of attention which the gallantry of our citizens is in the habit of bestowing on their favorite artists; and, we may add, in no instance could it be more

deserved. The opera went off with great spirit; and, with the exception of Pedro, was never played better. Mr. Blakeley, however, was no substitute for the younger Placide, who has made the part his own; or, to borrow a phrase to which the French are partial, has "created it." Mrs. Sharpe has succeeded in becoming mistress of the music, and gave due effect to Clorinda. Mrs. Vernon never misses a comic point, when it is to be made; and her dancing in the ball-room scene was excellent. Jones improves in acting; and his fine manly tenor voice, divested of the *falsetto*, (which detestable adjunct he seldom uses perceptibly) was heard to every advantage. We thought Mrs. Austin gave some of the passages in the early part of the opera with less force than usual; but a friend, who is *au fait* in musical affairs, suggested to us that she spared her voice in all probability from caution; a supposition fairly made out by the power and brilliancy with which she executed the Tyrolienne air, with its variations. Placide, in quitting the Baron for the season, has left an impression which we doubt whether any actor, either English or American, could efface. The audience consisted of the most fashionable of the citizens who remain in New-York; and among them we noticed Mr. McLane, our late minister to England. Thus the finest season, ever known for our national opera, has concluded. The production and popularity of *Cinderella* have given a tone and vigor to musical taste in this city, of the first importance to the art.

The opera of *Masaniello* is in active preparation, and green-room report speaks of the importation of a *Fenella*, and of the progress in the construction of an organ for the purpose of aiding it. It may not be inappropriate to add, and the musical public may derive more confidence in the attractions of this opera, from knowing that it is to be produced under the superintendence of the same accomplished amateur to whom the success of *Cinderella* must be, in a great measure, ascribed. It is said that the fair patrons of opera are already making it a topic of conversation among the picturesque cliffs of Trenton, the brilliant throngs at Saratoga, and by the wild roar of Niagara.

The grand "spectacle" of Napoleon will, we understand, be the opening piece of the establishment; and the enormous expense which the manager is incurring in the preparation of both dramas, entitles him to the liberal support of the public; nor do we doubt but that an ample reward will attend his efforts. M.

THE FRENCH COMPANY.

The French troupe are playing to tolerably good houses. The musical department has suffered a loss in *Letellier*, their late "haut-centre," and their comedy has gained by the addition of a Monsieur *St. Aubin*. The band, under the superintendence of *Paradol*, whom we look upon as an excellent *chef d'orchestre*, is extremely able in *stringed* instruments; but, excepting the *bassoon*, we cannot compliment their *wind* instruments. In other respects the company is nearly the same as last season. We have often taken occasion to remark that the *forte* of this troupe is their excellent mode of getting up their pieces, affording an *ensemble* highly pleasing, and which covers a multitude of individual defects. It is obvious to every person commonly gifted with what is termed "an ear for music," who witnesses these performances, that none of the singers are first-rate, and that some of them are detestably bad; indeed the present *tenore*, Monsieur *Deschamps*, may be so described. Madame *St. Clair*, the *prima donna*, has a remarkably good intonation, and without much power or quality, she nevertheless detracts nothing from the value of her music, by false taste; and, in concerted music particularly, the purity of her tones frequently give much pleasure, uniting well with other voices. Mademoiselle *Berdoulet*—we beg her pardon, we mean Madame *Berdoulet Paradol*, for she has, it appears, formed an alliance with Monsieur *Paradol*—is an excellent actress, and gives so much point and feeling where it is requisite, that we are inclined to pardon a weak voice and occasional defects of ear. *Privat*, a good actor, sings correctly; but has the besetting sin of the company, want of physical power. An exception to this is to be found, however, in Monsieur *Curto*, the *basse-taille*, who has a good full bass voice, and has evidently been in a decent school. We were present at the representation of Rossini's "*Ganza Ladra*," ("*La Pie voleuse*," as the French have it,) and we were much pleased with the general performance of the piece, and filled with admiration at the fact of so many indifferent singers being able to produce such effects by their united efforts. The *overture* (a clever composition, but full of "sound and fury;" *drums* of all kinds, *cymbals*, *triangles*, and other warlike instruments) was not played as well as during the preceding season, and the opening scene of the *prima donna* was cruelly used, by the *horn-players* particularly. It is Rossini's famous "*di Piacer*," and it abounds in imitations by the *wind* instruments, of which they made sad havoc. The beautiful *duet* between the father and daughter, Madame *St. Clair* and *Curto*, was extremely well sung, and pleased much. The *finale* to the second act, the theme of which is the committal to prison of the heroine, was a specimen of French taste by no means to our liking. The late capture of the Dutch diamond stealer, and his struggles with his pursuers, was a mere *bagatelle* in comparison. Indeed, the general row which took place, the mixture of singing, tugging, and screaming, afforded us a strange specimen of French notions of the pathetic, and we take leave to add, would have caused old Garcia's hair to have resembled the "quills upon the fretful porcupine," had he witnessed such an exhibition. B.

MR. BOOTH.—This popular tragedian has been performing his round of favorite characters, and with his usual success, at the *Chat-ham*, which is the only theatre at present open for the English drama.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 115.

Two subjects sometimes excite my wonder. First, that with so many sources of pleasure man can be wretched; secondly, that existing as he does, in the danger of such awful calamities, he can ever, even for a moment, be happy. It has occasionally struck me too that thought is an evil, or, at least, that it produces many evil consequences. True, it is the object of education to develop the powers of the intellect, and children are the victims of a perpetual scheme to make them reflect; but may not this system be carried too far? May not the machinery of the mind be set in motion with a force which cannot afterwards be controlled, and then what does reflection bring to compensate the glowing sunshiny boy for his unshrinking eyes and voice of irrepressible happiness, for his unbroken spirit and shadowless imagination? It endows him with wisdom, gravity, and prudence. It teaches him to tremble at every step, to mistrust every hope, to suspect every pleasure. Nature's simple sources of gratification are idle things—fountains dried to him: while the bosom of the earth teems with the harvest, he is brooding over wintry anticipations, and when he muses on the face of a young happy child, he sighs, because he reflects, and reflection flings a shadow upon mirth. They resemble the moon and the sun, which cannot both reign together in the sky.

An habitual thinker cannot be permanently happy. He may revel with a fleeting pleasure—he may float in a delicious reverie—he may feel blissfully for a moment that his cup of joy is full. His fancy may expand with an inspiration, or his bosom thrill with the triumph and the rapture of a requited passion; but these sensations scarcely linger longer in his bosom than the rose-light of the setting sun on the summit of the hill—and in proportion to the intensity of the excitement, will be the subsequent depression of his spirits. Place such an one upon the proudest eminence—realize all his fondest wishes—let his very dreams become bright realities around him, and his rejoicing will not be without a shudder. His mind will be crossed with melancholy forebodings—so much for reflection.

It thus frequently happens that they who are most envied, suffer under the operation of thoughts and feelings invisible to the unreflecting world. Who are more envied than the great—the profound statesman—the convincing and spirit-stirring orator—the immortal poet—the painter—and the novelist, who surprise and captivate the million? While regarding their splendid works, and the effects of them upon others, who can refrain from yearning to be like their authors? How intense the desire to grasp their dazzling powers, to become, like them, objects of delight, admiration, and wonder? Yet how many of these beings are unhappy! The wreaths which bind their temples are full of hidden thorns. They are racked with hours of keen and gloomy meditation. Their very blessings disguise dark sad things which the shouting crowd know not of. Oh, the rugged, cruel influences, gloomy as Erebus, inexorable as fate, concealed under the glancing surface of society! Genius is too often but an altar on which its victim is offered a splendid sacrifice—dying in radiance. I made these sublime reflections in solitude. One is more apt to be both sublime and sentimental when alone. There is a rebuking spirit about the bustle and common-place realities of actual life which often puts to flight, in a moment, the lofty aspirations of the philosopher, and the fantastic visions of the poet. An author, especially a poetic one, therefore, in *propria persona*, generally presents a broad contrast to his writings, and after having in his closet poured forth a swelling flood of splendid misery, or delicate refinement, puts on his hat and goes incontinently to a tavern for a mint-julep.

"You are forever talking of happiness," said the Genius, "yet few have felt it. Many believe themselves possessed of it, but find they have confounded it with excitement. Of this the world is full of causes. It sleeps in the bosom as fire dwells in the flint, and is struck out so brightly by the clash of events. The subtle element of mind is changeable like the air, and like it subject to extremes of cold and heat, of storms and calms. You have spoken slightly of reflection, and have envied the thoughtlessness of youth; but reflection and genius are advantages, and like all other worldly blessings, are not to be enjoyed without a penalty. But the carelessness of childhood, which shields it from forebodings of the future and regrets of the past, exposes it to agonies of the present, equally calculated to give it pain. In the dark it trembles, lest it should be seized by a spirit. In its daily course it is surrounded by objects of intense interest, for which it languishes in vain. It is continually in danger, and seldom ceases to be enslaved while the labors which it is compelled to accomplish are irksome, and too often attended with mystery and mortification. Wisdom and dark experience, on the contrary, in producing melancholy, also bring resignation. If they diminish the charms, they also loosen the ties of life; they make you gloomy, but independent; there is disappointment, but there are also loftiness and courage."

"Ay," I replied, "but this is still to be wretched. I covet not the independence founded on the want of feeling; nor the courage to die which springs from a fear to live. I tremble at death."

"And so you do at life," replied my companion. "You will find none satisfied with the past; few willing to live over again their vanished years; to take the chance for the dangers they have escaped, or endure the pangs they have suffered; all look to the future for a recompense, which they persuade themselves has hitherto been denied only by an accidental combination of circumstances, and thus they drop into their graves just as they have surmounted all obstacles to contentment. Come, let us enter the magic mirror,

which opens at our approach. Yonder child may throw some light upon our inquiries."

We entered. The boy to whom he had alluded was on his way to school, for the first time. I asked him if he would recommence his life, and by the aid of the Genius he comprehended, and replied to my question.

"Oh no," he said; "I have just passed through a period of helplessness and inaction; my life has so far been spent in tears and cries, and at my outset I was surrounded by a throng of painful and dangerous diseases, which destroyed my happiness, and nearly put an end to my existence. These I have just surmounted, and now I am on the threshold of the great temple of knowledge, I am eager to enter, and survey her wonders."

We wandered on till we reached a palace-like looking building, shaded with old trees. In the distance the silver line of a river flashed in the sun, and a rustic road wound near, ornamented on either side with a hedge of fragrant blossoms. It was a bright picture—like a dream in its quiet richness—its gleams of light, its deep forest shadows, its contrast to the wrangle and roar of cities.

"Beautiful," I murmured. "It is an Eden. I could spend my life here."

A youth came from the mansion, looked around with emotion, lingered a moment, as if he quitted it with regret, and then departed towards an equipage, which stood ready to receive him.

"This is a literary college," said my companion; "the youth is about bidding it farewell forever, after a residence of many years: speak to him."

"Fair student," said I, "be not surprised to hear what I offer. I am commanded by a supernatural being to enable you to retrace your years since you entered this peaceful institution. The world is full of discord and danger. In going forth upon its scene of woe your bad passions will be aroused, your virtues corrupted. Disease will wrinkle your face; misery, torture, perhaps madness, ruin your heart. You will sicken for that which you can never obtain. Perhaps disappointed love will embitter your early joy; perhaps poverty, protracted, debasing, peace-destroying, dreadful poverty will cow your young spirit, drink up the sources of your mirth, and mark you for an outcast and a wretch. Tremble, boy, for every step may arouse an agony, every friend prove a foe; the future is all deceit. Pause ere you launch upon an ocean on which your whole hopes may be wrecked, and dwell, if you will, here in this happy and most lovely glen."

"Stranger," said the youth, with a clear, bold voice, and something of a pride flashing in his eyes, "I am young and fearless. My life within these walls has been tedious and effeminate. I have only learned to talk, when my bosom pants for action. The days have rolled heavily in a weary monotony, and each year has been more tolerable than the preceding only because it brought me nearer to life and freedom. Now the world, the mighty glorious world, opens to my view. I am bewildered among lofty plans and delicious anticipations. I know not which road to fame I had best adopt. There are crowds of the innocent, the injured, the unhappy; my bosom glows to pity and relieve them, and they tell me my path will be swarmed with traitors, fools, bigots, and tyrants. I burn to show, by my words and actions, how I detest and despise them. My impatience can be no longer curbed. I fly to relieve my suspense."

Farther and yet farther we strolled on through the fair woods, till a brilliant city rose before us, and we passed unnoticed among its countless crowds. About us were lights flashing, feet shuffling, music bursting, voices mingling, cries for pity, exclamations of mirth. All was gaiety and misery; grace, beauty, disease, and trembling old age; splendor and sickly want, strangely mingled together.

A spacious mansion rose to view, illuminated, and revealing signs of a merry and a costly festival. We passed in with the tide of brilliant fashion and greatness. My eyes and my soul were dazzled. As I gazed around the apartment my glances met those of a maiden of enchanting loveliness. Her face was sweet and radiant. I spoke to her. I seemed to have known her long.

"Gentle girl," said I, "tell me the history of your life."

"Behold it around me," she said. "I have always dwelt thus in the midst of splendor."

"Then," said I, "at length I have found one who will consent to live over again the years that are gone."

"Not for worlds," she said. "I am on the eve of accomplishing an object on which my whole happiness is staked. My past life has been wasted in fruitless wishes, but my reward is at hand, and the future will repay all."

The gay banquet disappeared, and in its place stood a cottage, secluded from the noisy haunts of life. An aged man sat by the door, in the shadow; his face was marked and noble, but he shook with the weight of extreme old age. His soul was yet young and ardent, but his mortal system was fast falling to ruin. Faintly his feeble eyes received the glimmering images of outward objects. Beautiful nature was to him a dim and distant dream. Even the carol of the birds, which burst forth in many places around, came almost unheard to his aged ear; and when he would move his seat, as the declining sun flung the shadow in another direction, his trembling limbs scarcely supported his weak and faltering steps.

"Blessed spirit," exclaimed I to the Genius, "what a melancholy wonder, what a striking ruin is age! What strange reflections must throng through the mind of this helpless creature! How unearthly must be his feelings! How hushed his passions! His memory! into what a world it has broadened! His hope! how it has dwindled into nothing, respecting all human things! What a wretch is this, without the conviction of a future existence! To feel himself gradually sliding from the scenes of day, his vigor departing, his senses

failing, his affections dying. His use and importance as a human being passed away. The ties which bound him to earth, one after the other, snapped asunder, and the ground on which he stands gliding from beneath his feet."

"He is, indeed," said the Genius, apparently useless, "but yet with what a majesty time has invested him. How the idle mirth or the narrow and repining melancholy of your bosom dies away before the look of that silent gray head. Wherever you meet it, master student, whether in the halls of science and splendor, or in the cottage of the poor and the low, reverence old age. It has a wisdom beyond books, and a grandeur above genius. Its thoughts are elevated; its heart is purified; its sensual fires are burnt out; its slowly lifted feet are already treading in the shadow and coldness of death; it will expire without sympathy, with all that it has treasured of experience and knowledge."

"And yet," rejoined I, "how often time in the human bosom only deepens prejudice, and confirms the dominion of some predominant passion. It has ever been the impulse of my nature to bow down before the silver head, yet an insight into the world too often checks the impulses of nature, causes us to suspect where we have trusted, to despise what we revered; to turn away coldly from that which in youth we loved. We find the detestable heart of the miser hugging base schemes of avarice under a withered bosom; and the mad brain of the bigot plotting cruelty and fraud beneath locks whitened by time."

We were interrupted by the entrance of a boy about three years old, gifted with grace and beauty. There was something in the soft and happy tones of his voice, and the freshness and perfection of his countenance, sufficient to extort admiration from a cynic; and, as he clambered up on the old man's knee, wound his little arms around his neck, placed his full red pouting mouth against the dry and withered lips, and looked up with his large, floating, and brilliant orbs into the weak and rheumy eyes of his venerable parent, the contrast was striking.

"Miserable age!" I exclaimed involuntarily, "beautiful, beautiful childhood! Youth and decrepitude, how strangely they seem thus together, even as a bursting dew-washed bud breaking from beneath a crumbling ruin. Wonderful medley of grace, hope, and loveliness; and of disease, impotency, and despair. How oddly yon golden curls lie over the wrinkled temple; and the breeze blows the snowy lock upon the dimpled cheek of the boy, while his soft and innocent hand pauses over that broad, time-worn, and thoughtful forehead. "Tell me, old man," I exclaimed, "how wouldst thou reward him who could restore to thee this child's unshaded youth, and give thee to retrace thy path, now so nearly ended?"

"With my tears," he answered: "my existence, stranger, has been blessed with many joys, but with more disappointments. In yonder graveyard sleeps the wife of my bosom, and by her side our daughter, the mother of this angel boy. My son's bones are whitening on a foreign shore. I set out in life with brilliant hopes of fame and happiness, all of which I have long outlived. I have struggled through painful diseases; I have nearly fallen amidst sore temptations; and while I press to my bosom this dear relic of those I loved, and shall see no more, I regard him with compassion, not envy. My favorite fancy paints me stretched out peacefully in death; this feeble hand still, these weary eyes closed, this brain, which has formed so many fair visions and awful fears, rested at length and forever; if my spirit could indeed hover above the mean and decaying tenement which it had happily abandoned, it would look down upon it a moment before it unfolds its wings for a better existence, and address it thus: 'Rest, unhappy image, rest. At length thy cares are over. No more shall disease torture thy limbs, and anguish wrench and crush thy heart. Pangs shall not again rack that white and tranquil forehead, nor those cheeks be excruciated with the agony which tells that impatient decay has commenced its ravages even before thou art laid with the worms. Tears have ceased to swell those stiffening lids, and sighs to agitate that peaceful bosom. Rest, remnant of wretchedness, thy toils are over. Poverty, like a poisonous shade, shall no more wither thy budding hopes, nor disappointment freeze thy affections with its wintry blast. Images of forbidden joy shall not haunt thee, palsying thy proud energies, and prostrating thy soul in the dust. Thy task is done. Peaceful night descends around, from which no revolting reality shall startle thee. Thy once stormy bosom is hushed into a calm, which neither disease nor unkindness, nor thine own ungoverned passions, can break. Rest, perturbed and weary creature, rest forever!'"

The cottage, the gentle child, the trembling old man were gone. The Genius also had disappeared. I was again alone in my chamber, awed with the mysteries of human life. F.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

THE VAIN MAN.

GENTLE reader, you have been before with me into my study, and will, I trust, remember the sketch of the Careless Man. Here is a gentleman, whom I beg leave to introduce to your notice; "and any attention," as they say in letters of introduction, "would confer a great favor on your humble servant." This is, positively, one of the happiest fellows that ever existed.

"A happy fellow?" say you. Some fine-looking young buck, with a fortune; some author, whose play has succeeded; some sentimental youth, whose mistress has just blushed and said "yes, or —." By your leave, fair reader, you are altogether out of the way. This is the vain man, and his vanity is his bliss. He is as ugly as man may well be; but observe how exuberantly delighted he is before a looking-glass. With what an air of exquisite satisfaction he

steals a side glance at the mimic chamber, in the clear expanse, wherein is seated in graceful attitude no less a personage than his amiable and accomplished self. He helps you to a piece of the meat, and snatches a glance; he tells you his grandmother is dangerously ill, and takes a peep; he stretches forth his arm for some gravy, and watches himself with a sly gratification, which concentrates all the strength of the company in their risible muscles. It is perfectly impossible for him to exist near a glass without investigating the peculiar state of his own countenance and apparel, at that particular moment. He frowns, and looks fierce; he smiles, and dissolves, as it were, into an amiable fascination. If mirrors reflected the fancies as well as facts, you should see big bullies running away from him; and beautiful women, all round the room, bending on him their approving glances. He arranges the curls about his forehead, turns in the extreme point of his collar, so as to form an angle just this side of perceptibility. He lifts his eyes to the two elegant orbs which light him from within; and while students are toiling, warriors fighting, while poets are racking their imagination for ideas, and immortal painters bending wearily, and with pale faces, over the pallet, Sir Thingumbob here is your happy man. By the mass, he is your true philosopher. He dwells in a continual halo. Real genius faints in its track. True learning stands appalled at the immensity of that of which it must forever remain in ignorance; but this one is forever satisfied. He detects admiration in every glance. He is perpetually filled with pleasing contemplations; his whole life is a fine dream, full of the advantages of reality without its certain penalties, its bitter sorrows. Let any diffident young gentleman calculate his sufferings from bashfulness or modesty—from all this the vain man is free. He never trembles, lest he should not succeed in an undertaking; and when he fails, he never troubles himself with upbraidings. He finds a cause in himself for every welcome occurrence, and blames others for whatever is disagreeable.

Why what a spell is this same vanity, which thus rejects every thing unpleasant, and appropriates every thing delightful; and yet, (alas, alas, that there should be nothing bright on earth without a shadow,) it does sometimes lead to trouble. There are odd misconceptions which one does not like to be caught in.

My friend Albert is one of these gifted fellows. He is always studying effect. He lives for it; it is the secret of his kindness and charity. For it he is careful in his person, and most conciliating in his manners. His attitudes are taken from statuary, his expressions are none of them extemporaneous. Humor his weakness, and you may lead him blindfolded at pleasure; wound his self-pride, and you had better put your foot on a sleeping snake. He confessed to me, one evening, that a charming girl had a concealed passion for him. He sat beside her, and amused her by ridiculing a plain young man on the opposite side of the room. My friend was witty, at least he thought so, and I was myself rather surprised at the mirth with which she received his facetious observations.

"Is she not divine?" asked he.

"She is, certainly, a sensible girl."

"I swear I'll marry her in a year," said he. "Did you hear her laugh when I dissected the great beetle who has been all night blundering about her?"

Touching this matrimonial plan, my friend might doubtless have kept his word, but from the slight difficulty occasioned by the "great beetle," who the next morning married her himself, and "blundered" off with her to the falls of Niagara. SEDLEY.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF A MURDERER.

BY H. PLUNKETT, ESQ.

THANK heaven, the crisis is near! Even now, as my quivering hand records this slight memorial of my fate, the chill damp of death overspreads my brow. I have dallied and dallied with my task, until stern necessity imperiously calls upon me either to perform it, or sink unknown and unremembered into the silent grave. Death! Annihilation! What a volume of untold horrors dwells in those two simple words! I call to remembrance the philosophy which in the heyday of youth and spirits was so congenial to my mind, to aid me in this horrible dilemma. I invoke the shades of Voltaire and Rousseau, whose tenets I credited with so much ardor, and pursued with such wild avidity in the days of youth, to direct me from the path into which they have led me; they seem but to deride my exertions—to exult in my tortures. Why is this death so fearful? Wherefore do we cling—as though enamored—to this weak breath, and dread with so much horror the hour which shall shut us from the hopes, joys, fancies, and sympathies of earth? By what fatality does it happen that we would rather live on, victims to the keenest pangs of agony, than allow our life-stream to terminate in the dark ocean of eternity? Death! Annihilation! horrible!

But enough of this. Let me employ the few remaining hours of existence in collecting and recording my scattered recollections of the scenes of by-gone days. Ere the life spark be extinct, let me endeavor to afford the means of awakening in some kind breast one sympathetic throb for a being whose earthly course has been one continued tissue of misery. Oh! how the cold breath of winter and the damp dews of midnight have crept through my veins, and curdled in my life-blood! Even now, whilst I write, an universal tremor agitates my frame; but I have sought my fate, and manfully will I undergo the ordeal. I have been scorned as mad—I have been avoided as mad—I have been branded as mad—but mad I am not.***

They never loved me—never. I was their first born, and all the little tendernesses and cares which a child so naturally expects,

were, at my expense, lavished upon my younger brother. The genial current of affection was frozen in my heart, ere yet opportunity had been allowed for its gushing springs to reveal the richness of their depths. The warm hopes and sympathies so eminently peculiar to the season of boyhood—the many feelings and blisses which a heart so exquisitely moulded must otherwise have experienced—all which tended to make the past cherished, the present lovely, and the future sought after, were imprisoned in the cold chills of recklessness. I felt as one who stands alone in the desert, with no hand to direct, no companion to cheer him. I was never an encourager of idle fictions, but it was impossible for me, ~~at that~~ ^{in that} solate as I was, to look up to the blue firmament, and not link my fate with one of the bright ~~stars~~ ^{stars} which so often greeted mine eye. ~~There was one pale star—I know not why—but as its brilliancy or darkness alternated, I felt that my inmost soul sympathized with its changes; and as its brightness waned or burned, I too rejoiced or mourned.~~ The feeling, I know, was idle, but it captivated my fancy, and I indulged it. Oh! how my heart throbbed under the accumulation of pent-up feelings which loaded it to anguish! At home it was remarked that my manners grew misanthropic, and my countenance morose. I became impatient of the restraint of society, and burned with a feverish longing for the time which should free me from its control. I know not how to account for this; but a fatality seemed to urge me onwards, although I felt that it was adverse to the warm feelings of my nature. My days rolled on like the development of an almost inexplicable dream; and my existence seemed to be confined to the imagination alone. And for this was I stigmatized with the title of maniac!****

I loved her—deeply, passionately loved her. It was my first flame, and I indulged it with all the ardor of a young and enthusiastic spirit. My best feelings had so long, from necessity, been confined to their own sanctuary—my hopes, my sympathies, my passions, had so long been chilled by the apathy of solitude—that now, when a blessed channel was afforded by which they might gush forth, my sickened heart almost sunk beneath its excess of bliss; for the reaction was too powerful for its weakened faculties. When, in what place, and by what means we became acquainted, it recks but little; suffice, a mutual flame was established, a passion which was revealed alone by the mute but appealing eloquence of sighs. Our love was an ecstasy of pleasures and pangs; a sense of overwrought happiness and misery, blended withal so exquisitely, that, agonizing as it was, I would not have exchanged those dear pains for all the hollow happiness of the world. She was my Eden, my hope. For her sake alone did I live; in her happiness alone found pleasure, in her sorrows my deepest grief. We felt that our love would be unavailing; but both the mariner cling less wildly to the floating straw because he feels that its assistance will be useless? Despair but gave a zest to our passion, and, incredible as it may appear, our hearts were entwined together with more tenacity as difficulties increased around us. The wearied spirit must cling to some prop, from which death alone can effect its disunion. We loved as few have loved, as few can love; we suffered as few have suffered, as I trust, few may suffer. It was not by the bonds of worldly affection that our hearts were united; we slighted the sickly glare and vain weakness of that flame which can be fanned by a smile or quenched by a tear. Our passion had been kindled in silence, and nurtured in grief; our communings had been cherished in fear; we had been mute companions in sorrow. We knew that we were doomed to part as we had met, in silence and in tears; and we *did* part; how, or when, I know not. But even now, at the distance of so many years, the horrid truth flashes upon me like a remembrance which we would fain discard, but which, in spite of our efforts, again and again recurs. Yes! we did part;—would to heaven it had been for ever!*****

'Twas thus the stream of time rolled on. Once again my step trod the land of my fathers, but in loneliness and sadness. All the currents of affection—all that can infuse into the wearied heart consolation for the past, hope for the future, were dried within me. The blasted oak lives on at the root, although its every branch be withered, its every protection faded; and thus it was with me. My heart was like a bleak and arid wilderness, with no stream of hope to revive its dreary dearth, no current of joy to awaken it to earthly sympathies. I could not sigh—the effort would have been too much for endurance. I could not weep—the fountain of tears was frozen in my soul.

But I must be brief; I feel the death-pang preying upon my vitals, and my quivering hand and fainting spirits reveal too well how short is the space allotted to me. Carelessly I passed what was formerly the home of my parents; they had been the cause of all my misery, and their brutal want of affection was certainly not lost upon me. Another quarter of an hour found me seated in the alcove in which my stolen interviews had been held with Emily; on the same seat, beholding the same prospect, and indulging in the same feelings as at our last meeting. She too had been there; a slight form which I marked at a distance in the garden, bade me indulge the hope that she was not far off. Language were weak to depict my feelings at that critical moment. She approached—she entered! Good heavens! how altered, and yet how passing beautiful! She saw me; but no smile of recognition played on her cheeks, no shriek of astonishment listened in her eye. A shriek—a deadly shriek—burst from her lips, and she fell senseless into my arms. Suddenly, however, starting up as if ashamed of her weakness, she cast upon me a look which pierced my very soul. It was but a look; but that heart must indeed have been of adamant, which had not shrunk from its withering gaze. I called upon her, but she did not answer; I entreated her, but she did not hear me; I pronounced her name, but my words died on the air: there she stood, motionless, senseless, and almost breathless. There was a vacancy in her stare,

an idiotic expression in her countenance, which told but too well that her reason had fled. She seemed almost to gasp for breath; so eager, so intense was the one feeling which predominated in her soul. On a sudden, however, starting from her reverie, and uttering an unearthly yell of laughter, she rushed from the arbour. I followed, and endeavored to retain her; but her fragile form, endued at that moment with an almost supernatural energy, eluded my grasp, and she continued her course to the mansion. This was, however, but the frenzy of a moment. Returning, if possible, even at a more hurried pace than that with which she had departed, she again entered the arbour. "Ay, I knew it would be thus!" exclaimed she, as she grasped my hand with fervor; "I knew, in spite of all their arguments, that my dire forebodings could not be based on unreality. I felt that my heart could not thus yearn, were not the object of all its wishes still unnumbered with the dead." "Dead!" ejaculated I, in a wild and hurried tone. "Good heavens! what can have given rise to this horrible illusion? Emily, if you still retain any regard for the miserable object of your earliest affections, keep me not thus in suspense, but ——" "Henry," resumed she, "be not thus impatient. When last I addressed thee, thou wert a boy, not thou art a man; with the image of childhood, divest thyself of its passions, and act and speak as the man that thou art. *I am thy brother's wife!* Ay, upon his bosom must this aching head repose; to him must I look forward for the consummation of my miseries. O, Henry!" she continued, "hadst thou been able to analyze the many and tumultuous feelings which racked my soul when two days ago I acknowledged as my husband the wretch whom I abhorred, and with a prophet's glance saw the secrets of the dreary future unveiled to my gaze, thou hadst indeed pitied the hapless victim of thy treachery!" "Good heaven!" rejoined I; "what can this mean? The shade of some dark unfathomable mystery seems to brood over me." "What?" interrupted she, "is it possible that my imaginings can have been unfounded? Oh! I thought it must be thus; I knew that the vows which we cherished with so much ardor, and in the face of so many dangers, could not be so easily broken. No! they told me that the object of my fond, my first love, had been faithless to his trust; and she proved ere she, also, have persuaded me, that he was dead;" and she paused ere she again repeated the word, "ay dead;" but I knew that they were deceiving me: and now that he has returned—returned to claim me for his own—they have forced me into an union more horrible than a thousand deaths. They have deluded me! but let them beware: I will have my revenge!" The earnest and impassioned tone in which she gave vent to the gloomy feelings of her spirit, awed me, in despite of myself, into an almost breathless silence. I felt as though I were in the presence of a superior being; and it was not until she had concluded, that I ventured to embody in words the agony of thought which pressed its leaden weight upon me. At length, however, I ventured to exclaim—"Lead me, my Emily—lead me to the wretches who, with their execrable falsehoods, have so played upon your credulity; and even though ranged among my nearest kindred, I will hesitate not to chastise their unaccountable villany." "Again and again must I repeat to you, be not impatient. Impetuosity will fail to effect that purpose, which our cooler reason will aid us to accomplish without difficulty. For the present we must part. When the village clock tolls the hour of midnight, meet me in my private apartment. Be punctual—be cautious; till then, farewell!" and she once more departed from my presence.*****

The last stroke of the bell tolled the hour of midnight; I entered, by means of a private passage, into the secret chamber, where Emily impatiently awaited my arrival. Seizing my hand with a firm and unflinching grasp, and addressing me in a low, but not tremulous accent. "Art thou a man?" said she, at the same time fixing upon me a look of fearful and withering import. Surprised at this strange commencement of an interview which I had been inclined to suppose would have been carried on in a far different spirit, and unable to divine the cause of so abrupt an interrogation, I answered rather petulantly—"I trust that by no action of my life have I yet forfeited that title." "Speak low," replied she, cautiously; "the very walls have ears, and the winds themselves will, in the face of heaven, proclaim this horrible deed." A sudden chill came over me. Could it be, then, that the innocent Emily, whose artless eloquence had a few hours previously taken so strong a hold of my affections, was now to become my murderer? The appearance of a short dagger, which she at that moment withdrew from the folds of the robe which enveloped her form, fully confirmed my suspicions. Was she, then, insane? As the horrible conjecture struck me, with the aid of that power which the mind so pre-eminently possesses of concentrating in one point things apparently remote and anomalous, did I pass in review before me each action which she had committed—each word she had spoken—and too well did they verify my surmises. The fervor of her accent, and the impassioned gesture of her manner, the restlessness of her eye, all tended to convince me that the throne of reason had been usurped. In a low and hurried tone of voice she continued—"What infatuation is this? You have affirmed that you are a man; let not your actions disprove the assertion: nay, shrink not, but follow me!" She then, with a swift and noiseless step, led the way into the ante-room; and having ascertained that our movements were unobserved, continued her course into her bedchamber. Approaching the bed, and with one hand putting the lamp over the features of her ill-fated husband, to observe if the occasion was favorable to the meditated deed, and with the other suspending the dagger over his naked breast, whilst her whole countenance displayed the workings of a deadly and implacable hatred, she bade me approach. Merciful heaven! what was my astonishment on discovering that the intended victim was, indeed, my brother! It mattered not at that moment what had been

my injuries, or how deep soever the malediction which, in the bitterness of my anguish, I had vented upon him; the imminent danger of his present situation was sufficient to dispel all feelings of rancor from my breast, and to rouse within me the affections of the brother. "Fiend!" exclaimed I, half choked with indignation, and at the same time I wrested the dagger from her hold. The disturbance which necessarily attended this struggle, added to the noise occasioned by the lamp as it fell from the grasp of Emily, aroused my slumbering brother—aroused him, alas! but to plunge him into a torpor yet more profound; ere time had been allowed him to inquire into the nature of the confusion, he was no more! The blow had descended; one, and one only groan announced the passage of his spirit to its eternal home: he had fallen by my hand. By what infatuation I know not, but scarcely had I obtained the dagger within my power, than, ere opportunity had been given for reflection, it was buried in my brother's breast. My brain reeled, my limbs refused to perform their office, and with the loud yells of laughter which proceeded from the lips of Emily, my senses utterly deserted me. *****

London Magazine.

THE ALIAS, OR MR. ST. JOHN.

"I always walk my horse into a town or up to a hotel door," said Phil, as we descended the last sand bank to Saratoga village, and passed leisurely the spring at Congress-hall.

He sat on the left side, driving—a peculiarity of his own, adopted like most of his other whims, from a horror of being like other people—his eccentric palm-leaf sombrero inclined at the merest possible angle to his left eye, and his rein-hand held up, as if for a graceful gesture, at about the second button.

It was just evening, and the great piazza was crowded with promenaders. I was a stranger to the gay crowd myself, but as the Stanhope stopped, couple after couple recognised Phil; and we were surrounded, before we could set foot upon the ground, by beaux and belles, all in that atmosphere of free manners, ready to throw off the metropolitan reserve, and give an uproarious welcome to one of the most agreeable men on the park. With some difficulty we reached our rooms at last, and were about preparing for a toilet when the bell rang for tea. I felt the summons sensitively, for Phil had refused to dine on the road because the "Half-moon" smelt of herring; and I looked forward to the bathing, and brushing, and cravatting that was before me with a melancholy foreboding of appetite. My resolution was soon made.

"Phil!" shouted I, talking at the top of my voice through the lattice over the door, "I think I'll go to tea before dressing."

"You'll be sent to Coventry if you do," answered the dandy, in a tone of deliberate conviction.

It sounded like a knell, but appetite is imperative. I knew I was sun-burnt and flushed—I knew my travelling coat was excessively unbecoming—I knew I was grimed beyond the redemption of any thing but a two hours' lavation in rose-water and cream, by the dust of the worst of roads—I knew I looked more like a blacksmith's 'prentice (I was never handsome—but I can dress) than a gentleman scholar—but in the hope of getting a seat unobserved at the bottom of the table, and coming back to pursue my toilet leisurely and philosophically, (an impossible thing, let me say, with an appetite,) I ventured.

I had come to Saratoga, by the way, with an object. One of the most admired women there was a sister of an old college friend, who, with a brother's fondness on one side, and a friend's on the other, had praised me to his sister, and his sister to me, till between descriptions, and postscripts, and the thousand indefinite modes of mystifying one another, we were mutually curious to meet. With this explanation I go on.

The two immense tables, stretched down in long and busy perspective through the hall, crowded with the five hundred fashionables and "would-be-so's," and the knives and spoons and women's voices, (men never talk till the meal is over,) were mingled in bewildering confusion. With some difficulty I found a seat—just vacated by an invalid—and hoping that I had stepped in unobserved, I sent for a cold bird, and played my knife and fork in busy silence.

Birds, berries, and bread and butter gave me no courage. I had finished my meal, but I sat looking up the long line of faces on the opposite side, speculating on one physiognomy and then another, and selecting future acquaintances from the pretty and the piquant. All at once my eye caught upon a side-face I had seen before, and a sudden turn, and a mutual recognition, left me no hope of escape. There sat my old friend; and I knew instantly, by the resemblance, that the tall, magnificent creature at his side was his sister! I felt the blood rush into my face like a broken sluice. You never saw me blush!—(thank heaven, I never do except upon surprise)—it's horrible! My eyes, nose, forehead were purple—I knew it—I could see every vein in my mind's spectrum! I saw Harry speak to his sister. Her eyes were on me in an instant; and, as I turned half away, and almost burst a blood-vessel in trying to look unconscious, I could see by my side eye that her glass was raised, and I felt it go down to my dress, and up to my red forehead, and my flattened hair, and about my slovenly cravat—what did I not suffer? I had no power to move, and I had forgotten in my confusion the commonest ruse by which I might have avoided her. I was seen and scrutinized, and as I edged out of the hall in agony, I debated whether I had better insult my old friend, and so avoid an introduction, or drown myself in the bath—either seemed paradise to my present feelings.

Harry was in my room before I could get the door closed.

"What could tempt you to come to the table looking so like the devil?"

"Why, in the name of all the saints, did you point me out to your sister?"

In a long four years of intimacy we had never come so near quarrelling. He told me frankly that his sister was disagreeably surprised at my appearance, and I sat down on the bed and cursed my stars till I was tired.

Well—I bathed, and dressed, and at nine o'clock Harry was in my room again.

"Gertrude will never recognize you," said he, measuring me from head to foot. "You are exquisitely dressed, and look as little like the blushing youth at the table as I like Hyperion."

A thought struck me! I was always impudent by candle-light, and I determined on my ~~instantly~~ ^{instantly}. I remembered that, though very tall, I was rather short-bodied, and looked like a small man at table, and trusting to the metamorphose of a studied toilet, I proposed to Harry to introduce me by another name. It was agreed upon as soon as mentioned.

The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and the band playing a march. The ball had not commenced. Fifty or sixty couples, however, were promenading round the room, and among them Harry, with his sister upon his arm. I settled my cravat, and with an assurance that would have astonished myself by daylight, lounged coolly and alone up the middle of the splendid hall, my head slightly inclined in a collected modesty, and my glass passing leisurely over the feet only of the gaily dressed promenaders. I felt that every eye in the room was upon me, but I was sure of my self-possession. As Harry came round, I caught once more, with a side glance, the glitter of a glass levelled full upon my figure, and my hopes sprang like Mercury at the sound of the low silver-toned—"Who is he?"

"A college acquaintance of mine, Mr. St. John," said Harry.

"Does he talk as well as he dresses?"

I did not hear the answer, but a moment after the manager clapped his hands for cotillions, and Harry came to present me.

I cannot, of course, speak otherwise than in general terms of my progress in my partner's favor. I had the advantage of having read her letters for four years, and I knew every trait and taste she possessed, both natural and acquired, and my knowledge of her character must have seemed like intuition. I could quote all her favorite authors, and I remembered her own quotations, and did not fail, of course, to introduce them; and the similarity of taste seemed wonderful. We went out upon the piazza after the first dance, and paced its dim-lighted length till the ball was over—four glorious hours! And we parted at two—very good friends, certainly.

I had my name entered upon the books as Mr. St. John. I gave Phil the cue (he was very near betraying me twenty times a day,) and no one else knew me. The veritable Mr. R— (Harry made his regrets to his sister) was supposed to be sick in his room, overheated with travel. Gertrude said in my ear she was not sorry—for she "had seen him, and, spite of Harry's eulogies, he was the ugliest man she ever saw." I pulled up my collar, and hemmed instinctively at the assertion. *****

Some six weeks after this I was standing behind a sofa on which sat the lady of whom I have spoken. It was a fine October day, clear and of a delicious coolness, and she had stopped at the end of a canto to look out through the low long windows upon the beautiful lawn—indulging, apparently, some unbidden thought. I stood silently gazing down upon her polished forehead, and musing with a trembling pleasure on her excessive beauty and her noble mind, unwilling to break the charm either of her thoughts or my own. Harry entered with a letter, and without looking at the superscription she thanked him, and was quietly slipping it under her belt, to be read at leisure, when he laid his finger upon her hand, and begged her, with an equivocal smile, to attend to it immediately. I had stepped back to the extreme corner of the room as she broke the seal; and while she read it, stood pulling to pieces a splendid exotic, which had just been brought out from the green-house—the most valued flower she had.

"How could he presume—"

"But my dear Gertrude—"

It was only by fragments that I caught the earnest conversation between them. For ten or fifteen minutes I stood in agony. At last they seemed to agree, and Harry called to me.

"St. John! You shall decide! Gertrude refers it to you. Here is my old friend Mr. R—, a man whom I have loved like a brother for years, and whose character and good qualities I thoroughly know. He wrote to Gertrude when we were in college together, and she to him, like brother and sister, and though they have never been fairly introduced, they are as well acquainted with each others' characters as she and yourself. On the strength of my interest and this acquaintance, he romantically enough offers himself to her, here, in this letter. He is rich, of a leading family, and my best friend; and yet she calls his generous offer impertinence, and will not even answer the letter unless you decide against her."

An indignant tear stood in the dark eye that appealed to me as he stopped.

"Is it left to me," I asked; "quite—and will you abide by my decision?"

Harry left the room abruptly. As the door closed, I walked round the sofa, and with a trembling voice and a doubting heart pleaded my own cause against the presuming stranger; offering my poverty and my love instead of the wealth and consequence of my rival. I presume I was eloquent. I know I was earnest.

Harry's voice in the entry raised me from my knee, and in a moment he came laughing in, and called for the decision.

"You promise," said I, rising, and looking at the beautiful girl as she quelled her emotion, "you promise solemnly to marry your brother's friend, Mr. R—, if I say it is my wish."

She looked playfully into my face—"I do!" She little expected my reply.

"Then marry him!" said I, solemnly, "and may heaven bless you!"

For an instant she fixed her eyes upon me as if she doubted whether she had heard rightly. The color fled from her cheek, and her hands dropped at her side, and for a moment I repented bitterly the idle trick I had practised. It was explained as soon as she recovered sufficiently, and my repentance vanished with my pardon, for I had won her when she believed me poor, with a dazzling rival and a pleading brother against me; and the "ugliest man she ever saw" is Mr. R— (alias Mr. St. John) and her husband. WILLIS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Classical Family Library. Xenophon. 2 vols. 8mo. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

THESE volumes comprise the *Anabasis* and the *Cyropædia*—the former translated by E. Spelman, the latter by Maurice A. Cooper. The celebrated "retreat of the ten thousand," under Xenophon, presented at a moderate price and in a neat form, is a welcome and valuable addition to our rapidly augmenting stock of publications, and the history of Cyrus will be acknowledged as one of the most excellent works which could have been selected. The style of these histories is marked by a pleasant and natural simplicity peculiar to the author, whose mind seemed more intent on pouring out its full treasures to the reader, in the shortest and clearest manner, than in dressing out his thoughts in gaudy apparel. We subjoin the account of the death of Cyrus. Nothing can be more plain and dignified than the closing sentence, which is every way worthy of the historian.

"When he had finished his sacrifices and prayer, he returned home, and finding himself disposed to be quiet, he lay down. At a certain hour proper persons attended, and offered him to wash. He told them that he had rested very well. Then, at another hour, proper officers brought him his supper; but Cyrus had no appetite to eat, but seemed thirsty, and drank with pleasure. And continuing thus the second and third days, he sent for his sons, who, as it happened, had attended their father, and were then in Persia. He summoned, likewise, his friends and the magistrates of Persia. When they were all met, he began in this manner:

"Children, and all you, my friends, here present, the conclusion of my life is now at hand, which I certainly know from many symptoms. You ought, when I am dead, to act and speak of me in every thing as a happy man; for, when I was a child, I seemed to have received advantage from what is esteemed worthy and handsome in children; so, likewise, when I was a youth, from what is esteemed so in young men; so, when I came to be a man, from what is esteemed worthy and handsome in men. And I have always seemed to observe myself increase with time in strength and vigor, so that I have not found myself weaker or more infirm in my old age than in my youth. Neither do I know that I have desired or undertaken any thing in which I have not succeeded. By my means my friends have been made happy, and my enemies enslaved; and my country, at first inconsiderable in Asia, I leave in great reputation and honor. Neither do I know that I have not preserved whatever I acquired. And though, in time past, all things have succeeded according to my wishes, yet an apprehension lest, in process of time, I should see, hear, or suffer some difficulty, has not suffered me to be too much elated, or too extravagantly delighted. Now, if I die, I leave you, children, behind me, (whom the gods have given me) and I leave my country and my friends happy. Ought not I, therefore, in justice, to be always remembered, and mentioned as fortunate and happy? I must, likewise, declare to whom I leave my kingdom, lest that being doubtful, should hereafter raise dissensions among you. Now, children, I bear an equal affection to you both, but I direct that the elder should have the advising and conducting of affairs, as his age requires it, and it is probable he has more experience. And as I have been instructed by my country and yours to give place to those older than myself, not only brothers, but fellow-citizens, both in walking, sitting, and speaking, so have I instructed you, from your youth, to show a regard to your elders, and to receive the like from such as were inferior to you in age: receive then this disposition as ancient, customary, and legal. Do you, therefore, Cambyses, hold the kingdom, as allotted you by the gods and by me, so far as it is in my power. To you, Tanoaxares, I bequeath the satrapy of the Medes, Armenians, and Cadusians, which, when I allot you, I think I leave your elder brother a larger empire, and the title of a kingdom, but to you a happiness freer from care and vexation: for I do not see what human satisfaction you can need; but you will enjoy whatever appears agreeable and pleasing to men. An affection for such things as are difficult to execute, a multitude of pains, and an impossibility of being quiet, anxiety from an emulation of my actions, forming designs yourself, and having designs formed against you; these are things which must more necessarily attend a king than one in your station; and be assured these give many interruptions to pleasure and satisfaction. Know, therefore, Cambyses, that it is not the golden sceptre which can preserve your kingdom, but faithful friends are a prince's truest and securest sceptre. But do not imagine that men are naturally faithful, (for then they would appear so to all, as other natural endowments do) but every one must render others faithful to himself; and they are not to be procured by violence, but rather by kindness and beneficence. If, therefore, you would constitute other joint guardians with you of your kingdom, whom can you better begin with than him who is of the same blood with yourself? And fellow-citizens are nearer to us than strangers, and those who live and eat with us than those that do not. And those who have the same original, who have been nourished by the same mother, and grown up in the same father, and beloved by the same parents, and who call on the same father and mother, are not they, of all others, the nearest to us? Do not you, therefore, render those advantages fruitless by which the gods unite brothers in affinity and relation; but to those advantages add other friendly offices, and by that means your friendship will be reciprocally solid and lasting. The taking care of a brother is providing for one's self. To whom can the advancement of a brother be equally honorable as to a brother? Who can show a regard to a great and powerful man equal to his brother? Who will fear to injure another so much as

him whose brother is in an exalted station? Be therefore second to none in submission and good-will to your brother, since no one can be so particularly serviceable or injurious to you. And I would have you consider how you can hope for greater advantages by obliging any one so much as him. Or whom can you assist that will be so powerful an ally in war? Or what is more infamous than want of friendship between brothers? Who, of all men, can we so handsomely pay regard to as to a brother? In a word, Cambyse, your brother is the only one you can advance next to your person without the envy of others. Therefore, in the name of the gods, children, have regard for one another, if you are careful to do what is acceptable to me. For you ought not to imagine, you certainly know, that after I have closed this period of human life I shall no longer exist; for neither do you now see my soul, but you conclude, from its operations, that it does exist. And have you not observed what terrors and apprehensions murderers are inspired with by those who have suffered violence from them? What racks and tortures do they convey to the guilty? Or how do you think honors should have continued to be paid to the deceased, if their souls were destitute of all power and virtue? No, children, I can never be persuaded that the soul lives no longer than it dwells in this mortal body, and that it dies on its separation; for I see that the soul communicates vigor and motion to mortal bodies during its continuance in them. Neither can I be persuaded that the soul is divested of intelligence on its separation from this gross senseless body; but it is probable that when the soul is separated it becomes pure and entire, and is then more intelligent. It is evident that, on man's dissolution, every part of him returns to what is of the same nature with itself, except the soul; that alone is invisible, both during its presence here, and at its departure. And you may have observed that nothing resembles death so much as sleep; but then it is that the human soul appears most divine, and has a prospect of fatality; for then it is probable the soul is most free and independent. If, therefore, things are as I think, and that the soul leaves the body, having regard to my soul, comply with my request. But if it be otherwise, and that the soul, continuing in the body, perishes with it, let nothing appear in your thoughts or actions criminal or impious, for fear of the gods, who are eternal, whose power and inspection extend over all things, and who preserve the harmony and order of the universe free from decay or defect, whose greatness and beauty are inexplicable! Next to the gods, have regard to the whole race of mankind, in perpetual succession; for the gods have not concealed you in obscurity, but there is a necessity that your actions should be conspicuous to the world. If they are virtuous and free from injustice, they will give you power and interest in all men; but if you project what is unjust against each other, no man will trust you, for no one can place a confidence in you, though his inclination to it be ever so great, when he sees you unjust where it most becomes you to be a friend. If, therefore, I have not rightly instructed you what you ought to be to one another, learn it from those who lived before our time, for that will be the best lesson. For there are many who have lived affectionate parents to their children and friends to their brothers; and some there are who have acted the opposite part towards each other. Whichever of these you shall observe to have been most advantageous, you will do well in giving it the preference in your choice. But perhaps this is sufficient as to these matters. When I am dead, children, do not enshrine my body in gold nor in silver, nor any thing else, but lay it in the earth as soon as possible; for what can be more happy than to mix with the earth which gives birth and nourishment to all things excellent and good? And as I have always hitherto borne an affection to men, so it is now most pleasing to me to incorporate with that which is beneficial to men. Now, said he, 'it seems to me that my soul is beginning to leave me, in the same manner as it is probable it begins its departure with others. If, therefore, any of you are desirous of touching my right hand, or willing to see my face while it has life, come near to me: for when I shall have covered it, I request of you, children, that neither yourselves nor any others will look on my body. Summon all the Persians and their allies before my tomb to rejoice for me; that I shall be then out of danger of suffering any evil, whether I shall be with the gods or shall be reduced to nothing. As many as come, do you dismiss with all those favors that are thought proper for a happy man. And, said he, 'remember this as my last and dying words. If you do kindnesses to your friends, you will be able to injure your enemies. Farewell, dear children, and tell this to your mother as from me. And all you, my friends, both such of you as are here present, and the rest who are absent—farewell.'

"Having said this, and taken every one by the right hand, he covered himself, and thus expired."

Adolph, and other Poems. By J. A. Shea. 12mo. p. 163. New-York. W. E. Dean. 1831.

This neat little volume is principally devoted to the commencement of a progressive poem, which promises to be no mean acquisition to this department of domestic literature. It is true, the author is not "a native, born and bred," being a youthful, warm-hearted, son of the Emerald Isle.

We do not altogether admire the sentiments expressed in a short dedication to the Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, who is often known to have taken even humble talent by the hand, and aided it forward in its laudable exertions:

"How far," says he, "the failure of many gifted American authors is attributable to the apathy of the influential, I am unable to say; but that it has been materially so, few will have the temerity to deny. If talent is to be produced to the country, it must be husbanded: if to be preserved, it must be guarded: and, as a first step towards its successful cultivation, America, and 'the magnates of the land,' must arise from that unnatural, unjust, and dishonoring servility which patronizes few publications, however excellent, that bear not the recommendation of European criticism."

"Never, probably, was the truth of the position

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,"

so practically illustrated in this country. Week after week we see the literary refuse of a foreign market disgorged upon these shores, and swallowed with the most wilful avidity; and why? because it comes recommended by the interested reviewers of the British metropolis; and yet, sir, it is well known that the press of Great Britain is not less venal in literary than in political assumptions. (Opinions are not purchaseable.) Does not the question, then, naturally en-

force itself here, 'Is the slavery of the mind more endurable or less degrading than that of the body?' If not, the revolution of America is incomplete, and it is still necessary assiduously to inculcate that, while she possesses any intellectual promise, it must not be neglected, nor her children permitted to prostrate themselves in exclusive worship before the shrines of European literature."

The stanzas comprised in this volume are merely introductory; but the plot is so far developed as to excite interest in its future progress, and final denouement. The hero, Adolph, reminds us of Beattie's Minstrel; though, in many respects, the young Hibernian is of a very different character. He was an orphan at the age of fifteen, "parentless and homeless," cast on a cheerless world to earn his bread, without experience and without friends. The object of the poem is to accompany him through the varied career of poverty, toil, hope, disappointment, virtuous perseverance, and ultimate success. The moral is, therefore, good. As regards its execution, the promiscuous quotation of a few stanzas will enable the reader to judge for himself.

When morning looked along the golden east
Adolph would walk the solitary strand,
Behold the gorgeous sky as it increased,
And watch its influence o'er the sea and land;
See every beam upon the sweet dews feast,
And hill and vale, as by some wizard's wand,
Filled with a million re-awakened flowers,
And then exclaim, "A glorious world is ours!"

"Why do I hear the young and happy heart
Filling its home with misanthropic sighs?
Why do I see, mid gilded halls, depart
Health from the cheeks and gladness from the eyes?
Why do I see some self-tormenter start,
And fret and foam by which he daily dies,
And these where pleasure falls in golden showers?
'Tis strange—'tis strange! a glorious world is ours!"

"From the day's birth-hour to the evening's close,
I can find music in the rushing ocean;
Fruit on the tree and fragrance in the rose;
Pictures in the 'evening clouds' panoramic motion;
Freshness and peace in the green vale's repose;
And mountain-altars for the soul's devotion;
Morals in streams that flow, and flowers that fall;
Beauty in each—omnipotence in all."

The reader will perceive that these stanzas are not exactly according to Spencer's favorite measure, but we know not by what other name to call them. It will also be found that, unlike the Minstrel of Beattie, there is much light humor in the poem of Adolph; especially in that part where his love and "whole course of wooing" is described. Though love be a universal language, an Irishman has his own mode of expressing it.

Now Adolph most religiously attended
His church, and paid attention to his prayers;
But more (a practice which he should have mended,
To heaven's fair clients as they came up stairs;
And towards them was he vigilantly bended,
That wheat may not be lost amid the tares;
So that when beauty came he may refer
The aspirations of his soul to her.

Then when the termination would draw nigh,
Adolph would at the portal take his stand,
To see the unconscious idol passing by,
And touch his chapeau with a courtier's hand:
And utter such a deeply wistful sigh,
As even a saint could not misunderstand;
And if it rained, out spoke the happy fellow,
"Madam, do deign to honor my umbrella!"

Adolph was a poet, and several of his sonnets, songs, apostrophes, and acrostics are sprinkled through the work, and give it a pleasing variety, not usual in a long poem. One of them is introduced as follows:

Adolph now sighed for the Chaldean's lore;
And gazed intensely on the million lights,
Which, as he gazed, but multiplied the more,
Like armies gathering on the heavenly heights.
His fettered spirit struggled to explore
Those mystic suns of our creation's nights;
But far beyond the impotence of man
They lived—and thus his humbled feelings ran.

Want of room will not permit us to extend these quotations as far as we could wish; but the following certainly deserve a place:

"Oh for that clime of gallantry and fame,
Where love and glory tune the poet's lyre!
Where th' one is not afraid to feed his flame
From the pure fountain of his soul's desire—
Nor glory still to adore Napoleon's name:
Oh may the son be worthier than the sire—
Demand the nation's faith, and trample down
That sire's ambition and the Bourbon's crown."

"And will it ever come—that glorious hour!
When th' untombed spirit of Helena's rock
Shall summon France to wake her slumbering power,
And all her treasured thunderbolts unlock;
Till the affrighted heavens with war-clouds lower,
And Europe reels convulsed beneath the shock!
Will this Napoleon end what that began,
And mankind's monarchs yield to monarch man?"

In alluding to the emancipation of Greece, the author has these beautiful lines:

Yes! every step of thy celestial clime
Is peopled with bright recollections! not
A temple, column, tower, or tomb, which time
Hath not all razed or ruin'd, but is fraught
With some proud lesson, some ennobling thought;
There is a wordless eloquence which speaks
To the charmed soul from each enchanting spot;
A spirit and a spell, whose magic wakes
In cities, plains and groves, mountains and hills and lakes.

Here stand the tombs that sepulchre their sleep—
The royal Spartan and his deathless band;
Here Salamis' victorious waters sweep,
Amid the mountain Titans of her strand;
There Simois wanders through the desolate land
Unlike that rapid river, which of yore
Shook with the strife of Phrygia's thousands, and
Wheeling its sounding way all swain with gore,
Limbs—trunks and grappling foes on its red waters bore!

Several miscellaneous pieces succeed Adolph, which we recommend to the reader, with the assurance that the volume before us is worthy of his perusal. The work has many faults, but they are principally the faults of an ardent young mind, which time alone can correct.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Conversations of the week.—The annual commencement of Columbia college was celebrated on Tuesday, the second instant. A pressure of engagements prevented our attendance; but we learn that the exercises afforded general satisfaction.

It is currently reported that Washington Irving intends returning to this city in the course of the ensuing spring. Few events could be more gratifying to our fellow-citizens, who are justly proud of him, and grateful for his successful exertions in elevating the literary reputation of his country. Mr. Irving has indeed run a brilliant career, and every one here feels towards him like a bosom friend. However opposed we may be to public dinners, on trivial occasions, we deem this one on which that compliment may with propriety be offered. There is a subject on which we touch with delicacy, as one beyond the province of the public press: we allude to the fact that Mr. Irving has chosen to fix his residence in Europe, and to the ill-natured and unwarrantable observations to which it has given rise. In a paragraph, at present going the rounds of the papers, we find Mr. Irving himself mentioning them with regret. These attempts to render any one accountable to the public for the ordinary events of his private life, are a little beyond the limits of courtesy; and they never assumed more importance in the eyes of any intelligent person than when Washington Irving and his brother, Judge Irving, noticed them. Where would have been the "History of Columbus" if the author had remained at home? How many graceful sketches of foreign manners we should then have lost! The truth is, writers of Mr. Irving's temperament are much benefited by travel. Subjects are presented to them in new lights, and the change of scenery displays to them the sudden variety of a kaleidoscope wherein motion forms the images into fine combinations. The author of "Knickerbocker" will, it is to be hoped, in the course of his approaching visit, enjoy as well as communicate, pleasure. Since his "Voyage" he has been read and admired by millions who were before incapable of appreciating his beauties. He has become a theme of interest and curiosity to a new generation, and he must stand prepared to meet the inquiring glances of a whole host of young literary worthies, who, as the Etionians say, "do not think small-beer of themselves," but of whom, ("alas that it should be so,") he has never heard! But we are getting prolix, as one is apt to on a favorite subject.

David Williams, the last of the immortal trio who captured the unfortunate Andre, died on Tuesday, the second instant, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, at Livingstonville, Schoharie county, and was buried with military honors. He was born on the twenty-first of August, 1754. The rugged honesty of these three patriots is a fair example of the prevalent feeling during the excited period of the revolution, but stands out in bold relief from the licentious treachery of Arnold. We are continually reminded how prolific the brief history of this country is in romantic incident and themes for the novelist and poet. Had these three men lived in ancient Rome, their stately statues would long since have arisen.

Can any antiquarian correspondent inform us touching the origin of the expression, "it is sufficient to puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer?" which implies, on the part of the practitioners of our fair sister city, a superiority over our own "learned Thebans." We know not what peculiar acumen may be inhaled from the breezes of the Delaware and the Schuylkill; but if the attorneys in that part of the world do actually possess any short-handed method of solving problems, we call upon them to enlighten us upon the subject of the Siamese twins, one of whom, it seems, has been committing an assault and battery. In arresting one, the other requires to know by what right he also is to be arrested? How is the guilty to be punished without also inflicting a penalty on the innocent? It will be in vain to look for precedents in such a case; and the world, who are always more alive to physical than to moral wonders, because it is easier for men to see than to reflect, cry out at the occurrence of such a phenomena in the history of jurisprudence. We believe, however, that similar instances of the inextricable confusion of the right and the wrong continually take place, in which the court cut them asunder, without reference to private feeling.

Mr. Knapp, to whose politeness we are indebted for the sketches on the first page, has it in contemplation shortly to publish a duodecimo, of about three hundred pages, entitled the "Pursuits of Literature." The work, with other matters, will contain a condensed view of English literature, with some account of the literary and scientific men from the earliest period of British history to the present time. The extracts made in to-day's paper are a specimen of the style and manner, but convey only a partial idea of the subjects which the volume will embrace.

The committee sent from this city to congratulate the king of the French have returned, it appears, without having made much impression on his majesty.

The English papers contain an account of a splendid *fete*, recently given by Lafayette, at which all the valor, talent, fashion, and beauty of Paris were present.

A model has been exhibited in Philadelphia of an important original invention for transporting the United States' mail, with complete security, at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, and without exposure to the depredations of robbers.

A finished full-length engraving of the king of England, and also one of the fall of Nineveh, are to be seen at the store of Peabody and Co. Broadway.

A trial, arising out of a belief in witchcraft, occurred in Nashville, on the twenty-second ultimo.

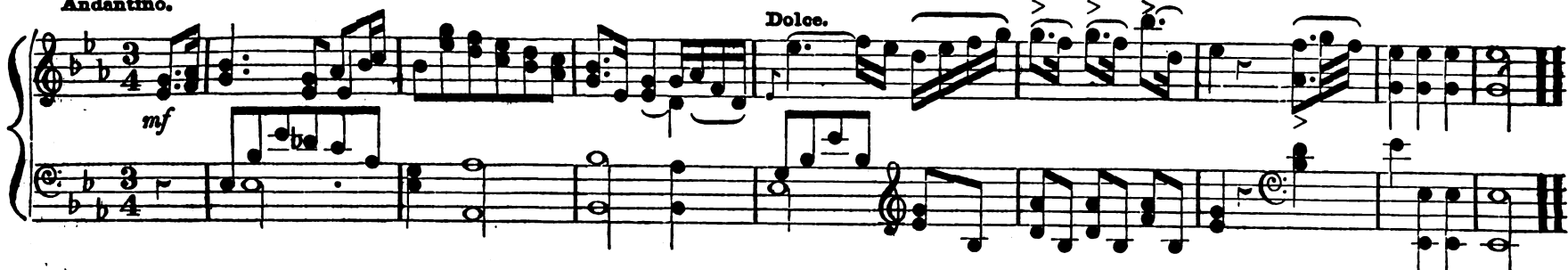
At Providence, the other day, a boy of fourteen married a little miss of the same age.

PITY THE POOR YOURAKEE!

A POPULAR MELODY, AS SUNG IN THE MELO-DRAMA OF PETER WILKINS—MUSIC BY J. WATSON—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

Andantino.

Dolce.



O-ver rocks and high moun-tains, O-ver sea and wide dell; By Ark-low's white foun-tains, My dear pa-rents dwell, By Ark-low's white foun-tains, My dear pa-rents

Dol.



dwell; If the land of your home you e'er wish to see, Oh! show then your pi-ty, kind stran-ger, to me! Oh! pi-ty the Gow-ry, the poor You-ra-

Ad lib.

kee, pi-ty, pi-ty the poor You-ra-kee.

Flute.

Horns.

Tempo.

Tenuto.

SECOND VERSE.

From a lone parent parted,
Think what sorrow and grief,
If, like me, broken hearted,
You found no relief.
Oh! feel for the parent,
Now pining for me!
Oh! pity the Gowry,
The poor Yourakee,
Oh! pity, &c.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE YOUNG GIRL WITH GRAY HAIR.

Most of our readers remember the story of Mrs. Montague's hair turning suddenly gray, the effect of fright from a thunder-storm on the Alps; and perhaps another similar case is not altogether unfamiliar, of the boy who was lowered down the side of a precipice to get an eagle's eggs from the nest, and was attacked by the parent bird; and in attempting to defend himself with a knife, cut the rope that held the basket in which he was seated, so that he was sustained by a single strand, at a distance of many hundred feet from the bottom of the cliff; he was drawn up, but such was the shock his feelings sustained, that in a few hours his head became as gray as that of the octogenarian. The following translation, which we make from a French paper, will show another instance of early gray hairs, from an expedition that promised as little any such result as the two above noticed.—United States Gazette.

After three year's absence, I saw her again, two weeks since, at the theatre. Every eye was fixed upon her but mine—I dared not look. The sight of her produced in me a painful and indescribable emotion. But I soon turned towards her—her appearance made me weep.

"Poor Henrietta," said I.

A person sitting near me, pulled me by the sleeve and said, "Is it not strange that a girl so young should be gray?"

"It is such a pity," said another; "she has such beautiful black eyes."

"If there was a poet here," said a dandy, "I am certain that the sight of this beautiful monster would inspire him to write a splendid ballad."

If I had had a dirk with me, the fellow should have felt it.

I made an attempt to escape, but an irresistible force nailed me to the bench. At length the curtain rose—who could tell me what was passing on the stage? I knew nothing of it excepting that a gentleman behind me observed, that it was a very pleasant farce. I, in the mean time, was choked with grief.

Between the acts, the people around me began again to converse about the young lady with gray hair.

"I'll bet any thing," said one, "that the poor girl has met the devil in the evening, face to face, in the woods."

"Not at all," said another; "there is no devil in the case. I am a physician, and will explain to you how it happens that certain kinds of hair—"

"Ay, you are going to explain the matter scientifically," interrupted a third person; "my dear sir, you waste your science here. It is impossible that a whole head of hair, on a young girl, should turn gray without some extraordinary cause. This interesting victim must have experienced some violent shock."

"Her husband, perhaps, was killed in her arms on the twenty-ninth of July."

"Ah, that is quite possible," murmured a man who had been a *gend'arme*; "or perhaps while she was playing at the edge of the window, the child has fallen from the fourth story, and been crushed upon the pavement."

"Beg pardon, gentlemen, but your suppositions are wide from facts. You can easily see that she is neither a mother nor a widow. How old do you suppose such a girl to be—sixteen, sir?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Perhaps you know her?" said the man to me. I shrunk back into silence, and he continued:

"It is evident to any one that has studied the physiology of the passions, that this young lady owes her early gray hair entirely to a violent disappointment in love."

I turned suddenly towards the speaker, and pressing his hand convulsively in mine, exclaimed, "Ah, sir, I am a guilty wretch!"

I know not what the company must have thought of this exclamation, torn from me by the remembrance of my crime; but luckily for me, the music struck up with all its force, and the drop curtain rose again.

During the remainder of the farce I could think only of former days, recalling to my mind the image of Henrietta—Henrietta, so young, so beautiful, and so cruelly deserted—Henrietta, the lovely mistress of my youth, whom I now found in three years with the gray hairs of age!

"Wretch!" said I to myself, "what hast thou not made her suffer—with what shameful neglect hast thou treated the most tender love?"

I tore my breast with my nails, such was my anguish.

I quitted the boxes. It appeared that the performance had closed. One of my friends came up to me, and without paying any attention to my paleness, he took me gaily by the hand.

"I have just seen Henrietta," said he.

"How," said I, "have you also seen her?"

"Undoubtedly, my dear fellow; she is terribly changed though."

"Oh, horribly," cried I.

"Do you know how that has happened?"

"Hush," said I, imploringly; "hush, I beseech you. I am the monster!"

"What," said he, laughing, "are you the robber?"

"What robber?" demanded I.

"The quack?"

"I know nothing of that."

He then told me that Henrietta, passing at Bourges about a month since, had purchased in the public square, of a mountebank, a powder for coloring the hair auburn or black—and that was the reason her hair turned gray!

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,
To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscription received for a less term than one year.

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No. 7.

ORIGINAL TALES.

CONSUMPTION.

If the reader of this paper has ever chanced to cast his eyes through a medical book, he must have been struck with the appalling variety of diseases to which he is exposed. There is something hideous in the contemplation of these hidden dangers—these terrible things suspended over our heads in the midst of festivity, like the sword of Damocles by a single hair. We blame youth for its thoughtlessness. But it is its joy and its shield, bestowed upon it by the same benevolent nature which has folded up the tender bud in its green mantle before it has itself sufficient strength to bear the fierce heat of noon or the damp coldness of the evening. If the young possessed the dreadful faculty of perceiving all the dark repulsive passages through which the path of life may lead, they would shrink back, amazed and affrighted, from such numberless perils.

If, as some of the superstitious nations of the east have taught, the affairs of the earth sometimes fell under the control of a mighty spirit of evil, we should mark the monstrous and loathsome shapes which disease assumes in its attacks upon our helpless fellow-creatures, as striking manifestations of his unrelenting malice and of his wonderful power.

There is one kind of death which we mourn with feelings unmingled with bitterness. It is the gradual decay of the aged. Indeed when we consider the situation to which the weight of years reduces a human being, we cannot but confess that the portals of the grave exclude such a time-stricken and feeble creature from little worth regretting. In him disease appears in its most friendly aspect. It has waited until he has run through all life's pleasures, tested its hopes, acknowledged the emptiness of its grandeur, and exhausted all its sources of mirth and joy. I cannot mourn keenly when the remains of such an one are laid in the ground. I reflect—the ship has arrived at its port. The flower has budded and bloomed, and is giving place to another. The oil of the lamp is burnt out, and the flame expires. But oh! when youth and vigor and hope are summoned! When death comes to them arrayed in its hideousness—breaking in upon the happiness of a cheerful scene—racking the bones—wasting the flesh—sending fever through the blood, and wrenching the brain to madness—playing its tremendous experiments of torture upon the fragile form of loveliness, which the tenderness of parents and friends had hitherto scarcely permitted “the winds of summer to visit too roughly,” tearing it from gay prospects of bliss and the convulsive grasp of affection—then must the weak mortal cover up his face and shudder in silence, and wonder at the inscrutable decrees of Providence.

In this respect fate seems to have been kinder to the brute creation than to man. The voracity with which they prey upon each other renders the number which die by a natural death but small, and we have no reason to suppose that their diseases in variety and pain at all equal our own.

Can there be a more melancholy spectacle than a man, in the prime of life, gradually yielding to some fatal malady? Every day he feels himself growing more passive in its embrace. If sickness chain him to his weary couch, week after week, month after month, glides away. He watches the progress of the shadows as they note the passing hours upon the walls of his darkened and gloomy chamber. Perhaps he remains in this dreadful state during the revolution of all the seasons. He hears them shovelling off the heavy heaps of snow from the pavement beneath his window—and he sees its white and flaky masses piled up on the sill, and freezing in sparkling crystal upon the frosted glass. Then it passes away, and the spring sun gleams in upon his hollow cheeks and wasted system—and perhaps he hears the voice of a bird, venting the gushing fulness of its heart in music, as if there were no panting invalid creeping forth from the chill shadows of death to breathe in the scented air, and feel its “invisible fingers” play with the locks upon his skeleton forehead, and warm his dying heart with recollections of youth and hope and love. What reflections must pass through the mind of such a creature!

I once spent several weeks in the town of —, and became there acquainted with a young gentleman, who was wasting away with a slow consumption. He resided in the hotel where I lodged. His person, I was told, had been remarkably handsome, and his face still bore the traces of a high order of beauty. His well formed mouth still expressed with force the various moods of his mind; and his eyes, which were very large, and of a deep black, were full of power and meaning. His prospects had been of a most agreeable kind before the disease attacked him. He was rapidly rising in his profession, and was about to be united to a young girl, who had since married another. I felt deeply for him; and my sympathy, which he was not long in perceiving, was the foundation of an attachment which strengthened till he died. His heart, which appeared to have been absolutely frozen to all the rest of the world, seemed to delight in pouring out all its feelings to me. He found a strange fascination

in dwelling upon the incidents of his early life—his proud hopes—his haughty hatred of cowardice and oppression—his love of women and children—his enjoyment of music—and the eagerness with which he had once prepared to participate in the beautiful things of the world.

We sat together one afternoon in his chamber. The sun was setting, and shed a crimson light. Masses of illumined clouds were thronging around the departing orb of day, some burnished with fiery red, some bound with a dazzling fringe of gold, and others melting and sinking into a sea of rich orange, which flooded the whole heavens with its radiant waves.

The glory of the sky had also fallen upon the earth, which presented a little landscape to the eyes of the short-breathing invalid, of most perfect loveliness. There was a valley, a meadow of the deepest green, a wood within whose shadowy recesses the gaze strove to pierce in vain, and a grove of tall oaks, upon a lawn which was beautifully marked with their lengthened and gigantic shadows, as the level beams streamed through the unmoving branches. A river sometimes disclosed its silver bosom, winding with a graceful sweep, by its fringed banks, and stealing silently off into the quiet of the forest. A holy repose hushed all nature. The very cattle which reclined around looked like paintings, and the tinkle of the sheep's bell, heard in the distance at intervals, was the only sound which told that the scene was more than an enchanting vision.

My poor friend gazed in silence. His eyes passed over the glowing ocean of splendor above, and the picture-scene which lay in tranquil beauty around. At first his face beamed only awakened rapture at the triumph of nature. Then a shadow passed over it, as if a thought of his own contrasted fate were stirring at his heart, till at length, he closed the heavy lids of his sick-looking eyes, and I saw them swollen gradually with large tears, which stole silently out from the long lashes, and rolled down his haggard cheeks.

He extended his hand for mine, and pressed it to his lips, and then spoke in a low voice, and without opening his eyes.

“It is an awful thing to die—to go down from this brightness, this gorgeous beauty of nature, into the cold dark grave. To know never again the warm raptures which were but now thrilling across my heart-strings. To be withdrawn from the living; to moulder away into worthless dust; to have the worm at my bosom; to forget; to be forgotten!”

His lips quivered, his frame trembled; he leant down his head; he buried it in my bosom and wept. I knew that tears would relieve him, and after a pause, attempted to offer religious consolation. He remained in this situation for some time in silence. At length he said, “I am ashamed of this weakness. I thought I could fall with as much dignity as Cesar; and so I could under any sudden blow; but this protracted and weary disease unmans me, and gives me too much time for reflection; and reflection paints the world in such colors that I cannot but leave it with regret. Oh! knew you but the visions which have thronged through my imagination while imprisoned within this narrow apartment. I have busied myself during the slowly dragging hours of midnight in remembering and in fancying. I have been a warrior in the field; I have been a traveller, musing on the wonders of foreign lands; I have been a husband, and a father. I have shaken the senate with eloquence; have roused the public with poetry; I have been an actor, wielding all the passions of nature; and a wealthy man, purchasing all happiness that earth can know. These are the shadows which have enlivened my solitude, and beguiled my tedious time, with an amusement which, after all, was wretchedness. And oh! could I but tell you, in the deep watches of the night how the bright scenes of nature have come up to my mind! When the wintry storm was beating against the house, and shrieking and sighing and groaning through the deserted halls; when the fierce angry wind coursed through the air like a very demon, and shook the rattling windows in their casements, with what a wonderful vividness the summer luxuriance of this fair earth has flowed up to my fancy: the calm old woods, the glad streams, the buds and flowers. Then I have seen the proud ship, her snowy sails set, rising and falling upon the blue ocean billows; and then would appear a sunny green bank, scented with clover, and thronged with the faces of those I had loved; music breathing, eyes flashing, lips smiling, sweet voices mingling, waters, birds, and branches gleaming around deliciously, till it grew to be a perfect reality, on which I gazed with an excess of trembling pleasure: when, with a loathsome change, that ran with shuddering horror through every nerve of my body, images of death would crowd upon me; coffins, black pall would be gliding with a ghostly silence about the room; and figures in white, with ghastly faces, beckoning me; and once a newly dug grave, with sods and spades lying beside it; and a procession, with a gloomy, dead, stiff form, stretched out, which I knew to be myself; living, but unable to move or speak—a monstrous nightmare—till the whole would melt into a general horror, and I would awake, strug-

gling and trembling, and feel my wasted and shrivelled limbs, and gasp for the breath which I knew would soon pass forever away.”

A few days after this interview I was called suddenly from the village, and on my return, after the expiration of a few weeks, I left my horse at a neighboring stable, and walked towards the hotel. It was just such a radiant afternoon as that which I have endeavored to describe.

“My poor friend!” I thought, “perhaps he is even now sitting by the window, and brooding over his unhappy doom.”

As I passed by the little church, and the few simple graves gleamed with their white monuments, through the palings of the fence, I perceived one newly erected. It bore the name of him who then was uppermost in my thoughts. I looked over into the peaceful yard, and on the grassy mound.

There is no philosophy like the contemplation of a new grave, while the voice of its tenant is yet ringing in your ear. The sun had gone down from the darkened heavens, and the dimmest of the stars sent its trembling beams through the dewy shadow before I shook off my reverie, and turned my steps homeward. SEDLEY.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A NATURALIST.

We give below several extracts from this volume, which we noticed in a late number. The theory which ascribes the origin of so many hundred thousands of our fellow-creatures to the potato, is rather shocking to the vanity of human nature.

THE POTATO.

“Two of our crops not being of universal culture, are entitled to a brief mention. We grow the potato extensively in our fields, a root which must be considered, after bread-corn and rice, the kindest vegetable gift of Providence to mankind. This root forms the chief support of our population as their food, and affords them a healthful employment for three months in the year, during the various stages of planting, hacking, hoeing, harvesting. Every laborer rents of the farmer some portion of his land, to the amount of a rood or more, for this culture, the profits of which enable him frequently to build a cottage; and, with the aid of a little bread, furnishes a regular, plentiful, nutritious food for himself, his wife, and children within, and his pig without doors; they all grow fat and healthy upon this diet, and use has rendered it essential to their being. The population of England, Europe perhaps, would never have been so numerous as it is without this vegetable; and if the human race continue increasing, the cultivation of it may be extended to meet every demand, which no other earthly product could scarcely be found to admit of. The increase of mankind throughout Europe, within the last forty years, has been most remarkable; as every census informs us, notwithstanding the havoc and waste of continual warfare, and most extensive emigration; and as it seems to be an established maxim, that population will increase according to the means of supply, so, if a northern hive should swarm again, or

‘Blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic shore’

once more arise, future historians will probably attribute this excess of population, and the revolutions it may effect, to the introduction of vaccination on the one part, and the cultivation of the potato on the other.”

IMPORTANCE OF NATURAL HISTORY.

“It is rather a subject of surprise, that in our general associations and commixtures in life, in times so highly enlightened as the present, when many ancient prejudices are gradually fitting away, as reason and science dawn on mankind, we should meet with so few, comparatively speaking, who have any knowledge of, or take the least interest in, natural history; or if the subject obtain a moment's consideration, it has no abiding-place in the mind, being dismissed as the fitting employment of children and inferior capacities. But the natural historian is required to attend to something more than the vagaries of butterflies, and the spinings of caterpillars; his study, considered abstractedly from the various branches of science which it embraces, is one of the most delightful occupations that can employ the attention of reasoning beings; a beautiful landscape, grateful objects, pleasures received by the eye or the senses, become the common property of all who can enjoy them, being in some measure obvious to every one; but the naturalist must reflect upon hidden things, investigate by comparison, and testify by experience; and living amidst the wonders of creation, it becomes his occupation to note and proclaim such manifestations of wisdom or goodness as may be perceived by him. And perhaps none of the amusements of human life are more satisfactory and dignified, than the investigation and survey of the workings and ways of Providence in this created world of wonders, filled with his never-absent power; it occupies and elevates the mind, is inexhaustible in supply; and, while it furnishes meditation for the closet of the studious, gives to the reflections of the moralizing rambler admiration and delight, and is an engaging companion, that will communicate an interest to every rural walk. We need not live with the humble denizens of the air, the tenants of the woods and hedges, or the grasses of the field; but to pass them by in utter disregard, is to neglect a large portion of rational pleasure open to our view, which may edify and employ many a passing hour, and by easy gradations will often become the source whence flow contemplations of the highest order.

Young minds cannot, I should conceive, be too strongly impressed with the simple wonders of creation by which they are surrounded: in the race of life they may be passed by, the occupation of existence may not admit attention to them, or the unceasing cares of the world may smother early attainments—but they can never be injurious—will give a bias to a reasoning mind, and tend, in some after-thoughtful, sobered hour, to comfort and to soothe. The little insights that we have obtained into nature's works are many of them the offspring of scientific research; and partial and uncertain as our labors are, yet a brief gleam will occasionally lighten the darksome path of the humble inquirer, and give him a momentary glimpse of hidden truths; let not then the idle and the ignorant scoff at him who devotes an unemployed hour,

'No calling left, no duty broke.'

to investigate a moss, a fungus, a beetle, or a shell, in 'ways of pleasantness, and in paths of peace.' They are all the formation of Supreme Intelligence, for a wise and worthy end, and may lead us by gentle gradations to a faint conception of the powers of infinite wisdom. They have calmed and amused some of us worms and reptiles, and possibly bettered us for our change to a new and more perfect order of being."

TREES.

"Trees in full foliage have long been noted as great attractors of humidity, and a young wych elm in full leaf affords a good example of this supposed power; but in the winter of the year, when trees are perfectly denuded, this faculty of creating moisture about them is equally obvious, though not so profusely. A strongly marked instance of this was witnessed by me, when ascending a hill in the month of March. The weather had previously been very fine and dry, and the road in a dusty state; but a fog coming on, an ash tree hanging over the road beneath was in a puddle, when the other parts continued dry, and manifested no appearance of humidity. That leaves imbibe moisture by one set of vessels and discharge them by another, is well known; but these imbibings are never discharged in falling drops: the real mystery was, the fog in its progress was impeded by the boughs of the tree, and gradually collected on the exposed side of them, until it became drops of water, whereas the surrounding country had only a mist flying over it. Thus in fact the tree was no attractor, but a condenser; the gate of a field will in the same manner run down with water on the one side, and be dry on the other; as will a stick, or a post, from the same cause. It is upon this principle that currents of air will be found under trees in summer, when little is perceived in open places; and the under leaves and sprays will be curled and scorched at times, when the parts above are uninjured. The air in its passage being stopped and condensed against the foliage of the tree, it accordingly descends along its surface or front, and escapes at the bottom, where there are no branches or leaves to interrupt its progress. In winter there is little to impede the breeze in its course, and it passes through; consequently at this season the air under a tree is scarcely more sensibly felt than in the adjoining field.

"It may be observed, that in the spring of the year the herbage under trees is generally more vivid and luxuriant, than that which is beyond the spread of the branches: this may be occasioned, in some instances, by cattle having harbored there, and the ground becoming in consequence more manured; but it will be found likewise manifestly verdant and flourishing where no such accessory could have enriched it, and is, I apprehend, in general, chiefly owing to the effects of the driving fogs and mists, which cause a frequent drip beneath the tree, not experienced in other places, and thus in a manner keep up a perpetual irrigation and refreshment of the soil, and promote the decomposition of the foliage beneath, which being drawn into the earth by worms, contributes to the verdure by the nutriment they yield."

FLOWERS.

"Flowers, in all ages, have been made the representatives of innocence and purity. We decorate the bride, and strew her path with flowers: we present the undefiled blossoms, as a similitude of her beauty and untainted mind; trusting that her destiny through life will be like theirs, grateful and pleasing to all. We scatter them over the shell, the bier, and the earth, when we consign our mortal blossoms to the dust, as emblems of transient joy, fading pleasures, withered hopes; yet rest in sure and certain trust that each in due season will be renewed again. All the writers of antiquity make mention of their uses and application in heathen and pagan ceremonies, whether of the temple, the banquet, or the tomb—the rites, the pleasures, or the sorrows of man; and in concord with the usages of the period, the author of the 'Book of Wisdom,' says, 'Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds and flowers before they wither.' All orders of creation, 'every form of creeping things and abominable beasts,' have been, perhaps, at one time or another, by some nation or sect, either the objects of direct worship, or emblems of an invisible sanctity; but though individuals of the vegetable world may have veiled the mysteries, and been rendered sacred to particular deities and purposes, yet in very few instances, we believe, were they made the representatives of a deified object, or been howed down to with divine honors. The worship of the one true Being could never have been polluted by any symbol suggested by the open flowers and lily-work of the temple.

"The love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object as a motive: the cottage has its pink, its rose, its polyanthus; the villa its geranium, its dahlia, and its clematis: we cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining days; but, perhaps, it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure, and our affections seem immediately to expand at the sight of the first opening blossom under the sunny wall, or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems closed and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and re-animates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring; it is unseasonable, perhaps it brings with it rather a thought of melancholy than of joy; we view it with curiosity, not affection: and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not intrinsic beauty or splendor that so charms us, for the fair maids of spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the advanced year; they would be unheeded, perhaps lost, in the rose bowers of summer and of autumn; no, it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend, the re-

living glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season: to maturity they give pleasure, as a harbinger of the renewal of life, a signal of awakening nature, or of a higher promise; to youth they are expanding being, opening years, hilarity and joy; and the child, let loose from the house, riots in the flowery mead, and is

'Monarch of all he surveys.'

There is not a prettier emblem of spring than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its osier basket wreathed with butter-cups, orchises, and daisies. With summer flowers we seem to live as with our neighbors, in harmony and good-will; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships."

THE ASPEN TREE.

"The shivering of the aspen (*populus tremula*) in the breeze will give us the sensation of coldness, and communicate an involuntary shuddering. The construction of the foliage of this tree is peculiarly adapted for motion: a broad leaf placed upon a long foot-stalk, so flexible as scarcely to be able to support the leaf in an upright posture: the upper part of this stalk, on which the play or action seems mainly to depend, is contrary to the nature of footstalks in general, being perfectly flattened, and, as an eminent botanist and esteemed gentleman, Dr. I. Stokes, observes, is placed at a right angle with the leaf, being thus peculiarly fitted to receive the impulse of every wind that blows. This stalk is furnished with three strong nerves, placed parallel, and acting in unison with each other: but towards the base the stalk becomes round, and then the nerves assume a triangular form, and constitute three distinct supports and counteractions to each other's motions. I know no petiole with a similar conformation, or better calculated for the vibration of a leaf.

THE SNAPDRAGON.

"We have our walls in many places here decorated with most of the varieties of the great snapdragon, (*antirrhinum majus*) the white, the pink, and the common; and that beautiful deviation, with a white tube and crimson termination, is slowly wandering from the garden, and mixing with its congeners. It has not, perhaps, been generally observed that the flowers of this plant, "bull-dogs" as the boys call them, are perfect insect traps; multitudes of small creatures seek an entrance into the corolla through the closed lips, which upon a slight pressure yield a passage, attracted by the sweet liquor that is found at the base of the germen; but when so admitted there is no return, the lips are closed, and all the advance to them is impeded by a dense thicket of woolly matter, which invests the mouth of the lower jaw—

"Smooth lies the rode to Pluto's gloomy shade;
But, 'tis a long, unconquerable pain
To climb to those ethereal realms again."

But this snapdragon is more merciful than most of our insect traps. The creature receives no injury when in confinement, but, having consumed the nectareous liquor, and finding no egress, breaks from its dungeon by gnawing a hole at the base of the tube, and returns to liberty and light. The extraordinary manner in which the corolla of this plant is formed, the elastic force with which the lower limb closes and fits upon the projection of the upper, manifest the obvious design in the great architect, "whose hands bended the rainbow;" and the insects are probably the destined agents whereby the germen is impregnated, for as soon as this is effected, the limbs become flaccid, lose their elasticity, are no longer a place of confinement, but open for the escape of any thing that might have entered. The little black pismire is a common plunderer of this honey.

"It is a perplexing matter to reconcile our feelings to the rigor, and our reason to the necessity of some plants being made the instrument of destruction to the insect world. Of British plants we have only a few so constructed, which, having clammy joints and calyxes, entangle them to death. The sun-dew (*drosera*) destroys in a different manner, yet kills them without torture. But we have one plant in our gardens, a native of North America, than which none can be more cruelly destructive of animal life, the dogbane, (*apocynum androsaemifolium*), which is generally conducive to the death of every fly that settles upon it. Allured by the honey on the nectary of the expanded blossom, the instant the trunk is protruded to feed on it, the filaments close, and, catching the fly by the extremity of its proboscis, detain the poor prisoner writhing in protracted struggles till released by death, a death apparently occasioned by exhaustion alone; the filaments then relax, and the body falls to the ground. The plant will at times be dusky from the numbers of imprisoned wretches. This elastic action of the filaments may be conducive to the fertilizing of the seed by scattering the pollen from the anthers, as is the case with the barberry; but we are not sensible that the destruction of the creatures which excite the action is in any way essential to the wants or perfection of the plant, and our ignorance favors the idea of a wanton cruelty in the herb; but how little of the causes and motives of action of created things do we know! and it must be unlimitable arrogance alone that could question the wisdom of the mechanism of him 'that judgeth rightly; the operations of a simple plant confound and humble us, and, like the hand-writing on the wall, though seen by many, can be explained but by One.'"

THE UNITED STATES EXEMPT FROM DESERTS.

The Monthly American Journal of Geology and Natural Science, from which the subjoined article, entitled "The United States exempt from Deserts, and all the evils consequent thereon," is extracted, is published at Philadelphia. The editorial department is conducted by G. W. Featherstonhaugh, Esq.

"The physical conformation of North America precludes all possibility of deserts, or extended wastes. Those arid regions result from a want of moisture, and attach to the extended plains in the neighborhood of the tropics, too vast and disproportioned for the quantity of rain that nature has assigned to them. They drink, and are still dry. The clouds of heaven float over them in vain. Like Pharaoh's kine, they devour all, but change not their miserable condition.

"What are those physical phenomena that have insured us against all the ills of deserts? Geography tells us, that whenever a continent or country is expanded, more than a few hundred miles, in the equatorial regions, with a surface comparatively low and flat, it will become a desert. This is the result of the natural inability to be supplied with moisture. Most of Africa; the middle and southern regions of Asia; and even Hindostan, where mountains do not pre-

vail, have become sterile and desert. The face of nature in those countries is deformed; and vast chasms are created in those regions, where the vegetable and animal kingdoms are unable to flourish.

"New Holland owes its moisture to its insular situation; the peninsular form preserves fertility in Spain, Italy, Greece, and Asia-minor; back-bone mountains save Hindostan from entire barrenness; and the vicinage of some sea, or mountain elevation renders those parts of Africa, Asia, and Europe, which the great deserts do not reach, the fit abodes of man. In Central Africa, and Asia, and the coasts of the Red sea and Indian ocean, no mountains exist, to collect from the atmosphere stores of moisture, and spread them over those thirsty plains, to fertilize and clothe them with verdure. No commanding Cordilleras overlooking their plains, catch upon their long slopes the vapors of heaven, and preserve, upon their cloud-capped summits, reservoirs of eternal snow, with which to irrigate the plains that meet their base. It requires, then, a mountain range; the vicinage of some sea, or ocean, or a high, temperate latitude, to insure freshness to extended plains, and impart to them a fertility, proper for the comforts and wants of man.

"Let us examine our own continent, and learn the causes that have guaranteed to us, this exemption from deserts. Within the tropics and their neighborhood, North America is narrowed into a strip; it has all the advantages of an insular position, and drinks the moisture of two oceans. This is not all: the Cordilleras traverse the whole space, rising upon the Mexican table, to an elevation of eleven thousand feet, and commanding the neighboring seas. All winds, but more especially the heavily laden trades, pour forth their vapors upon this happy region, and clothe its long slopes and rich plains, with all the luxuriance of vegetation. These friendly mountains, after upheaving the tropical parts of our continent to the regions of eternal verdure, bear aloft their wide-spread arms, (the Chippewayan and Alleghany ranges,) as far as it is necessary to counteract the heats of a southern sun, and impart fertility to the great valley of the Mississippi, which seems especially consigned to their fostering care. But when elevations become no longer essential to the certainty of moisture and vegetation, they sink into the great plains of Canada, and disappear. How wise is this arrangement! For, if these mountains had carried their characteristic elevation far north, they would have chilled, with their eternal snows, all the northern portion of our country, and rendered it barren, not from drought and deserts, but what is equally to be deprecated, the blights of intolerable cold. These friendly ranges of mountains are thus the everlasting guarantees of our country's fertility. The Alleghany range derives its moisture from the Atlantic, and waters not only all the states that intervene between it and that ocean, but the states and districts that rest upon its western base, and contributes its full part to the great plains of Mississippi and Missouri. The Rocky, or Chippewayan range, draws heavily from the Pacific ocean, and abundantly waters not only that slope, but the extended plains which meet its eastern base. The narrow slopes of the two ranges of mountains which border the two oceans, are easily and very naturally irrigated from those oceans; and their slopes pointing inwards from the oceans, and the plains immediately in contact with them, draw moisture from the numerous founts and reservoirs of the mountains themselves. The great valley of the Mississippi, however, is too extensive, and too important to the rising population of this country, to be left to any uncertain supply of moisture. The sources of the mountains with which it is enfolded, might prove to be inadequate, and certainly would, if all depended on them. Other guarantees are found, and powerful aids provided in the case. That great valley opens itself without barrier, on the southern end, to the trade winds, which become deflected by the Mexican coast, enter it, fraught with all the moisture of the gulf, and deposit on this region a supply, literally inexhaustible, because those winds themselves are perpetual. Lest the mountain supply and trades both might not reach the northern end of this great plain, nature has thrown there the largest reservoirs, or accumulations of fresh water in the world. The great and numerous lakes of Canada, over which the winds pass, and from which clouds charge themselves with vapor, insure a never-failing supply of water to all that portion of the plain which lies contiguous. Thus every thing is provided, and nothing left to chance. Elevation, mountains, contiguous oceans, and internal reservoirs, all co-operate to insure to the territory of the United States a constant supply of moisture. The native fertility of the soil is therefore great, and yields to the wants of man with certainty and abundance. This supply of moisture is well tempered, and rarely pours forth in excess. In some countries, particularly in the north of Europe, in England and Ireland, the crops often fail from excess of moisture than a deficiency. The grain blights in the field, or moulds and rots in the granary, and acquires a musty smell and flavor, which takes away its merchantable character, and disqualifies it for the fine breads. Our seasons, fortunately, are just moist enough to give perfection to vegetable growth, without injuring it by excess; just regular enough to exempt us from all the labor of artificial irrigation, and leave the air dry and elastic enough to enable us to preserve all our vegetable productions. Happy country! where the elements hold so steady a balance; where rains prevail to mature, not to injure vegetation; where the sun shines to ripen, and not to parch up verdure; and where a clear, elastic air gives spring to the animal frame, and vigor to all nature.

"Where deserts exist, they not only preclude vegetation, and consequently population in the districts where they prevail, but exert a baneful influence upon all the neighboring regions that are inhabitable. They absorb the moisture from them, and render vegetation very uncertain. The heats that steam from the deserts enfeeble and stint all that has life and growth in the adjoining districts. Siroc winds prevail, collect the deleterious matter, heated and active, from their parched surface, sweep the neighboring countries, carry languor, disease and blight in their train, and convert all that is green into a brown desert. Hordes of locusts seem by nature associated with the deserts; rise in clouds, warp upon their winds, and like a deadly blast, couch upon the adjacent countries, and destroy all that is verdant. It results, therefore, that deserts not only mar the habitable globe to the extent that they prevail, but inflict upon the adjoining countries all the evils of famine, uncertainty, and disease; thus limiting the numbers, the comforts, and the power of man.

"We will now briefly note the effect of deserts upon the human figure, upon population, industry, the arts, morals, and liberty. The human form, in connection with deserts, is without its wonted symmetry—thin, dry, and emaciated; and the complexion dark, swarthy. Man seems formed there to drift with the sands, to

move his light and elastic frame with all the quickness that uncertainty might require, but possesses not the muscular power necessary to effective labor. The Africans, Arabians, Tartars, Bedouins, and others, are swarthy, dark, and devoid of all the symmetry of which the race is susceptible, and strikingly illustrate our position.

"In such countries population is sparse, and the few who draw a scanty support from the stunted and uncertain vegetation, are unfixed in their habits, and wanderers. They realize nothing, improve not their condition, are actuated by the sudden impulses of want, or the emergency occasioned by the irregularities of the elements around them.

"When the seasons and climate of the country in which man lives are uncertain; when no human effort can control them, and no art or foresight render labor available, he partakes of all the irregularity of the seasons; becomes as wild as nature herself; puts himself afloat with the elements, and is in his turn a devastator.

"If industry exist not, and human labor be unavailable, none of those improvements which change the condition of our race, and give to us character and comfort, have any existence. Without surplus production there can be no commercial exchanges; a limit is thus placed to social improvement, and a barrier erected against civilization. Man, under such a state of things, cannot multiply his race, because his supply of food is limited; nor create wealth, because his labor is unproductive and without stimulus; nor make valuable improvements in the arts, comforts, and intercourse of society, because he has neither the means nor the necessary numbers; nor can he polish and refine himself, because his state of society is essentially wild and violent.

"Morality is there nothing beyond those simple virtues which are connected with self-preservation; that rude hospitality, the necessity of which dire suffering has felt, and that reckless bravery which has been prompted by despair. High and honorable feelings, sterling integrity, truth, and that habitual propriety that discharges all the duties of man to his fellows, are unpractised, and comport not with such an uncertain state. The religion of the inhabitants of the desert is wild and superstitious, because it has no moral guarantee. The imagination creates the punitive power that makes brown the desert, that waves with the sands, and spreads around famine and devastation. It is invoked to destroy, and worshiped from fear. The ways of God to man are not justified, as in that fabric of good order, intelligence, and virtue, which is reared under more favorable circumstances.

"Liberty, in such countries, is the freedom of the desert, as unfixed as its votaries, and as wild as nature herself. Man's safety there is not the guarantee of the laws, but the strength of his own arm, or the ease with which he can escape. He governs himself by circumstances, not by any principles of justice, or legislative enactments. Government has reared no permanent altar in such countries; it moves in wild democracy with the wanderings of man; and accommodates itself to all his irregularities. We see, therefore, that our race, in such countries as are connected with the deserts, is scant and of uncouth form; their virtues wild and rudely primitive, their labor unavailable, wealth and improvements have no place, the arts and elegances of life have no existence, commerce no basis, liberty, and religion no temples but the desert, and no guarantees but a wild and irregular nature.

"In the United States it is widely different. We are exempted from deserts, and all their concomitant evils. An almost uninterrupted fertility spreads through our extensive land, with scarcely a mountain crag to break its continuity. Equally secure from an injurious excess of moisture, we lean with confidence upon our seasons; we understand our climate, we appreciate the productiveness of our soil, and feel that we have all the guarantees which nature can give against want and famine; all the certainty of property in the avails of our labor, every stimulus to exertion and industry, and the most perfect assurance to us and our posterity, of moral and physical enjoyment. Where nature herself is regular, the population full of intelligence, the arts well established, and plenty throughout the land, good order and good taste will prevail. Liberty, with just government, is the natural consequence of such a condition of things. Already has it taken deep root. Every right is regarded, and every interest protected. The broad shield of the law covers all. Famine and unavoidable disasters, drive man to despair; he looks to the present moment only, because the future is wrapped in doubt; he runs all chances, and neglects all system, and the providence necessary for accumulation and comfort. Under the mighty guarantees that we have named, we may expect great perfection in our race, a maximum population, a productive industry, a moral condition, a high degree of intellectual development, the greatest advancement in the arts, commercial prosperity, all the refinements of society, and a government of laws which will reach and guard all.

"All these blessings are in store for this nation, if the people are true to themselves. Nothing can impede their happiness and glory if they can only be led, by a wise and general system of education, to reject the insidious pretensions of artful and selfish men, and lean voluntarily upon the wise and just for the administration of their affairs, and the preservation of their institutions."

THE FINE ARTS.

PAINTINGS AT THE ARCADE BATH.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

"Where lights and shades a mingling aid compose;
Softened by these, and spirited by those:
Though bright, not glaring; though subdued, not cold;
Gay without glitter; without harshness, bold."

We have slightly mentioned this collection in a previous number, but it certainly merits a more extended notice.

No. 1. A group of cattle, (on a landscape) large as life, by James Ward, Esq. R. A. This piece is full of vigor and effect, and improves on examination. An opinion of its excellence should not be formed until a long gaze has abstracted the mind from all other thoughts, and given the imagination time to play. The illusion is then complete, and the admirable power displayed in it will not fail to attract the attention and praise of the generality of our fellow-citizens. This specimen of Mr. Ward's talent was elicited by the celebrated cattle-piece of Paul Potter, removed by Napoleon from Holland to Paris, to grace his collection in the Louvre. It is said, that our distinguished countryman, Benjamin West, was for twenty

years the intimate friend of Mr. Ward; and that the picture for which we now solicit the attention of our readers, was undertaken at his suggestion. It cannot be an imitation, as the artist, it appears has never seen the production of Potter. The figures in the present "cattle piece" are, an enormous bull of the Alderney breed, "in the attitude of defence and protection of its offspring." A cow stands fronting the spectator, with a calf, which, apparently, startled by a bird, is nestling to its mother's side in a very natural and pleasing attitude. Sheep are reposing quietly, and a cow reclines, in the foreground. "The distant groups of cattle are huddled together as a mutual defence against insects, while butterflies, gnats, and rich field flowers tell that it is a glowing summer day." The conception and execution of this fine painting are equally creditable to the artist, as is also the management of the landscape, a wide, level, luxuriant plain.

No. 2. The Fall of Phaeton, by J. Ward. Few are unacquainted with the fable of Phaeton, the modest young gentleman who persuaded his father, Phœbus, to entrust to him driving the horses of the sun for one day. The steeds ran away; and, says Ovid,

"Phaeton! his yellow hair
Seized by the flames, falls headlong;
And shines through a long tract of air,
As when, in a serene evening,
A star falls!"

He came so near the earth as nearly to kindle it into a very destructive conflagration; whereat Jupiter struck the boy with lightning, gathered up the horses, and returned them to a more experienced hand. There are some striking groups in this picture. The attitudes of the falling steeds are conceived with considerable force.

No. 3. Portrait of the artist's mother, by Ward. Said to have attracted much attention at the exhibition of the Royal Academy, London.

No. 4. Portrait of an Arabian horse, by Ward. We are informed, that the artist's forte lies in depicting the figures of animals. He certainly sketches them with great truth, and imparts to them a high degree of animation and nature. They are finely finished and colored. A very large sum was offered for the original of this likeness by one of the continental emperors. We are reminded of the breathing image of another of these noble animals, struck out in one of Byron's moments of inspiration:

"Bring forth the horse!" The horse was brought.
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed;
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs: but he was wild—
Wild as the wild deer, and untam'd
With spur and bridle undefield—
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread,
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on that mental throng
Upon his back, with many a thong;
Then lo! he'd him, with a sudden leap—
Away! away! and on me dash!
Torments less rapid, and less rash!"

No. 5. Another horse, by the same hand, and one of the most celebrated of the English racers, Haphazard. From 1801 to 1806, a great favorite, winning nearly thirty matches.

No. 6. Portrait, by Ward, of a Spanish bloodhound, who caused a duel in Hyde Park, in which a gentleman was killed. The painting may be, and we believe is, admirable; but the individual has a scoundrel look about him, and possesses just such an amiable face as sometimes after a smothered growl, and a preparatory rattling of chains peeps out upon the horror-struck traveller, when he has ventured too far into some farm-yard, or old grist-mill, without reading the laconic warning on the fence, "Beware the dog."

No. 7. A pair of oval paintings on copper, of Sterne's Maria, by Angelica Kauffman, R. A. Smooth and unpretending, yet well finished.

No. 8. The Mistletoe, or Christmas Eve at the old Esquire's Hall in the country, by Thomas Clater. The works of Wilkie are universally known and admired. Many engravings of them, extremely well done, and sufficient to convey an elevated opinion of the artist's merit have reached this country. This mistletoe, by Clater, is much in his style. He has selected a subject which affords a pleasant exercise for the imagination. It is intended to give an idea of old England life and amusement at this season of mirth and joy. "It forms a part of these Christmas gambols," says the catalogue, "to suspend a branch of the mistletoe from the roof of the chief room; and any young female caught under it, whether by accident, intention, or stratagem, forfeits a salute to the happy man who is fortunate enough to snatch it at the moment." A certain agreeable air of waggish fun pervades the piece; and if the artist could have painted sounds as well as sights, we fear there would be divers reports from various quarters of the room of a very curious and improper description. The figures are spirited, and the groupings in several instances rich and beautiful. The old woman and others around the fire, which reflects a glare of red light upon them, after a steady gaze of a few moments afford the spectator much gratification. Two unfortunate maidens under the mistletoe are paying the penalty of their heedlessness. We wonder, however, that the artist should not have bestowed upon the prominent female figure a countenance of more beauty. For the mere purposes of conversation, &c. personal loveliness is by no means an essential requisite; but when you come to kissing—persons experienced in that line state that a sweet face adds materially to the satisfaction of the party.

No. 9. No. 10. Pertinacity, or Clandestine Courtship; and the Reluctant Consent—both by Clater. Much beauty of design and execution in both. It would be almost as great a pity to separate them as the two young persons who form the principal figures. The old gentleman, in the last, is spirited and natural.

No. 11. A View on the River Neath, (Scotland). River scenery is always beautiful. No view can be perfect without water. Its effect in softening the features of nature; the contrast between the freshness of one bank, and the faint haziness—sometimes a silvery gauze—sometimes an azure mist of the other—images reflected in the water—all render it enchanting. The view on the Neath is one of this kind. One excellence about it is the sky. Painters and engravers are generally unsuccessful in their endeavors to imitate this exquisitely beautiful feature of a landscape on canvass. Painted heavens too often want light and airiness. There is nothing ethereal or transparent about them. The sky and the clouds are rolled together in heavy billows, like the smoke of a house on fire. This piece is full of natural beauties. The high bank—the woody shores—and its general quiet air, will make up for a certain want of brilliancy which is perceptible in the next, by the same master.

No. 12. A View in Sussex, by Nasmyth. A bright, luxuriant scene, a cottage, road, and woodland. The foliage is finished with unusual delicacy and skill.

No. 13. The Nursery, by J. Barney. A pretty domestic scene, and well painted.

No. 14. By J. Barney. The same family as the last one, painted several years afterwards.

No. 18. A small Portrait of Rembrandt.

No. 19. A Portrait of the Artist's Wife, by do.

Not having even the most slender pretensions to critical acumen respecting paintings, excepting a mere pleasure in gazing on such as recal nature to our recollection, we have a sort of horror of the old specimens. We fear lest we should pass lightly over some precious relic of an immortal personage, to praise a new first attempt from some obscure youth of the present day. When, therefore, we come suddenly upon one of these dark-looking, smoky, and incomprehensible groups, we can but gaze, look wise, and hold our tongues; as gravity is often made to supply the place of wisdom. If these heads are by Rembrandt, we must confess they are wonderfully chaste and effective.

No. 25. Playing Drafts, by Adrien Brauer. There is really a striking expression of character and humor kept up through all the parts of this little piece. The perplexity of the player about to move; the suspense and eager anxiety with which he is watched by his antagonist; are depicted with great force and fidelity.

There are others in the collection, which only a want of room induces us to overlook. A pair of ludicrous French drawings will not escape the notice of the visitor; and in the last, of a row of fourteen colored and framed drawings of female beauties, in the costume of their country, the observer will be delighted with one of the most lovely forms and faces in the world; not even excepting Mrs. Abuthnot and her companion, as taken at the opera.

When the travelling season is over, we venture to predict that this exhibition will become a fashionable resort. It is well lighted, and possesses an advantage over the Clinton Hall room, in a green baize carpet.

THEATRICAL ON DITS.

We just learn, that the opera of Cinderella has been translated into German, and is about to be performed at the Berlin theatre. A selection of music so judicious, with so fascinating a plot, is an accession to the drama of any country.

Mr. Sinclair and Miss Hughes, of Covent Garden theatre, are about to visit this city. The former is well known as a vocalist, especially as a singer of Scotch ballads; the latter has just concluded an engagement at Covent Garden, where she was articulated for three years. She is the latest tenant of the part of the Fairy Queen, in Cinderella, at that establishment, and might be very advantageously employed in the same character at the Park. We are also informed, from a private source, that Mr. Anderson and Miss Bartolozzi intend appealing to the theatrical taste of our fellow-citizens. The former is probably known to most of our readers by a public dispute with Madam Vestris, at Drury-lane; the latter is that lady's sister. We presume that the preliminary managerial puffs will speedily announce these arrangements to the public.

The Morning Post gives the following anecdote of Paganini: "He dined last week at Mr. Horsley's, and was particularly struck with the Chevalier Neukomm's grand cantata, Napoleon's Midnight Review, which was sung by Mr. Parry, jr. He said it was a production that would immortalize any author. Hummel and Moscheles performed a duet in their best manner, (and we all know what manner that is,) during which Paganini stood leaning on his hand, like a statue, expressing by his looks the delight he felt. A few nights after his arrival, he retired to his bed-room soon after eleven o'clock; presently the tuning of a violin was heard; all ears below were wide open, and his landlord, Mr. Card, and others, crept up the stairs on tiptoe to listen; after preluding for some time, Paganini began to introduce his double and triple stops, and at length to play a melody in two parts, with a running accompaniment, which led the anxious listeners to conclude that he certainly had some friend playing with him, perhaps the old one; and to strengthen this opinion the servant maid declared the next day that when she went to make his bed there was a strong sulphureous smell in the room.

A second number of the Messrs. Buckingham's New-England Magazine has appeared; and we have also looked through the August number of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, Science, and Arts, to both of which we recommend the attention of the lovers of light reading.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Christian Miniature Library, volume one: printed by Sleight.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

NEW SCENES.

New scenes are round me, and they seem to change
The color of my thoughts. Dark shadows pass
Like vapors of the morning, and my heart
Beats with the healthful pulse of early days.
I would that some few things which haunt my mind
Were covered by oblivion's sullen waves,
And washed away forever—so that life
Might lose its weariness, and be again
A renovated blessing, and a charm.
Oh, it is beautiful to see the light
Of our young dreams break through dark mists of gloom,
And sweep them onward—till hope's glorious hues,
Like autumn-tints upon the dying leaves,
Glow o'er the heart.

Summer smiles once again,
As in the years gone by—its breezes play
Upon my lightened spirits, and the wings
Of the wild zephyrs catch each passing thought
And bear them to deserted groves and bowers,
Where the gay robin stops to carol forth
His joyous lay; while the green leaves keep time
With gentle motion; and young buds and flowers
Seem listening e'en in their unconscious life.
Cease, mem'ry, cease! No further now pursue
Past images of bliss. It is enough
That the bright pageant long has pass'd away,
And I am here, as in another world,
Mixing at times amid the stranger throng,
To fly from thought, and stifle the regrets
Which wake in solitude.

There are some dreams,
Some vivid dreams of life, which fade so slow
And faintly from the mind, that years must on,
Ere they can mingle in the shades of time,
And be forgotten. Oh, are they not dreams
Indeed! The visions only of a day!
Yet, would their spell were o'er me even now,
Amidst these scenes. I could be happy still.
I feel the power to be so, in my heart.
But then there comes a thought, a mem'ry, borne
Sometimes upon a rustling leaf; and oft
Upon some fragile flower, which tells its tale,
And dies—while still th' unwelcome thought lives on—
Lives, midst the stars at night, and the green grass
By day—or in the sound of the weird winds,
Which in their wild mysterious wanderings, wake
Some silent chord, and send its echo back
From the deep, hollow past—or in the tones
Of the low murmur'ing waters, which draw in
The notes of life's lost music, with their own,
Till the whole soul is sad. Away, away!
All here is new—and I, too am changed:
Changed with the changing world—striving to gain
The coldness and the apathy which chills
The feelings at their source; for not to feel,
I almost think were bliss. To look on life,
E'en with the stoic's eye—to see the few
In whom we trusted most, warp'd, turn'd aside,
And not regret it. Ay, to gaze on them,
As in their carelessness, they pass us by,
And hate not friendship's name.

Such are the ones,
For whom life holds out its unbroken charm—
For whom no inward pang, beneath cold pride,
Preys like a canker-worm, upon the heart;
For whom no dark remembrance follows still
The flying steps; and casts o'er novelty,
Visions of strange resemblance, which destroy
Its gloss and charm; and bring the wish, long vain,
And yet the more intense, because 'tis vain.
Come back, come back!—But, no—I call thee not.
'Twas but a momentary thought; for thou
Art nothing now to me. Thy heart is link'd
To stern and fierce ambition. Go thy way.
The past shall be like the forgotten waves
Of the great ocean, which break on its breast,
And sparkle for a moment in the light,
Then mingle in the sea—leaving their place
To others which press onward to the spot,
Seeming with prouder swell to foam and dash
Over their ruins—yet, in turn to lie
Beneath the next. Such, such is human life!

ESTELLE.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A POOR AUTHOR.

READ a review of my last publication in —. I am cut to pieces. There is no reasoning upon the subject. There is not an argument in the whole article; all broad assertion and empty abuse; and yet this kills me. This is not criticism—it is revenge. If I had lent him fifty dollars, instead of this arrogance and vituperation I should have been debauched with miserable flatteries, sufficient to have turned the stomach of Scott, Byron, or Shakespeare. The writer is thoroughly known to me. His opinion is contemptible. He is without honor, honesty, education, good feeling, talent, or money. All who know him personally, despise and laugh at him. He is a butt in his own circle, a hanger on of theatres and taverns, puffed up with conceit, with the shallowness of a goose and the malignity of an adder; yet, when his opinions are put in print, and sent abroad under the sanction of a newspaper, they have weight and influence upon thousands, just as a dwarf behind a cannon can beat down a house. What is there in the mere process of printing, by which a fool may be converted into a philosopher, a teacher of wisdom, a judge of what is right and wrong, a leader of fashions

and opinions? Should such a little piece of ridiculous pomposity dare to thrust his face in a genteel private circle, and tell them this book is good, and that one is bad, that they should do this and they should not do that, they would show him the way down stairs, if they could do so for laughing. But when he seats himself in his editorial chair, behold the miraculous metamorphosis! He insults individuals; he decides, without the trouble of reflection, upon the most abstruse questions. He seizes a volume, which has cost its author months, years, perchance a long and laborious life of toil and reflection, and pronounces it "stuff." Perhaps the writer may be a gray-haired man, a hard student, a deep thinker, a great traveller. He may have run through all the passions of life, seen all the wonders of foreign countries, been awed before the ruins of Rome, or mused above the fragments of Carthage. But your beardless critic here, who believes himself competent to judge of any thing at the slightest notice, frowns upon the result of all this experience, and the public take his word. Foolish critic! how long wilt thou be permitted to reign over thy betters? Misguided public! how long wilt thou be cheated by a charlatan?

At this time, when patent systems of education develop the mental faculties of infants before they can pronounce plainly their own language, and make boys wise, as it were by steam; when we have governors and secretaries at twenty; when poets, authors, and editors begin to retire from business before their beards grow; and when, in short, the whole management of the world seems to have fallen into the hands of children, it behoves the community to cast about their eyes, and see by whom their opinions are controlled.

As an author I have no claim to exemption from criticism; but then it should come from some competent tribunal. I cannot sit down quietly and see an ignorant and vulgar boy, little in mind as in person, and contemptible in both, aspiring to give a tone to the feelings of nearly two hundred thousand intelligent individuals.

There is not in all nature such a thoroughly impudent, presuming, impertinent, and superficial creature as your young and conceited editor. He acts as if he were gifted with universal knowledge. He is a judge of coins and paintings, tells the silver-headed artist where the light and shade should have been stronger, and what a defect there is in the foreshortening of the arm: teaches the matured actor how to perform, the orchestra how to play; the lawyer how to plead. He has no respect for the gray beard and the wrinkled forehead; forgets the possibility that he may be in the wrong; and while he ordains what ought to be, and like Cesar says, "do this," he often ascribes what does actually take place to his own exertions. What a mortifying reflection to an author, that such a reptile should guard the temple of fame. That, before he can lay his gift with reverence at the feet of the public, as before some generous and mighty monarch, this upstart thing, like a saucy minister, steps in, and pronounces upon its merits; so that, peradventure, it never reaches the hands of our common master. If I were independent of the world I should, most assuredly, leave off writing altogether. I detest a regular pack-horse author, not above mediocrity; it's worse than *ontony* butter. A fellow with inky fingers, and a pen behind his ear and his pockets full of manuscripts, who talks in regular periods, and has a sort of local reputation, no one can exactly tell why. Oh! for Aladdin's lamp, or Cincinnatus's taste for the plough. I am so thoroughly and deeply sick of counting cost, and contemplating debt, that I do ever and anon feel sorely tempted to be dissatisfied with my lot. Then people talk to me about patience! to me, a nervous, dun-hunted, dispirited author! Patience! bah! how I hate the word. With one suit of clothes, and that sadly "declined in the vale of years;" with a melancholy indefiniteness respecting the time and place of my next dinner; in midsummer, (think of a man's going down out of the attic to see a dun, with the thermometer at ninety, and nothing in his pocket but his hands,) and then talk of patience. The fact is, it is a very excellent sort of a thing for a little while; for one misfortune, which cannot be helped, and will soon be forgotten; but a whole existence of it! Excuse me. Oh that I could shape for myself a brilliant life, no matter how short, to flash along, meteor-like, through this gloomy world, and then to flash out; and no moping, no dunning, no calculating, no economy, no patience, and no writing. What a wardrobe I would have! what a house! what horses—magnificent horses! I love these proud, fleet creatures, with their flashing eyes and floating manes, and the ring of their hoofs along the pavement. How I should skim over the pleasures and luxuries of life! What a library and study! what busts and pictures!

"Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid:
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind!"

Then this mountain-load would be off my soul. I should dash abroad, everywhere, in such style, with a steward to keep accounts, some honest stanch, incorruptible fellow—I like honest old family servants; and they are scarce enough, let me say—then to Europe, London, through all the dazzle of the metropolis, then to the softness of the country; to Scotland, slap Walter Scott on the back; give a countryman's grasp to Washington Irving, make my bow to the king; run through France, Germany, Switzerland; study a little at Rome and Greece—dear Greece and Byron; poor, poor Byron; one peep into Egypt, and a trip to Asia. I think I should enjoy a Napoleon sort of pride, in dating from distant places.

Jaffa, October ninth, &c. Dear Arthur—
Then at length I should turn my face homeward, and fling myself at her feet. Beautiful Lucy!

"The dell he could na scathe thee,
Nor aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look upon thy bonny face
And say, 'I canna wrang thee.'"

But hark! a knock at the door—my tailor's boy with a bill. Oh reality! reality! while men have invoked hope, love, and fancy, why have they forgotten thee! stern, awful, inexorable divinity. And oh! tailors, bootmakers, and the like; surely, surely if you knew what unpleasant sensations those little pieces of paper excite in the bosoms of literary men, you would pause and reflect ere you detracted so much from the happiness of your fellow-creatures. How small in appearance, yet how awful in consequences! This is the advantage of truth over fiction. I may sit down and describe the bloodiest scenes of war, and my reader takes it calmly, and cares nothing; but this note, with its brevity, this "A. B. to C. D. debtor to one suit," &c. how instantly it appeals to the feelings. How suddenly it dispels all my agreeable reveries. Tailors have much to answer for in this world. There is something atrocious in the look of a man with a bill. He eyes you, he lingers, he mutters; he won't take no for an answer, but talks out loud before people. You can't knock him down, but swallow your perplexity; and when he goes out at length, growlingly, you feel as if you could creep through the eye of a needle. I wonder if hanging is a very disagreeable death. SEDLEY.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

Ithaca, August 1st, 1831.

DEAR M.—Agreeably to my promise, when we parted on board the steam-boat at New-York, I shall attempt a faint outline of the beautiful and sublime picture which nature here presents.

I have seen most of the mountain-scenery, and cataracts within one hundred miles of our city, but have yet met with nothing that will compare with what is now before me; I say now before me, for, though I date this from Ithaca, I do not write it in the village, but on the summit of an eminence, whence several other beautiful little villages, with their towering spires, are visible. Having been caught in a hail-storm yesterday, and exposed to its pelting, which paid very little respect to straw hats or glass windows, I am now an inmate of a neighboring cottage, refitting, and preparing for another cruise. In the meantime I'll proceed with my sketch. These rugged precipices—stop—where was I? What was I about to say? Our mutual friend R. is at my elbow, and I will ask him, what I shall say to the editors of the Mirror?

"Tell them," says R. "how pleased we should be to have them both with us, to share in the toil and the pleasure of climbing the rugged steep about Ithaca falls, and viewing the picturesque and romantic scenery with which this place abounds. Tell them that here nature may be viewed in some of her most terrific and sublime performances"—[R. is growing poetical]—"that the banks of Fall creek are two hundred feet in height, interspersed with piles of rock, which resemble the walls of ancient towers or castles; and, to appearance, as truly perpendicular, and the stratum as mathematically horizontal, as if placed by the hand of man, guided by the plummet's law." Tell them it is a specimen of nature's masonry, that might shame some of their New-York bricklayers."

This is all true; and in many spots along the western canal the cliffs present the same wonderful appearance, as they do in some places along the banks of Cayuga lake. Here and there, on the margin of Fall creek, may be seen a tree on the brink of a precipice, supported by a few of the roots, while the rest are bare, and inclining over, as if ready to plunge into the abyss below. The perpendicular fall of water at what is called the "Ithaca falls," is one hundred and sixteen feet; and on this same creek there are four other falls, higher up, but of less magnitude. There is quite a village about these falls; and, were it worth the while, I would now look down, and count the buildings, which consist of a paper-mill, iron-works, plaster-mill, turning and chair factories, &c. with the dwellings of the workmen and others. In one of these I took shelter from the tornado yesterday, and there I expect to dine to-day.

A work of some magnitude has been lately accomplished at these falls; one of the lofty cliffs immediately above them having been perforated, and a tunnel cut through the solid rock, for the distance of perhaps two hundred feet. This has been done for the purpose of forming a raceway for the water of the mills and factories. The work was performed by blasting and blowing off small fragments of rock at a time. Our friend R. says, that he walked into this immense cavern more than a hundred feet, before it was completed, and stood at its mouth when a blast took place at the further extremity. He represents the explosion to have been tremendous, and its temporary effect on the "nervous system" such as cannot be easily described. In order to turn the water into this new raceway, it was necessary to erect a dam above the falls. Above this "hole in the wall" are strata of rocks, earth, and trees—such rocks as the giants are said to have once hurled at Jupiter. Indeed, they may be some of the very same, as we are told they afterwards piled them up in heaps, with the intention of scaling heaven from their summits! Of the old wooden raceway, which winds round the cliff, near where this everlasting one has been constructed, I shall say something presently. But I must pause now to tell you what I think.

I think, that if the beautiful and picturesque scenery around Ithaca, and on the borders of Cayuga lake, were better known, few travellers to the west, whether for pleasure or business, would fail to turn aside, to stop and enjoy it. Indeed I feel anxious to have this place and its attractions more generally known. It is a matter of astonishment to me, that they should have remained so long in comparative obscurity. It is true I had been informed that the scenery around Ithaca falls was picturesque and grand, but "the half was not told me;" and I now doubt whether there be another place on the

globe which, in a circumference of eight or ten miles, can furnish so much to interest the admirers of the sublime and beautiful in nature. Now, then, if you please, we will return to Fall creek, or as some call it, Fall river.

The five falls on this river, which I mentioned before, have a descent of four hundred and thirty-eight feet in the short distance of a mile. The high fall of a hundred and sixteen feet, is the first which strikes the eye when riding from the steam-boat to the village. I shall never forget its appearance, because it was unexpected. Two immense piles of rocks inclose the stream, and, on the right hand, high up the bank, is seen the old mill-race, above mentioned, winding round the point of the bank, "suspended in mid-air," and now and then an adventurous visitor carefully treading his way along the dizzy path. "This raceway was built in an extraordinary manner," says a printed sketch, from which I am now quoting. "A person let himself down (by a rope, I presume, though the sketch does not say so) from a tree. Standing on a high point above, and swinging over the giddy steep, he there dug out places in the rock, in which to fasten the principal supporters of the race."

The next fall above is not so high as the first, but more wild and beautiful. The third reminds me of Trenton falls; the fourth has a diagonal course; and the fifth, last, and highest of all, pours down almost in one sheet. Some of the basins into which the falling water descends are extremely picturesque.

On Cascadilla river, or creek, there are also a number of falls, on a smaller scale, but not less interesting, and surrounded by scenery of equal beauty. One of them descends nearly perpendicularly into an amphitheatre, overshadowed with pine, spruce, hemlock, &c. There are several other falls on this creek, which is also remarkable for a beautiful little island, well known as the "Tea Island," much frequented in summer afternoons "by the ladies of the village, who there prepare the fragrant beverage, and do the honors of this natural saloon to the attendant beaux."

Six-mile creek is another great curiosity, abounding in romantic scenery, and having a number of falls! In the language of the writer before quoted, here "nature seems to breathe nothing but the breath of waters and the incense of groves."

About a mile from the village is another fall, still more wild and gloomy than any I have yet mentioned. This is called Buttermilk falls, descending from the same elevation as the others, and falling into the same valley. And, eight miles further, there is still another, called Taghanick falls, where the water descends *perpendicularly*, two hundred and thirty-eight feet! "Words cannot describe the magnificence of the ravine into which it is precipitated, nor the effect which it produces on the mind." But my paper is exhausted, and I must bid you adieu.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN—In the ninety-ninth number of this journal, for the year 1829, there is a review of a portion of the works of Dr. Channing. A tone of superciliousness, and even of arrogance, runs through the article. Praise comes extorted and with visible reluctance, while the hypercriticism of the censure is obvious. The writer is peculiarly facetious on the subject of Dr. Channing's "Essay on Napoleon," and, after extracting that portion of it which ranks Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare above "gifted warriors, whose elements of thought are physical forces and physical obstructions," &c. breaks forth into the following strain:

"We are here forcibly reminded of Mr. Fielding's character of Mr. Abraham Adams. 'Indeed, if this good man had an enthusiasm, or what the vulgar call a blind side, it was this: he thought a school-master the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest of all schoolmasters, neither of which points he would have given up to Alexander the Great, at the head of his army.' So Dr. Channing very gravely divides greatness into different sorts, and places himself at the top, among those who *talk* about things—commanders at the bottom, among those who only *do* them. He finds fault with Bonaparte for not coming up to his standard of greatness; but in order that he may not, raises this standard too high for humanity. To put it in force, would be to leave the ancient and modern world as bare of great names as the wilds of North America. To make common sense of it, any one great man must be all the others. Homer only sung of battles, and it was honor enough for Alexander to place his works in a golden cabinet. Dr. Channing allows Bonaparte's supremacy in war, but disputes it in policy. How many persons, from the beginning of the world, have united the two in a greater degree, or wielded more power in consequence? If Bonaparte had not gained a single battle, or planned a single successful campaign; if he had not scattered coalition after coalition, but invited the allies to march to Paris; if he had not quelled the factions, but left them to cut one another's throats and his own; if he had not ventured on the *concordat*, or framed a code of laws for France; if he had encouraged no art or science or man of genius; if he had not humbled the pride of 'ancient thrones,' and risen from the ground of the people to an equal height with the gods of the earth—showing that the art and the right to reign is not confined to a particular race; if he had been any thing but what he was, and had done nothing, he would then have come up to Dr. Channing's notions of greatness, and to his boasted standard of a hero! We, in Europe, whether friends or foes, require something beyond this negative merit: we think that Caesar, Alexander, and Charlemagne were 'no babies;' we think that to move the great masses of power, and bind opinions in a spell, is as difficult as the turning a period, or winding up a homily."

In the ninety-fourth number of the same publication, and in the course of a review of Lockhart's life of Burns, the following remark occurs, which is directly in contradiction to the above, and exactly acquiesces with the assertion of Dr. Channing, and for which he is so unmercifully ridiculed. When a prejudiced critic is disposed to find fault, the most perfect of all human compositions would afford him ample opportunity, especially when he arrogates the right of deciding upon matters of opinion.

"Conquerors are a race with whom the world could well dispense; nor can the hard intellect, the unsympathizing loftiness, and high but selfish enthusiasm of such persons, inspire us in general with any affection; at best, it may excite amazement; and their fall, like that of a pyramid, will be beheld with a certain sadness and awe. But a true poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of wisdom, some tone of the 'eternal melodies,' is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation: we see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us, and we mourn his death, as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Young Ladies' Class Book; a selection of lessons for reading, in prose and verse. By Ebenezer Bailey, principal of the young ladies' high school, Boston. Boston: Lincoln & Edmands. New-York: Collins & Hannay. 1 vol. 12mo. p. 408. 1831.

A neatly printed and excellent selection from eminent authors, and among them many who reflect honor on American literature: Brainard, Bryant, Channing, Cooper, Everett, Halleck, Irving, Sigourney, Sprague, Willis, &c. We copy one of the latest effusions from the pen of the latter.

PARRHASIUS.

"Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and, when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint."

The golden light into the painter's room
Streamed richly, and the hidden colors stole
From the dark pictures: 'daintily forth,
Aed, in the soft and dewy atmosphere,
Like forms and landscapes magical, they lay.
The walls were hung with armor, and about,
In the dim corners, stood the sculptured forms
Of Cytheris and Dian, and stern Jove,
And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotesque, long shadows, full and true,
And, like a veil of flimsy mellowness,
The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.

Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvases. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian fettering in his flesh;
And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt, mystery, and plucked the shadows wild
Forth with its reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostrils, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged god's, breathing from his flight,

"Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airy and swift;
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens, around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

"Ha! blind him on his back!
Look! as Prometheus in my picture here—
Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!

Now bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

"So—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!

Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"Pity thee!" So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine:
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

"Hereafter?" Ay, hereafter!
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave death ever from his kingdom back
To check the sceptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow, with that story,
And I may take some softer path to glory.

"No, no, old man; we die
E'en as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, e'en as they.
Strain well thy fainting eye;
For, when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

"Yet there's a deathless name—
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn;
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me,
By all the fiery stars! I'd pluck it on me.

"Ay, though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst;
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first;
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild;

"All, I would do it all,
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot;
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.
O heavens! but I appeal
Your heart, old man! forgive—Ha! on your lives,
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

"Vain, vain; give o'er! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow.
Gods! if he do not die
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, O death?
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Ah! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so—he's dead."

View of ancient and modern Egypt; with an Outline of its Natural History. By the Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D. With a Map and Engravings. One vol. 18mo. p. 348. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

This useful work forms the twenty-third number of the "Harpers' Family Library," and fills a vacancy in the library of American publications. It contains a succinct account of all that is known

of Egypt, both in its ancient and modern state. The information, a part of which we subjoin, respecting the present state of this interesting country, will be found peculiarly valuable, and confirms us in the opinion, which we have several times previously expressed, in common with many other journals, that this series of works is one of the most appropriate gifts which an intelligent father could present to his family.

"It was in the year 1807 that the English ministry sent a second expedition into Egypt, with the view of preventing that country from falling again into the hands of the French, whose ambassador at Constantinople was understood to direct the politics of the Grand Signior. The number of troops under the British general did not exceed five thousand; and it was entirely owing to the ignorance of our government, in regard to the amount of the Turkish forces at Alexandria, and the strength as well as the disposition of the Mamlouks, that they exposed such a handful of men to certain destruction. The beys availed themselves of this opportunity to make their peace with Mohammed Ali, and consented to follow his standard against the invaders, who had established a footing on their coast. The melancholy result is well known. Alexandria yielded to General Fraser after a smart encounter; but, failing in his successive attempts on Rosetta and El Hamet, the flower of our little army was cut off, wounded, or taken prisoners. Four hundred and fifty of their heads were publicly exposed at Cairo, while the unfortunate captives were treated with every species of contempt and cruelty.

"The departure of the British allowed the pasha to return to the internal affairs of his turbulent province. As he relied chiefly upon the army, he had increased its numbers till the expense of maintenance emptied his coffers, and compelled him, in order to replenish them, to resort to measures of extreme severity. He felt that his popularity was endangered; and being convinced that the Mamlouks would embrace the first opportunity of attempting to precipitate him from the viceregal throne, he resolved upon their final destruction, at whatever expense of candor or humanity. This horrible determination, it has been conjectured, was confirmed by the necessity imposed upon him of conducting the war against the Wahabees in Arabia—an undertaking in which he could not engage without employing in that country his best troops and commanders. The Porte had urged him to prepare for this expedition, so important to the purity of the faith and to the integrity of the empire; rewarding him, beforehand, by conferring upon his favorite son, Tousoun, the dignity of a pasha of the second order.

"The same youth had been appointed by his father general of the army which was destined to serve in Arabia. The first day of March, 1811, was named for the investiture of the new chief—a ceremony which was to take place in the citadel. The Mamlouks were invited to share in the parade and festivities of the occasion; and accordingly, under the command of Chahyn Bey, and arrayed in their most splendid uniform, they appeared at the hall of audience, and offered to the pasha their hearty congratulations. Mohammed received them with the greatest affability. They were presented with coffee, and he conversed with them individually with apparent openness of heart and serenity of countenance.

"The procession was ordered to move from the citadel along a passage cut out in the rock; the pasha's troops marching first, followed by the Mamlouk corps mounted as usual. As soon, however, as they had passed the gate, it was shut behind them, while the opposite end of the defile being also closed, they were caught, as it were, in a trap. Mohammed's soldiers had been ordered to the top of the rocks, where they were perfectly secure from the aim of the Mamlouks, while they poured down volleys of shot upon their defenceless victims, who were butchered almost to the last man. Some of them, indeed, succeeded in taking refuge in the pasha's harem, and in the house of Tousoun; but they were all dragged forth, conducted before the kiaya bey, and beheaded on the spot. The lifeless body of the brave Chahyn was exposed to every infamy. A rope was passed round the neck, and the bloody carcass dragged through various parts of the city. Mengin, who was in Cairo at the time, assures his readers that the streets during two whole days bore the appearance of a place taken by assault. Every kind and degree of violence was committed, under pretence of searching for the devoted Mamlouks; and it was not until five hundred houses were sacked, much valuable property destroyed, and many lives lost, that Ali and his son ventured out of the citadel to repress the popular fury."

"Mohammed noted among the slain four hundred and seventy mounted Mamlouks, besides their attendants, who usually served on foot. The number of victims in the end did not fall short of a thousand; for orders were given to pursue this devoted race into the remotest parts of the country, and, if possible, to exterminate them throughout the whole pashalic. The heads of the principal officers were embalmed, and sent as an acceptable present to the sultan at Constantinople. Only one of the beys, whose name was Amim, is understood to have escaped the massacre in Cairo. Being detained by business, he was too late to occupy his proper place in the procession, and he only arrived at the citadel at the moment when the troops were passing the gate. He waited till they had entered the fatal passage, intending to join his own body; but seeing the gate shut suddenly, and hearing, almost immediately after, the discharge of fire-arms, he put spurs to his horse and galloped out of the city. He afterwards retired with a small suite into Syria.

"It is impossible to refrain from condemning the cruel and faithless conduct of Mohammed on this memorable occasion. He may have received orders from Constantinople to annihilate those ambitious and turbulent soldiers, who acknowledged no master but their own chief, and no laws except such as suited their licentious habits. But it is difficult, notwithstanding, to find an apology for the deliberate cold-hearted treachery which disgraced the execution of the imperial mandate. So little compunction, too, did he feel when reflecting on the occurrence, that we are told by Mengin, on being informed that he was reproached by all travellers in their narratives for this inhuman massacre, he replied, that he would have a picture of it painted, together with one of the murder of the Duc d'Enghein, and leave to posterity what judgment it might pass on the two events. This *argumentum ad hominem* might silence a Frenchman who had followed the standard of Bonaparte, but it goes only a very little way to remove the impression of abhorrence which must

* Histoire de l'Egypte sous le Gouvernement de Mohammed Ali, par M. Felix Mengin, &c. tom. i. p. 363—365.

be retained by every heart not altogether insensible to those eternal distinctions on which all moral judgments must be founded.*

"Mohammed Ali was now at liberty to devote his attention to the state of things in Arabia, whither his son, Toussoun Pasha, had been sent to command the army. His campaign had already been crowned with several successes against the Wahabees; he had taken the city of Medina, the keys of which his father had sent to the porte, with large presents of money, jewels, coffee, and other valuable articles. The viceroy himself now thought it time to pay his devotions at the shrine of Mecca, and accordingly made a voyage across the Red sea. At Djidda he was received with all kindness and hospitality by the Shereef Ghaleb; in return for which, to gratify either his avarice or his political suspicion, he gave secret orders to Toussoun to seize and convey him to Cairo. Meanwhile he plundered the palace of immense treasures, part of which he applied to the support of the army, and part he shared with his master the sultan; but the latter, on understanding the manner in which they had been obtained, had honesty enough to return them to their owner through Mohammed."

The twenty-fourth number of the Library, we understand, will consist of "A history of Poland, from the earliest period to the present time," with a portrait of Kosciusko. The interest universally felt respecting the situation of that country, will insure to the forthcoming work many readers.

The Mosaic History of the Creation of the World: illustrated by discoveries and experiments derived from the present enlightened state of science, with reflections, intended to promote vital and practical religion. By Thomas Wood, A. M. Revised and improved by the Rev. J. P. Durbin, A. M. Professor of Languages, Augusta college, Kentucky. First American, from the second London edition. New-York: M'Elrath & Bangs. 1 vol. 8vo. p. 410. 1831.

This octavo, which had passed through two London editions, is now first re-published in the United States. It contains all the minutiae connected with the Mosaic account of the creation, and equally recommends itself to the friends of literature and religion. The improvements, which are mentioned in the title-page, have been added in order to adapt the work more nearly to the wants of the American public. They are found incorporated in the body of the text, in smaller print, and inclosed in brackets. The style of the typography is neat, and the volume creditable to the publishers.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE SCHOLAR OF THEBET BEN CHORAT.†

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"Induentia coeli morbum hunc movet, interdum omnibus aliis amotis."
Melancthon de anima, cap. de humoribus

Night in Arabia. An hour ago
Pale Dian had descended from the sky,
Flinging her cestus out upon the sea,
And at their watches now the solemn stars
Stood vigilant and lone, and, dead asleep;
With not a shadow moving on its breast,
The breathing earth lay in its silver dew,
And, trembling on their myriad viewless wings,
Th' imprisoned odours left the flowers to dream
And stole away upon the yielding air.

Ben Chorat's tower stands shadowy and tall
In Mecca's loneliest street; and ever there,
When night is at the deepest, burns his lamp
As constant as the Cynosure, and forth
From his looped window stretch the brazen tubes,
Pointing forever at the central star
Of that dim nebula just lifting now
Over Mount Arafat. The sky to-night
Is of a clearer blackness than is wont,
And far within its depths the colored stars
Sparkle like gems—capricious Antares
Flushing and paling in the southern arch,
And azure Lyra, like a woman's eye,
Burning with soft blue lustre, and away
Over the desert the bright polar-star,
White as a flashing icicle, and here,
Hung like a lamp above th' Arabian sea,
Mars with his dusky glow, and fairer yet,

* For a striking account of the massacre of the Mamlouks, see "Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati," vol. i. p. 101, &c. He varies in a few particulars from the narrative of Mengin, although in the essential points there is no material difference. The boys, he tells us, were not assembled to grace the reception of the Pelisse by the young pasha, but to consult with the viceroy about the approaching war with the Arabian schismatics; and Mengin himself relates that Toussoun was not invested with the ensigns of his office till more than a month afterward. The chief, too, Chahyn by the latter author, is by Finati denominated Seim—an example of the discrepancy which arises from the practice adopted by travellers in Egypt of spelling according to the pronunciation of their respective countries.

It is remarkable that the Frenchman should have omitted an anecdote of Amin Bey, which made a great noise at the time, and was repeated to Mr. W. Banks by that officer himself when he met him at a subsequent period in Syria. "This chief, who was brother to the celebrated Elfy, urged the noble animal which he rode to an act of greater desperation, for he spurred him till he made him clamber upon the rampart, and preferring rather to be dashed to pieces than to be slaughtered in cold blood, drove him to leap down a precipice, a height that has been estimated at from thirty to forty feet, or even more; yet fortune so favored him, that, though the horse was killed, the rider escaped."—Finati, 110.

Sir F. Henniker says of him, "His horse leaped over the parapet, like leaping out of a four pair of stairs window. His horse was killed. The bey trusted himself to some Arabs (Albanians according to Finati), who, notwithstanding the offer of a large reward, would not deliver him up." P. 64.

† A famous Arabian astrologer, who is said to have spent forty years in discovering the motion of the eighth sphere. He had a scholar, a young Bodouin Arab, who, with a singular passion for knowledge, abandoned his wandering tribe, and applying himself too closely to astrology, lost his reason and died.

‡ Even to the naked eye, the stars appear of palpably different colors; but when viewed with a prismatic glass, they may be very accurately classed into the red, the yellow, the brilliant white, the dull white, and the anomalous. This is true also of the planets, which shine by reflected light, and of course the difference of color must be supposed to arise from their different powers to absorb and reflect the rays of the sun. The original compositions of the stars, and the different dispersive powers of their different atmospheres, may be supposed to account also for this phenomenon.

§ This star exhibits a peculiar quality—a rapid and beautiful change in the color of its light; every alternate twinkling being of an intense reddish crimson color, and the answering one of a brilliant white.

Mild Sirius* tinct with dewy violet,
Set like a flower upon the breast of Eve;
And in the zenith the sweet Pleiades,†
(Alas! that even a star may pass from heaven
And not be missed!) the linked Pleiades,
Undimmed are there, though from the sister band
The fairest has gone down, and south away,
Hirundot with its little company,
And white-browed Vesta, lamping on her path
Lonely and planet-calm, and, all through heaven,
Articulate almost, they troop to night,
Like unrobed angels in a prophet's trance.

Ben Chorat knelt before his telescope,
Gazing with earnest stillness on the stars;
The gray hairs struggling from his turban folds,
Played with the entering wind upon his cheeks,
And on his breast his venerable beard
With supernatural whiteness loosely fell.
The black flesh swelled about his sandal thongs,
Tight with his painful posture, and his lean
And withered fingers to his knees were clenched,
And the thin lashes of his straining eye
Lay with unwinking closeness to the lens,
Stiffened with tense up-turning. Hour by hour,
Till the stars melted in the flush of morn,
The old astrologer knelt moveless there,
Ravished past pain with the bewildering spheres,
And, hour by hour, with the same patient thought,
Pored his pale scholar on the characters
Of Chaldee writ, or, as his gaze grew dim
With weariness, the dark-eyed Arab laid
His head upon the window and looked forth
Upon the heavens awhile, until the dews
And the soft beauty of the silent night
Cooled his flushed eyelids, and then patiently
He turned unto his constant task again.
The sparry glinting of the morning star
Shot through the leaves of a majestic palm
Fringing Mount Arafat, and, as it caught
The eye of the rapt scholar, he arose
And clasped the volume with an eager haste,
And as the glorious planet mounted on,
Melting her way into the upper sky,
He breathlessly gazed on her:

"Star of the silver ray!
Bright as a god, but punctual as a slave—
What spirit the eternal canon gave
That bends thee to thy way?
What is the soul that on thy arrowy light
Is walking earth and heaven in pride to-night?
"We know when thou wilt soar
Over the mount—thy change, and place, and time—
'Tis written in the Chaldee's mystic rhyme
As 'twere a priceless lore!
I knew as much in my Bedouin garb—
Coursing the desert on my flying barb!
"How oft amid the tents
Upon Sahara's sands I've walked alone,
Waiting all night for thee, resplendent one!
With what magnificence,
In the last watches, to my thirsting eye,
Thy passionate beauty flushed into the sky!
"Oh God! how flew my soul
Out to thy glory—upward on thy ray—
Panting as thou ascendedst on thy way
As if thine own control—
This searchless spirit that I cannot find—
Had set its radiant law upon my mind!

"More than all stars in heaven
I felt thee in my heart! my love became
A frenzy, and consumed me with its flame.
Ay—in the desert even—
My dark-eyed Abra coursing at my side,
The star, not Abra, was my spirit's bride!

"My Abra is no more!
My "desert-bird" is in a stranger's stall—
My tribe, my tent—I sacrificed them all
For this heart-wasting lore!

Yet than all these the thought is sweeter far—
Thou wast ascending at my birth, bright star!

"The Chaldee calls me *thine*—
And in this breast, that I must rend to be
A spirit upon wings of light like thee,
I feel that *thou art mine*!
Oh God! that these dull fetters would give way
And let me forth to track thy silver ray!"

Ben Chorot rose
And silently looked forth upon the east.
The dawn was stealing up into the sky
On its gray feet, the stars grew dim apace,
And faded, till the morning star alone,
Soft as a molten diamond's liquid fire,
Burned in the heavens. The morn grew fresher—
The upper clouds were faintly touched with gold,
The fan-palms rustled in the early air,
Daylight spread cool and broadly to the hills,
And still the star was visible, and still
The young Bedouin with a straining eye
Drank its departing light into his soul.
It faded—melted—and the fiery rim
Of the clear sun came up, and painfully
The passionate scholar pressed upon his eyes
His dusky fingers, and with limbs as weak
As a sick child's, turned fainting to his couch,
And slept.

* When seen with a prismatic glass, Sirius shows a large brush of exceeding beautiful violet rays.

† The Pleiades are vertical in Arabia.

‡ An Arabic constellation placed instead of the Piscis Australis, because the swallow arrives in Arabia about the time of the heliacal rising of the fishes.

It was the morning watch once more.
The clouds were drifting rapidly above.
And dim and fast the glimmering stars flew through,
And as the fitful gust sighed mournfully,
The shutters shook, and on the sloping roof
Plashed heavily large, single drops of rain,
And all was still again. Ben Chorot sat
By the dim lamp, and, while his scholar slept,
Pored on the Chaldee wisdom. At his feet,
Stretched on a pallet, lay the Arab boy
Muttering fast in his unquiet sleep,
And working his dark fingers in his palms
Convulsively. His sorrow lips were pale,
And, as they moved, his teeth showed ghastly through,
White as a charnel bone, and closely drawn
Upon his sunken eyes, as if to press
Some frightful image from the bloodshot balls,
His lids a moment quivered, and again
Relaxed, half open, in a calmer sleep.

Ben Chorot gazed upon the drooping sands
Of the departing hour. The last white grain
Fell through, and with the tremulous hand of age
The old astrologer reversed the glass,
And as the voiceless monitor went on,
Wasting and wasting with the precious hour,
He looked upon it with a moving lip,
And starting turned his gaze upon the heavens,
Cursing the clouds impatiently.

"'Tis time!"
Muttered the dying scholar, and he dashed
The tangled hair from his black eyes away,
And, seizing on Ben Chorot's mantle folds,
He struggled to his feet, and falling prone
Upon the window ledge, gazed steadfastly
Into the east:

"There is a cloud between—
She sits this instant on the mountain's brow,
And that dusk veil hides all her glory now—
Yet floats she as serene
Into the heavens! Oh God! that even so
I could o'er mount my spirit-cloud, and go!

"The cloud begins to drift!
Aha! Fling open! 'tis the star—the sky!
Touch me, immortal mother, and I fly!
Wider! thou cloudy rift!
Let through! such glory should have radiant room!
Let through! a star-child on its light goes home!

"Speak to me, brethren bright!
Ye who are floating in these living beams!
Ye who have come to me in starry dreams!
Ye who have winged the light
Of our bright mother with its thoughts of flame—
(I knew it passed through spirits as it came)—

"Tell me! what power have ye?
What are the heights ye reach upon your wings?
What know ye of the myriad wondrous things
I perish but to see?
Are ye thought-rapid? Can ye fly as far—
As instant as a thought, from star to star?

"Where has the Pleiad gone?
Where have all missing stars* found light and home?
Who bids the Stella Mirat go and come?
Why sits the pole-star lone?
And why, like banded sisters, through the air
Go in bright troops the constellations fair?

"Ben Chorot! dost thou mark?
The star! the star! By heaven, the cloud drifts o'er!
Gone—and I live! nay—will my heart beat more?
Look! master! 'tis all dark!
Not a clear speck in heaven! my eye-balls smother!
Break through the clouds once more! oh starry mother!

"I will lie down! Yet stay!
The rain beats out the odor from the gums,
And strangely soft to-night the spice-wind comes—
I am a child away
When it is on my forehead! Abra sweet!
Would I were in the desert at thy feet!

"My barb! my glorious steed!
Methinks my soul would mount upon its track
More fleetly, could I die upon thy back!
How would thy thrilling speed
Quicken my pulse! Oh Allah! I get wild!
Would that I were once more a desert-child!

"Nay—nay—I had forgot!
My mother! my star-mother! Ha! my breath
Stiffles!—more air!—Ben Chorot! this is—death!
Touch me! I feel you not!
Dying!—Farewell, good master!—room! more room!
Abra! I—loved thee; star—bright star! I—come!"
How idly of the human heart we speak,
Giving it gods of clay! How worse than vain
Is the school homily, that Eden's fruit
Cannot be plucked too freely from "the tree
Of good and evil." Wisdom sits alone,
Topmost in heaven; she is its light—its God!
And in the heart of man she sits as high—
Though grovelling eyes forget her oftentimes,
Seeing but this world's idols. The pure mind
Sees her forever; and in youth we come

* "Missing stars" are often spoken of in the old books of astronomy. Hipparchus mentions one that appeared and vanished very suddenly; and in the beginning of the sixteenth century Kepler discovered a new star near the heel of the right foot of Serpentarius, "so bright and sparkling that it exceeded anything he had ever seen before." He "took notice that it was every moment changing into some of the colors of the rainbow, except when it was near the horizon, when it was generally white." It disappeared the following year, and has not been seen since.

† A wonderful star in the neck of the whale, discovered by Fabricius in the fifteenth century. It appears and disappears seven times in six years, and continues in the greatest lustre for fifteen days together.

Filled with her sainted rapture, and kneel,
Worshipping God through her sweet altar-fires,
And then is knowledge "good." We come too oft.
The heart grows proud with fulness, and we soon
Look with licentious freedom on the maid
Throned in celestial beauty. There she sits,
Robed in her soft and seraph loveliness,
Instructing and forgiving, and we gaze
Until desire grows wild, and, with our hands
Upon her very garments, are struck down,
Blasted with a consuming fire from heaven!
Yet oh, how full of music from her lips
Breathes the calm tones of wisdom! Human praise
Is sweet, till envy mars it, and the touch
Of new-won gold stirs up the pulses well,
And woman's love, if in a beggar's lamp
'Twould burn, might light us cheerily through the world,
But knowledge hath a far more wildering tongue,
And she will stoop and lead you to the stars,
And witch you with her mysteries, till gold
Is a forgotten dross, and power and fame
Toys of an hour, and woman's careless love
Light as the breath that breaks it. He who binds
His soul to knowledge, steals the key of heaven—
But 'tis a bitter mockery that the fruit
May hang within his reach, and when, with thirst
Wrought to a maddening frenzy, he would taste—
It burns his lips to ashes! American Monthly Magazine.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

LA MUETTE DE PORTICI.

THIS celebrated production of Auber, the present popular idol of the French musical world, was performed at this establishment on Monday to a crowded and steaming auditory, in defiance of a thermometer at ninety in the shade. Auber has been charged with being an imitator, and so perhaps he is, and yet he is truly original in many points. He has, it is true, much of the Salvata Rosa-like school of Weber, and with it he mixes up the Claude-like warmth of Rossini; nevertheless from this commixture he produces you a something which is strongly characteristic of himself alone. The "overture to Masaniello" is well known to our readers. It contains great masses of discords ingeniously worked together at the commencement, and highly descriptive of tumultuous excitement, and the bold and dashing march with which it concludes, is as beautiful a melody and as highly embellished with instrumental points as the quick movement of any overture that we can call to mind. As a composition, it does not carry the weight of the overtures of Don Giovanni and *Il Flauto Magico*, by Mozart—nor yet can it be classed with the *Der Freischütz*, nor the *Oberon* of Weber, nevertheless it will justly maintain a respectable place among compositions of the highest grade. It has more vigor and power than any overture of Boieldieu, although it yields to some of that author's compositions in regularity of idea and smooth modulation. In truth, excepting Boieldieu, Auber is better than any French author. In all Frenchmen there is a vivacity and strenuous mode of delivery, accompanied by vehement and sometimes grotesque gesture, which leads strangers to believe that they are often suffering under excitement, when the contrary is the fact; but give one a little touch of the heroic, something about *la gloire*, *la beauté*, or *la Paris*, the latter of which includes both the former in his patriotic and comprehensive view of the question, and he shall act a perfect madman without the least trouble to himself, and without a vast deal of deep feeling either, but nevertheless he shall convince you that he is in earnest. This opera was produced with an excellent *ensemble*, and we never recollect hearing such a noise made by a similar number of persons—but still it was an effective noise—call it singing we cannot, but it was a species of passionate shouting, very well adapted to the subject of the piece, and assisted by Auber's powerful instrumentation, proved eminently effective. *La Muette* was played by Madame Berdoulet Paradol, but as we have seen the melodrama, we think her inferior either to Mrs. Barnes or Mlle. Celeste, who have both played the character. Monsieur St. Aubin acted Masaniello well: there was a prostration of mental energy in the mad scene, relieved by frantic bursts of passion, which proved that he had considered the business. Madame St. Clair enacted the injured princess very passably; her singing was correct, but weak. Privat and Curto, we have pointed out previously as efficient singers. There was a cream-colored horse, "with black mane and tail," as the auction bills say at Tattersals, which did not partake in the general unanimity—whether he did not understand French, or was astounded at the clatter, we cannot say, but certainly he retrograded in a manner which proved that he did not participate in the general feeling; and at one time some doubts existed whether he was not about to prove too potent for Masaniello and three holders of his bridle. We have to add that upon the appearance of this quadruped, sundry bipeds showed their affinity to the beast by applauding most vigorously.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Conversations of the week.—The grand jury have at length made a statement, contradicting the Magdalen Report, and asserting its exaggerations to be to the truth about as ten to one. It appears from their presentment, that the moral character of the city has rather improved than otherwise. It is proper, however, to caution our readers against confounding all the members of the society, which is obviously in its object an excellent one, with those few who personally explored this dark avenue of statistics, and insulted the public with the officious and grossly erroneous report. Thus

ends this famous proceeding. We hope it will teach zealous reformers to attend to their own affairs, and leave those of the community to the laws, and such magistrates as they may select to enforce them. We are reminded of the dignified conduct of Peter Stuyvesant, who, on something of a similar occasion, having cause to perceive that his good and trusty subjects were rather too much inclined to intermeddle with matters which did not concern them, resolved to adopt some gentle method of correcting the evil.

"He accordingly (says his grave and dignified historian) watched his opportunity, and one evening when the enlightened mob was gathered together, listening to a patriotic speech from an inspired cobbler, the intrepid Peter all at once appeared among them, with a countenance sufficient to petrify a mill-stone. The whole meeting was thrown into consternation—the orator seemed to have received a paralytic stroke in the very middle of a sublime sentence, and stood aghast with open mouth and trembling knees, while the words horror! tyranny! liberty! rights! taxes! death! destruction! and a deluge of other patriotic phrases, came roaring from his throat, before he had power to close his lips. The shrewd Peter took no notice of the skulking throng around him; but, advancing to the brawling bully-ruffian, and drawing out a huge silver watch which might have served in times of yore as a town-clock, and which is still retained by his descendants as a family curiosity; requested the orator to mend it, and set it going. The orator humbly confessed it was utterly out of his power, as he was unacquainted with the nature of its construction. 'Nay, but,' said Peter, 'try your ingenuity, man; you see all the springs and wheels, and how easily the clumsiest hand may stop it, and pull it to pieces; and why should it not be equally easy to regulate as to stop it?' The orator declared that his trade was wholly different—that he was a poor cobbler, and had never meddled with a watch in his life; that there were men skilled in the art, whose business it was to attend to those matters; but for his part, he should only mar the workmanship, and put the whole in confusion. 'Why, harkee, master of mine,' cried Peter, turning suddenly upon him, with a countenance that almost petrified the patcher of shoes into a perfect lapstone—'dost thou pretend to meddle with the movements of government; to regulate, and correct, and patch, and cobbler a complicated machine, the principles of which are above thy comprehension, and its simplest operations too subtle for thy understanding; when thou canst not correct a trifling error in a common piece of mechanism, the whole mystery of which is open to thy inspection?—Hence with thee to the leather and stone, which are emblems of thy head, cobble thy shoes, and confine thyself to the vocation for which heaven has fitted thee. But,' elevating his voice until it made the welkin ring, 'if ever I catch thee, or any of thy tribe, meddling again with affairs of government, by St. Nicholas but I'll have every mother's son of ye flayed alive, and your hides stretched for drumheads, that ye may thenceforth make a noise to some purpose!'

"This threat, and the tremendous voice in which it was uttered, caused the whole multitude to quake with fear. The hair of the orator arose on his head like his own swine's bristles, and not a knight of the thimble breast but his heart died within him, and he felt as though he could have verily escaped through the eye of a needle."

A child has been killed—we might almost say murdered—by the carelessness of a driver, who in consequence of it has been arrested. It is to be expected that accidents of this nature will occasionally occur in a crowded city, and foot passengers are frequently censurable for exposing themselves unnecessarily to danger. But in the present instance the cartman was driving furiously, at the rate of eight miles per hour. The mother of the child witnessed the catastrophe. We have before noticed the utter recklessness with which hackney coachmen and cartmen turn suddenly around corners, by which the life and limbs of our citizens are every day placed in jeopardy.

A curious specimen of small literary malice appears in the Boston American Traveller. We several years ago declined complying with the request of the conductor, to exchange; for which he amuses himself with occasional bursts of spleen, and endeavors to "cut us to pieces with his keen conceit." He asserts that the commendations bestowed upon us by our contemporaries are purchased. This is equally complimentary to us and to those who praise us. Notwithstanding, however, the heavy disadvantage of this Boston Traveller's disapprobation, we must still refuse to exchange. It is really disgusting to see a public press perverted into an engine of private resentment. We frequently smile at the facility with which we trace the track of a personal enemy by the hypercriticisms and falsehoods that bubble up along the surface of the literary world, in the shape of abusive paragraphs. It is like watching the ripple above the shark as he cuts his way through the smooth water. We seldom deem it worth while to reply to these attacks, and notice the present one not in anger. "There is room enough in the world for thee and me." But a friend has just laid the venomous paragraph on the table, and we have looked at it as we should at a little snake in a tumbler. But a truce to this worthy. He slips from our memory on the entrance of a messenger with a packet. It proves to be "The Tourist," a pocket manual for travellers on the Hudson river, the western canal, and stage road to Niagara falls; comprising also the routes to Lebanon, Ballston, and Saratoga; just printed by Ludwig & Tolefree. It is a neat, and to a traveller in that part of the country, an almost indispensable companion, which may be easily carried in the vest pocket. It should be sold on board the steamboats.

In another column will be found an article upon the subject of painting. We must not neglect to remind the public, that the collection of our venerable countryman, Colonel Trumbull, is also still open for exhibition at the American Academy of the Fine Arts, in Chambers-street. A visit could not fail to afford gratification to all who have not yet examined this interesting gallery.

Mr. Barrett, formerly of the Bowery, has leased the Tremont theatre, Boston. He is highly appreciated in this city.

Anastasiu will be the next number of the Harpers' select novels. This ably written and celebrated romance needs no comment.

It has been ascertained in London that the sale of publications generally doubles on the prosecution of the author.

Messrs. Carey & Lea will publish, early in September, the *Autobiography of the author of Waverley*, forming the third volume of the Cabinet Library, the popularity of which is already established by Lord Londonderry's interesting volume on the Campaigns of Germany and France, and the admirable *Journal of a Naturalist*.

We learn, says the Boston Patriot, that the sloop of war Peacock, now lying at the Navy-yard, is ordered to be fitted out immediately, destined probably for the East Indies, in consequence of the attack by the Malays upon the ship Friendship of Salem.

The London Courier observes—"War is unavoidable, if Russia and Prussia persist in opposing the enlightened views of more liberal cabinets."

We have before us the London "Harmonicon," a monthly journal of music, for June. It is beautifully printed in the quarto form, and the music-type is executed almost as well as copper-plate. The reputation of this work in musical matters, is widely extended. It is conducted with great ability, and will be perused with pleasure by our amateurs. Peabody and Co. are the agents for the work.

A wag in speaking of the appointment of Mason to the secretaryship of Michigan, observed that there appears to be a great many anti-masons in that territory.

The National Gazette has copied the following opinion of the "Young Duke" from an English paper:

"This is one of the light agreeable novels that, independently of the amusements it offers, has a moral and useful tendency. It paints in lively colors the fashions, the follies, and the vices of the day; and the author has an intimate acquaintance with the manners of a wide range of society. The tale is well told, the characters well drawn, and the progress of a young duke through the eventful career of youth, with every inducement to pursue the path of fashionable life heedlessly and extravagantly, is portrayed with great force."

We close these scattered observations with a few lines, just received, from James Neck. The reader will be delighted with their pleasing simplicity and tenderness.

MIGNONNE.

She calls me "father!" though my ear
That thrilling name shall never hear,
Yet to my heart affection brings.
The sound in sweet imaginings;
I feel its gushing music roll
The stream of rapture on my soul;
And when she starts to welcome me,
And when she totters to my knee,
And when she climbs it, to embrace
My bosom for her hiding-place,
And when she nestling there reclines,
And with her arms my neck entwines,
And when her lips of roses seek
To press their sweetness on my cheek,
And when upon my careful breast
I lull her to her cherub rest,
I whisper, bending her above,
"I love thee with a father's love!"

The Dutchman's Fireside.—We are gratified to learn that this work has received the most substantial evidences of public favor. A continual demand has exhausted three editions, and a fourth has accordingly been put to press. We are by no means surprised at this, as the author is a writer of great power and humor, and will sustain an elevated station among the foremost of our candidates for literary renown. The popularity of his productions, however, has been partially injured by the frankness with which he expresses his opinions; which, in our estimation, deserves anything rather than censure. Had he possessed less independence and more policy, had he flattered the prevailing tastes of certain classes and denominations, his productions would, no doubt, have been far more widely circulated. But he has pursued a different course, and although we may regret innumerable instances of carelessness in what he has written, all must, nevertheless, admire him as an author, and esteem him as a gentleman. By the late arrival we perceive that the "Dutchman's Fireside" has been announced for re-publication in England. A literary friend has just shown us a letter from Edward Lytton Bulwer, from which we are permitted to make the following extract:

"I have received," says the author of Pelham, "the *Dutchman's Fireside*, and think it excellent. I sent it to Mr. Colburn, with a letter of recommendation, and he has already advertised it for sale. I hope it will prove as successful here as it deserves. I am happy to coincide with you in admiring its merits."

The opinion of Mr. Bulwer—himself one of the most deservedly popular novelists of the day—is by no means without its value.

The "Lay of the Scottish Fiddle," by Mr. Paulding, was also re-printed in London, with a highly complimentary preface by the late R. C. Dallas, Esq.; and the "Backwoodman," a poem, now out of print, was translated into the French and German languages. The novel of "Koningsmarke," likewise, was re-published in England. Neither of these works addressed themselves to the feelings or prejudices of these nations; but, on the contrary, frequently expressed sentiments decidedly in collision with them, and consequently provoked the anger of several periodicals.

Mr. Bulwer's letter contains another item, which we take leave to transfer to our columns. It announces the fact, that a new novel may shortly be expected from his pen:

"My novel is getting on rapidly. The title is not yet decided; but the plot is from a very remarkable murder by a very remarkable man, half a century ago. In short, from the story of *Eugene Aram*. Perhaps the title will be the above name."

It will contain a fine portrait of the author, from a painting by Pickersgill.

ALICE GRAY!

A BALLAD—COMPOSED BY MRS. P. MILLARD.

Allegretto moderato.

She's all my fan - cy

p *Cres.* *p*

paint-ed her; She's love-ly, she's di - vine; But her heart it is an - o-ther's, She ne-ver can be mine: Yet loved I as man ne-ver loved, A love with-out de -

Ritard. A tempo.

cay, Oh! my heart, my heart is break-ing For the love of A - lice Gray! Oh! my heart, my heart is break-ing For the love of A - lice Gray!

SECOND VERSE.

Her dark brown hair is braided,
O'er a brow of spotless white;
Her soft blue eye now languishes
Now flashes with delight;
The hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turn'd away,
Yet my heart, my heart, is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray!

THIRD VERSE.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The weary conflict's past;
And when the green sod wraps my grave
May pity haply say,
"Oh! his heart, his heart is broken
For the love of Alice Gray!"

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

LINES,

Upon a young lady's showing me a copy of verses from a beau, who had just deserted her.

And is he gone? Is this the last
Sad fond memorial of his love?
Is all his false tongue whispered past?
Can not e'en tears so melting, move?
Alas! that woman's heart should ever
Thus fondly, truly, vainly cling
To one loved object, born to sever
Hope from so fair, so pure a thing.
Ah! could you, Marianne, forget
You ever loved and loved in vain,
You might find hearts more constant yet,
And I awake to hope again.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Many a dart is sent by Cupid
From lovely woman's glancing eye,
That vainly strikes a heart too stupid
To feel a lover's ecstasy.
Was this thy case, fair Marianne?
Dost thou a slighted passion smother?
Didst thou thus find one faithless man?
Forget him, sweet, and love another.

THE CHANGE.

When I wrote sonnets to thy brow,
Thine eye was full and bright;
Thy cheek was not, as it is now,
So very, very white;
Thy beauty then inspired the tale—
But now, my love, thou'rt very pale.
When first to thee I bent the knee,
I'd no rheumatic pain;
My curling locks then floated free—
No lady thought me plain—
But now, like Samson, I bewail
My shaved head—and thou art pale.
Six months ago, and thou, my dear,
Couldst still enjoy a jig—
Six months ago, and I had hair,
But now I wear a wig—
Six months ago—but cease the tale—
I'm bald, and thou art very pale.

POLITENESS TO FEMALES.

As there is nothing in which the good breeding of a company of gentlemen is more clearly evinced than in a ready civility to the female sex, which should spring, as it were, from an impulse of nature; so nothing can mark them as low and vulgar more pointedly than a neglect of those observances which the refined of all ages have been eager to pay to woman. I have frequently had occasion to observe the rudeness of mixed companies of well-dressed men to females; and have sometimes been disgusted with seeing a lazy fellow, in the apparel of a gentleman, lounging along the seats of the theatre, with his hat drawn down over his eyebrows, or perhaps sitting before ladies on the front seat, and disturbing them with low and frivolous conversation to some other of the same crew.

I undertook the other day to gallant several charming young girls across the river to Hoboken. On entering the boat we found no prospect of seats. Two long benches were crowded with persons in the dress of gentlemen, not one of whom made any move; although three as pretty women, and as amiable too, as you could select from Broadway in an afternoon of spring, were standing, and with the prospect of remaining in the same situation during the whole passage. Around were other gentlemen, on chairs, lounging in various attitudes, and leaning back (which last graceful habit, let me add, is a rank Americanism) while one fellow had absolutely taken possession, not only of one chair for his body, but of an extra one upon which he coolly deposited his legs, and amused himself with looking under the bonnets of my fair companions, at the same time whistling "Yankee doodle." Although I am naturally of an extremely peaceful disposition, I assure you my hand ached to try the strength of a horsewhip upon his shoulders. Equally striking instances of coarseness, and bad education, as well as bad disposition, may be every day

observed on board any of the steam-boats, when the passengers are rung to a meal. It is almost as much as one or two of us can do to protect our female friends from the outrages and depredations of the hungry surrounding savages. Dishes are cleared while we are in the act of reaching them—waiters commanded from our sides, by stentorian lungs from the other end of the table; so that the scene rather resembles a riot than a breakfast; and should any lady by chance be left without a seat, she may pass fifty voracious dandies, with quizzing-glasses and little whalebone canes, before one will abandon the advantage of his physical superiority, and rise to give her his place.

This is an evil which calls loudly for a remedy, although I scarcely know how to set about it; for they who are sufficiently vulgar to commit these misdemeanors, are beyond the reach of ridicule or reproof. I have spoken of these offenders against the rules of polite society as badly educated, I will close these brief observations with the remark, that this species of rudeness is frequently found among the better classes. The poor, who have been denied the advantages of learning, are frequently polite from their intrinsic kind and generous feelings, while the native bad heart and mean understanding betray themselves in these trifles, through all the treasures of learning and the gloss of fashion.

Selections from English periodicals.

THE FAIR SEX.—The census just taken for the borough of Liverpool, shows that our fair friends are, at the present period, in a fearful majority. They exceed the males by nearly twelve thousand! The comfort and happiness of the males are, doubtless, greatly increased by the overplus of the softer sex; but, when we view that overplus in its effects on the comfort and the happiness of the ladies themselves, we are filled with alarm for our fair friends.

"'Tis true, and, pity 'tis, 'tis true," that they cannot all get husbands, unless the men, (some of whom deem one wife more than enough for one man) should be compelled to support the surplus female population. Were an immigration of males to take place, what "marrying and giving in marriage" there would be in Liverpool!

SIMPLICITY.—At the marriage of Monsieur d'Artois, the city of Paris agreed to distribute marriage portions. A smart little girl of sixteen, named Lise Noirin, having presented herself to inscribe her name on the list, was asked who was her lover? "O," said she, with great simplicity, "I have no lover; I thought the city furnished every thing!" This being told to the count, a worthy husband was sought out for the girl, and her marriage portion was doubled.

THE ESCAPE OF LOVE.

Love once dwelt in a palmy isle,
His palace of the green leaves' shade,
A chain of roses on his wings,
His guardian, a dark-eyed maid.
They lived in sweet companionship—
Enough for him one smile so bright—
Enough for her to live for him,
To watch his chain and keep it bright.
But once, the nymph laid down to sleep,
Leaving her fragrant chain undone,
And Love awakened, while she slept,
Shook off his fetters, and was gone!

An author, whose former works had been twenty years forgotten, having broken his literary silence by an attack on Voltaire; the latter wrote to one of his friends, "This man hath left the abode of the dead to speak evil of the living."

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,

To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscriptions received for a less term than one year.

J. Seymour, printer, John street.

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No. 8.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

PERSUADING SERVANTS FROM THEIR PLACES.

I AM a gentleman of large family, and have for many years resided in this city. Among the special disadvantages incidental to this, as to every other place of abode, I can recollect none more disagreeable than the difficulty of obtaining good domestics. It is very true that we are compelled to drink water impregnated with lime; that we are occasionally teased by musketoes; that we are awakened every night by the alarm of fire; and sometimes experience anxiety from the fear of house-breakers: but I could endure all this, and find

"In some part of my heart
A drop of patience."

But the plagues and mortifications which have ever attended my endeavors to procure what our eastern friends call "help," are nearly intolerable.

When my good Fanny and myself, after the interesting ceremony and the expiration of the honey-moon, completed our arrangements for housekeeping, we found ourselves "imparadised" in a snug two-story brick mansion, in one of the most pleasant and genteel sections of the town. We possessed agreeable neighbors, and fine health and spirits to enjoy their society. My business prospered beyond my highest anticipations. I soon found myself encompassed with a number of little "blooming responsibilities," which imparted to my home an air of calm happiness that only a father can feel, and which made that spot the centre of all my interests and wishes. What a pity, that in this world there must always be something to mar our contentment—some enemy within or without, to keep alive in our remembrance our mortality and final doom! The enjoyment which we might have reasonably expected from these combined blessings, was greatly annoyed by the evil mentioned at the commencement of this essay. We exhausted all artifices in order to procure a cook, a nurse, and a waiting man. Our attempts were truly unlucky. The intelligence office poured in upon us one after another with the best of characters, but we could not endure them. One came with a certificate from a respectable family, in which her honesty, industry, and sobriety, were praised in the strongest terms; but happening one day to enter the room suddenly, I found Miss Sobriety at the sideboard, with the decanter of brandy and her lips in such a relative situation as at once let me into a very important secret respecting the young woman's disposition. I accordingly told her, in a mild way, that if she had desired any refreshment, she should have asked her mistress for it, by which means she would doubtless have procured it: as matters stood, I was sorry to be compelled to say we should not hereafter require her services. After begging, apologizing, and explaining with vehemence, she burst into tears—declared she was the mother of two infants, whom her husband had cruelly abandoned, and hoped that the gentleman would not take the bread out of the mouth of a poor defenceless woman, but would at least give her a good character. Not choosing to inflict the lady upon any unwary stranger, and not particularly inclined to credit her recital, I positively refused: upon which, with the suddenness with which Milton mentions that the arch-fiend, "squat like a toad" at the ear of our prime mother, resumed his original form at the touch of Ithuriel's spear—the poor, defenceless creature assumed the impudent demeanor of an amazonian virago, and assailed me with such a mingled shower of oaths and threats, and revealed such a licentious recklessness of character, as made me rejoice that I had escaped without having my wife's throat cut, or my children poisoned. This custom among decent people of giving a good character to persons with whom they are dissatisfied, merely from a weak feeling of pity, or a selfish desire to be rid of them as quietly as possible, is pernicious. It is a kind of fraud, not the less censurable, because you do not know whom it will cheat. It is a lie, which must eventually be detected. It procures only a temporary benefit to the bearer—disgraces yourself—and casts a general odium upon all the class of honest and hard-laboring people whom Providence has placed in that station.

My waiting man, John, was of a different construction. He possessed all the requisites for an excellent servant, and was in reality a great favorite of my own. But he was cursed with an incurable propensity to officiousness, and a ludicrous habit of acting as if he were one of the company rather than a waiter. My friends have been thunderstruck, at a dinner-party, after the recital of some amusing anecdote, and the first burst of laughter had subsided, to hear the peal of friend John at their elbow, his approving slap on his knee, followed by some frank opinion, as "that's the best one yet," or "that fellow must have been a queer chap," or "there's no mistaking him." I should have kept him, however; but an English lady, of an aristocratical disposition, and who seldom condescended to any thing like a republican familiarity, having paid a long visit to my wife, John told her one day at dinner, that he "would recommend the soup," as it was "very fine." She either

did not, or rather, I presume, would not hear him; upon which, he took hold of her little finger, with a gentle shake, and placing his face within a most sacrilegious proximity to the haughty dame's, pronounced the monosyllable "soup" in an elevated interrogatory key. Have you ever seen a cat bristle up with bended back against the wall, or under the sofa, with round green glaring eyes flashing out from the shadow at the approach of some great, good-natured dog? Imagine, then, the air with which the venerable and respectable maiden lady turned around upon her foe. I positively thought she would have bitten him. Poor John! he had to start; and in his place I hired an obsequious, cringing scoundrel, who moved about the house like a sloth, drank every thing that came in his way, and stole my money into the bargain.

With nurses we have been equally unfortunate. One was kind-hearted, but she had such a vulgar speech, that I was unwilling that she should associate with my children; another was fine spoken, but pert and saucy. Susan told them ghost-stories; Sally pinched them when she was out of humor; and Peggy was a slattern, and too lazy to speak. I really once thought that I was suited. Miss Arabella was apparently just what she should be: neat, obedient, industrious, modest, sober, and honest. But nature had endowed her with a pretty face and genteel carriage, and she was inspired with ideas of gentility and fashion. I came home one Sunday afternoon, and met a lady on the steps quite elegantly dressed. At first I thought it was my wife; but then she was not accustomed to such a dashing apparel. As I approached, I touched my beaver respectfully, and was about to inquire if the honor of this visit was intended for Mrs. S., when the stranger exclaimed, "I'll go down through the kitchen-way, if you please, sir, and let you in." In a little time I found Miss Arabella saw more company than I did; and I have been surprised when at tea to descry three or four fashionable looking gentlemen, rustling, nodding, and glittering down stairs and along the entry, in single file, till I scarcely knew whether I was in my own house or not. When these little agreeable circles began to be enlivened by the presence of certain acquaintances of the other gender, I was fain to pay Miss Arabella her wages, and solicit her not to trouble herself with our household affairs for the future.

Sitting in my study one day, a gentleman came in, and, bowing with great politeness, called me by name, and in excellent English for a foreigner, claimed the honor of my acquaintance, handing me a letter at the same time. I shook him kindly by the hand, begged him to be seated, and on perusing the letter found out the gentleman had understood I was in want of a cook, and begged leave to offer his services in that capacity. On a second glance at him, I remembered to have seen him at the house of a friend who had lately sailed for London.

At length, however, by dint of the most unremitting perseverance, I succeeded in obtaining three servants upon whom I could rely. The best of cooks, the most unexceptionable of waiters, and a nurse who is like a mother to the children. They resided in my family five years, during which period the more I saw of them the more I valued them. And now, Messrs. Editors, I come to the object of this paper, which is to make public the ungenerous, I may add, the dishonorable conduct of several families, whom I really have always respected and esteemed, and do yet in a certain degree, although circumstances have materially degraded them, or rather the master and mistress of them, in my estimation.

I had often boasted to my friends of my invaluable servants; and their reputation, indeed, was pretty well extended through the neighborhood. Many attempts had been made to seduce them from their allegiance to me; but as I always treated them kindly, and gave them liberal wages, I am pleased to believe they felt bound to their situation both by interest and gratitude. The waiter, Phil, revealed the names of several who had thus tampered with him; inquiring what wages he was allowed in my family, how many hours he was compelled to work in the day, and what kind of labor was imposed upon him. They hinted that he ought to expect more; that his duties were too toilsome; and in short plainly told him, that if he would leave me and make a compact with them, they would insure him higher wages and less work. This is a species of downright robbery. I prefer that such dishonest meddlers in the affairs of private families should open my secretary, and help themselves to any reasonable sum of money. That action would not be any more of a deliberate and guilty swindle, and would put me to much less inconvenience. Phil has about him a sterling honesty, which binds him to me; besides which he has a native good sense which enables him to see when he is in an excellent place; or as he one day expressed it in his homely but not weak phraseology, he knew "which side his bread was buttered." The nurse has not been so faithful. She has been allured by a house in Broadway, a family of great wealth and fashion, and the offer of higher wages, and has left me without any assistance whatever. And the cook is probably at this moment up to her eyes in business in a private boarding-house, where,

I have reason to believe, she will discover that it is much more easy for her mistress to make promises than to keep them. I hope some of your readers will take the hint from this statement, which has nothing but truth and good intention to recommend it for publication. I think, however, that while a large portion of them derive more gratification from eloquent poetry and fanciful tales, or essays which embrace only lofty moral or metaphysical subjects, others would be pleased with your devoting a space of the Mirror to the correction of these little evils of practical life. To such as have been or may be guilty of the unneighborly conduct complained of here, I wish distinctly to state, that I look upon them as so many swindlers, who have the bad disposition of offenders against the law without their courage. It is my opinion, that after a perusal of my humble recital, whoever deludes a good servant by covert promises, from his place in a decent family, would pick my pocket in any other way if he durst. He is a bad neighbor, an undutiful citizen, and I will stake my life, an unkind husband and an injudicious father. And if he do not actually break the law of his country, he violates other natural rules of courtesy and moral right, and richly deserves the anathema which Burns bestowed on the foes of Scotland's weal, "a towmond toothache." Y.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MR. BULWER'S FORTHCOMING NOVEL.

EUGENE ARAM.

IN our last number we copied part of a private letter from Mr. Bulwer, announcing the fact that he is preparing for the press another novel, founded, to use his own language, upon "a very remarkable murder, by a very remarkable man, half a century ago. In short, from the story of Eugene Aram." We remember having been, several years since, struck with the perusal of this singularly interesting occurrence, with the extraordinary talent and erudition of the man, and the ingenuity and eloquence of his defence. Perhaps there is not on record a more able and convincing address to a court and jury, from a criminal, than that of Aram's, and the wonder is that he was not immediately acquitted. A general belief of his innocence would undoubtedly always have prevailed, but for his letter, written to the attending clergyman after sentence had been pronounced. He was executed on the sixth of August, 1759. Believing that such materials, about to form the theme of a novel in the hands of a popular and eloquent writer, possess, at this period, a more than ordinary interest, and that the particulars are known to few, we have explored sundry bureaux, book-cases, and old drawers, and shaken off the dust from heaps of forgotten periodicals, with an indefinite recollection of having something of the sort in our possession, and at length have alighted upon a work, entitled

"The Magazine of Wonders, and Marvellous Chronicle; intended as a record of accounts of the most extraordinary productions, events, and occurrences, in providence, nature, and art, that have been witnessed at any time. Consisting principally of such curious articles as come under the denomination of miraculous, queer, strange, marvellous, whimsical, absurd, out of the way, and unaccountable. Including genuine accounts of the most surprising escapes from death and dangers—strange and unaccountable accidents, discoveries of long concealed murders—absurd and ridiculous customs, peculiar to different nations—dreadful shipwrecks—heroic adventures—uncommon instances of strength and longevity—memorable exploits—interesting and extraordinary anecdotes—and whatever else is calculated to promote entertainment and improvement. Collected from the writings of the most approved historians, travellers, philosophers, &c. of all ages and countries; embellished with copper-plates. By D. Fraser, author of the Mental Flower Garden, Compendium of the History of all Nations, &c."

Take breath, gentle reader, as we did after reading the above title, which we have copied for thy especial edification. This wonderful "Magazine of wonders," now nearly, we presume, out of print, contained the very object of our search, which we are about to receive, regenerated and adorned with all the embellishments of fancy, from the vivid pen of the author of Pelham. We have crowded out several original communications to give it place, and here it is.

"The murder for which Eugene Aram suffered, and his whole history, is so uncommon, that our readers will be equally pleased and astonished with a full and explicit relation of it.

"One of the ancestors of this offender had been high sheriff of Yorkshire, in the reign of King Edward the third; but the family having been gradually reduced, Aram's father was but in a low station of life; the son, however, was sent to a school near Rippon, where he perfected himself in writing and arithmetic, and then went to London, to officiate as clerk to a merchant.

"After a residence of two years in town, he was seized with the small-pox, which left him in so weak a condition that he went back to Yorkshire for the improvement of his health.

* Twelve month.

"On his recovery, he found it necessary to do something for immediate subsistence; and accordingly engaged himself as usher to a boarding-school; but, not having been taught the learned languages in his youth, he was obliged to supply by industry what he had lost through neglect; so that teaching the scholars only writing and arithmetic at first, he employed all his leisure hours in the most intense study, till he became an excellent Greek and Latin scholar; in the progress to which acquirements he owed much to the help of a most extraordinary memory.

"In the year 1734, he engaged to officiate as steward of an estate belonging to Mr. Norton, of Knaresborough; and, while in this station, he acquired a competent knowledge of the Hebrew. At this period he married, but was far from being happy in the matrimonial connexion.

"We now proceed to relate the circumstances which led to the commission of the crime which cost Aram his life. Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker, at Knaresborough, after being married a few days, circulated a report that his wife was entitled to a considerable fortune, which he should soon receive. Hereupon Aram, and Richard Houseman, conceiving hopes of taking advantage of this circumstance, persuaded Clarke to make an ostentatious show of his own riches, to induce his wife's relations to give him that fortune of which he had boasted. There was sagacity, if not honesty, in this advice; for the world in general are more free to assist persons in affluence than those in distress.

"Clarke was easily induced to comply with a hint so agreeable to his own desires; on which he borrowed and bought on credit a large quantity of silver plate, with jewels, watches, rings, &c. He told the persons of whom he purchased, that a merchant in London had sent him an order to buy such plate for exportation; and no doubt was entertained of his credit till his sudden disappearance in February, 1745, when it was imagined that he had gone abroad, or at least to London, to dispose of his property.

"When Clarke was possessed of these goods, Aram and Houseman determined to murder him, in order to share the booty; and on the night of the eighth of February, 1745, they persuaded Clarke to walk with them in the fields, in order to consult with them on the proper method to dispose of the effects.

"On this plan they walked into a field, and at a small distance from the town, well known by the name of St. Robert's Cave. When they came into this field Aram and Clarke went over a hedge towards the cave, and when they had got within six or seven yards of it, Houseman, by the light of the moon, saw Aram strike Clarke several times, and at length beheld him fall, but never saw him afterwards. This was the state of the affair, if Houseman's testimony on the trial might be credited.

"The murderers going home shared Clarke's ill-gotten treasure, the half of which Houseman concealed in his garden for a twelvemonth, and then took it to Scotland, where he sold it. In the meantime Aram carried his share to London, where he bartered it to a Jew, and then engaged himself as an usher at an academy in Piccadilly; where, in the intervals of his duty in attending the scholars, he made himself master of the French, and acquired some knowledge of the Arabic, and other eastern languages.

"After this he was usher at other schools in different parts of the kingdom; but as he did not correspond with his friends in Yorkshire, it was presumed that he was dead; but, in the year 1758, as a man was digging for limestones, near St. Robert's Cave, he found the bones of a human body; and a conjecture hereupon arose that they were the remains of the body of Clarke, who, it was presumed, might have been murdered.

"Houseman having been seen in company with Clarke a short time before his disappearance, was apprehended on suspicion; and on his examination, giving but too evident signs of guilt, he was committed to York castle; and the bones of the deceased being shown him, he denied that they were those of Clarke, but directed to the precise spot where they were deposited, and where they were accordingly found. The skull being fractured, was preserved to be produced in evidence on the trial.

"Soon after Houseman was committed to the castle of York it was discovered that Aram resided at Lynn, in Norfolk, on which a warrant was granted for taking him into custody; and, being apprehended while instructing some young gentlemen at a school, he was conveyed to York, and likewise committed to the castle.

"At the Lent assizes following the prosecutors were not ready with their evidence, on which he was remanded till the summer assizes, when he was brought to trial.

"When Houseman had given his evidence respecting this extraordinary affair, and all such collateral testimony had been obtained as could be adduced on such an occasion, Aram was called on for his defence; but, having foreseen that the perturbation of his spirits would incapacitate him to make such defence without previous preparation, he had written the following, which he read in court:

"MY LORD—I know not whether it is of right, or through some indulgence of your lordship, that I am allowed the liberty at this bar, and at this time, to attempt a defence, incapable and uninstructed as I am to speak. Since, while I see so many eyes upon me, so numerous and awful a concourse, fixed with attention, and filled with I know not what expectancy, I labor not with guilt, my lord, but with perplexity. For having never seen a court but this, being wholly unacquainted with law, the customs of the bar, and all judiciary proceedings, I fear I shall be so little capable of speaking with propriety in this place, that it will exceed my hope if I shall be able to speak at all.

"I have heard, my lord, the indictment read, wherein I find myself charged with the highest crime, with an enormity I am altogether incapable of; a fact, to the commission of which there goes far more insensibility of heart, more profligacy of morals, than ever fell to my lot. And nothing possibly could have admitted a presumption of this nature, but a depravity not inferior to that imputed to me. However, as I stand indicted at your lordship's bar, and have heard what is called evidence adduced in support of such a charge, I very humbly solicit your lordship's patience, and beg the hearing of this respectable audience, while I, single and unskilled, destitute of friends, and unassisted by counsel, say something, perhaps like argument, in my defence. I shall consume but little of your lordship's time; what I have to say will be short, and this brevity, probably, will be the best part of it; however, it is offered with all possible regard, and the greatest submission to your lordship's consideration, and that of this honorable court.

"First, my lord, the whole tenor of my conduct in life contra-

dicts every particular of this indictment. Yet had I never said this, did not my present circumstances extort it from me, and seem to make it necessary. Permit me here, my lord, to call upon malignity itself, so long and cruelly biased in this prosecution, to charge upon me any immorality, of which prejudice was not the author. No, my lord, I concerted no schemes of fraud, projected no violence, injured no man's person or private property; my days were honestly laborious, my nights intensely studious. And I humbly conceive my notice of this, especially at this time, will not be thought impertinent or unseasonable, but at least deserving some attention; because, my lord, that any person, after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, and without one single deviation from sobriety, should plunge into the very depth of profligacy, precipitately, and at once, is altogether improbable and unprecedented, and absolutely inconsistent with the course of things. Man is never corrupted at once; villainy is always progressive, and declines from right, step after step, till every regard of probity is lost, and every sense of all moral obligation totally perishes.

"Again, my lord, a suspicion of this kind, which nothing but malevolence could entertain, and ignorance propagate, is violently opposed by my very situation at that time, with respect to health; for but a little space before I had been confined to my bed, and suffered under a very long and severe disorder, and was not able, for half a year together, so much as to walk. The distemper left me indeed, yet slowly and in part; but so macerated, so enfeebled, that I was reduced to crutches; and so far from being well about the time I am charged with this fact, that I never, to this day, perfectly recovered. Could, then, a person in this condition take any thing into his head so unlikely, so extravagant? I, past the vigor of my age, feeble and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage, no ability to accomplish; without interest, without power, without motive, without means.

"Besides, it must needs occur to every one, that an action of this atrocious nature is never heard of, but when its springs are laid open, it appears that it was to support some indolence, or supply some luxury; to satisfy some avarice, or oblige some malice; to prevent some real, or some imaginary want; yet I lay not under the influence of any one of these. Surely, my lord, I may, consistent with both truth and modesty, affirm thus much; and none who have any veracity, and knew me, will ever question this.

"In the second place, the disappearance of Clarke is suggested as an argument of his being dead; but the uncertainty of such an inference from that, and the fallibility of all conclusions of such a sort, from such a circumstance, are too obvious, and too notorious, to require instances; yet, superseding many, permit me to procure a very recent one, and that afforded by this castle.

"In June, 1757, William Thompson, for all the vigilance of this place, in open daylight and double-ironed, made his escape; and, notwithstanding an immediate inquiry set on foot, the strictest search, and all advertisement, was never seen or heard of since. If then Thompson got off unseen, through all these difficulties, how very easy was it for Clarke, when none of them opposed him? But what would be thought of a prosecution commenced against any one seen last with Thompson?

"Permit me next, my lord, to observe a little upon the bones which have been discovered. It is said, which perhaps is saying very far, that it is the skeleton of a man. It is possible, indeed, it may be; but is there any certain criterion, which incontestably distinguishes the sex in human bones? Let it be considered, my lord, whether the ascertaining of this point ought not to precede any attempt to identify them.

"The place of their depositum, too, claims much more attention than is commonly bestowed upon it; for, of all spots in the world, none could have mentioned any one, wherein there was greater certainty of finding human bones, than a hermitage, except he should point out a churchyard; hermitages, in time past, being not only places of religious retirement, but of burial too. And it has scarce, or never been heard of, but that every cell now known, contains, or contained those relics of humanity; some mutilated, and some entire. I do not inform, but give me leave to remind your lordship, that here sat solitary sanctity, and here the hermit, or the anchoress, hoped that repose for their bones, when dead, they here enjoyed when living.

"All the while, my lord, I am sensible this is known to your lordship, and many in this court, better than me. But it seems necessary to my case that others, who have not at all, perhaps, adverted to things of this nature, and may have concern in my trial, should be made acquainted with it. Suffer me, then, my lord, to produce a few of many evidences, that these cells were used as repositories of the dead, and to enumerate a few in which human bones have been found, as it happened in this question; lest, to some, that accident might seem extraordinary, and consequently occasion prejudice.

"1. The bones, as was supposed, of the Saxon St. Dubritus, were discovered buried in his cell at Guy's cliff, near Warwick, as appears from the authority of Sir William Dugdale.

"2. The bones, thought to be those of the anchoress Rosia, were but lately discovered in a cell at Royston, entire, fair, and undecayed, though they must have lain interred for several centuries, as is proved by Dr. Stukely.

"But my own county, nay, almost this neighborhood, supplies another instance; for in January, 1747, were found by Mr. Stovin, accompanied by a reverend gentleman, the bones, in part, of some recluse, in the cell at Lindholm, near Hatfield. They were believed to be those of William, of Lindholm, a hermit, who had long made this cave his habitation.

"In February, 1744, part of Wooburn-abbey being pulled down a large portion of a corse appeared, even with the flesh on, and which bore cutting with a knife; though it is certain that this had lain above two hundred years, and how much longer is doubtful, for this abbey was founded in 1145, and dissolved in 1538 or 9.

"What would have been said, what believed, if this had been an accident to the bones in question?

"Farther, my lord, it is not yet out of living memory, that a little distance from Knaresborough, in a field, part of the manor of the worthy and patriotic baronet who does that borough the honor to represent it in parliament, were found, in digging for gravel, not one human skeleton only, but five or six, deposited side by side, with each an urn placed at its head, as your lordship knows was usual in ancient interments.

"About the same time, and in another field, almost close to this borough, was discovered also, in searching for gravel, another human

skeleton; but the piety of the same worthy gentleman ordered both pits to be filled up again, commendably unwilling to disturb the dead.

"Is the invention of these bones forgotten, then, or industriously concealed, that the discovery of those in question may appear the more singular and extraordinary? whereas, in fact, there is nothing extraordinary in it. My lord, almost every place conceals such remains. In fields, in hills, in highway sides, in commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones. And our present allotments for rest for the departed are but of some centuries.

"Another particular seems not to claim a little of your lordship's notice, and that of the gentlemen of the jury; which is, that perhaps no example occurs of more than one skeleton being found in one cell; and in the cell in question was found but one; agreeable, in this, to the peculiarity of every other known cell in Britain. Not the invention of one skeleton, but of two, would have appeared suspicious and uncommon.

"But it seems another skeleton has been discovered by some laborer, which was full as confidentially averred to be Clarke's as this. My lord, must some of the living, if it promotes some interest, be made answerable for all the bones that earth has concealed, and chance exposed? and might not a place where bones lie be mentioned by a person by chance, as well as found by a laborer by chance? or is it more criminal accidentally to name where bones lie, than accidentally to find where they lie?

"Here too is a human skull produced, which is fractured, but was this the cause, or was it the consequence of death? was it owing to violence, or was it the effect of natural decay? if it was violence, was that violence before or after death? My lord, in May, 1732, the remains of William, lord archbishop of this province, were taken up, by permission, in this cathedral, and the bones of the skull were found broken; yet certainly he died by no violence offered to him alive that could occasion that fracture there.

"Let it be considered, my lord, that upon the dissolution of religious houses, and the commencement of the reformation, the ravages of those times affected both the living and the dead. In search after imaginary treasures coffins were broken open, graves and vaults violated, monuments ransacked, and shrines demolished; and it ceased about the beginning of the reign of queen Elizabeth. I entreat your lordship, suffer not the violences, the depredations, and the iniquities of those times to be imputed to this.

"Moreover, what gentleman here is ignorant that Knaresborough had a castle; which, though now a ruin, was once considerable both for its strength and garrison? All know it was vigorously besieged by the arms of the parliament; at which siege, in sallies, conflicts, fights, pursuits, many fell in all the places round it, and where they fell were buried; for every place, my lord, is burial earth in war; and many, questionless, of these, yet unknown, whose bones futurity shall discover.

"I hope, with all imaginable submission, that what has been said will not be thought impertinent to this indictment; and that it will be far from the wisdom, the learning, and the integrity of this place, to impute to the living what zeal in its fury may have done; what nature may have taken off, and piety interred; or what war alone may have destroyed, alone deposited.

"As to the circumstances that have been raked together I have nothing to observe, but that all circumstances whatever are precarious, and have been but too frequently found lamentably fallible: even the strongest have failed. They may rise to the utmost degree of probability, yet they are but probability still. Why need I name to your lordship the two Harrisons, recorded by Dr. Howell, who both suffered upon circumstances, because of the sudden disappearance of their lodger, who was in credit, and had contracted debts, borrowed money, and went off unseen, and returned a great many years after their execution? Why name the intricate affair of Jacques du Moulin, under king Charles the second, related by a gentleman who was counsel for the crown? and why the unhappy Coleman, who suffered innocent, though convicted upon positive evidence, and whose children perished for want, because the world uncharitably believed the father guilty? Why mention the perjury of Smith, incautiously admitted king's evidence; who, to screen himself, equally accused Faircloth and Loveday of the murder of Dun; the first of whom, in 1749, was executed at Winchester; and Loveday was about to suffer at Reading, had not Smith been proved perjured, to the satisfaction of the court, by the surgeon of Gosport hospital?

"Now, my lord, having endeavored to show that the whole of this process is altogether repugnant to every part of my life; that it is inconsistent with my condition of health about that time; that no rational inference can be drawn, that a person is dead who suddenly disappears; that hermitages were the constant repositories of the bones of the recluse; that the revolutions in religion, or the fortune of war, have mangled, or buried the dead; the conclusion remains, perhaps no less reasonably than impatiently wished for. I, at last, after a year's confinement, equal to either fortune, put myself upon the candor, the justice, and the humanity of your lordship, and upon yours, my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury.

"Aram was tried by Judge Noel, who, having remarked that his defence was one of the most ingenious pieces of reasoning that had ever fallen under his notice, summed up the evidence to the jury, who gave a verdict that Aram was guilty, in consequence of which he received sentence of death.

"After conviction a clergyman was appointed to attend him, to represent the atrociousness of his crime, to bring him to a proper sense of his condition, and exhort him to an ample confession.

"Aram appeared to pay proper attention to what was said; but, after the minister had retired, he formed the dreadful resolution of destroying himself, and wrote a letter, of which the following is a copy:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—Before this reaches you I shall be no more a living man in this world, though at present in perfect bodily health; but who can describe the horrors of mind which I suffer at this instant? Guilt! the guilt of blood shed without any provocation, without any cause, but that of filthy lucre, pierces my conscience with wounds that give the most poignant pains! 'Tis true, the consciousness of my horrid guilt has given me frequent interruptions in the midst of my business or pleasures; but still I have found means to stifle its clamors, and contrived a momentary remedy for the disturbance it gave me, by applying to the bottle or the bowl, or diversions, or company, or business; sometimes one, and sometimes the other, as opportunity offered: but now all these, and all other amusements are at an end, and I am left forlorn, helpless, and destitute of every comfort; for I have nothing now in view but the

certain destruction both of my soul and body. My conscience will no longer suffer itself to be hoodwinked or browbeat; it has now got the mastery; it is my accuser, judge, and executioner; and the sentence it pronounceth against me is more dreadful than that I heard from the bench, which only condemned my body to the pains of death, which are soon over; but conscience tells me plainly, that she will summon me before another tribunal, where I shall have neither power nor means to stifle the evidence she will then bring against me; and that the sentence which will then be denounced, will not only be irrevocable, but will condemn my soul to torments that will know no end.—O had I but hearkened to the advice which dear-bought experience has enabled me to give! I should not now have been plunged into that dreadful gulf of despair, which I find it impossible to extricate myself from; and therefore my soul is filled with horror inconceivable. I see both God and man my enemies; and in a few hours shall be exposed a public spectacle for the world to gaze at. Can you conceive any condition more horrible than mine? O, no! it cannot be! I am determined, therefore, to put a short end to trouble I am no longer able to bear, and prevent the executioner, by doing his business with my own hand!

EUGENE ARAM.

"When the morning appointed for his execution arrived, the keeper went to take him out of his cell, and found him almost expiring through loss of blood, having cut his left arm above the elbow and near the wrist, with a razor, but he missed the artery. A surgeon being sent for, soon stopped the bleeding; and when he was taken to the place of execution he was perfectly sensible, though so weak as to be unable to join in the devotional exercises."

In addition to the foregoing particulars, we extract a poem, but little known, founded upon the same event. It first appeared in an annual entitled "The Gem." It has been justly called one of the most remarkable productions of modern poetry; and, says a distinguished critic, "there is a resemblance, perhaps, to Coleridge in its general style, but it is by no means an imitation, and we scarcely feel heresy to put it side by side with the 'Ancient Mariner.'"

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.—BY THOMAS HOOD.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drove the wicked game;
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they cours'd about,
And shouted as they ran;
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can.
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze,
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease.
So he leant his head on his hands and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanc'd aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden tide;
Mistaken had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eye'd.

At last he shud the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen clasp;
"O God, could I to close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,
And past a shady nook,
And, lo! he saw a little book
That peep'd upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy tale?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
"It is," the boy, with upward glance,
"It is 'The Death of Abel!'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beneath an ivy tree,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody me
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid slabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the spirits of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,
Ay, how the ghastly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,
Wo, wo, unutterable wo—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!"

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold;
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!"

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a rusty knife—
And then the deed was done;
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!"

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me wrong;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!"

"And, lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame,
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by the hand,
And call'd upon his name!"

"Oh God, it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out again!
For every clot, a burning spot,
Was scorching in my brain!"

"The late Admiral Barney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher, subsequent to his crime. The Admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse to them about murder, in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in this poem."

The History of Poland, from the earliest period to the present time. By James Fletcher, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge. With a narrative of the recent events, obtained from a Polish patriot nobleman. 1 vol. 18 mo. pp. 339. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

We cheerfully unite with our brethren of the press in recommending this book to the attention of all who wish a distinct knowledge of the causes of the present state of warfare between Russia and Poland. The leading facts in the history of the latter nation are skillfully compressed within the short space allowed by the excellent plan of the Family Library, of which this is the twenty-fourth number; and the narrative conducted in a clear and unostentatious style, is pregnant with interest and information. It is accompanied by a fine engraving of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, a name, whatever may be alleged against the general orthodoxy of Polish appellations, which the grateful lips of Americans will find no difficulty in pronouncing. As the struggle between this hunted people and their blood-thirsty hounds is the prominent topic of conversation, we copy from the advertisement to the present volume the following rules:

"All vowels are sounded as in French and Italian; and there are no diphthongs, every vowel being pronounced distinctly. The consonants are the same as in English, except

w, which is sounded like *v*, at the beginning of a word; thus, Warsaw—*Varsafa*; in the middle or at the end of a word, it has the sound of *f*, as in the instance already cited; and Narew—*Nareff*. *c*, like *tz*, and never like *k*; thus, Pac is sounded *Patz*.

g, like *g* in Gibbon; thus, *Oginski*.
ch, like the Greek *χ* or *k*; thus, *Lech*—*Lek*.

cz, like the English *ch* in pitch; thus, Czartoryski pronounced *Tchartoryski*.

rz, like *j* in *je*, with a slight sound of *r*; thus, Rzewuski—*Rjevuski*."

After a succinct account, bringing down the history of Poland to the death of Alexander, and the coronation of Nicholas at Warsaw in 1829, a well written narrative of recent events is extracted from the first number of Campbell's Metropolitan Magazine. A description of the grand duke Constantine, the "untamed tiger," whose cruelties over the gallant Poles have rendered him disgustingly conspicuous to the world, has already appeared in a previous number of this journal. We will select, however, a few additional particulars:

"From the time of the first re-establishment of the kingdom until 1820, the affairs of Poland went on apparently in conformity with the constitution; but there were perpetual breaches of that formal grant, until the Spanish revolution burst forth: then the intrigues of Austria, and the apprehension entertained by Alexander himself of military revolution, led to the establishment of the sadly-misnamed Holy Alliance, and an attempt was made to suppress entirely in Poland the spirit of national independence, which at one time, if not actually fostered, had been cheered by the smiles of the autocrat.

"The Count Zaionczek, a Pole, was nominally the king's lieutenant, but the real power was invested in the grand-duke Constantine, who held the appointment of commander-in-chief of the army. This personage, who has played so conspicuous a part in the affairs of Poland, is worthy of something more than a mere passing notice. ****

"One of the most atrocious acts of this most atrocious period is the treatment of Major Lukasinski, a Polish officer of high character and blameless life. He was distinguished by the grand-duke, indeed was especially favored on all occasions; but, being a member of the association at the time that it became particularly obnoxious, he was arrested, and after some time brought into the presence of his imperial chief; who, addressing him in terms of kindness and friendship, invited him to repose confidence in the known attachment he felt for him: thus thrown off his guard, the unhappy man spoke with frankness and candor. He was removed to his dungeon, tried on his confession to the grand-duke, was convicted, and condemned to be deprived of all his honors, to chains, and to perpetual imprisonment. In compliance with this sentence, he was conveyed to the fortress of Zamosc, where upwards of a thousand persons similarly circumstanced were confined. One of the grand-duke's emissaries was introduced into the prison; he got up a conspiracy for effecting the escape of the prisoners, and, without the privity of the wretched Lukasinski, contrived to procure his nomination as the leader of the conspirators. Then further persecutions were instituted, and for this imputed crime, which, even if real, could not be blamed by any man, he was condemned to death. This was, however, too humane; death would have afforded relief to the wearied sufferer, which was not the object of Constantine. It was therefore commuted to perpetual imprisonment and a WEEKLY FLOGGING! And it was directed that a record should be kept for Constantine's especial information of the effect of each blow on the wretched victim! Humanitary recoils at recording such atrocity, such cold-blooded ferocity; and we should not have ventured on making the statement, had not the facts been attested by documents found among the papers of the grand-duke after his precipitate retreat from Warsaw last November. *****

"Among the illustrious men there is a gentleman, now in London, whose personal suffering may be considered a fair example of the system pursued. His career may be described as one of pain and misery. His father—a distinguished champion of the liberties of his country at the period of the last partition—was expropriated; being accompanied with his wife, the subject of the present detail was born during their flight, and was seized with his father's property by the government! He was placed with a man who appears to have possessed some of the feelings of humanity; for on the death of his own child, he reported the stranger to be dead, at the same time restoring him to his parents. Subsequently to the establishment of the duchy of Warsaw, he entered the service of Napoleon, and served with distinction; but was taken prisoner in 1812, and was three years in prison. After the cession to Russia, and the establishment of the kingdom, he wished to retire from military life; and, after fourteen refusals to accept his resignation, the permission to retire was most ungraciously granted. His pertinacity had offended, and his integrity made him a marked man. Accordingly, on the occasion of which we speak, he was arrested (having at that time previously spent about seven years in Russian prisons,) and without condemnation placed in a dark dungeon, where for eleven months he neither saw the face of man nor the light of day. At the expiration of that time he, with others, was suddenly taken from his cell, thrown into a common cart, and conveyed under a burning sun to St. Petersburg,

where he was kept in rigorous custody, until he had completed his fourth year of additional captivity. Almost at the moment of his arrest he had been married to a lovely and amiable female: he had no intercourse with his family during his wearisome confinement; and when he returned to be cheered by domestic affection, he found that he had become a father, but that his wife, worn out by her feelings, was no longer the beautiful partner of his hopes and fears, but an exhausted being, dropping fast into her grave."

It is but justice to add, that the rapidity, and yet discrimination, with which these publishers supply American readers with valuable works, calculated to improve the morals and enlighten the minds of old and young, rank them among the most deserving objects of public praise and support. The annexed lines, received sometime since, form an appropriate conclusion to a notice of this instructive volume:

TO THE POLES.

Success attend ye in each fight,
Heroic battles for the right;
Your tyrant foes are swarming round
To sweep ye from the earth,
And render desolate and bare
The land that gave ye birth;
The savage monarch heeds his power
Could crush ye like a feeble flower;
But he has learned ere this, I ween,
A patriot's strength to know,
And seen how those could stand who dared
To strike a patriot's blow.
His brutal hirelings have been sent
To graves without a monument:
Numbers have fled before a few,
Like ships before the blast;
The brows of Russian conquerors
Have been with gloom o'ercast:
Brave Poles! in vain ye have not bled,
Your plains are thick with Russian dead!

Fight on! fight on! undaunted band,
For your own dear devoted land;
Your wives shall hurry ye away,
Unto the scene of blood,
Your sires shall bless ye as ye go,
Because your cause is good!
Your very babes, from terror freed,
With tiny voices shall cry "God speed,"
And all who love ye as they ought,
Shall say, "fight on! fight on!"
There's nought but life that can be lost,
Yet freedom may be won!
Your deeds shall be for history's boast,
Each Pole shall be himself a host,
And strive as only those can strive
Who look behind, and see
Wives—children—all depending on
Their acts of bravery,
And crying out, "save us, oh, save,
From tyrants sterner than the grave!"
Then look before on threat'ning Poles
Assembled to destroy
The sources that to them are full
Of purest, holiest joy;
And then exert their every nerve
Those holy sources to preserve.

But if it is your fearful fate
To fall beneath the despot's hate,
Whose only rule of right is might,
And power his only aim—
He who deserves each freeman's scorn,
Whose glory is his shame,
He then will see no chains can bind
What he must hate—a patriot's mind—
His power can never make ye own
His title to be just,
He cannot at his footstool bid
Your lips to kiss the dust:
No! rather would ye choose your doom
A martyr's glory, and his tomb!

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

BOSTON, August 18, 1831.

GENTLEMEN—While on a trip to the waters of Niagara, I chanced to see a number of your paper at Buffalo, containing an article on organs, with the signature "B." Having myself a smattering of music, and being a great admirer of that "noble instrument," as the writer terms it, the proper use of which tends to soften the feelings and elevate the sentiments, I felt considerable interest in its perusal. At the same time I have to claim for my native town, Boston, the good fortune of possessing an instrument superior to any one in the Union; and built by the famous Smith, 'clepeled father Smith, of whom your correspondent makes such honorable mention. It was erected in the church built by the English, and called the King's Chapel; and tradition states, that it was selected in England by no less a person than George Frederick Handel himself. At present, Mr. Comer, late of the Bowery theatre in your city, and now leader at the Tremont theatre in this town, is the organist. It answers, in every respect, the description of Smith's organs. The trumpet-stop is truly magnificent; and the diapasons possess a roundness and peculiarity of that which is technically called "voicing," beyond any instrument I have ever heard. It may not be amiss to add, that the colors of the keys are inverted—those which mark the naturals being black, and those which denote the flats and sharps being white. Trusting to your candor for an insertion of this short notice, I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,
A MEMBER OF THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE COUNTESS OF LEICESTER.

PENSIVE within her lonely tower
 Sat princely Leicester's lovely bride,
 Counting each slowly passing hour
 That kept her proud lord from her side.
 From that lone turret's window high
 She strained her eyes through twilight gloom,
 Anxiously hoping to espy
 The waving of his distant plume.
 A thousand doubts and fears the while
 Within her tender breast arose,
 And banished from her lip the smile,
 And robbed her fair cheek of the rose.
 She thought of happy youthful hours,
 Her father's hospitable halls;
 Her sweet retreats, her wild wood bowers,
 Her own romantic waterfalls.
 Fields where she used in joy to rove,
 Still followed by her favorite fawn;
 And, dear in childhood's early love,
 Her graceful temple on the lawn.
 Her heart was sportive then and light,
 Her days with happy swiftness past;
 That morning sun which rose so bright,
 How soon its beams were overcast!
 Far happier in her maiden state
 Than now the haughty Leicester's bride,
 Dreading her royal rival's hate,
 And victim of her husband's pride.
 And he, the favorite of his queen,
 In pomp and splendor moved along;
 The lord of many a festive scene,
 The star of many a glittering throng.
 Whilst she within these gloomy walls
 In solitary grandeur wept,
 Elizabeth in Leicester's halls
 Her gay luxurious revels kept.
 But hark! a well-known sound she hears,
 The bugle-note is ringing high;
 At length his snow-white plume appears,
 Her own beloved lord is nigh.
 She joyful springs to his embrace,
 Paused at his look of gloom and care;
 Gazed for one moment on his face,
 And shriek'd at what was written there.
 Then from his unsupporting arms
 She sank upon the marble floor;
 Death hush'd her timid heart's alarms,
 And Leicester's countess was no more.
 Proud earl! thy triumphs are complete,
 Be all that thy ambition plann'd;
 See England's nobles at thy feet,
 And England's queen implore thy hand.
 Thy countess lives no more to be
 The bar between thee and the throne,
 Death burst the tie and set thee free,
 And regal power is now thy own.
 Go to the gorgeous halls of state,
 Elizabeth awaits thee there;
 Go, in her smiles forget the fate
 Of her who died in wild despair.

H. M. D.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

CRITICISM.

"Thus with the year
 Seasons return; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather those celestial light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
 Purge and dispel, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight."—Milton.

THE fine distinction between intellectual and physical enjoyment, expressed in these celebrated lines, I have always conceived a clear evidence of a superior mind. Few are in the habit of considering it, or at least of acting upon it; and many are so much more swayed by substantial objects than by moral influences, that they sympathize very little with the mental labors and sufferings of their fellow-creatures, while they are lost in admiration at the completion of any bodily task, or struck with grief and horror when they perceive any corporeal injury. Such plain matter-of-fact people have not been blessed with that inward celestial light which the poet invoked; and although they are not consequently objects of pity, and may enjoy a great share of comfort and negative happiness in their own way, they are most legitimate subjects for ridicule and satire when they thrust themselves out of their proper spheres, or are by the accidental vicissitudes of life elevated to fulfill the duties which require intellect and education.

I am well acquainted with a person of this description, who pretends to a vast deal of literary merit, and pronounces upon the various productions of the mind with which the prolific press of the present day furnishes the community, with the dogmatism of a Turkish bashaw. I have often had occasion to observe how completely he was destitute of the eyes within, which Milton speaks

of. I remember once when the town was treated with the exhibition of the Irish giant, we accidentally met, near the room of this living phenomenon, and agreed to pay him a visit. To confess the truth, the fellow was a curious specimen of the caprices of nature, and came fully up to my boyish conceptions of a Patagonian. My friend was absolutely beside himself with astonishment. He could scarcely find language to express the pleasure he had derived from the sight, and when we sallied forth again into the street he could talk of nothing but the giant. While he was delivering himself of some of the prodigious raptures which he had conceived on the occasion, we encountered a gentleman who has written some of the most charming specimens of poetry which our nation ever produced. I pointed out this gifted author to my friend, almost expecting that if the unwieldy mass of flesh and bones of our Irish prodigy had caused such an excess of rapture, he would go mad in earnest at the contemplation of one endowed by heaven with such a gigantic mind, such a wide-reaching fancy, and wonderful power of expression. He had never seen the poet, although he was familiar with his works; but, to my astonishment and chagrin, he carelessly cast his eye upon him, and returned immediately to the subject of the giant.

I could not help setting him down in my own mind as a silly fellow; for had he been capable of appreciating the wonders of the understanding, he could not have passed so slightly one who is so much more an extraordinary and noble creation of nature. Who that has read Shakespeare or Milton, had not rather peruse the faces of these two writers than examine a calf with two heads, an ox of double the usual bulk, or a man whose stature is greater or less than that of the ordinary run of mortals? Who had not rather look on Napoleon than on any monument of his building?

A few days after I met my silly friend at a picture gallery. As I am much given to contemplation, and derive more pleasure from purely imaginary sources than from those of reality, I am especially fond of a lounge at an exhibition of paintings. Every piece, as it were, lets me into a new world, not only of absolute vision, but of thought and fancy, and consequently fills my mind with agreeable emotions. Then the peculiar silence and shadow which generally reign in such a place, are favorable to reverie. I gradually disentangle myself from the confusion and excitement of the crowded town. I sometimes muse by a romantic scene in Switzerland, and sometimes pause before some Roman ruin. Here I find myself in the midst of groups of cattle, amid cool and pleasant forests; and again without the anxiety of my usual bashfulness, and fearless of giving offence, I contemplate some girlish face, whose laughing eyes fall directly on my own, with a sweet unshrinking gaze, and conjure up in my bosom certain thoughts, respecting which, good reader, you have no right to inquire in this sage essay on criticism. While I was thus amusing myself one day, and delighted with the wonderful skill and genius with which some of the artists had reflected nature upon the canvass, I felt a slap on my shoulder from no gentle hand. It was my friend the giant admirer. I swallowed my displeasure at his vulgar mode of salutation, and, with a civil air of forced familiarity, asked him how he was pleased with the pictures? He replied, that he did not like them much; there were too many landscapes for him; he never spent more than ten or fifteen minutes in a picture-gallery, but he had been lately to witness a curiosity, which he recommended to my particular attention.

"What, another giant?" asked I.

"No," replied he, "but Calvin Edson, the walking skeleton."

He then proceeded to indulge me with a detailed account of that interesting personage; how his bones came through his stockings; and how some one had entered into a speculation with him, he to give the man-skeleton so much for the proceeds of his exhibition, and the man-skeleton to allow him so much for every pound of fat gained.

I could scarcely avoid laughing at the earnestness with which he detailed to me every circumstance of a matter which I cared nothing about, and a great part of which totally escaped my attention, while I was studying the best form of serving him and his propensities up for the entertainment of the readers of the New-York Mirror.

I should not have deemed him worthy of so much notice, but that he and such as he have sometimes by spurious means obtained a greater weight in the community than they are entitled to by their mind and characters. There is no disgrace in dullness; because what is the result of nature and not of one's own indolence, is not a fair theme of censure, however it may be of regret; but when dullness assumes airs, when it usurps the throne of talent and education, it deserves the lash of satire and the frown of wisdom. I was led to these reflections principally by my last week's paper, which I found lying on my table, from an anonymous correspondent. On reading it over again in print, I am struck with the extent of the subject which the author has opened, although he has pursued it but a little way. There can, indeed, be no greater impediment to the growth of literature than bad critics. They resemble careless and unskilful gardeners, who do not know weeds from flowers. The art of reviewing books here is in a sickly state. It receives too little attention, and there is by far too great a familiarity between authors, editors, and publishers. The opinions of the press, therefore, often arise from personal feelings, from a desire not to injure the author or the publisher, from a carelessness or ignorance respecting the importance of studying out the true character of a new book, and showing its faults and its beauties. I regret to say, that specimens of philosophical and independent criticism do not abound on this side the Atlantic, at least out of the pale of several quarterly reviews, whose names at present it is unnecessary to mention. If the American reader should be required, where could he hope to find

any subject in the shape of a review, handled in so clear, scientific, and learned a manner as the elegant papers by Addison, in the Spectator, on the "Paradise Lost?" It is the exertions of such men, backed by a reading community, that assist the progress of literature, that check the forward upstart, and seek out the modest and deserving; that unmask ignorance, vulgarity, and stupidity, and leave the field clear for merit. By their means, too, the mass of the people are enabled to judge for themselves, correct opinions are placed in their mouths, and the blessings of a general knowledge are distributed among them. "The mind that lies fallow but a single day," says this elegant and amiable writer, "sprouts up in follies, that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses."

It may be observed of our critics, with a few honorable exceptions, that some are too much immersed in the concerns of their journals to afford any other candid notice of new publications than a mere list of their titles; others are destitute of a knowledge of the classical authors, either of the Greek and Roman languages, or of their own; and some are in the frequent habit of giving vent to their petty personal resentments in their capacity of critics. There are certain ones, whom I have often watched, who praise a writer or an actor till they have quarreled with him, and then take every possible opportunity of hypercritical abuse. The most perfect of literary productions have faults, and few are so bad (although I could name one or two) as to be totally destitute of beauties. If this low kind of critic hates a person, he can fling a disgrace over his work, by naming one fault with a sneer, and passing over its merits in silence; or if he have been eating oyster-suppers and drinking wine at his expense, he will laud up a smooth line to the very echo, and leave innumerable glaring defects to be discovered by more disinterested readers. To such a time-serving and malicious fellow I would say, in the words of the poet:

"Thou cold-blooded knave!
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
 Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
 Upon thy stare, thy fortune, and thy strength,
 And dost thou now fall over to my foe?
 Thou wear a lion's skin! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs!"

It is also very amusing, in reading the public prints, to see the shifts and stratagems of learned conductors of journals, who wish to say something fine and flourishing respecting a book which they have never read. You shall note the struggles and circumlocutions of such a one. How he flutters around the title-page and the previous works of the author; the typography, size, and number of pages; and concludes by declaring that doubtless the public will not fail to appreciate it as it deserves. All such persons are mere drones in the literary hive.

I will close this article with a few observations by Addison, upon the same subject.

"It is in criticism as in all other sciences and speculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and observations, which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps several little hints that had passed in his mind, perfected and improved in the works of a good critic; whereas one who has not these previous lights, is very often an utter stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

"Nor is it sufficient that a man, who sets up for a judge in criticism, should have perused the authors above mentioned, unless he has also a clear and logical head. Without this talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own blunders, mistakes the sense of those he would confute, or, if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearness and perspicuity. Aristotle, who was the best critic, was also one of the best logicians that ever appeared in the world.

"Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himself master of, who would get a reputation by critical writings; though at the same time it is very certain, that an author who has not learned the art of distinguishing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts and setting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will lose himself in confusion and obscurity. I might further observe that there is not a Greek or Latin critic, who has not shown, even to the style of his criticisms, that he was a master of all the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

"The truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd than for a man to set up for a critic, without a good insight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of those, who have endeavored to signalize themselves by works of this nature, among our writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly discover, by the phrases which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary systems of arts and sciences. A few general rules extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critic.

"One great mark, by which you may discover a critic who has neither taste nor learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any passage in an author which has not been before received and applauded by the public, and that his criticism turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a critic is so very easy to succeed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publishing of a new poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn several passages

of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. Dryden has very agreeably remarked in these two celebrated lines:

'Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls, must dive below.'

"A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation. The most exquisite words, and finest strokes of an author, are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a relish for polite learning; and they are these, which a sour undistinguishing critic generally attacks with the greatest violence. Tully observes, that it is very easy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered into English, 'a glowing bold expression,' and to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticism. A little wit is equally capable of exposing a beauty, and of aggravating a fault; and though such treatment of an author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an understanding reader, it has however its effect among the generality of those whose hands it falls into, the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at, with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in itself.

"Such a mirth as this is always unseasonable in a critic, as it rather prejudices the reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty, as well as a blemish, the subject of derision. A man who cannot write with wit on a proper subject is dull and stupid; but one who shows it in an improper place, is as impertinent and absurd. Besides, a man who has the gift of ridicule, is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, and very often censures a passage, not because there is any fault in it, but because he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleasantry are very unfair and disingenuous in works of criticism, in which the greatest masters have always appeared with a serious and instructive air."

SEDLAY.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE BAR VERSUS THE STAGE.

THE subjoined sketch, by a leading contributor to Blackwood's Magazine, is selected from the July number of the "Foreign Museum." There are some lively descriptions in it, and it holds up very successfully to good-natured ridicule, a species of character by far too common both here and in London.

"Depend upon it, my dear fellow, you have not, after all, lit so exactly on your feet as you expected."

"Possibly so!" was the reply, uttered with a sigh of incertitude and chagrin.

"Though you are now a member of the renowned English bar, yet you are out of your element—like a fish out of water, or a bird in it."

"Hem!"

"Every one but yourself can see that you have not a fit field for the display of your powers. 'Pon my honor, Tom, I feel for you."

"Do you, indeed? How very kind!" replied Tom, in rather a cynical tone: continuing, after a pause—"tis dreary enough work here, I own—that is, at present; but is not the way to heaven strait and narrow? Wait for a short year or two, Berton, and I shall astonish you."

"Egad, how is that?" inquired Berton.

"You shall soon see how you have labelled the bar: you shall soon see whether it is not a fit, a glorious field for the display of intellect—for the acquisition of wealth, fame, and power—an enchanted circle, where the old maxim, *ex nihilo*, is reversed. How could I be so ungrateful as to fall out with such a profession!" continued Elmsley, warming with his thoughts.

"Ay, ay, Elmsley—all that is, as Ferguson said of Archimedes' boast about moving the earth, 'true in theory, but utterly false in fact.' If I know any thing of your composition, you are not at all calculated for the bar. No, no—every-day talents, an aptitude for mastering the dull details of business—patient, plodding perseverance—indifference to the charms of society—exclusion from literature and science—these are the qualifications. But 'tis an ungrateful subject, and I'll drop it. Cheer up then—*exporrigite frontem!* You may be the brilliant exception, you know—the happy one of a thousand—the Mansfield, Kenyon, or Eldon of your day!"

"What a cursed croaking vein you have latterly taken to, Berton! there never breathed another so fond of looking on the dark side of things," replied the student at law, peevishly, stirring his coffee with much more rapidity than was necessary. He experienced the feeling of pique which is common to all who are convinced in spite of themselves. It may be supposed, that in such a humor, conversation flagged between the friends. Berton rose to go.

"You'll make one at my sister's conversation to-night, eh?" said he, putting on his hat and gloves. "Eleven o'clock, you know—and harkee, Scenicus will be there."

"I shall do myself the honor of waiting on her ladyship. Good-by!" replied Elmsley, rather coldly; and when the door had closed on his friend, he drew his chair closer to the fire, and sipped the remainder of his coffee in no very enviable mood.

This conversation took place at Elmsley's chambers, in the Temple—they were situated on the third floor of — court, and were as snug and silent as a 'son' of Coke should desire. In the day time, the prospect from his windows was confined to the opposite chambers—where glimpses might be occasionally caught of the pale beings who occupied their nooks without dreaming of aught beyond the precincts of the Temple. Elmsley's sitting-room bore the aspect of a quiet study. The walls were respectably lined with book-shelves; and assuming four hundred to be the complement of his library, two hundred of these were devoted to general literature, one hundred to classics, fifty to mathematics, twenty-five miscellaneous, and the rest—law.

Several books lay oddly enough jumbled together on his ample chamber table. Littleton's Tenures, and Scott's Marmion; a number of *nisi prius* reports, and the New Monthly; Blackstone and Ben Jonson; Shakspeare and Montesquieu; a political pamphlet, a playbill, a newspaper, a lady's album! Did not such a table indicate the embryo chancellor?

"The occupant of these chambers was—a *genius*. Elmsley, who had but lately exchanged a nook at — college, Cambridge, for his present residence, had just numbered three-and-twenty years. A thorough-bred biographer would have said of him, that he was 'possessed of every personal and mental accomplishment.' His mind, naturally powerful, and furnished with much general information, partook, nevertheless, of the heterogeneous complexion of his book-table. He had passed at college for an elegant but idle scholar. All who knew him acknowledged his lively, active, and versatile genius, his unbounded capacity, his fire and energy of disposition; but the more sober and judicious of his acquaintance lamented that the key-stone of the intellectual arch was wanting—discipline. A more ambitious man—one more restless to obtain distinction—could not be imagined; nor one at the same time more neglectful of the legitimate means of ensuring success. With all this he was a brilliant and showy fellow, unrivalled in conversation and companionship. What information he had acquired, was always at his command; and as he was possessed of great fluency of speech, a fine voice, and an imposing manner, he passed everywhere for 'a man of great talent.' Is it extraordinary that another ingredient of such a character was vanity—egregious vanity? He fell prostrate before every flatterer; absurdly credulous of whatever they said in his praise, and infinitely too good-natured to suspect his friends of tricks or treachery, he was capable of being persuaded to any thing.

"Nothing had puzzled Elmsley more than the choice of a profession—a thing none of the easiest to any one who takes the trouble to reflect on such an important measure. His, however, was an instance of ludicrous indecision. The trite comparison of the perplexed traveller, whose road suddenly split off into three, affords but a faint illustration of Elmsley's embarrassment, while balancing the respective merits of law, physic, and divinity. A sight of the portly bishop of —, floating in all the snowy splendor of lawn and silk, down the aisle of — cathedral, had half persuaded him that his conscience had called him to that mortifying and self-denying life. The fame and fortune of Sir Astley had turned his thoughts seriously to the medical profession. The immense popularity of Kean, critics in ecstasy, pits breathless, boxes shaking with applause, had made him think much oftener of the stage than he chose to acknowledge even to himself. But the bar—the ambidextrous bar—grasping in either hand the laurels of forensic and political eminence! He happened to be present on one occasion when Mr. — delivered one of his most splendid and successful orations—a recollection of the antecedent buzz of expectation among the admiring throng of wealth and rank—the burst of enthusiastic applause—his speech read the next day in all parts of the empire—oh! the thing was irresistible. It put an end to his vacillation. His course was decided.

"I ubi te vocat gloria, tendens ad sidera palmas."

The next day saw him hurrying to the Temple to make the requisite inquiries at the treasurer's office. A fortnight beheld him duly admitted a member of the honorable society of the — Temple. A month found him snugly ensconced on the third floor of No. —, in — court. In consideration of a hundred guineas, he secured a twelvemonth's attendance at the chambers of Mr. Quibble, a pleading barrister in large business, where he was to acquire an insight into the 'practical working' of the law, by drawing declarations, pleas, &c. and giving opinions on cases. Every one who knows any thing about the matter, must be aware that attendance was optional, since Mr. Quibble had no more control over him than he over Mr. Quibble; Elmsley's time, therefore, was completely at his own disposal. When he had got fairly into the legal harness, he began to find it more burdensome than he anticipated. He saw he had woefully miscalculated the distance between the starting-post and goal of the legal race-course. The bar looked a much more cheerless and melancholy scene than when viewed through the glowing medium of crowded courts listening with admiration to eloquent counsel. Was he the first of thousands that have been so deceived?

"Let the reader only fancy, now, such a man as Elmsley, plunging suddenly into the intricate and misty labyrinth of English law; sitting down daily to business which required a concentration of all the powers of a patient and well-disciplined mind, furnished with extensive practical knowledge—sitting down to it, utterly ignorant of the simplest technicalities of his profession—puzzled for hours by 'respondent ouster,' 'novel assignments,' 'general and special imparlance,' and thousands of similar attitudinisms, as familiar as the alphabet to the commonest attorney's clerk; incapable of a reference to cases, and too proud to be incessantly asking the simplest questions. Was it wonderful that he grew impatient, fretful, and irritated? Was it surprising that he began to experience a sensation, first of indifference, then dislike, and finally of disgust, whenever he set foot within Mr. Quibble's chambers? That this was enhanced when he found there, whenever he went, a pale, quiet, unassuming fellow-pupil, 'true as the dial to the sun, although it be not shone upon,' who, Mr. Quibble assured him, bade fair to become a first-rate lawyer, merely through his persevering industry. How one dislikes the excellence we cannot attain to! Was not Elmsley to be pitted? So many causes of dissatisfaction effectually drove him from a regular attendance at Mr. Quibble's. In the future he sought to evaporate his spleen, and console himself for his disappointments, at his own rooms in the morning and in company in the evening. It is true, that to save appearances, some such profound work as 'Fearn on Contingent Remainders,' lay constantly open on his table; but a curious observer might have noticed that it was always at the same page!

"Still, though Elmsley had virtually resigned all pretensions to the acquisition of legal learning, he did not absolutely despair of rising to eminence as a counsel, after it should have pleased Messieurs the Benchers to invest him with his wig and gown, and let him loose upon the astonished juries. That he was naturally eloquent, he knew well—perhaps too well. He had an unbounded command of language; his fertile fancy afforded him ornaments in profusion; and he had a certain readiness at starting and evading objections, which, properly managed, might have really told successfully. Then his voice was fine, full-toned, and flexible, and his gestures graceful and animated. He reflected on all these advantages; he thought of Erskine and Grattan. 'Yes,' said he, glancing complacently at the mirror, 'yes, I shall do in court.' Then his evil genius would transport him to the dusky court of king's bench—when he would gaze with a shudder at row after row of pale and motionless 'learned friends,' who looked as though they had never handled a writ, or expected to do so! Many of them, he was aware,

had almost sunk beneath the severity of their legal studies; and yet had remained term after term, and year after year, the mere ornamental furniture of the courts; placed there to be looked at, but not meddled with.

"To be sure, there was a friend of his who had been at the bar only eight years, and yet was actually earning twenty-five pounds a term, and half that sum on the circuit—but that might be classed among the remote contingencies alluded to by Berton, and could not be prudently calculated upon in his own case. Then he thought of the withering proverb, 'that a barrister never earns his bread till he has not a tooth left to eat it with;' and again, of the comforting observation of a learned judge, with reference to a veteran who had commenced practice before himself—'there goes a very promising young man: he'll rise some of these days!' Rise, indeed! Faugh! it was sickening and intolerable. 'How could I have been ass enough to enter the law? I had better have tied a stone round my neck and dropped down the nearest well!' Nevertheless he looked longingly on the popularity and princely income of Sir —, the political consequence of Lord —, and Mr. —. He would have sacrificed his all—his very life, to gain equal distinction; but there was 'a great gulf between them' and himself! So, whilom, was it with the disappointed fox, his liquorish mouth running with desire, while his eyes surveyed the grapes just high enough over his head to be out of reach.

"Elmsley's most intimate friend was the Hon. Mr. Berton, with whom he had become acquainted at college. He was a gay, kind-hearted, but thoughtless fellow—an enthusiastic admirer of his friend's talents, and anxious to see them, what he called, made the most of. He was one of the very worst persons in the world for Elmsley to have been intimate with. By way of helping him to settle down to studious and sober habits, Berton introduced him to the wide circle of his fashionable acquaintance. Wherever he went he was sure to be asked again; even the *exclusive* earl of — declared he was a good companion, and his lady vowed he was 'a delightful creature.' All this was after Berton's own heart; but, alas! his moderate means would not allow him to indulge in such expensive habits. The seductive splendors of fashionable society but enhanced the mortifying and cheerless solitude of his chambers. The Temple began to look like a huge bastille, he thought, for the imprisonment of genius! He saw clearly that unless he adopted some profession forthwith, he should degenerate into a mere hanger-on in society. He had virtually renounced the bar; authorship was proverbially precarious; physic was now out of the question—and he would as soon have turned undertaker as a country curate. What, then, was to be done? Berton pointed to the stage. Yes, and he had done so for months, even before they had either of them quitted college. He incessantly inflamed his friend's imagination with representations of his triumphant success as an actor. What an easy, brilliant, and lucrative profession! Both of the friends had heretofore sustained parts at private rehearsals; and the applause which Elmsley—no doubt justly—obtained, proved a powerful lever in the hands of Berton. Elmsley could not doubt that he possessed every requisite qualification for an actor; still he held out vigorously, in appearance, at least, against the siege of Berton's entreaties; but, alas! his heart was more than half gained over! Such was the *statu quo* of matters at the commencement of this narrative.

"It may be recollected that Elmsley was engaged that evening to Lady —'s conversation. Thither, about eleven, he went. The assemblage was numerous and brilliant: the star of the evening was the celebrated actor whom we have named Scenicus. Elmsley watched his every movement with intense interest, and observed with surprise the deference that was paid him. How he envied him! In the course of the evening, Berton formally introduced him to Scenicus, speaking of him in the most flattering terms. Elmsley was charmed with the ease and affability of the actor: his habitual adoption of all kinds of character had given him a perfect command of manner: whatever he said or did was with the air of a perfect gentleman. He stood smiling and joking with the gay throng around him with unusual energy and vivacity; for which, as was not unfrequently the case, he was largely indebted to the generous assistance of champagne. Elmsley was gazing on him with looks of intense interest, when his friend Berton suddenly begged the actor to favor them with the rehearsal of a certain scene out of Hamlet, as there was a gentleman present who could support the other part of the dialogue. Elmsley's knees knocked together, for having several times recited with Berton the very scene in question, he was instantly aware who was the 'gentleman' alluded to. The actor turned his peculiar semi-glazed eye on the petitioner—eyed him steadily for a few moments—and then, being in a merry mood, consented. Berton then called upon Elmsley. Of course the company would not hear of a refusal, and he was too well bred to require baiting. It was with a fluttering heart, therefore, and eyes that seemed to glance sparks of fire, that he found the company had receded on all sides—that Scenicus had commenced the dialogue with appropriate gesture and intonation, and that it would be his turn to reply in a moment or two. Having with a strong effort overmastered his agitation, and being perfectly familiar with his part, he sustained his character with great spirit. He saw that his well-bred audience seemed determined to be pleased, and he increased his efforts. Now he was *in for it*, he justly reflected that he might as well acquit himself respectably as ridiculously. His efforts seemed to surprise Scenicus, and to rouse him to correspondent exertion. Elmsley gave one passage, in particular, with such force and feeling, and another with a burst of such startling and sustained energy, that Lord —, who was considered an excellent judge, and was looking on attentively, in true critical attitude, with half-closed eyes, and arms folded on his breast, exclaimed several times, 'bravissimo!' One lovely girl, too, he beheld, gazing fixedly on him with breathless interest: poor Elmsley! He returned to a sleepless pillow in the 'bastille' of Fleet-street, at a late hour in the morning, his brain reeling with the compliments and congratulations, the 'nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,' which had rewarded his exertions. When he did drop into an hour's uneasy slumber, his dreams were of pits crowded to suffocation—boxes filled with glittering lines of beauty, rank, and fashion—himself treading the stage in all the majesty of tragedy, gorgeous with theatrical costume—thousands of clapping hands—handkerchiefs waving—calls for 'Elmsley—Elmsley!'

"He rose at twelve, feverish and agitated with the previous night's excitement. As he was sitting down to his solitary breakfast, a modest tap at his door announced Mr. Quibble's demure clerk, with a note.

"Mr. Quibble's compliments to Mr. Elmsley, and would feel

particularly obliged by Mr. E.'s attendance at chambers to-day, if convenient, as there are some very heavy pleadings in arrears, which Mr. Q. wishes to dispose of, before he sets out on the circuit.

— Buildings, Friday.

"The note was *ipeacuanha*!"

"He had hardly run his eye over it, when the knocker of his door announced other visitors, who proved to be Berton and Scenicus! What an event! The celebrated Scenicus paying him a visit at his chambers! Requesting them to be seated a few moments, he hurriedly scribbled a few lines of apology to Mr. Quibble, regretting that indisposition (!) prevented his attendance as requested. When Mr. Quibble had read his hopeful pupil's note, he was about to throw it aside, when he perceived the traces of writing within, which had escaped the hurried glance of Elmsley. The following is a copy of what met the eyes of the puzzled pleader:

"If a man be seized of certain lands, and taketh wife, and after alieneth the same lands with warranty, and, after, the feoffor and feoffee die, and the wife of the feoffor bring action of dower against the heir of the feoffee, and he vouch the heir of the feoffor, and hanging the voucher and undetermined—wife of feoffee brings action of dower against heir of feoffee; &c. Littleton, Lib. I. c. 5. § 54.

"Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude, impetuous surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamor in the slippery shrouds,
That with the hurly, death itself awakes,
Canst thou, &c. Shak. Hen. IV. Act III. Sc. 1.

"Si mihi daretur, optio!—Cic. THOS. E.

"What the deuce is the meaning of this? How can this extract from Shakespeare illustrate Littleton?" said matter-of-fact Mr. Quibble.

"To return, however, to our student and his guests. Berton alluded to Elmsley's performance of the preceding night in terms of enthusiastic approbation; and the compliments of Scenicus, though more measured and moderate than those of his companion, almost deprived our student of the small stock of self-possession which was still left him. Scenicus assured him, with apparent sincerity, that he had not heard a more spirited amateur recitation for years; and, indeed, continued he, 'my Lord—seemed to be of the same opinion, for he whispered to me, a few moments after one scene was over, that he thought you would make five thousand pounds a year on the stage; and, on my honor, sir, I believe his lordship, if last night be a fair specimen of your powers.' In short, both he and Berton said enough to intoxicate Elmsley; and when the actor announced the chief object of his visit—to request that Elmsley would support the character of Iago, to the Othello of Scenicus, at some private theatricals of the Earl of —, under the management of Scenicus; adding, that he was joined in the request by Lord and Lady —; when Elmsley heard all this, he experienced a sudden gush of delightful agitation—a delirious tremor—a tumultuous rapture, which, for several moments, prevented his utterance. It need hardly be said that Elmsley consented to undertake the part. He did certainly make a faint show of hesitation—spoke about his solemn profession, 'it was not likely to bring the attorneys to him,' &c. &c.; but the practised eye of Scenicus saw that the proposal was accepted with ecstasy.

"A few days afterwards, Elmsley, accompanied by Berton, went to the wardrobe of Scenicus, to select a suitable dress for the character of Iago; and when he had chosen one to his mind, and felt himself

"Begirt
With the bright vesture, all o'er glittering
With gems, and rich embroidery;"

when he felt the graceful pendency of the ostrich plume, waving like the soft wing of an angel over his head—saw the glistening button of his velvet bonnet—and beheld his whole figure, reflected from the full-length mirror; when he noticed the glance of approbation, exchanged between Scenicus and Berton—and looked forward, for one instant, to the splendid scene for which he was preparing—he felt that the crisis of his destiny was at hand.—The real dignity and power of the law looked disadvantageously dusky and insignificant beside the captivating splendors of her glaring rival, the stage. The Rubicon was past. Elmsley inwardly bade adieu to the bar! Even so, when the rashness of inexperienced youth—but the sequel will moralize more eloquently than we can.

"Scenicus gave Elmsley an order, for that evening, to see Mr. Kean's Othello. That scenic sun was then in its zenith! Elmsley was seated in the dress circle at an early hour. The house was, as usual, crowded to suffocation. The solemn and impressive overture was well adapted to excite the feelings and imagination of the audience. Elmsley felt his soul swelling with mighty emotions. Did ever law give me such rapture as this? thought he, as the curtain drew up. And when the star of the evening at length appeared—when the breathless silence and suspense of the house, announced that the actor was commencing his most powerful effort—when the gaze of Elmsley was riveted on the glaring of the tiger eye—the quivering of the muscles—the fiendish mutterings and gaspings of fury—the writhings of agony and remorse; and when an unexpected display of power, drew down a sudden storm of deafening and long-continued applause—when this, at length, was hushed, and the mellow music of the actor's under-tones—telling of disappointed love—of anguish—of remorse—stole searchingly into the heart of every one present, and produced a universal sigh and tear of sympathy: when, in short, Elmsley saw the prodigious powers of the actor, and their triumphantly successful display—was not such a scene calculated to "wrap him into deep madness?" He left the theatre in a state of excitement bordering on insanity. Miserably tedious was the interval which was to elapse before the arrival of the day fixed for Lord —'s theatricals. Six times a day did Elmsley recite his part, till he knew almost every comma: for hours did he sit perseveringly poring over it, in the hope of, at last, discovering a 'point.' He had procured the dress of his character to be conveyed to his rooms, that he might familiarize himself with the costume—that he 'might prove it.' And, truth requires it to be said, that, many a time more than was necessary, did our student 'don his gay vestments,' and stand in all imaginable postures before his mirror! How many times did he so adjust matters, as that a few of his dark curls might stray, with studied negligence, beyond the velvet cincture of his bonnet! He was thus engaged one after-

noon, when a gentle tap at his door, which had been left ajar by his servant, announced an applicant for admission. Without reflecting on his theatrical dress, he hastily exclaimed, 'come in!' and in walked Mr. Quibble—plain, legal, matter-of-fact Mr. Quibble! The astounded lawyer, casting a hasty glance on the extraordinary apparition which burst upon him, looked, first, aghast—then sought the door, confused and breathless, and retired, exclaiming, as he hurried down stairs, 'Good heaven! Heaven bless my life! What can be the matter with him?—must tell his friends of him!—mad!"

"A sudden twinge of compunction, a transient regret for his dereliction of duty, impelled him, the next morning, to pay a visit to the chambers, and give the law one more trial. There he found the pale fellow-student, formerly mentioned, cowering, like an owl, in a complete ivy-bush of reports, digests, papers, books of practice; engaged on a very difficult and intricate case. A common declaration on a schoolmaster's bill was put into Elmsley's hands, but even to this he could not force his attention. He was perpetually starting from his seat, standing before the fire, and gazing ruefully—perhaps enviously on his fellow-pupil. A ludicrous and characteristic specimen of the declaration he was writing, is now in existence, and has been shown to the writer, in which it is stated—

"That the said defendant was indebted to the said plaintiff, in the further sum of twenty pounds of good, &c. for the work and labor, care and diligence, of the said Iago, as schoolmaster, &c."

"When Mr. Quibble came to settle this precious performance of Elmsley, he simply assured his erratic pupil, that it was not the custom to insert the *christian name* of the plaintiff, but to allude to him generally as 'plaintiff.' There was certainly no analogy between master and pupil.

"At length, however, arrived the eventful day. Little sleep did poor Elmsley obtain the preceding night. He rose in a state of feverish excitement. His dress had been sent down to the earl's house the day before; and about three in the afternoon, the dashing equipage of Lord — stood glittering before the gloomy portals of the Temple. Elmsley entered it with a throbbing heart. A shrewd attorney, who was passing at the time, observing the coronet on the panels, exclaimed to his companion, 'Some protégé of the chancellor's, I'll warrant—lucky dog, that!' The carriage took up successively Berton, a noble amateur, and Scenicus; and a few hours saw them alight at the scene of Elmsley's debut. The ample mansion was crowded with amateur actors and noble visitors; all was gaiety and the soft bustle of aristocratic preparation. Elmsley, who, since his *hit* at Lady —'s, had been much talked of, was a decided lion. He was introduced to, and received by the noble host and hostess in the most flattering manner; and, as he moved along the rooms, thronged with rank and fashion, he met, on every hand, with that ease and affable reception for which the English nobility are celebrated. He was placed, at dinner, next to a niece of his noble host's, a girl of rare and dreamy beauty, so soft, so delicate, so lovely, that Elmsley could scarce persuade himself that he actually sat by the side of her whose likeness had fascinated him at most of the leading print-shops in London. Beauteous, however, as was the fair creature by his side, Elmsley could not help, unwittingly, furnishing her with a source of amusement, in his repeated fits of absence, and, occasionally, answering her polite questions in snatches from the language of his part.

"An early hour in the evening beheld the private theatre crowded. Wine had communicated abundant self-possession to Elmsley. It need not be related how the affair went off, any further than to state, that, with the exception of one or two trifling slips, Elmsley's performance was able and spirited. He had taken much pains to appreciate Iago's character, and his representation of it was exceedingly well conceived, and met with great applause. At one part he succeeded in drawing tears from an old virgin of sixty; and at another his well-acted villany had nearly carried off a paralytical peer. But these were not the trophies which Elmsley courted; the youth and beauty of the audience were with him. His fine person was shown to the utmost advantage by his dress; his countenance handsome and expressive, and his voice rich and flexible, spoke eloquently to many a fluttering heart. Few things are more intoxicating to a young man who has a dash of romance or ambition in his composition, than being suddenly admitted to a familiar and flattering intimacy with the great. To be elevated at once to a higher sphere of society—to be singled out, from the millions, to move among the states of rank and beauty, argues the possession of rare and admirable qualities, at least, when such a person has the consciousness that he has avoided the sneaking tone of sycophancy, and stands on the ground of his own character and accomplishments. Whether or no such was the case with Elmsley, certain it is, he was nearly giddy with the encomiums which were unsparingly lavished on him.

"What a Romeo he would make!" sighed young Lady Emily —, bending her full, blue, languishing eyes upon him.

"What a fine Italian countenance—what passionate dark eyes!" whispered Miss —, raising a gossamer handkerchief to conceal a tear that glistened in the sparkling fountains of her own eyes.

"Give him time—give him time," weezed old Sir Adam Addle Head, with a knowing nod, 'and he'll beat — off the stage.'

"A star of the first magnitude, undoubtedly," said the classical and gifted Lord —. Elmsley distinctly overheard the remark, and it sent him to bed in an ecstasy.

"Lord — was so much delighted with Elmsley, that he pressed him to remain at — till the end of the week. He lived in clover all that time! On Saturday he returned to town, and betook himself to his chambers. All Sunday he remained alone; it was a gloomy, rainy, cheerless day; and how are the horrors of such weather enhanced in the Temple! What a contrast was there between the silence and solitude of his homely apartment, and the gaiety and splendor of — house! Was it likely that his present profession would lead him into such scenes? Was it for his legal talents or prospects that he had been introduced into the highest society, and received with the most flattering attentions? The *quæstionem* of the affair cannot be ascertained—but the fact is certain, that an offensive copy of Archbold's Practice found itself suddenly dislodged from its resting-place, on his table, and hurled to a distant corner of the room!

"He was prevailed on, by a friend, a week or two afterwards, to accompany him to the court of king's bench, for the purpose of hearing a very interesting trial, when one of the most eminent counsel was engaged for the defence. The thing was exciting enough in its way, there could be no doubt. Elmsley sat among the counsel; he could hear them expressing their expectation of a splendid display

of —'s powers; he saw the court getting rapidly thronged with spectators, all of whom directed their eyes to one spot—that occupied by —. At length Mr. — rose, adjusted his papers, and addressed himself to the jury. There was an instant silence in the court. Elmsley felt himself kindling with the eloquent and animated speaker. At one time he quailed and shrunk beneath the terrible and overwhelming recrimination, the bitter irony, the searching sarcasm of the indignant advocate; then felt himself bewildered in the maze of the most subtle and refined sophistry—then carried away with a climax of prodigious power, till the speaker, raised even beyond himself, concluded amid a storm of eloquence,

"The roar of thunders, and the lambent glare
Of lightning!"

"The judge, the jury, and court seemed exhausted with the attention they had bestowed on the speaker; who drew together his papers—gave his bag to his clerk—unrobed and retired to a new scene for the display of his powers—the house of commons. "Then did the scale" of Thespis "kick the beam." Elmsley, in a state of unutterable excitement, returned home, resolved to go on with the "law," and, with enthusiasm, sat down to draw up a plan of common-law reading—constitutional law—history; in short, such a line of reading as he thought calculated to make him such a one as Mr. —. He retired to bed, beated with his projects; rose the next morning in the same spirit; was hurrying about twelve to Butterworth's, to purchase a copy of Hale's History of the Common Law, when, as fate would have it, he encountered Berton and Scenicus, stepping out of the latter's carriage to pay him a visit. What was to be done?—They would hear of no refusal; so Elmsley got in, and away they drove to witness the final rehearsal of a tragedy that was to be performed that evening. They all dined at an adjoining hotel. Both Berton and Scenicus were eloquent in praise of the stage, and of Elmsley's qualifications for success. They urged him to "throw law to the dogs;" and how could he stand their cross-fire? He felt flattered by the pains they took; too much obliged by their solicitude to be rude enough to meet them with a firm denial; felt dazzled by the proximity of success on the stage—and discouraged by the tardy and distant returns of the bar—Berton pressed hotly.

"My dear fellow, it would be downright madness to think of it," replied Elmsley, faintly.

"Gentle shepherd! tell me why!" inquired Scenicus, gaily.

"Consider my friends—relations—sober family—my education!" faltered Elmsley, tossing off a glass of sparkling champagne.

"Are you then to be led in leading-strings all your life?" inquired Berton. "What need of such nervous sensitiveness about the opinion of a few country relations?"

"The Temple would echo with laughter whenever my name was mentioned—I should be struck off the books with disdain!"

"Easily to be accounted for, my dear fellow—they would be piqued at losing talents like your's, and as for their *disdain*—ha, ha! fling it back in their teeth!"

"Five thousand a year—splendid popularity—the highest society might, methinks, be a counterpoise," said Berton, adding, suddenly, 'By the way, Scenicus, how much did you make last year, including your country tour?"

"Somewhere between four and five thousand pounds," replied the actor, carelessly.

"And yours is a life," continued Berton, in a tone of affected commiseration, 'of great misery, from envy, rivalry, disappointment—'

"Faith, do I look such a one—as though

'Old care had set his tooth upon my heart!'

replied Scenicus, with a gay air. 'But I must leave—I am engaged at the Marchioness of —, a *tête-à-tête*—hear!*****

"Darby, if any one should be inquiring after a set of chambers, you may tell them that No. —, on the third floor of — court, will be vacant in three months," said Elmsley, the next morning, to the Temple hair-dresser."

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

At the Park theatre, on Wednesday the seventeenth instant, the French company represented the opera of "*Le petit chaperon rouge*," in which the acting of Madame Berdoulet Paradol appeared to great advantage. On Friday, "*La muette de Portici*," was repeated to a fine house, although not so much thronged as on its first representation. We can with truth compliment this company upon the fire and spirit which each individual imparts to his *rôle*, however insignificant. It causes a general effect, which ought to afford a strong lesson to the actors of the English drama. On the departure of the French company, preparations will be commenced for opening the house with its regular business. Rumor is abroad that Mr. Price, the late manager of Drury-lane theatre, has returned to this country, and imported, for the amusement of our citizens, and the benefit of the Park theatre, a squad of pantomime actors, besides a man-monkey. In this case, we have a chance to enjoy a highly intellectual and appropriate series of "*spectacles*" at "the Drury-lane of America;" for, if we have an assistant in the gambols of Mr. Parsloe, the rising generation, who are extremely susceptible of the "latest fashions," will no doubt become first-rate adepts in cracking nuts, and learn to scratch themselves with natural grace. Mr. W. Barrymore, a gentleman cunning in "getting up" melo-dramas and christmas pantomimes, has arrived, and with him his lady, a veteran actress of dumb-show, of whom report speaks highly. Messieurs Sinclair and Anderson, with Mesdames Hughes and Bartolozzi, are also said to be on the Atlantic. We wish them favoring gales. This looks like activity on the part of the management; yet, although we may rejoice in bearing one and all of these vocalists, we cannot help fearing that a chance exists that the object pursued steadily and with profit by Mr. Simpson, for the last two seasons, may be lost sight of, viz. the bringing out opera strong in every department, with a company well studied in the business. The "American," on the appearance of the French "troupe," offered some valuable and sensible remarks on the folly of the star system. We warmly believe,

that it is ruinous both to public taste and to the manager's finances. The French do wonders by the organization of a very little talent. And who will not prefer the *ensemble* of a complete company to the hearing and seeing of some "bright particular star," singing half a dozen ballads and bravuras, thrust neck and heels into a bad drama, miscalled an opera, with which they have as much to do as the cham of Tartary has with the British reform bill? We did hope, that those times were past, that the losses sustained in former attempts, and the gains acquired by the late successes, would have been a true index to the manager of the taste of the town, and his own interests. From information which we have received, we should not be astonished to find Masaniello, from the music of which the public have been anticipating a new banquet of pleasure, cut down to a melo-drama; or a *pas de deux* between two star-monkeys, introduced to grace the ball-room scene of Cinderella!

The regular company will re-commence operations on Monday, the twenty-ninth instant; and the manager has, with excellent taste, selected the beautiful opera of Cinderella for the opening piece. The friends of music will, no doubt, crowd the boxes on this occasion.

BOWERY THEATRE.

This establishment re-opened on Thursday, the eighteenth instant, under the management of Mr. Hamblin, with Julius Cæsar: Antony, Cooper; Brutus, Hamblin; Cassius, Booth. These gentlemen acquitted themselves extremely well before a numerous audience; and, although the public has doubtless seen each character sustained at different periods in an equal, and sometimes in a superior manner, they certainly are not accustomed to such an effective *ensemble*. It is to be regretted that Booth does not perform with a more equable spirit. He has a fortunate face for the stage, and reads certain passages with power; but was, on the whole, too flippant and easy for Cassius. Mr. Hamblin was more of the Roman. There are points which he seizes with great success. We suggest the propriety, however, of correcting one of his readings, which, we presume, resulted rather from carelessness than intention, although committed with an air of deliberation:

"But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Where to the climber-upward, turns his face,
But when he once ascends the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scornful the base degrees
By which he did ascend."

We quote from memory, and may not be particularly accurate; but the line alluded to, is according to the text. Mr. Hamblin read it:

But when the climber—upward turns his face, &c

The "climber" will always "upward turn his face." It would be very inconvenient for him to ascend with it turned downward. The poet clearly intended to say, that the climber-upward always turned his face to the ladder till he reached the top; when, striving to mount some other height, his back must necessarily be turned to the first. Mr. Cooper was more than usually spirited; and in the burst of passion over the dead body of Cæsar, in the senate-chamber, displayed a dignity and feeling deservedly acknowledged with applause. We were perfectly delighted with the death of Cæsar, not because of any particular elegance with which that ceremony was executed, but from the reflection that when the necessity of the piece should produce the actor again upon the stage during the evening, he would be compelled to lie still and hold his tongue. Some similar aspirant must have enacted the part of the wall in Pyramus and Thisbe. The afterpiece of the Young Widow went off well; and, with the exception of one or two mispronunciations of classical names, was pretty well sustained. For the edification of one of the *dramatis personæ*, we mention that Terpsichore is not a word of three syllables. We remember once before to have heard Eurydice pronounced so as to rhyme with *mice*. These errors are awkward. The stage should be regarded as authority on questions of orthoepy. The Park company also have at times exhibited carelessness of the same description. In a late popular piece, the *s* is invariably omitted from the plural of the word *steed*, by one whose wand might occasionally conjure up a dictionary with some advantage; "portentous" is also spoken as if the last syllable were written "tious." We can only say, to "both your houses," such oversights, though trivial, are unpardonable in these leading theatres, and may be easily corrected without those two troublesome circumstances attending all other managerial attempts to gratify the public—trouble and expense.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Conversations of the week.—We admire the off-hand way in which our friend Willis flings out a paragraph, and we sincerely sympathize with him in the sad necessities of editorial avocations. He thus commences the editor's table in a number of the American Monthly:

"It is a great misfortune to be such a walking miscellany as an editor gets to be after a while. One never knows what to do first. If we could only write as we can talk or read—braiding our subjects together, now a head from a sermon, now a pun from a play, a character from a naughty novel, and a devout flourish from Jeremy Taylor—if we could write, we say, as we often read, with two books at a time, passage for passage, one in one hand and one in the other, there would be some saving of dilemma on the tenth or twelfth of every calendar month. We have not the slightest perceptible preference, now, for a subject. It should be something cool with the thermometer at ninety. Excitement is warm—it should be a quiet theme—delicate and brief like a white jacket—transparent like a lump of ice in champagne—soft tempered like the sea breeze at night. It would stump the universality of the Admirable Crichton to come up to this warm weather standard."

In such a state of affairs we are inclined to praise the city coun-

cils of Boston, for having appointed a committee to report on the expediency of public fountains. It is said, that, after the first cost, which really need not be great, one hundred fountains could be kept constantly playing for one dollar a week! This seems not impossible. Literary, cool, and happy Bostonians! Think of making up our weekly summary of intelligence, with the freshened air from a fountain blowing on our forehead, and the dash of its sprinkling waters rising, as some modification of the dust, the doubly-heated atmosphere, the clash, the thunder, which surround us now!

The French company at the Adelphi are about to bring out a piece which has been acted with considerable applause in Paris and printed there, under the title of "Paganini." The great violinist is not the hero, but a young German, who having been charged with some crime, and being able to scrape a jig, in order to escape discovery, pretends to an ignorant old baron, who affects a fine taste in music, that he is Paganini. It is but in one act, and is said to be sufficiently lively.

The emperor of China has reproved the sheriffs for strangling the wrong subjects by mistake, and requests them not to do so in future. They should certainly esteem it a very particular favor. It is rather unpleasant to be strangled under any circumstances; but when it happens by mistake, it is positively provoking.

The editors of the Journal of Health designate as one of the means of prolonging life, "a happy married state." The same work states, that Mr. Brocnot, a French chemist, has concentrated milk into a liquor which promises to be of use to the world, or particularly to seamen. He took two pints and a half of milk, and exposed it to a heat of about one hundred and thirteen Fahrenheit. To this he added, from time to time, small portions of diluted hydrochloric or muriatic acid, or spirits of sea-salt, which produced a separation of the butyaceous and gaseous parts from the serous portion, or whey. With this churd thus obtained, he mixed seventy-five grains of the crystalized subcarbonate of soda, which, by the application of a mild heat, soon dissolved. This furnishes about a pint of cream, to which add a small quantity of water and sugar, and heat it, when an excellent syrup, superior in every respect to ordinary cream, is obtained. When in the cream, a cheese-cake from it may be kept any length of time, and is always fresh when diluted and sweetened as above.

A writer in the Courier and Enquirer asserts, that most of the associations formed by ladies in our large cities, to aid in charitable purposes, are an evil. However praiseworthy the motive, he declares they injure a large portion of respectable but indigent females, whose only dependence is on their needle, and whose profits are much diminished by the introduction of these cheap commodities into the market. The complaint is not without its foundation.

The last number of the Albion contains an interesting map, tracing the route of the cholera morbus from Jessore on the Ganges to Riga on the Baltic.

Conundrums are a vile species of wit. We crave pardon of the reader for copying this atrocious specimen, and yet we cannot help smiling.

"Why is a dumpling like the overture to La Dame Blanche? Because it is a composition of Boieldieu, (boiled dough.)"

It has been ascertained that there are in England not less than fifteen thousand steam-engines at work, some of them of almost incredible power. There is one in Cornwall of a thousand horse power! Taking it for granted that, on an average, these engines are only of twenty-five horse power each, it would be equal to three hundred and seventy-five thousand horses.

A bottle was found on the shore at Plymouth, on the eighth inst. containing the following, in manuscript, some of the words being illegible:—"Brig Charles, from Havre, Perkins,—sprung a leak off Grand —, sunk in one hour and ten minutes. Crew took to boat—two passengers,—Gilbert and Charles Demarre lost.—Twenty-fifth July, 1831.—God save us."

Two young men of Buffalo, inspired by the example of the two students, who bear a prominent part in the New-York Magdalen Report, have published a Temperance Society Report, made from actual observation, which sets down every man as a drunkard except the members of their society. A meeting of the citizens of Buffalo was held, and several strong resolutions passed, denouncing the report.

The first number of a daily morning paper, entitled the New-York American Advocate, appeared on Wednesday last; its editorial department is under the direction of Redwood Fisher, esq. a gentleman of talents. Its object is the support of the tariff in the most unlimited sense.

Six young men, concerned in the powder plot to blow up the mayor of Albany, pleaded guilty to the charge, and were each fined twenty dollars. The mayor informed the court that the damage to his house had been repaired, and recommended that the judge should not imprison them. It appears they did it out of "fun." Shade of William the Tasty! blow up a mayor in fun! and at the expense of twenty dollars!

It is gratifying to perceive so respectable a journal as the New-York American turning aside from the cant of bigotry, the frenzy of politics, and the clashing conflicts of private or local interests, to assert the rights of morality independently of either. We copy some excellent observations, elicited by the following, which appeared in the Journal of Commerce:

"We are happy to state that within a few days past, business has revived in this city, we mean the dog-killing business, and that several firms of boys and men are making very handsome profits. The whole amount paid for dog-killing, up to the present time, is two thousand eight hundred and sixty-five dollars. Two thousand eight hundred and sixty-five dogs are no laughing matter. One stout, lubberly fellow, with stentorian lungs, and his second major at the foot of the line, kept us awake night before last (there is no

telling the loss to the public) above half an hour; and it is fair to presume that at least twenty families in the neighborhood, comprising say one hundred souls, were equally molested with ourselves. Now as two dogs is to one hundred persons, so is two thousand eight hundred and sixty-five to the answer: namely, one hundred and forty-three thousand two hundred and fifty. Hence it appears that the dogs already killed, were capable of making noise enough (and no doubt often did) to keep awake one hundred and forty-three thousand two hundred and fifty persons. Game is still plenty, notwithstanding. There are hundreds of dollars yet "running at large" in our streets, which any body is at liberty to pick up who will. Go at them, Billy, Jack, Dick, Tom and Harry; make hay while the sun shines; pay your debts, and lay up something for a rainy day."

"We have passed over in silence," says the American, "a number of paragraphs like the above, which, appearing, as they have, in one of the most respectable journals of the country, have been as much a cause of regret as of disgust to us. Nor have we now any intention of flying into heroics and crusading in a cause which we believe to be hopeless, as long as the public mind is in its present agitated state. We cannot, however, resist the impulse to express our unqualified abhorrence of the barbarity that is breathed in the above extract. We do not allude to the system of slaughter that is upheld in it. That we shall examine coolly and candidly some months hence, when the fears and the feelings of men are more temperate upon the subject than now. We refer to the revolting levity with which the alleged necessity of destroying nearly three thousand of God's creatures, is sported with; and these of a race, which revelation, tradition, history, and experience, have shown to be the faithful servants of our kind, under all circumstances, except when human neglect has exposed them to become subjects of a disease which impels them to turn upon their master. If there is a necessity for destroying all dogs; if there is a necessity for teaching children to imbrue their hands in the blood of an animal, which is so remarkable for its guardian care of them, let it be submitted to in silence. But why—why should so unhappy an extremity be a matter of coarse mirth, and create a saturnalia of slaughtering among us?—wherein lies the festivity of butchering? We are disposed to look upon the inconsiderate, but, we doubt not, well meaning remarks of our respectable cotemporary, as arising from bad taste rather than bad feeling; but we do not hesitate to say, that they convey to us a tone of cruelty so gross, that we feel it to be disgusting; so wanton, that we feel it to be impious."

A Mr. Mortimer, who was about opening an exhibition of Mr. West's paintings in this city, expired suddenly on Sunday morning in the bath. The report that he was drowned is incorrect. He desired his little son to take hold of the rope, complaining that he felt unwell, when he fell and was immediately removed by several persons present. We understand the fit was apoplectic.

A friend informs us, that he found the other morning, a large dead rat caught in a steel trap. By its side sat a young one, with its face near that of the other, and although perfectly free to go, it made no effort to escape, from what we presume must have been its unfortunate parent. The lovers of the sentimental will be shocked, as we were, to learn that this rare personification of filial love was forthwith handed over to the claws of grimalkin.

The contents of the nineteenth number of the American Quarterly Review are—1. Dr. Francia, dictator of Paraguay. 2. The Criminal Jurisprudence of Ohio. 3. British Parliamentary Reform. 4. Society Tracts. 5. The Missionary Question. 6. Brazil. 7. French Spoiliations. 8. German Poetry. 9. Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence. 10. History of Cuba.

The scurrility of our political press has unfortunately become a theme of notoriety, and tends to degrade us to a great extent in the opinion of strangers. We have before us a paper containing an article which commences thus:

"We are indirectly accused of 'dishonesty and falsehood' by a writer in the last 'common receptacle of undigested scandal,' alias, the Rutland Herald."

"In the theatres of Paris," says a late English paper, "there is no dress—people turn from the streets into the play-houses as the whim takes them, and they are thus in the best mood to be amused. Preparation spoils pleasure. In London to visit a theatre is to a family the trouble of a day—there is a fuss, and a hurry, a dressing and frizzing against time, an agitation of spirits, a bolting of dinner, an impatience of unpunctuality, a fear of losing places, an anxious consulting of watches, and a hundred other petty annoyances which put people's minds out of the train for gratification. The ladies at last enter their box, full of thoughts of the effect of their head-dresses and their looks; and the husband, father, or brother, full of reflections on that grand and perpetual truth, that women are never ready in time. How much better that they should drop into a theatre in their walking dresses and their walking moods, thinking little of themselves and their vexations, and so the more intent upon what is subjected to their attention. Every one's experience vouches the truth that the pleasures for which no plan or preparation has been made are the sweetest; and so theatrical amusements would be without places to be taken (and oh, bitterness, paid for, at the patent houses,) and hairdressers to be appointed, and waited for, (for hairdressers have no respect for Time, as he is bald, and does not wear a wig,) cooks to be hurried, carriages to be ordered, &c. But the theatres must have a *dress circle*. A dress circle! and see what it comes to—see what it is—look at the tawdry and the ennui of people who would be pleased, if their whole souls were not in the effect of their appearances, and who would be respectable if they were not tempted to be fine."

If the weather and our previous pages have not rendered the reader too languid, he will smile at the annexed *morceau* from the Monthly Magazine:

"Avoid quotations, unless you are well studied in their import, and feel their pertinence. My friend —, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of an ass which had been dug out of a sand-pit, and admiring and wondering at the structure even of that despised animal, made a very mal-adroit use of one. 'Ah!' said he, with the deepest humility, and a simplicity worthy of La Fontaine, 'we are fearfully and wonderfully made.'"

MY EARLY LOVE! I THINK ON THEE!

FROM THE LYRIST'S OFFERING.

Andantino.

My ear-ly love! I think on thee, When ev'n-ing seeks its crim-son throne; Sweet hour! which

Dol. Espress. *sf p* *p*

gen-tle me-mo-ry De-lights to con-se-crate her own; Ah! then thy che-rish'd im-age clings To all I meet, or hear, or see, And twi-light's breeze, like mu-sic, brings Thy voice of

Dol.

Con moto espressione. *Dim.*

glad-ness back to me, Thy voice of glad-ness back to me, Thy voice of glad-ness back to me, My ear-ly love! my ear-ly love!

sf

SECOND VERSE.

Friendship's bloom may pass away,
As dreams depart the sleeper's mind;
The hopes of life's maturer day
May fade, and leave no trace behind;
But early love can never die!
—That fairest bud of summer years,
'Twill still look green in memory,
When time all other feelings sears,
My early love!—my early love!

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

THE LOVED.

They are going, one by one,
From the altar and the hearth,
With the music of their tone,
And the sun-light of their mirth;
With the hopes their bosoms cherish'd,
With the joys their morning knew;
Hopes that in their radiance perish'd,
Like fading flowers—or early dew.

From their valleys, broad and green,
From their mountains, stern and dear;
From their rivers' crystal sheen,
Silently they disappear;
All the visions of their dreaming
Fade away and are forgot,
And the brain, with wisdom teeming,
Sinks to earth and rises not.

Mark the flow'ret on the bough,
Fling its odors on the air;
Look again upon it! now
Its wither'd leaves are scatter'd there;
Death will soon all beauty banish,
Waste away its sweet perfume;
Bid youth's buds of promise vanish,
Shroud its azure sky in gloom.

On the hill-side and the lea (they?)
Forms were sporting—where are
On the air were sounds of glee;
Listen! they have passed away.
Fades the soonest all that's rarest,
Hopes the brightest first decay;
Friends the truest—forms the fairest,
Melt like summer clouds away.

POETRY.

I am an admirer of good poetry, such as we find in the best English writers; and I have read the productions of a number of our own bards with a powerful interest, but I esteem a third or fourth-rate poet a very ordinary sort of affair, and would recommend such at least to leave off publishing if they cannot overcome the *cacoethes scribendi*. The facilities afforded by our reading rooms at Washington Hall, the Parthenon Library, the Exchange, &c. &c. enable me to examine a vast number of newspapers, and I am of opinion that if all the stanzas, sonnets, love-sick complaints, and stale imitations in metre and rhyme should be collected together, and Hercules, that immortal bully, could be called down from his constellation, he would rather once more cleanse the Augean stable or slay the Nemean lion, than undertake to wade through such a slough of despondency and nonsense. It is mortifying to reflect how much paper and ink are wasted in this business, and also how much time on the part of the reader as well as scribblers. Our youngsters fall into a mistake in supposing that admiration for good poetry is a genius for producing it, and after having skipped through the fashionable authors of the day, they sit down at midnight, and drawing upon their memory instead of their imagination, bring forth such a sad medley of agonizing despair in bad grammar, or of passionate love in most noble contempt of rhyme, as one would suppose would be sufficient to drive sleep from their pillows for the rest of the night, and elicit a sincere pity on the part of their friends, besides wasting an indefinite quantity of lamp oil.

I have a little servant boy in my family who blacks boots, cleans knives, runs of errands, and does other odd jobs for every body in the house. Even he has caught the epidemic, and I have actually detected him engaged in "making poetry," which he thinks, with many much older than himself, is as easily done as making butter or pudding.

I found this sticking out of his vest pocket the other afternoon, and after some stammering and excuses, he confessed that he had written it, and added, that it came "out of him very hard."

"My friends alas my friends you are
A calm repose 'twas often yours
Impressed from virtue and from care
Among the shady bowers.
Flying indeed my thoughts have flew
From every care they thus have flown
Strayed far away from the evening dew
Must I then stay alone."

This little fellow doubtless believes his lines are very clear and beautiful; and I will venture to surmise, that many who smile while they peruse them, have the same opinion of some bantling of their own, which, perhaps, in reality is little better. Hundreds imagine that any thought which passes through their mind can be cut down into measure and rhyme, so as to be manufactured into poetry; and thus we have innumerable fledglings, who think themselves gifted by nature with precious genius, and that they are born poets, without the aid of other exertions, as Minerva came fully armed from the head of Jove, or the mother of love rose from the deep in perfect loveliness, and "conscious of her charms." Out of a hundred who write verses, perhaps there may be one or two capable of producing poetry; and still fewer of writing a long poem. Let the rhymers of the day measure themselves with Robert Burns, who, without education or books, striding through the fields, could compose such a complete production as the "Cotter's Saturday Night," unassisted even by pen and paper. Let them compare the pure original material of which it consists with the borrowed patches of their own pieces, and they may in some degree feel the respect due to a true poet, and the folly of their attempts to appear to be what nature has not made them. As for me I have about me a kind of modesty, which keeps me from entering the lists against so many wonderful antagonists, and a shame at being among the inferior ranks. There is something, too, so useless in the character of a bad poet, that my duty to society would scarcely permit me to devote my time to verse. Indeed, such aspirants are not only morally injuring themselves, but

are a pest to the whole community in which they live; for where they abound, nothing unusual can occur but it is straightway woven into verse as coarse as the likenesses of Washington, Jackson, and Lafayette on the signs of taverns. If a beautiful belle appear in the fashionable circles, she is straightway embalmed in a very discreditable manner, and made a theme of universal ridicule by apotrophes in her praise, to her flame-darting eyes and snowy bosom. Indeed, there is no restraint upon the liberties which these gentlemen take, and they handle the lips and hands of each fair lady so freely, and assume such imaginary familiarities with her person, as render it obvious to all that she has been rather kind, or they very impertinent. When revolutionary heroes die, they have to stand a fire from these little poetic discharges, more dangerous to their fame than any they have encountered in battle, and I have on my table a sonnet to John Paulding, which is enough to make the bones of that inflexible patriot unquiet in his grave.

Shakspeare, who, like the wife of honest Dennis Bulgruddery, seems to have known "every thing and a great deal more," has cunningly introduced a fellow of this kind in order to turn him into ridicule. He comes in after the celebrated and beautiful quarrel and reconciliation between Brutus and Cassius. These would-be poets are the noisiest and most confident varlets in the universe, and our author brings him on in a characteristic manner.

(Noise within.)

Poet. (Within.) Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. (Within.) You shall not come to them.

Poet. (Within.) Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now! what's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humor when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
Companion, hence.
Cas. Away, away, begone.

(Exit Poet.)

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,
To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscriptions re-
ceived for less than a year.

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No. 9.

For the New-York Mirror.

STANZAS.

NAY, think not, sweet, to read my heart
With those soft searching eyes;
Thou canst not tear the veil apart
That lends me its disguise:
My words, in mood of grave or gay,
Are guarded as they flow;
But that I mean whate'er I say
To thee, my deeds shall show.
I see thee mark each look and smile,
As if they would betray
The thoughts that in my breast the while
Lie hidden from the day:
Thou deem'st the changes of my face
My feelings may reveal—
But e'en from them, thou canst not trace
Aught that I would conceal.
Little could thy young sinless heart
And pure mind comprehend,
Why I should wear the mask of art
With thee, my gentle friend!
The world a cold, cold lesson taught
Too early unto me;
But from its lore with suffering fraught,
Be thou forever free.
The thoughts thy lips will not confess
Still may thy sweet face speak,
In the bright graceful bashfulness
That beautifies thy cheek;
And as some lake reflects the skies
In its pellucid breast,
So, in thy azure heavenly eyes
Be still thy soul confest.

CLARENCE.

ORIGINAL TALES.

LA PARISIENNE.

WHATEVER may be her general recollections of the past, her consolations in the present, or her prospects for the future, every country has some bright landmark in history, to which her children ever point, in the honest exultation of national pride. Whilst the great globe rolls onward to eternity, unusual causes will, at intervals, produce unusual effects in society; termed, in political diction, revolutions. They may be here to-day and there to-morrow, with perhaps no absolute dependency upon individual or immediate agency; but, as long as human feeling runs in its present current, as long as men cherish an interest in the past, who will wonder that the Parisian hails with sentiments unutterable the three days of July?

Whether it arose from an intense interest in passing events, from an indistinct perception of what was to follow, from doubt, or from these causes united, a deep and (perhaps to many at the time) unaccountable gloom overcast Paris, as the last sun that was to behold the dominion of the king of France shed its setting rays on her gay capital. The hurried step, the unquiet eye, the anxious question, the quick response, the affectionate gripings of the hand, and serious parting of common acquaintance, all bore evidence of an unusual excitement.

Long before this anxiety became general, it had reached the breast of Therese de Bastrol. The death of her mother, about a year before, had left La Belle Therese, as she was frequently called, an orphan of seventeen. Although her face was not that of a regular beauty, nor her person the figure of a fine woman, yet her appearance had something in its *tout ensemble* peculiarly interesting. To the natural attractions of a sweetly expressive countenance, and a slight and easy figure, Therese added much by the gentleness of her manners; and still more by a feeling of melancholy, which her countenance and complexion often, though unconsciously, betrayed. Such a girl could not live long in the city of love and suicide without admirers. But Therese had made an early choice—a choice which was the cause of much surprise to her friends, and much censure to herself.

Henri Lascelles was a youth of warm imagination and some genius; but being heir to a considerable estate, and not intending to follow any profession, his natural capacity slumbered for want of a distinct object. Sensitive but inactive, quick but fickle, apparently unconscious of his own powers, and ignorant of his own character, his reason was bewildered in romance, his prospects lost in indifference; and though meant by nature for a useful member of the community, Henri had suffered himself to fall by degrees into habitual inertness. Such was he upon whom La Belle Therese had fixed her affections; yet, though all condemned her choice, and many hinted that he seemed to suffer himself to be loved rather than to love, Therese thought she saw another nature in him, and looked forward anxiously, but confidently, to an entire change in his cha-

acter. While events were hurrying on the revolution of July, she felt many indistinct fears for him. She knew the unaffected fervor of his patriotism, and apprehended that, if excited, it might lead him to ruin in the hour of commotion.

These ideas were thronging through her mind, when upon that evening they sat at her window, gazing in silence upon the moon. Their eyes were on the solitary planet, but their hearts were turned fondly upon each other, in that delightful intercourse of feeling which lovers know, when they contemplate the same object. The still solemnity of the scene and hour had its effect upon both; it deepened the painful anxiety which sat upon her brow, whilst it heightened the expression of his handsome face to a glowing earnestness of enthusiasm. They turned; their eyes met: he saw the fixed anxiety of hers: she started at the wild determination of his: their hands unconsciously came together; and as Therese mechanically but affectionately locked his in her own, large drops stood trembling in her fine black lashes. Therese spoke in a low voice,

"Bon Dieu! how fearfully you look! What is in your mind?"

"Dearest Therese! my thoughts were always yours. But—"

"But what? Lascelles, whatever be your feelings, let me be the sharer of them."

The clock struck—it was midnight—Henri started.

"Hark! I must away. Therese," said he, putting a small locket in her hand, "keep this for my sake. Farewell! we must part!"

Therese was dumb with astonishment. The earnest solemnity of parting, as if for ever; the locket, too, so solemnly bestowed, were unaccountable to her. She would have spoken—she would have given words to hear him say they would meet again; but her heart was too full for utterance. For minutes she clung in unbreathing fondness to his neck, and her bosom heaved audibly upon his; tears, sweet tears, the balm to a woman's grief, at length released her from her trance. She looked into his burning eyes.

"And shall we meet no more, Henri?"

"Heaven grant we may," said he passionately, as he bore her gently to a sofa; his lips touched her cold forehead, he turned, and hurried from her sight.

She listened unconsciously to his receding steps, and as they died upon her ear, she felt as if she were alone in the world.

No eye watched the first efforts of the revolutionists with more interest than hers. In every group she looked for the fine person of Henri, but he was not among them. The sounding of trumpets and the deep rolling of the artillery, the shrieks of the dying, and the shouts of combatants were around her; and at every shock she feared more intensely for him.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of two citizens, bearing a wounded man. Therese became his nurse; and as she dressed his wounds, she asked for Henri, but her patient knew nothing of him. She heard other footsteps, she looked and beheld two soldiers enter; when their eyes caught the tri-colored emblem of the invalid, a low, muttered sound, that seemed a curse, instinctively escaped them; they sprang towards the wounded man. Therese rushed between them and their victim; but, while one pressed on towards him, the other first rudely seized her hand, then grasped her round the waist, and made an effort to bear her off. She shrieked not; one trembling hand brushed the hair from her pale forehead, the other snatched the pistol of the guard, and, before the villain was aware of her purpose, she was released from his gripe he was a corpse. As his companion turned fiercely from his mangled victim upon her, the door opened. Henri suddenly stood before him—they fought—the citizen stood, the soldier fell. Henri flew to the arms of his Therese, but the moments for congratulation were few and short. She hastily glanced at her adventure; his tale was quickly told: he had been among the first to take up arms; he had fought all day; passing her door by accident, the noise attracted his attention, and he entered, happily in time to save her. Justly, and perhaps interestedly, proud of the change circumstances had wrought in him, La Belle Therese looked tenderly in her lover's face; but, reading in its fallen expression that he was about to leave her again, and dreading the repetition of the same horrors, the courage which had borne her up till then forsook her, and she fainted in his arms. He gave her to her domestics, and once more sought his revolutionary friends.

With all his former indolence there was in Henri's character no want of natural energy. In the absence of every excitement his real character slumbered; but his latent powers needed only circumstance to become developed. Therese knew this, but the world knew it not; they see only what float on the surface, and they believe but what they see. The exertions, therefore, that he made, the talent he displayed, the fervor of enthusiasm which hurried him through every difficulty and danger, were now a subject of unaffected astonishment to all except his beloved Therese. His exploits that day were the theme of general praise; and when he again joined the ranks of his fellow-citizens, he was greeted by them with that single-hearted welcome which compatriot friends in danger

alone can exchange. He did not disappoint their expectations: in every emergency he was at hand, in every danger he was intrepid, and many were the exploits of that memorable day in which Henri Lascelles was a participant.

But this is not for me; it is alike above my power and beyond my purpose, to recount the exertions of that noble people, rushing en masse over every obstacle a tyrant could raise. Stifling a sigh at the recollection of how little they have gained by the struggle, I will hurry on with my tale.

As the gray dusk approached Henri found himself, after many a bloody scene, at the foot of the street where La Belle Therese lived. A few hundred paces in advance of him was a strong party of military, and the street opposite the house was entirely blockaded. The quick feelings of the lover were on the alert. Might not the soldiery enter the house, and finding their dead comrades, revenge them on his lonely girl? A thousand mingled horrors floated through his brain, and a hectic blush sat upon his cheek, as he turned to the crowd behind him.

"Citizens, have you hearts to conquer once more? You see those soldiers; will you make one effort to dislodge them?"

"Away with them! Away with the soldiers!"

"Thanks, friends, thanks! On, then! But first, where is De La Croix? where is your leader?"

"He is dead."

"Where is Jacques Vernie?"

"He is dead also."

"You must appoint another, then. Be quick, whom do you wish to lead you?"

"Yourself."

"I? a boy—lead veterans?"

"You, only you will we follow. Lead on."

"Then follow me, if you will," said the young revolutionist, who could scarcely restrain his impetuosity during this short council of war.

How terrible it was to see a body of undisciplined soldiers rush heedlessly forward upon their oppressors, bent on revenge, and reckless of their lives!

The royalists yielded to the tremendous impulse; but retreated with their faces to their pursuers, and with their bayonets disputed the street inch by inch. As the slaughter increased fearfully, they passed Therese's dwelling; and, as her hurried eye sought him amongst the patriots, Lascelles caught a second glimpse of the pale, trembling girl.

Alas, poor Therese! this had been a trying day to her, and the agony of anxiety was now wound up almost beyond human endurance. She shook violently in every limb, and this was the only sign of life she gave, except that her trembling hand now and then parted her long black tresses upon her marble brow. She knew not where she was. She was unconscious of what was going forward; all was to her like a chaos of disturbed vision; yet her faithful eye, though dim to every other object, followed Lascelles through all his movements. From the time he passed her she had not lost sight of him, and a certain indistinct sense of his danger sat heavily upon her heart. Suddenly she regained her strength, her sight returned, the trance that had bound her was broken. She had seen Henri fall! She hurried forth alone through the dying and the dead to the spot where he lay. His death-wound was in his breast, the blood rushed fearfully from it, and as she gently raised his head it gushed into her heaving bosom. His eye turned heavily upon hers; he saw it filled with tears, but she wiped them away, to catch a last sympathizing look from him.

"Live, Therese," he murmured faintly, from lips that moved not, and a scarcely breathing frame; "live to be the mother of freemen, to be —"

"Yours—none but yours—yours in life and death," wildly, yet firmly, repeated the agonized girl; the words Henri would have added died upon his lips. She clasped his hand, it was cold and stiff; she gazed upon his face, it was fixed as marble; she looked into his eye, there was no soul there. Henri Lascelles was no more.

He died, but left behind him a living proof that no man is known until circumstance has tried him; and that none can read the heart of youth so well as she whom it loves.

And she, the widow before she was a bride? Alas! La Belle Therese lingered out five weary months after her beloved. She wept not before any, and she seldom spoke of him; but her heart was with him in his tomb, and she never was seen without the little locket: it had hung at her neck when he died, and his blood had sprinkled it. She said she would take those drops with her to the grave; but, poor girl, her tears soon washed them out. She now sleeps by the side of Henri Lascelles. Her name of De Bastrol is forgotten, her friends still calling her La Belle Therese; whilst the citizens who witnessed Henri's death, remember her only by the name of "La Parisienne."

X. L.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Ruins of Athens, with other Poems. By a Voyager. One volume, royal octavo, p. 111. Washington, Thompson & Homans. New-York, G. & C. & H. Carvill. 1831.

A MODEST volume; and, we are told, by a traveller attached to a United States ship, the result of many a lonely ramble to classic land, stolen perchance while the gallant vessel lay anchored beneath the blue Grecian sky; or composed pacing the deck in the stillness of a midnight watch, musing on the familiar stars, or glancing a gloomy eye over the tumbling ocean with its dim white-crested waves. We feel an involuntary kindness for these authors, who are not professionally so, but who carry the softening charms, of poetic thought and feeling amid the rough unsentimental influences of nautical life. We look through pages of this description for beauties, not faults; and, if we are unable to discover them, we lay the work aside gently, and with a regret that the hope of fame, which has been beaming brightly and cheerily, and lighting the imagination of the young sailor-poet through many a melancholy and many a tedious hour of absence, solitude, and danger, proves but a false meteor at last, and no true star. We are pleased to find men of literary taste abroad upon the waters, ever ready to serve their country with the blood of the same bosom which can, nevertheless, soften with these gentle emotions, and thus blend the tenderness and purity of boyhood with man's patience, firmness, and courage. We are flattered to know that such are the representatives of our nation among strangers, so that when they leave the rude deck they are yet competent to mingle in the better adventures of life. It tells of valor in battle, of mercy in victory, of honor in friendship, of fidelity in love. Who shall say how many of these wanderers, who, for a wretched pittance or a dim hope of fame, waste their youth's most precious years far away from home, and the endearing ties which form the main bliss of others; and this in order to protect their country's rights, and carry the knowledge of her greatness to every clime, and over every sea?—who shall say how many of these have gone silently down into the everlasting waters, have wasted with pestilence, have perished of gashed wounds? There is something deeply touching in the thought of a gentle, home-loving heart, mouldering in obscurity in some remote corner of the globe, with strange and careless feet, upon its unrespected grave. Shall we sit down to a little gift from one such, with a cold critic's frown, and ferret out a mischosen word, or snap at a sentence thus born among the upheaving surges, and nursed in the intervals of peril, because it has not all the polish which the student's closet labor might have imparted?

The volume before us might have been better. There are points obviously open to improvement, a few thoughts which should have been omitted, others capable of enlargement, and, in one or two instances, imitations (of Pinkney's noble piece, "I fill this cup to one made up," for example,) which are injudicious, and may provoke the wrath of the stop-watch people; but there are also numerous passages of fervid fancy and graceful simple feeling, which, we trust, will not be overlooked by the reading public.

We have not examined these pages with an attention sufficiently careful to permit of more than a cursory notice, but take the following verses at random:

TO VIOLETS.

Fair blossoms, ye are laughing now,
With your blue eyes and lids of snow;
Born for a little while:
So short-lived, that perchance had I
Not hither chanced to stray, no eye
Had seen you bloom and smile.
I joy to meet you in my walk
So daintily arrayed;
And yet, 'tis not without a sigh—
To think how soon ye fade:
Frail infants of the spring,
That play
In her green lap awhile,
Then pass away.
It were some comfort, might ye know
Ye are so fresh and fair;
Though idly now unseen ye blow
Save by the sun and air:
Or one like me; the world, alas,
Your beauty will unheeded pass;
So heedless of the volume spread,
The poetry, where'er we tread,
Of nature—they not even look
On you, the pictures of her book.
Laugh while ye may! ere night I fear
Your blossoms will be shed.
'Twill grieve me in my early walk
To come and find you dead.
So weary of a life unstead,
So long I've watched you, flowers, so long
At morning and the even-song
Ye in my path have played
Like younger sisters, that I feel
A sadness o'er my spirit steal
At parting, and could almost pray
We might together pass away.

We have penciled several other passages of much sweetness; but, in lieu of more extracts, refer the reader to the volume itself.

The Academical Speaker: a selection of Extracts in Prose and Verse, from ancient and modern authors. Adapted for Exercises in Elocution. By B. D. Emerson. New edition, revised and enlarged. One vol. 12mo. p. 344. Boston, Richardson, Lord & Holbrook. 1831.

A noble list of names greets us from the table of contents prefixed to this volume. Ancient and modern, statesman and divine, old and young, poet and orator, Webster and Channing, Irving and Massinger, Halleck, Addison, Willis, Shelley, Emmet, and a galaxy of others, that make the literary epicure smack his lips with the relish of agreeable anticipations. The work is instructive to youth, and welcome to all readers. These books of selections are particularly fascinating to the young. We remember well enough, and

in the very recollection there is a charm, how when our lessons were done at the close of the afternoon session, when the sun flung out the red light that told us our confinement was nearly finished, we have pored over selections of this kind, and, as we mused upon each passionate fragment, how our awakened fancy busied itself in picturing the writer, and the scenes which he described.

Here is a characteristic specimen of the celebrated Roanoke orator. It is extracted from his speech in the late convention of Virginia:

"I see no wisdom for making this provision for future changes. You must give governments time to operate on the people, and give the people time to become gradually assimilated to their institutions. Almost anything is better than this state of perpetual uncertainty. A people may have the best form of government that the wit of man ever devised; and yet, from its uncertainty alone, may, in effect, live under the worst government in the world. Sir, how often must I repeat, that *change is not reform*. I am willing that this new constitution shall stand as long as it is possible for it to stand, and that, believe me, is a very short time. Sir, it is vain to deny it. They may say what they please about the old constitution—the defect is not there. It is not in the form of the old edifice, neither in the design nor the elevation: it is in the *material*—it is in the people of Virginia. To my knowledge that people are changed from what they have been. The four hundred men who went out to David were in *debt*. The partisans of Cæsar were in *debt*. The fellow-laborers of Castille were in *debt*. And I defy you to show me a desperately indebted people anywhere, who can bear a regular sober government. I throw the challenge to all who hear me. I say that the character of the good old Virginia planter—the man who owned from five to twenty slaves, or less, wholived by hard work, and who paid his debts, is passed away. A new order of things is come. The period has arrived of living by one's wits—of living by contracting debts that one cannot pay—and, above all, of living by office-hunting.

"Sir, what do we see? Bankrupts, branded bankrupts, giving great dinners—sending their children to the most expensive schools—giving grand parties—and just as well received as anybody in society. I say, that in such a state of things the old constitution was too good for them; they could not bear it. No, sir, they could not bear a freehold suffrage and a property representation.

"I have always endeavored to do the people justice—but I will not flatter them—I will not pander to their appetite for change. I will do nothing to provide for change. I will not agree to any rule of future apportionment, or to any provision for future changes called amendments to the constitution. They who love change—who delight in public confusion—who wish to feed the caldron, and make it bubble—may vote if they please for future changes. But by what spell—by what formula are you going to bind the people to all future time? You may make what entries upon parchment you please. Give me a constitution that will last for half a century—that is all I wish for. No constitution that you can make, will last the one half of half a century.

"Sir, I will stake anything short of my salvation, that those who are malcontent now, will be more malcontent three years hence than they are at this day. I have no favor for this constitution. I shall vote against its adoption, and I shall advise all the people of my district to set their faces—ay—and their shoulders against it. But if we are to have it—let us not have it with its death-warrant in its very face, with the sardonic grin of death upon its countenance."

We take one other extract from a speech made by Mr. Jeffrey, at a public dinner in Edinburgh:

"How absurd are the sophisms and predictions by which the advocates of existing abuses have at all times endeavored to create a jealousy and apprehension of reform? You cannot touch the most corrupt and imbecile government, without unsettling the principles and unhinging the frame of society—you cannot give the people political rights, without encouraging them to be disobedient to lawful authority, and sowing the seeds of continual rebellion and perpetual discontent; nor recognize popular pretensions in any shape, without coming ultimately to the abolition of all distinctions, and the division and destruction of all property—without involving society, in short, in disorders at once frightful and contemptible, and reducing all things to the level of an insecure, and ignoble, and bloody equality.

"Such are the reasonings by which we are now to be persuaded, that liberty is incompatible with private happiness or national prosperity, and that the despotic governments of the world ought to be maintained, if it were only to protect the people from the consequences, of allowing them any control over the conduct of their rulers! To these we need not now answer in words, or by reference to past and questionable examples, but we put them down at once, and trample them contemptuously to the earth, by a short appeal to the *existence and condition of America!*

"What is the country of the universe, I would now ask, in which property is most sacred, or industry most sure of its reward? Where is the authority of law most omnipotent? Where is intelligence and wealth most widely diffused, and most rapidly progressive? Where is society, in its general description, most peaceable, and orderly, and moral, and contented? Where are popular tumults least known, and the spirit and existence, and almost the name of a mob, least heard of? Where, in short, is political animosity least prevalent, faction subdued, and at this moment even party nearly extinguished, in a prevailing feeling of national pride and satisfaction? Where, but in America?

"America, that laid the foundation of her republican constitution in a violent, radical, sanguinary revolution—America, with her fundamental democracy, made more unmanageable, and apparently more hazardous, by being broken up into I do not know how many confederated and independent democracies—America, with universal suffrage, and yearly elections—with a free and unlicensed press—without an established priesthood, an hereditary nobility, or a permanent executive—with, in short, all that is combustible and pregnant with danger, on the hypothesis of tyranny, and without one of the checks or safeguards, by which alone they contend, the benefits or the very being of society can be maintained!

"There is something at once audacious and ridiculous, in maintaining such doctrines in the face of such experience. Nor can anything be founded on the novelty of these institutions, on the pretence that they have not yet been put fairly on their trial. America has gone on prospering under them for forty years, and has

exhibited a picture of uninterrupted, rapid, unprecedented advances in wealth, population, intelligence, and concord; while all the arbitrary governments of the old world have been overrun with bankruptcies, conspiracies, rebellions, and revolutions; and are, at this moment, trembling in the consciousness of their insecurity, and vainly endeavoring to repress irrepressible discontents, by confederated violence and terror."

The Tuilleries. A Tale. By the author of "Hungarian Tales," "Romances of Real Life," &c. &c. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 232, 228. New-York, J. & J. Harper. 1831.

These volumes are published to-day. They are from an author of reputation, whose former works have been favorably received. The "Tuilleries" is a great subject, to which a German imagination could not impart any exaggerated horrors. It contains several scenes, depicted with power, and will serve to bring more vividly before the eyes of all, who have regarded the events of the period only in their historical relations, the dreadful anguish which they must have reflected upon the paths of domestic life. The author has closely adhered to truth in many instances, where, indeed, the truth is more intensely interesting than fiction could ever be. As the book is yet damp from the press, and has scarcely found its way abroad, the reader will pardon a brief extract. It pictures the character of those self-denominated tribunals of justice which were instituted under unhappy France, for the perpetration of the most atrocious butcheries, in open day-light, and under the sanction of law. The blood curdles at the recollection of that gloomy stain upon the history of human nature.

"The spectators, both male and female, assembled in the tribunal-hall at Arras, although of a somewhat different order from the factious idlers of Paris, were by no means secondary in ferocity of purpose. They were prepared by the exordium of the new commissioner to witness a liberal outpouring of blood;—they had already accustomed themselves to the spectacle of such an effusion, and considered themselves ill used if defrauded of this habitual recreation. The sanguinary Lebon, whose age, and aspect, and profession accorded strangely with the monstrous atrocities of his official proceedings,—had been careful to select for the revolutionary committee delegated under his authority, men branded with the infamy of their previous courses of life, and capable of all excesses in the execution of their revolutionary duties. Yet in more than one instance, when even these notorious ruffians hesitated in the condemnation of an innocent person, the wretched prisoner was brought back from his dungeon to the bar of the tribunal, while the president in a violent harangue to the court announced that the first member convicted of *modérantisme* should be instantly dragged to the guillotine. And thus mercy became a forgotten word,—an unknown hope,—under his jurisdiction! and Camille Valazy, when on entering the gallery he cast a shuddering glance on the four prisoners standing within the bar, perceived at once in their countenances the heavy and impassive expression of utter despair!

"The individual immediately on trial was a rich merchant of Cambray; whose prosperity and opulence sufficed to draw upon him the enmity of the jacobin party of his native city. He was accused,—like the respectable and unfortunate citizens who had already illustrated by their condemnation the despotism exercised at Bourdeaux by Tallien and Isabeau,—of belonging to the *mercantile aristocracy*,—a crime newly invented by the convention;—of having amassed his riches by monopoly, and a usurious use of his capital;—and finally, of having openly inveighed against the law of maximum. It was in vain that the agitated and bewildered prisoner implored his judges to discriminate between pernicious monopoly and the right of warehousing, (*emmagasinement*) so essential to the course of commercial exchange. He was cut short in his defence as prolix and importunate, and condemned almost unheard! Dragged without ceremony from the hall, his place at the bar was immediately occupied by a young woman holding an infant in her arms, apparently a simple peasant of the province of Artois.

"As she held up her head to cast a glance of appeal towards the committee, the sinister countenances which met her view penetrated the trembling mother with such a thrill of despair, that with an involuntary movement she folded her child more closely to her bosom, and held it there for a moment, as if to guard its innocent life and her own by that mighty and protecting union of natural affections;—as if the interposition of heaven must necessarily await the helplessness of a mother sorrowing over her babe.

"To the accusation recorded against her,—which was simply that of having aided a correspondence between her former *seigneur*, a *ci-devant* noble under sentence of death, and his wife and daughter,—the poor woman pleaded guilty;—on the instigation of her counsel, that to throw herself on the mercy of the court might possibly procure a remission of her sentence—an opinion justified by the leniency marked towards her in the interrogations of several of the members. But Lebon was not prepared to see a single victim escape from the army of martyrs, with whose names he promised himself to swell the list of his services to the convention. Having applied to his tablets for the private information with which he had provided himself relative to the accused, he assumed that artificial smile characterizing the plausibility and hypocrisy of the neophytes of Robespierre, and proceeded to cross-examine the artless prisoner; demanding of her, among other things, whether she had not adorned herself in her holiday attire on a certain Sunday, and secretly confessed herself to an unconstitutional priest, who was known to be living in concealment in some village in the neighborhood of Arras?—The woman was put on her oath, and the question reiterated by one of the committee; but the prisoner only turned pale and shuddered, without venturing to deny the truth of the charge.

"Answer me! credulous idiot!" cried Lebon, with a torrent of blasphemous invectives: "The court waits your reply."

"If your lordships would consider—"

"Fool! remember that you are addressing simple citizens of the French republic.—Have you or have you not assisted in the forbidden solemnities treasonably celebrated by a priest in unconstitutional orders?"

"I have!" faltered the trembling creature; and her affirmative was instantly drowned in a vociferous sentence of—*DEATH!*

"But my child,—my helpless child!" shrieked the terrified mother, straining her infant in her arms, as the soldiers presented themselves to drag her away. "You will not surely murder my innocent child,

—my poor, tender, friendless babe! My husband,—my family,—all have perished who could protect it!"

"A general shudder affected the better class of the spectators, as the savage men by whom she was surrounded attempted to tear the little creature from its mother's grasp.

"Will no merciful woman here present receive it from me?" cried the frantic prisoner, extending her arms towards the audience. "Will no one purchase the fervent blessings of a dying woman?"

"A young and very beautiful girl, seated near the prisoner behind the bar, involuntarily rose on this appeal, and moved towards the unfortunate mother; when the scornful laugh of the assembly recalled to her remembrance her own predicament; and, abashed and distressed, she covered back behind an old man who was also numbered among the prisoners waiting their turn of summons,—and who whispered, loud enough to be heard by Camille, 'For pity's sake, Euphrosine,—meddle not with what so little concerns you. Consult your own dignity, child;—be silent,—wait your turn; and do not aggravate our danger by further temerity.'

"Take the urchin from its mother," cried Lebon, irritated by all this delay, "and toss it into the lime-pit with her dead body. Away with them both!—away with them! We have no leisure to institute a nursery for the bantlings of refractory royalists."

"This iniquitous sentence was instantly obeyed; and the hideous heart-piercing scream uttered by the mother as they tore the little victim from her arms, froze within their bosoms the hearts of many of the audience who wanted courage to betray their emotions, and who, by this seeming concurrence, led the way to those final atrocities of Lebon, which penetrated even into their own homes;—such, for instance, as the condemnation enforced on a miserable woman of lying for hours beneath the guillotine, with the life-blood of a beloved husband dropping on her face."*

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—In a letter already published in your journal, I have expressed the interest with which I watch the rapid strides of fashion among the higher circles of our country. I have also ventured to hope that the simplicity becoming a republican people, may never, among us, be superseded by the heartlessness, the prodigal splendor, and the reckless pursuit of mere sensual gratifications, which mark older, and, perhaps, more polished nations. These observations are intended to apply particularly to females. It is they who, in the corruption of a people, are first corrupted—it is they who, through their children, sway the character of the rising generation, and make us what we are. You may ask, "wherefore this solicitude?—what have you to fear?" I am a plain writer, Messrs. Editors, and will tell you my meaning, without any attempt at eloquence or elegant composition. I fear that, even now, our females, the best, the richest, the most beautiful and amiable of them are aspiring more to fashionable distinction, than to domestic peace. They educate themselves for belles and lovers; they forget that they will become mothers and wives. I thought very differently, at one period, upon this subject; and, when in the hey-day of youth, looked upon these kind of essays as tedious affairs, and all advisers as homely intruders. I have now lived to see the truth of much at which I then sneered; and to acknowledge the utter fallacy and worthlessness of much which I then valued, nay, worshipped. These ideas were called up by the sight of the melancholy of an esteemed young gentleman of my acquaintance, who has positively sacrificed himself to a graceful, accomplished, and extremely beautiful young girl, who is in fact as silly and shallow a little piece of pretty affectation as could possibly mince along Broadway, and flutter like a butterfly about the haunts of gaiety and fashion. I confess there is something in her lovely face from which you might expect a better character. But alas! neither her mind nor her feelings have ever been cultivated; and when she has danced for you—run her white fingers over the ivory keys of the piano—sung a song—put out her irresistible little foot upon the ottoman, and shown the pearly treasures which gleam through her pouting lips, you get tired of her as you do of one piece of music, or any one unchangeable thing which has nothing but outside to recommend it. My friend was fairly ensnared at first sight. Nothing could curb his passion. He had fortune, which he laid at her feet with his deluded self, and started off forthwith to the Springs, the happiest of human beings. He has just returned, and they are spending a few weeks with me. Poor Charles! I pity him from my soul. They are at this moment in the adjoining parlor. I see them through the folding doors. Look! She is certainly a beautiful creature; and brides (I never could tell the reason) always look doubly charming. He has found a passage in Moore. Some thought of his own, perhaps, dressed up in the dainty illustration of the poet. He calls her. She is measuring the carpet with her graceful steps, and marking off the distance with her foot—the pretty kitten. Listen.

"Sophia—look at this, Sophia. Here is the very verse of Moore's which I could not remember last night."

"Oh, hang Moore," she answers. "I hate poetry—I hate books."

"Well, with all my heart," says the good-natured husband; "then let's have some music."

"Oh, music, Charles! One gets sick of music at home. It's well enough at a party, but I am tired to death of the piano."

"Well! will you ride—or walk—or talk?"

"Talk, Charles! why what shall we talk about? It's too dusty to ride—and after dancing all night, one cannot walk you know."

"Well, I'll walk alone then."

Charles takes his hat with a gloomy look, and wends his way towards the mansion of a friend. They were at the theatre till late last evening. They will probably be there to-night. What charms

has a silly, spoiled, and ignorant wife to offer to a poet, a student, a liberal, fine-minded, and yet sensitive and impetuous man, against Cinderella, and the society of a talented companion? Poor souls! I scarcely know which I pity most—the wretched belle who will soon see herself divested of every thing like influence over her partner, or the cooled and disappointed husband, who finds he has been cheated by a mask into endless slavery; for it depends on the wife whether the state of matrimony be considered a paradise or a dungeon. The idea of a female's attaching an inordinate value to her personal appearance, while she overlooks that of mental accomplishments, is well ridiculed in the following *morceau* which I lately met with in the London Court Journal. It reminds me of a few observations of Steele, which, as they are much in point, I will prefix to the account.

"Since our persons are not of our own making, when they are such as appear defective or uncomely, it is, methinks, an honest and laudable fortitude to dare to be ugly; at least to keep ourselves from being abashed with a consciousness of imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no guilt. I would not defend an haggard beau, for passing away much time at a glass, and giving softness and languishing graces to deformity: all I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our own countenance and shape, so far as never to give ourselves an uneasy reflection on that subject. It is to the ordinary people, who are not accustomed to make very proper remarks on any occasion, matter of great jest, if a man enters with a prominent pair of shoulders into an assembly, or is distinguished by an expansion of mouth, or obliquity of aspect. It is happy for a man that has any of these oddities about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that occasion. When he can possess himself with such a cheerfulness, women and children, who are at first frightened at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to rally him for natural defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jest upon himself for them."

Notwithstanding there is so much truth and good sense in these remarks, few persons, and especially females, have the great moral courage to act up to them, although this quality of the mind may be ranked above the corporeal bravery of the soldier.

THE CROAKINGS OF A DOWAGER BEAUTY.

"My life is fallen into the sear and yellow leaf."

"So," said the dowager countess of Matton to her friend, Mrs. Gelatine, as her ancient bays and antediluvian coach waddled and jolted round the ring in Hyde-park, between dinner and tea, a few mornings ago; "so I find that my grand-daughter Lady Warcister's picture has been engraved, and that she is called in the print-shops 'the beauty of the house of Matton!'"

"A very lovely young creature, indeed, my lady; quite the belle of the day."

"Humph! all nonsense! mere stuff! I remember that was what they used to say of me fifty years ago."

"No one has forgotten it, my lady; all the world is struck by the resemblance between Lady Warcister at five and twenty and your ladyship at eighteen. The same eye-brows to a hair! just what our friend, the reverend Dr. Fuzbos, called the 'twin reflections of Diana's bow!'"

"That was very prettily said of the doctor; almost equal to the sonnet penned by Jerminham on my first appearance at court."

"And Merry, if I recollect, struck out some very elegant stanzas on the same interesting subject."

"Ah, Gelatine! few of the Della Crusicans but said something about me. They used to call me Alcibella in their verses. But, heaven knows, I thought very little of their praises in those days! for, after all, it was only the twittering of sparrows after the song of the nightingale. Fitzpatrick had already penned in my honor those charming lines—

"Were she but fair as hours when they wait,
Dark-eyed and soft, at the immortal gate!"

Bless my soul! nobody writes in that style now."

"And your ladyship forgets Sheridan's epigram?"

"And Hare's bon-mot."

"Ah! my dear Lady Matton! nobody talks in that style now-a-days. Nothing but political squibs and lampoons are the order of the day!"

"In fact," my dear Gelatine, "there is so much of every thing in these times, that nothing makes so much sensation as it formerly did—beauty, wit, talent, luxury, taste—on every side the million press so closely upon us—the little world has forced its pretensions so strangely upon the acceptance of the great world—that it is very difficult for any person to become really distinguished."

"Very true, my lady."

"Whereas, in my day, half-a-dozen beauties, half-a-dozen beaux *ceprits*, and half-a-dozen givers of *fêtes* regulated the ton of London."

"The influence of the court was then so considerable, that, like Gulliver in Lilliput, it imparted a character of pigmyism to the rest of society. Among such minnows it was less difficult to be a triton."

"After all, to what amounts my grand-daughter Warcister's fame as a belle? What fashion, what carriage, what whim of the day was ever called a Warcister? The utmost praise she receives consists of 'Lady Warcister looked very well at the last drawing-room,' or, 'Lady Warcister is one of the prettiest women in the circle of the opera—only she dresses too much in the extreme of the French fashion; or, 'Lady W. did not look amiss at Almack's—but she should not waltz in a hat and feathers.' Now, in my time, my dear Gelatine, in those madcap days when the prince took off my white satin slipper, filled it with Burgundy, and drank it off in my honor—there were Matton phaetons, and Matton fly-caps—Matton ponies, and Matton negligés—Matton footstools, and Matton hammercloths. Books, songs, operas, sermons, sonnets, were dedicated to the divine Lady Matton. Whenever Lady Matton's equipage appeared in the ring, there was as great a crush as on the occasion of the Don Cossack's first gallop round Hyde-park. Townsend always considered it his duty to allow me a runner for

my sedan to the drawing-room; and Taylor of the opera was obliged to take precautions for the dispersion of the crowd that used to assemble in Fop's alley under my box. One never hears of so many as two or three gathered together in honor of any fashionable beauty now-a-days."

"No Lady Coventry, nothing to compare with Isabella duchess of Rutland, Georgiana duchess of Devonshire, or Lady William Gordon, or —"

"Pardon me, my good Gelatine, pardon me! For the duchess of Rutland we have her lovely grand-daughters, Lady Chesterfield and Mrs. Anson; and my friend the duchess of Devonshire, whose fascinations depended very little on the beauty of her face, is fully rivalled by Lady Gower and Lady Georgiana. I admit that there may be as many handsome faces in the days of William the fourth as in those of George the third, but they do not produce half the sensation,

"Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle."

"The utmost tribute bestowed on these said belles of the new century is to name a horse, a dog, or a yacht in their honor. When Count St. Antonio first visited Yorkshire, he found a horse entered for the St. Leger as 'La San Catalda,' the name of his own beautiful sister, and was about to resent the affront, when the Sicilian noble was informed that such a mark of favoritism was intended as a signal proof of homage by the English noble to whose stud the racer belonged."

"Ah! Gelatine! how different were the proofs of devotion tendered to myself! If I had but a cold, Arlington-street was crowded with inquirers, to the imminent danger of every pannel in every fashionable equipage in London; and once, when my *vis-à-vis* was overturned, in coming from Pacchierotti's concert, for full ten days I was obliged to have bulletins issued by old Warren and Sir Walter Farquhar."

"There is not a beauty of the year 1831 but might break every bone in her skin without any such necessity."

"And again, when I accidentally burnt off my side curls on one temple, and appeared at St. James's with a bouquet of pearls to supply their place, Constable the jeweller was employed to make two hundred and ninety-three ornaments exactly similar, in the course of the following week; and before the close of the season every woman in London had cut short the ringlets over her left eyebrow! Ah! *ces beaux jours de fête sont passés!*"

"Your ladyship does not consider that your ladyship's influence —"

"Would not suffice to introduce a new collar for puppy dogs!"

Ah! Gelatine! It was a hard trial when the first symptoms of the crow's-foot revealed by one of those clear bright mornings in June, which no blemish can escape, told me the frightful tale that my kingdom was taken from me! I was going to the drawing-room; no friendly bonnet, no kindly frill was there to overshadow the fatal fact; it defied Goliath; pearl-powder was mere powder of post in its removal! For many nights I was kept sleepless by the excruciating discovery; and want of rest, and fretting, and fruitless repining over the past, only tended to accelerate the progress of premature old age. I tried Bath, I attempted the Harrowgate, Boston, Cheltenham, Malvern, Spa, Pyrmont, Barège, Bagnères, Plombières, Emma, and Carlsbad waters, in hopes of experiencing some renovating magic, but all without success! Not a cosmetic was advertised but I put it to the proof; not a fashionable quack assisted the depopulation of the west end but I gave a fair trial to his nostrums. Every year was signalized by some further misfortune; by an increase of hoary hairs, or a decrease of pearly teeth; my locks grew white, my enamels black! I tried succedaneum, I attempted vegetable dye, wore plumpers, or semi-billiard balls, in my hollow cheeks; slept with plaitain-leaves on my nose to keep it white, and a balsamic poultice to my face to render it fresh and blooming. At the opera I turned my white shoulders to the audience, and my withering visage towards the shadowy side of the box, and no longer ventured to encounter the stare of the ring, unless through the qualifying medium of a blonde veil! Ah! Gelatine! I soon discovered that had my *vis-à-vis* been shipwrecked a second time, and my neck broken, a bulletin would have been wholly superfluous!"

"Your ladyship's —! My dear Lady Matton, pray compose yourself!"

"Year after year I changed my mantuamaker, season after season threw myself on the mercy of some new milliner. I thickened the substance of the Holland blinds of my drawing-room, varied the tint of my carriage-linings, and deepened the shade of my rouge. I migrated from the pit-circle to the third tier at the opera; chose a box in discreet equidistance between the chandeliers; but all in vain! Ugliness pursued me like a shadow, old age croaked after me like an echo. Draughts of air and open doors drove my rheumatic joints from the ball-room, a red nose from the dinner-table, wrinkles and white-lead from daylight, somnolency and decrepitude from candlelight! And lo! I am here! I, the once worshipped beauty of the park, am humdrumming my afternoon, airing with a companion and a lapdog —"

"Your ladyship's pocket-handkerchief! My dearest Lady Matton, pray compose yourself!"

"Look at Lady Wycombe!" muttered the weeping dowager from behind the folds of a cambric, ministered to her use by Mrs. Gelatine; "look at Lady Wycombe; that was her chariot which just rolled by! What has she to render her discontented with the progress of time. She was a fright from her birth—her minuet never gave rise to an ode—her marriage to a *felo-de-se*. Nobody ever cared whether she was sick or sorry; and she is as much an object of interest now, in her old gray bonnet and mode cloak, as during the riots of eighty; while I—oh! Gelatine! Gelatine!—why was I ever born a beauty?"

"Coachman! drive home! Her ladyship is in a swoon!"

I sincerely trust our fair countrywomen will so enrich their minds and develop their affections, as to be able to meet age with the agreeable conviction, that it has only added to their means of giving pleasure to others. If there be any melancholy in the reflection that years are gradually robbing them of personal charms, it is doubly humiliating when accompanied by the consciousness that they possess no inward qualities to relieve the suddenness of their descent from the glare of public admiration to the gloom of unpitied neglect.

PORTIA.

* Historical.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

SAD RECOLLECTIONS.

NATURE formed me for happiness. My bosom is yearning for it always. I would still believe bright things to be what they seem. Philosophy, prudence, worldly wisdom, the faculty of guarding against the thrills of first impressions, that sweep over you sometimes, and of watching for deceit among the pure, and anguish among the happy beings of the world; they are all a labor, a low and poor occupation, and I detest them. In my livelier moments I had rather live in a pleasant hope, or cherish the joy of secret affection, dreams as they may be, than wake to truth and gloom. I wish I might be always so. I wish the influences of society might spare to me some of youth's confiding hope, some of its sanguine trust in persons and events, and its ignorance how joy and anguish, virtue and vice are linked together indissolubly in the chains which fasten down the desires of man to earth. My soul sinks within me sometimes, to think that this can never be, that the spell which cast a radiance around the child's forehead cannot be regained, and the shadow of a darker influence falls on me often; I tremble ever for the spirit of a young boy that waves, like a graceful tree, with all its bursting blossoms, to think how fearfully it may be scathed with the lightnings which are ever falling on our race; how the gnawing worm may prey upon its blooming honors; how the sleet and wintry wind will one day sigh through its naked branches. Do not look upon me, reader fair, as a dark-dispositioned intruder; mine is not a curdled spirit. I tell ye not of these things to mar your mirth. He who wantonly checks a smile is an enemy to nature. I will go out with you to the scented woods and meadows, and startle the silent places with laughter: or press through the dazzling throng of fashion, and forget myself in the revel till you shall think me a very boy for irrepressible merriment. There is no sunshine so delightful as that which streams through the rift of a parting cloud; but, even in the midst of pleasure's dominions, will ever and anon steal in the memory of some new grave, the tone of a dying voice, or the image of a gentle head absent from the group; and then gaunt, cold reflection stalks in with her overshadowed glass, and dim future years break upon the startled vision; when the silver words of every light young girl are hushed, and instead of the glowing groups of sweet happy belles, I shudder over the serious faces of the dead, and hear the fall of the shovelled pebbly clay over those gently-heaving bosoms. When the mood is on me, I wonder how beings with eyes can yield themselves so recklessly to calm enjoyment, while sleepless death is for ever lancing his bolt into some bosom; when they see every day some one struck down, like warriors in a battle. I admire the frivolous sources from which the crowds draw their delight. If the tyrant could be rendered palpable; if I could conjure his ghastly and gigantic apparition in its grisly terror, that he could be seen by all, selecting each victim, and hurling each bolt with a crash of thunder upon the theatre, the brilliant ball, or the party, how it would blanch the cheek of beauty, and appal the heart of manhood; how the undaunted spirit of the ambitious would be quelled; into what an universal silence and deep awe would be hushed the merry habitants of this thronged city, all shrinking, and trembling, and gazing aghast at the grim spectre. Benevolent nature has shrouded his form in a cloud, and his weapon glides silently to its mark; but still he strides among us, triumphant over every feeble attempt to oppose his progress. I behold his victims fall: I feel the presence of the dreadful monster. Perhaps even now his malignant eye has singled me out, and his unerring hand grasps the fatal dart.

Yet, after all, the fear of death to myself is less hideous than the agony of losing others. It has been my lot to suffer much from this cause. I have riveted my very soul upon glazed eyes, while the curious mystery of life was leaving the chamber within tenanted. I have thrilled with an agony of intense feeling to accompany the beloved to the awful gates of eternity; felt the convulsive grasp of the wasted hand, and thrilled with the deep parting look cast upon me from its threshold, as the portals closed, leaving the dead to pursue onward his lonely flight, and shutting me back for a little longer period into this poor earthly dungeon.

I remember how the first shock of this kind chilled my soul. I was in the habit of visiting with my father the splendid seat of a friend, a day's ride from the city. The gentleman was wont to receive us with a welcome truly hospitable. He was of a right merry disposition himself, loved all kinds of sport, would take a bird on the wing with unerring precision, kept a superb fishing-boat, in which whole parties of us were wont to scud over the ample Sound, to the great dissatisfaction of our finny friends below. His horses also were princely; his carriages seemed to go on wings rather than wheels; and lastly, (I was a mere boy, eleven or twelve or thirteen, it might be,) there was a girl, his daughter, fifteen years of age, and in my eyes a vision of beauty so rare and enchanting that—I need not explain. She had one of those kind of faces which makes every object bright in its presence, every thing dim and insipid when it vanishes. A perfect, soft-complexioned creature, with a fine forehead, a mouth like ripe fruit, and such eyes—blue, like the depths of the summer heavens. When she looked suddenly up, they went through you like an arrow. The whole contour of her head was perfectly classical. She wore her hair short behind, a new fashion which Clara Fisher has since confirmed; it was parted on her forehead, and brushed around her temples like a boy's. A glowing Narcissus—who would not be the stream? But mere beauty, however striking and exquisite, is nothing to me without other graces. She had them all, with a kind of voice which belongs to the highest quality of female character, and generally to the most perfectly

moulded person, modulated to express every shade of thought and feeling. I think such a tone would quell me if I had my fingers on the throat of Miguel—would soothe me with gentle pleasure in the convulsive tortures of death. Her image glitters through my memory like sunshine through the clouds and tears of after times. I bade her good-by one day, with a more than ordinary delight. We had been with the good people on a fishing excursion. We started together, and sat together all day beneath the ample awning. The rest were soon fully engaged in baiting hooks, watching doblers, and drawing up the trembling creatures with their gorgeous hues. They were all unusually successful but Anna and myself. Few fish we caught. I did nothing in the way but help her to drag up a single bass, which had swallowed the hook, and pulled the cork a foot under water before either of us saw it. On our walk home the exercise and air had excited us both. I trod over the grassy fields with a firm and fearless step. The blood was bubbling in my veins. I never had been so completely and exquisitely happy since nature formed me; and the very melancholy tenderness with which, in a tremulous tone, I spoke of the necessity of leaving her on the morrow, with her reply, had a dreamy delight in it I have never since experienced. We lingered behind the rest. I knelt at her feet to pick flowers; I fixed them in her hair with my own fingers, trembling at my audacious temerity in touching the brow I had hitherto scarcely dared to dream of. I took her hand in mine as we walked, to help her over a fence, and resigned it not when the occasion no longer required my assistance; till at length, under the pretence of smelling a wild rose, which I had just fastened beneath her bonnet, our mouths accidentally came so near each other, that her breath fell on my cheek like the fragrance of honeysuckles, and the touch of her lips was softer than rose-leaves, dewy rose-leaves, in the gentlest morning of June.

It was many weeks before I visited her father's house again, and in the meantime I had heard that she was sick. It gave me little uneasiness. I had never seen death, and knew or thought little of his inexorable power. The idea of losing her, of that happy and radiant creature, so full of joy and mirth, at the close of her existence; the enchantment of those azure eyes shrouded beneath stiffening lids; that mouth, that honey mouth, stilled in icy death; that beautiful, bright, young head in a coffin, was too absolutely hideous to be within the reach of fancy.

My father proposed suddenly to visit his friend, and expressed some fears about the girl; but I heeded them so little that I had even purchased a neat volume of poetry and a set of merry plates, and had arranged a thousand things for her information and pleasure.

When we reached the spacious mansion the servant came out with inflamed eyes, and took the horse in silence.

"How is she, John?" said my father, who had been unusually gloomy during the whole ride.

"Gone, sir," answered the man.

I have frequently since wondered at the obtuseness, I might call it absolute stupidity, with which I overlooked the truth among all these dark and ominous presages. But I positively wondered to myself "where" she could have gone; and why all this extraordinary stillness everywhere? It was not till we entered the large hall, were shown up stairs by the maid, and I caught a glimpse of the group in the darkened chamber, that the truth burst on me like a thunder-bolt. The whole family and servants were standing in a circle, gazing on a motionless object upon the bed. Nothing was heard, but ever and anon a long-drawn breath, or a broken, half-smothered sigh. I was thrilling with horror in every nerve of my body. I gazed till all human things else were as nothing. There was not the slightest approach to moisture in my eyes. I was chilled, frozen, petrified into marble; with no thought, no recollection, no hope; nothing but a benumbed consciousness, a leaden, despairing, nightmare conviction that the exquisitely beautiful, cold, fixed, sleeping creature before me was the dead body of Anna. The silence of all as we looked was absolutely terrific. The father gazed and gazed on the features, the pale forehead, the closed eyes, the mouth—where the smile of an ever-joyous soul had yet left its impress—and the deathly white of the linen which bound up the chin. The sluices of my soul were not unlocked till he burst forth into an agony of uncontrollable grief. The tears gushed from his eyes in very torrents; his quivering lips betrayed the heavy workings of memory, of grief, of despair in his laboring heart; and he exclaimed, in a voice that made me drop my head and bury my face in the clothing of the bed, "I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it; my child, my child!"

He took the unconscious image to his bosom; he grasped the waxen unanswering hands; he kissed the cold dead lips; and as their icy chill struck upon his heart, he fell like a lump of clay at full length upon the floor.

I would keep children of vivid imaginations away from such scenes. They leave a shadow that never grows bright. They startle the young soul with a premature knowledge of horrors too monstrous even for the hacknied breast of age. The sight of death, and the consequent distress, are always, prostrating, melancholy, and awful. The passions ebb from their channel; ambition, hope, industry, love, all are palsied with the electric shock, and man turns to his earthly duties with a dimmed and humbled spirit; abashed, frightened, bewildered. It may be well enough to fling these influences over the stubborn interests, the up-rearing passions, the towering matured ambition of manhood, but youth is too tender for the blast. It is like letting loose the bitterest wind of winter upon early buds and tender blossoms. I have seen dispositions so cowed down by such sights that they were old at twenty. Mother, who bendest over thy bright boy's slumber, wish that death itself may rather clasp the cherished sleeper, than that the terror of it shall enter his living bosom.

SEDLAY.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

ALTHOUGH the following poem has been frequently copied, the sense has been so often marred by typographical errors, that we make room for it here, among other selections. The "History of the Alphabet" seems to be less generally known. The author will excuse us for giving these pieces to our readers in his absence.

THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The night-wind with a desolate moan swept by,
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Screaming upon their hinges, and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled against the strained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

The fire beneath his crucible was low;
Yet still it burned, and ever as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy; and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrunk back
Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
Muttered a curse on death! The silent room
From its dim corners mockingly gave back
His rattling breath; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell, and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
And with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself:

I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do;
I thought to pierce th' eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt—oh God! it seemeth even now
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow.

And yet it is. I feel
Of this dull sickness at my heart afraid;
And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade;
And something seems to steal
Over my bosom like a frozen hand,
Binding its pulses with an icy band.

And this is death! But why
Feel I this wild recoil? It cannot be
Th' immortal spirit shuddereth to be free!

Would it not leap to fly,
Like a chained eagle at its parent's call?
I fear—I fear that this poor life is all!

Yet thus to pass away!
To live but for a hope that mocks at last—
To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,
To waste the light of day,
Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
All that we have and are—for this—for nought!

Grant me another year,
God of my spirit! but a day—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would know something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

Vain—vain!—my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing—burning—
Dying! Oh God! if I might only live!
My phial. Ha! it thrills me—I revive.

Ay—were not man to die
He were too glorious for this narrow sphere.
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here—
Could he but train his eye—
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour—
Only his Maker would transcend his power!

Earth has no mineral strange—
Th' illimitable air no hidden things—
Water no quality in its covert springs,
And fire no power to change—
Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
Which the unwasting soul might not compel.

Oh, but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky—
To see th' invisible spirits, eye to eye—
To hurl the lightning back—
To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls—
To chase day's chariot to the horizon walls—

And more, much more—for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move—
To nurse and purify this human love—
To clear the god-like brow
Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down,
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one—

This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slacken at the living stream—
To live—oh God! that life is but a dream!
And death. Aha! I reel—
Dim—dim! I faint—darkness comes o'er my eye—
Cover me! save me! God of heaven! I die!
'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone—
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, th' expression wore
Of his death-struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild.

His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throes
Of the last agony had rung him sore.

The storm was raging still. The shutters swung
Screaming as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on—as aye it will—
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small silver rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on th' alembic's rim, as if it yet

Might vex the elements at its master's will.
And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire—a sun-bent eagle stricken
From his high soaring compass—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. He was born
Taller than a spirit walked beneath the stars;
And with he might tempted like a god's,
He was sent blindfold on a path of light,
And turned aside and perished! Oh how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath out-flown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

THE HISTORY OF THE ALPHABET.*

BY THE SAME.

It was a lazy, good-for-nothing afternoon in the spring season, when I sauntered, according to my usual wont, into the shop of one of the chief publishers in our modern Athens. It had been my custom for many years to seek this as a sort of literary lounging-place, where I could enjoy the delight of running over new titles, and rustling my fingers through new books just from the press. I had long before confessed myself utterly unable to buy my reading, and at the same time declared how completely I was cursed with a propensity to devour everything that came out.

"It is a disease with me," said I, plaintively—and, accordingly, in view of my resources, and then of my constitutional predicament, they very kindly gave me the freedom of the whole shop. I was to go in and out, and through it, like an owner.

I used to pitch like a horse upon the 'last novels,' and, as at such times, we are frequently guilty of a long *sederunt*, the boy who ran for the customers—a good-natured lad—had, in a sort of insensible way, planned out a little retreat for me, away in the futurity of the establishment, where, in a solitary chair, and with a compendious table before me, I could read undisturbed, and, if need was, think as secretly and independently as a prince. I suppose I was looked on as a part of the furniture of the place; but I cared little for the reputation in which I was held on that score; if I could only anticipate the circulating libraries, and enjoy my books in this cheap and comfortable way.

On the day I have mentioned, I swung in as usual, passing by scores of sweet belles at the counters, and casting my eye in the accustomed place, descried a new volume, in a blue linen back, soliciting observation. Without stopping, I grasped it silently, and made forward to my *adyta*, with the ease and manner of a master. It was *Almacks*—a new novel. As it had then just issued, and as I had heard, moreover, that there had been some fashionable *brouillerie* about obtaining it, I sat down with the determination of being supremely amused, and of enjoying an innocent laugh at the gay fooleries of the fools of Babylon.

As I read on and still onward, the hours slipped away, the shop was deserted, the light grew dim, and the book grew dull, until—joy to a happy digestion—I fell asleep with the volume between my knees, and my chin in my bosom. How long I remained in this state it is difficult to tell, but I was roused by a strong light, that seemed to flash all about me. I was just on the eve of crying fire, when I perceived it would be of no avail, as I was decidedly locked up, and I should naturally be taken for the incendiary, if I was found here in the midst of matters. I therefore determined to burn rather than suffer shame.

But in the midst of this singular train of thought, I became more fully awake, and confident, at last, that the light was too phosphoric for a conflagration. Directing my eyes to the counter, on the amplest part of which the illumination seemed to pour, my astonishment was complete.

Scattered over the superficies, that you might easily imagine a piece of brilliant green sward, or a billiard table, or the council-board (saving the color) of the Ladies Patronesses at Willis's rooms—scattered, I say, over this surface, and moving to and fro with all the non-chalance of old pedestrians, were to be seen the venerable twenty-six letters of the alphabet, in Roman capitals! Whence the power of locomotion, I was in trouble to tell, for I saw neither legs nor pinions. There was nothing like a face about any of them, yet they all seemed to have an expression. It was evidently midnight, for the carriages had done rattling. Easy was it, therefore, to hear the clear, silver-toned little voices that rung round the tapis, as these important personages met in this wide and beautiful field, on their descent from the bookshelves. I could not but pass particular observation upon some of the queer company as they marched in review. The bare idea was the most amusing imaginable. The alphabet at an airing! The Roman letters coming in good earnest out of folios, and octavos, and duodecimos to hold a *conversazione* on the counter! The little essences of our language sporting and chatting upon the place of shambles, where they are every day sold, dumb and innocent by the hundreds! The capitals at conference! The A B C's at a social party!

First, there was A, a tall fellow, moving about 'as if he had

gyves on,' and anon poisoning himself on his head, like a mad-cap, so glad at his liberty! mocking and laughing all the time at V, who stalked sullenly at his side. There was B, like a large man in a drowsy, suddenly along in simple wonder at everything he saw about him, and S shooting away like a swan, and hissing at everything in his wake. Q flaunting his tail among the gentry, and X practising with his legs, as though he were determined to outdo the *figurantes*. Indeed, it appeared to be high holiday with the singular creatures, and I know not how long they would have continued their antics had not A called all hands to order, and requested *and-per-se*, who acted as a sort of whipper-in, to collect the scattering, that each might tell to his fellows his history after his own way. "For," said he, "we have long enough been placed beside each other without much acquaintance, like slaves whose silence has been equalled only by their labor. Let us each tell his little story; and to that effect I advise ye all, saving O, and such round-about bodies, to whom it may not be permitted, to stretch out yourselves on this green carpet and each relate according to his standing. Wherefore, methinks, I can't do better than begin. And, my friends, it seems perfectly correct to premise, that there is a vital mistake in attributing our invention or introduction among any people under the sun, to Master Cadmus, and we treat with proper contempt any part of profane history that goes to disprove the idea of our self-invention and total originality. Our brother C, who was the very making of Cadmus, can testify to this foolish falsehood, and it is therefore settled *de jure* that we owe our origin to no 'being of earth's world.'

"I," continued A, "was contemporary with Adam, and the first that I recollect of myself was in the service of that ancient gentleman, as I was ever the first in requisition, when he made up his despatches under his own hand and signature. I went into the Ark leading the Antediluvians—abode all his life with Abram, so that to this day, to hurry over all meaner capacities in which I have served, I stand first and foremost in Age, and, it will be admitted, in Activity over the whole world. Being a very leader in Ambition, I marshaled Alaric and Alexander in all their victories, and was the inseparable attendant of Anthony, though I always came last in the train of Cleopatra. Forworthy climax, I first introduced Assignments among merchants, a very sensible sort of instrument in hard times, and am just now the *sine qua non*, the factotum of Almacks." My heart misgave me—I cast my eyes about for a moment to see what had become of this sad book! By the light of the letters I saw it safe at my feet, face downward, on the floor. But I started not. I would not have broken the enchantment for a library. I was hearing a precious revelation! "My shape," continued A, "was often the occasion of rude sayings among the ignorant, who likened me to tall raw boys who walked wide; but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I first gave mathematicians the idea of a triangle; and, straddler or not, there never would have been a solitary pair of dividers without me. It has sometimes been objected that I was a mere article; but it has been admitted universally, since the art of printing, that I can boast as much influence as the combined forces of T H & Co, notwithstanding." Here the little fellows all shrugged like a trio of Frenchmen—their withers were wrong. "My friend V, quite the reverse of myself in character as well as person, will vouch for me that I, as well as myself, have been allowed to have point, when brought in my legitimate proportions before the world.

"But, my friends, in our character of letters, we are suffering, in the hands of men, a species of martyrdom, through an ungodly practice among them of typifying us in every heathenish and uncouth form imaginable. Indeed our Roman outlines are well nigh effaced by the intervention of these pestilent fellows. But I have occupied too much time already in my narrative. My neighbor B, you see, is swelling to begin his story." With these words, long-limbed A swung back on the green cloth, and stretched himself out like a young Colossus, while his right hand man commenced his tale.

"I was always," said B, "portly, from a child. If my brother A lead us in Antiquity, I can only say in offset that there were very few before me in the Beginning: I was thrown into good company in my youth, and accompanied John Bunyan in his pilgrimage. No one, from first to last, could be Beautiful or Brave without me, and big and burly as I appear, I have been the leader of all Beaux, from those of the ark to those of Broadway. I have seen enough of consequence and of the great world in all conscience; having abode in Boston on Bunker-hill monument for these last four hundred years, to speak within bounds. They say I am necessary to the making of this same tower, which is longer in the building, by the way, than was that of Babel, of which I speak knowingly, as I was head workman there, though I left the fools in the midst of it. I kept early company with the patient and the impatient, for I was first with Balaam and the last with Job; though, for that matter, it must be confessed, I was the origin of his Biles. I have been, 'tis true, distinguished in Bulls and Blunders, and the last one as it affected me, was in accompanying Bonaparte through his career, to St. Helena—but I went with Bertrand. I am now the fast friend of Mr. Brougham and the Blacks, taking the first stand for them both. This gives some color at least to my patriotism. I have sometimes been called the Bishop of the alphabet, owing, no doubt, to my rotundity, and many have shaken their heads and stowed my departure, from a combined dropsy of the chest and stomach. But I shall outlive ye all! The meddling musicians have treated me the worst, having for a long time denominated me B flat—a round piece of satire, sure enough! But this is against ocular demonstration. At present, I am indispensable in all matters of Business, Bargaining, and Botheration; and, in the upshot, I may say that by actual measurement I have about me more of the line of beauty than any of my queer-shaped brethren." Here B stroked down his respectable protuberances, and made way for C, who came next in order. Sitting all in a heap, he began:

"My shape, my dear friends, is owing to a vile practice which I contracted in my youth, of trying to imitate a circle; but like a good many country ministers and bad poets, as I could not, at last, make both ends meet, I am what I am. I have been something of a traveller in my day. I went with Cæsar through all his Campaigns, and formed a twelfth part of his Commentaries; was conspicuous in the Crusades, and came to this blessed country with Christopher Columbus. Lastly, to my shame be it spoken, I have become the leader of Craniologists." Here there was a sort of general 'pshaw!' from all quarters. "My political importance has been something, as I have long been in close connection with Clay on this side the water, and with Canning, formerly, on the other. I am now at the head of the Constitution in spite of the presidents, and always reside in the Capital. My figure has been oftentimes objected to, but it must

be remembered that I first suggested the idea of the new moon—and moreover, for my own comfort, I have a happy faculty of rocking myself to sleep upon the strength of my own globular configuration. I have been deemed an obstinate character because I always seem to have my back up—but my neighbor D is a capital foil in that respect, as his development is in an opposite direction." So saying, the little fellow trundled away upon the tapis, as though he would never be done.

D, threw himself flat on his back, and commenced as follows: "I never took the trouble, my dear fellows, to inquire into my antiquity; but I am sorry to say I have strong suspicions that I am as ancient as Beelzebub, for the first stand that I took, in any way, was in the service of the D—!! I afterwards reformed, however, and was a leading character with King David, and travelled with Daniel among the lions; but am now, in sober earnest, fain to preside over the Deaf and Dumb—those unfortunate creatures of whom Saladin said, 'the soul of speech is stricken with silence between the ivory walls of his palace.' As to my figure, it is well known amongst sensible people, that I was the first model of a rainbow. I have been somewhat laughed at, to be sure, as well as my brother B, for obesity; but it is evident I have the better of him, in being without that absurd contraction in *medias res*, which is the destruction of the line of beauty in his venerable figure. On account of some virtue which I never had the happiness to discover, I have long been considered the representative of five hundred, whether it be of men, monkeys, or what not—it is ever the same! what would the celebrated council of Greece have said to that? thought I; 'but this is matter for mathematicians to solve, or to settle, with these foolish Romans. Meantime, for me to take a sweep of sixty is a thing of no moment at all.' So saying, he displayed for a few minutes to the infinite amusement of the assembly.

"I," said E, "first found myself with Eve in Eden. Hard it was indeed to leave such beautiful company; but I was obliged to join the Enemy. As this world grew famous and fashionable, I took the lead in Etiquette, and became the first character in England, and, of course, Everywhere, while the Edinburgh acknowledged me first in letters. It is needless to say I have the hope of nothing hereafter to be proud of. Bitter things have been said of my figure. I have been called a thing that would turn short corners. But this is judging too much like the craniologist. Yet no one can deny that I am methodical, as I come of the family of the right angles. It should not be forgotten, also, that I am a capital fellow in manufacturing Echo. I have an over-reaching way it is true, but my brother T bears me in it exceedingly well. The matter most pestilent to me is my sometimes near conjunction with my brothers A and O, in the unseemly shape of what is called a diphthong; a word, into the bargain, of most ungracious denomination. In all these cases I am thrown forcibly from my perpendicularity and am obliged to support life in a sort of inclined plane, that is far from agreeable." A and O here muttered something very contemptuously of this juxtaposition, inasmuch as the children of men considered them as mere dead letters, and E alone worthy of emphasis. This was sensible. I almost wished the publishers had been there.

E having nothing more to say, F took up the tale. "Good friends," said he, "I am cousin-german to my neighbor E. I flatter myself that the family resemblance can be traced in the length of our cervical vertebrae, and this prefix upon the sternum. I have no particular recollection where I first found myself; but remember that I came to be of importance in France, where, as well as everywhere else, I, to this day, take the lead in Fashion and Fancy. In Freemasonry I have the precedence, and of course am of notoriety in the Fudge family. My figure, (for I see we are all so marvellously composed that some account of our outward man is deemed necessary) my figure has been used in *terrorem* in many countries; and it naturally suggested the beautiful and ingenious idea of the gallows, since no Felon has there been whom I have not accompanied to the gibbet since the invention of capital punishments. I have always been at the head of the Flats; and why psalm-singers should denominate me F sharp, is a mystery far beyond my fathom. I am as upright and rectangular as Philadelphia; though from an unhappy propensity of throwing my head forward, I have utterly lost my balance—and the urchin at school was right enough who said I should be compelled to run forever after my centre of gravity."—Here he finished, and was succeeded by G, a stout, apoplectic-looking fellow, who delivered himself to the following purpose.

"I am distantly related to the family of the circles. My first recollection finds me in the service of Goliath, a heavy gentleman among the Philistines. I was undoubtedly chosen as one of his representatives on account of my breadth of back, in which endowment I do not yield a whit to my brother C. Growing tired, however, of the exclusive company of Giants, and afterwards, happening in Great Britain, I led wicked Gley in the Gunpowder affair in that country. I have been too plethoric for much exercise, yet in modern times they have put me at the head of a Gymnasium. This leads me to think the matter all humbug. At present I am the acknowledged head of the Gay, Grand, and Glorious. My figure is rather unfortunate to mould into an exquisite, and, compared with our friend C, my nether extremity looks like the Gout to be sure; yet it passes for only a natural bluntness of the parts, and comports with the downrightness of my character. However, as most of us, like lazy students, sit more or less on our backs, and move but little withal, the configuration of these sad extremities is hardly more than a thing of moonshine." So saying, he rolled backward

H stood bolt upright, like a piece of frame-work, while he gave an account of himself. Said he, "I was contemporary with Ham. I lived all his life with Homer; [this must settle the real existence of the bard, thought I,] "but wishing to change poetry for power, I passed into the service of Hannibal, who was something of an amateur at blasting rocks with vinegar, and afterwards of Herod the Tetrarch and the wicked. Being a tall, square fellow, that turned out his feet, I readily found a place with Harry the eighth. But not to multiply words, which I hate, for I am allowed to be but a single *breathing* among them, I came in time to be the leader of the *Haut ton* and conspicuous in all matters of Honor. As these two last are things that depend on the mere breath of this world, no one will question the propriety of my station. As to my figure, it has been said to resemble too nearly a tall ladder with a single round, to be eminently useful. I won't dispute about such light affairs, but I religiously believe that I can boast more superficial understanding than any two of this family of ours."

As no one seemed inclined to dispute this fact, I next took up

* Since the following article was written, it has been suggested to the author that a little work by Montgomery, called "Prose by a Poet," contains a piece under the same title as this. It may be needless, but not improper for him, therefore, to say, that of this fact, if fact it be, he was totally ignorant at the time of writing this grave "History." He would willingly declare, however, that should thought or language here disclose any resemblance to the production of Mr. M., he will be glad of it, as any such literary sympathy in this gay department is a pleasant thing enough on a thousand accounts.

the thread of the discourse. He was a tall fellow, and stood upon one leg. "I first lived," said he, "with Innocence in the garden. It can hardly be credited, that after this I became the origin of all Ill, and patronized by my presence the Idle and Ignorant every where. I joined myself in the old time to the Ishmaelites, and first introduced Idolatry. Quite a change, upon the whole, it must be confessed! I have ever been the greatest and most perfect of all things created or that can possibly be created. There is nothing—nothing under the moon, with reverence be it spoken, like I! I have always stood the indispensable representative of No. 1. I am the most unsocial of all creatures. I allow no one to be equal to me, and if I speak, I cannot possibly utter a syllable of any body but myself. I am the essence of all egotism, and, in short, there is not an iota of the universe of which I do not compose a part. I have been called the anatomy—the mere post of our fraternity. True it is, I am thus thoughtful and solitary in my appearance, and I have been used to go and stand alone from my youth. As to my importance among the children of men, I flatter myself that I am the original of all light-houses and monumental pillars. With this I am content." As he uttered these last words I thought the impudent rogue leered rather saucily towards Bunker Hill and some of its appurtenances, as though he was taller than the whole of them!

J had but little to say for himself, and utterly refused to reveal any thing of his history, save that he was formerly the leader of the French Jacobins, as he was of all such cattle now-a-days. He thought honesty was a poor commodity, on the whole; for he said, that though he had always been at the very head of the Just, he had never been able to keep out of Jail. "At present," said he, "I am the captain-general of all Junto-men, and stand foremost for General Jackson, as I did once for Jehu of old. [Here there was loud applause—and something like a squib was let off.] I am the maker of all Jokes, and somewhat club-footed, as you see, which might naturally be expected from the ungodly service I have latterly been in. In figure I once resembled neighbor I, very decidedly; but—I took a turn in my youth, and here I am."

K, who came next, a broad-chested fellow, with a waist like a greyhound, said that he was the last in the ARK; since that, as long as he could remember, he had been in the service of Kings and Knaves. But his life, forsooth, afforded little variety, as his friend C had done nearly all his business for him—so little had he been in demand, *in propria*. As he was indispensable in all Knock-down matters, it would account, however, for his having acquired such a boxing attitude. This was perfectly satisfactory.

L merely observed that he had been an upright, right-angular innocent character from his minority. As evidence of the first quality he had accompanied Lafayette thus far on his journey, and was, moreover, a leader in Lottery business. He had been called an inconsistent fellow, "for," said he, "I have always been at the head of the Law, while it is equally true that I have given myself wholly to Love and the Ladies. My foot is out of Chinese proportion, forsooth—but then the astronomers have made me a good yard long in the heavens, and I am fain to believe that I am the only one of the company that has suffered an apotheosis." This was a comforter!

M said that he had no disposition to dispute with his brother A—but it must be admitted that he was coeval with Man. He had lived some hundreds of years with Methuselah, and from his figure it was evident to the most superficial observer that he had been used to the ups and downs of life. He had always been foremost in Murders, Marriages, and Money-matters. Becoming somewhat profane in early times, he attached himself to Mahomet for a season, and after that it was no wonder that he became the head of the Materialists. "But after all," said he, "there is no Morality without me—and I take lead in Might and Mind. In my youth, though from my figure I was supposed to be something of a flat, it was still admitted that I had a good foundation to build upon. Odd as my shape is, moreover, it may be remarked that I was instrumental in introducing the Virginia fence—a matter that makes me sufficiently immortal for all common purposes." Thus saying, he subsided, and N, a slab-sided, nervous-looking fellow, next lifted up his voice as follows: "I first saw light with Noah. Afterwards, having made divers excursions with Nimrod, I finally came to preside over the land of Nod—since which time it may naturally be inferred that I took the lead in Nothing. But far from that—on the contrary, there is nothing in Name or Nature before me. I am at the head of all Nobility, Nonsense, and Natural fools. I am esteemed first in the service of the North American, as I once was in that of Napoleon, who was a great reviewer in his day; and to crown my notoriety, I am perfectly acquainted with the source of the Nile. My shape need be no matter of wonderment, when it is known that I am of the original stock of the acute-angles."

It now became O's turn to expound. He was a queer fellow, of no particular shape, but as fat as a burgomaster. After propping himself to keep him from rolling, he told the company in a wheezing voice, that he was of the ancient family of the spheres, and was low at the season of full moon. "In my youth it was naturally predicted of me that I should never be sharp at any thing; and so it seems to have proved. I first served in the vanguard of Og, king of Bashan, and afterwards in partnership with my friend E, marshaled Œdipus the parricide, in all his expeditions. But E takes the glory—I am never so much as mentioned! Being compelled into many Outrages, I grew sick of men, and led about Ourang-Outangs till better times. I subsequently originated all the Orders in council: hence, in the estimation of Christians, as well as mathematicians, I have ever been admitted to be good—for nothing! Like some nice lawyers, I represent the refined essence of nonentity. At present I am at the head of Odd fellows, Old maids, and the Opposition, and am, withal, a capital creature at exclamation! My figure, (for though I cut none myself, yet, placed at the side of others, I affect them in the ratio of ten per cent.) my figure has been the means of essentially facilitating communication between man and man—for it first suggested the notion of balloons and cannon balls. But then, pardon of our fraternity, I must do no more than take my turn, for I have a round-about way of expressing myself, and am apt to reason in a circle; and the chance is, that no one knows where I begin or where I break off."

As the sturdy little speaker ceased from his labors, P commenced in manner and form following. "I am half-brother of B above there, as my likeness will sufficiently declare. I found myself in early life a chief among the Pagans, and was the first character employed in constructing the Pyramids. Then I passed into Palestine with Peter the Hermit. I have been in many desirable places, such as Palaces and Prisons—associated much with the wise, such as Plato

and the last Prince of Wales, and with a kind of ambiguity lived at the same time both in Public and in Private. I am now at the head of the Post-office and the Presidency—[here J scowled portentously] but as, after all, I am next to nothing, here, [this set all the alphabet in a laugh at poor O] the less I say the better."

Next, Q, a queer fellow enough, and a sizeable, came forward and gave the following account of himself. "I am a lineal descendant of the Tadpoles. For this my figure vouches to the full. Others have said I was an illegitimate son of master O, who sits there in a heap—aloud be it spoken, as I understand we are all and each upon the confessional. But 'whence my tail?' has ever been a staggering question at such unlettered scandalizers. For my own part, I recollect what Seneca, or somebody says, 'est nodus in rebus,' which, as it originally referred to my appendage, no doubt, leaves me without any obfuscation whatever, on that subject. Yet I have been the herald of Queens, a leader among the Quakers, and first and foremost in Quips and Quiddities from my youth upwards. I resided of old in Quiet with Quintilian, and for change accompanied Don Quixotte on his tour, and led him in all his adventures. I have been the beginning of a good many Quarrels, and am the making of all Quacks. I am something of an odd one, to be sure, in the family of the circles; and as for the good I have done, I can only say that I first introduced Quiltings and Queues."

So saying, he flourished his remnant amongst the company at a high rate, while R delivered himself as follows. "I was born in the Red Sea—but not relying so moist a life, and, to get essentially dry, I led the Rev. Mr. Rogers to the stake—a burning shame indeed; yet in all my doings I am ever in the Right; and though I am principle in all cases of Revenge that are capital, yet I am always first in Repentance. Once I was willing to take lead among Ruffians, Rogues, and Rascals, and rejoiced to head a Revolution, or a Reform! But now, I give myself wholly to Roads and Railways; and, to recommend me to engineers, I can truly say that I possess the power of leading every River by the nose. To crown my usefulness, I am chief in the department of Rhyming and Rigmorale. My figure has oftentimes been some reproach to me among those who don't understand the turn of my ankle—but as I stand at the head of the Regulars, all such oburgation is childish."

R had hardly ceased, when straight a low hissing sound ensued, and after much twisting and turning, S sibilated his little story as follows. "I descend, not in a straight line, for that is impossible, from the insinuating family of the Serpents. As might be expected, I first found myself marshaling Satan through Eden. But my abode with him was not exclusive, he was so hot and profane! and I passed into the service of Sampson, and was the leading cause of all the stout gentleman's wonderful Strength. I was also in Sodom at the burning, and of course have had much to do in the composition of Sulphur. It was said in my youth that I should always be a crooked stick, and so although I stood high in Society, I soon found myself at the head of Sectarians, Sabbath-breakers, Stealers, and Stock-jobbers. Strange as it may seem, I afterwards became chief and first of the Serious and Sorrowful, and was actually employed in writing Sermons and Sad Songs. Subsequently I fell off—being called on to help make Slander, Senators, Steamboats, and such cattle. This naturally brought me into a desperate state, and I forthwith joined me unto Captain Symmes, who was eminently delighted with such a twistical, investigating fellow, as my shape seemed to declare me. I told him I had been many a time both in Sea and Stars, and could therefore find no difficulty in getting into the South pole. Finally, to keep you all respectful, I can say that I was very intimate with master Shakespeare, and am absolutely necessary to uphold the name and Success of Sir Walter Scott and the Sea Serpent. My figure has, indeed, subjected me to the charge of 'a slippery genius'—I was but a kind of moral eel!—the mere snake of the brotherhood! But then I go with the Sun, and who can be more regular?"

Thus ended S, and T, a tall fellow, with short arms, next got up in a blustering way and swore at once that he was at the head of all Things—that he was born with Time—helped make the Twelve Tables, and was about the first to introduce Tythingmen and the Toothache; two very sensible and pungent matters. "I am now," said he, "at the head of Trade. I helped on the Tariff all in my power—and to pass from grave to lighter things, I have formed a fourth part of Toys of all kinds from time immemorial, and to that effect am now employed in constructing the Thames Tunnel. I attend the Theatre on all occasions; and in the great drama of life am ever found at the head of Treason. I am the first of Travellers, and help make Total eclipses. As to my figure, we'll let that pass. I am marvellous broad to be sure—but I represent the shoulders of more than half the fraternity."

U next called the attention of the company. "I am," said he, "the last of the vowels, in the legitimate line, and belong, you will allow, to a very shrewd and laborious family, without whose assistance you all make sad work in most of your combinations. I first dwelt in Uz—afterwards in a kind of needless conjunction with my brother E, I helped bring Europe into notice. I am now foremost in the United States—am absolutely necessary to preserve the Union—and, without me, in all its elections, no vote can be Unanimous. As to voice, you will perceive, I am capital in Undertones. I am at the head of all Undertakings, good or bad, and take the lead in Unitarianism. My situation in this last respect, of course, very enviable, I am accordingly assailed on all sides by some of the orthodox vowels—especially I—an important character, who, if there be any difficulty or evil in matters of religion or faith, is singularly apt to charge it all upon U! So much for the godly virtue of charity. As to figure, it is quite provoking that I am always obliged to appear in Undress; but then I boast somewhat of the line of beauty, and am content to undulate through life as well as I can."

V, a contracted-looking fellow about his extremities, said that he first found himself in the service of Vice, a doubtful personage of ancient days, whose origin he would not pretend to declare. In early times he was the leader of the Vandals and Visigoths—and naturally held first rank among all Vagabonds. Having latterly introduced Vaccination and the Vapors, it was pardonable that he should be chief of the Vain. He was originally as upright and as gracefully round as his neighbor U, but in his youth, having been in many deeds of Violence, his nether parts had become intimate, even to amalgamation. Nevertheless, his figure declared him to be admirable in coming to a point—and as for the utility he had been of in mechanics or to the military, he would merely say that he first suggested the astonishing ideas of the inclined plane, and the tunnel, and above all the disposition, of any given army in the form of a wedge—a melan-

choly contrivance, no doubt, but still an excellent thing in the hands of driving characters.

W said he was a poor thing at best, having first found himself in a Wilderness, with Wretchedness and Woe. Yet Wealth has acknowledged his presence indispensable, as well as Want—the Wicked as well as the Worthy, the Witling as well as the Wise. In short, for such an up and down fellow as he appeared to be, he was a complete riddle—as good as a conundrum. "In my youth," said he, "I found myself at the head of many Wonders, and among others a Wife. Being the first in Weight wherever I went, I naturally panted for fame, and sought it at Waterloo with Wellington—and afterwards at the head of a Woolen-factory. At present I am content with the immortality of residing perpetually in Washington. [Here the whole alphabet groaned aloud!] I am indispensable, equally to bring about Wars, Witchcraft, Weddings, and all such desperate doings. I first introduced Wigs and Water-Works—and to crown my notoriety, though it is no matter of glorification, or proof of orthodoxy, I am allowed to be the first character in Wall-street. My figure is not straight—and reason good—for from a single glance at it, it is evident, that, in sailors' phrase, I am constrained to beat through life, which is a trying affair."

X stood in a corner, with his legs athwart, and gave but a short account of himself. Where he came from, he had never found out. If he recollected aright, he was first in the service of Xantippe, a body of some vinegar in the ancient time; hence he had necessarily acquired in his youth the reputation of a cross-grained fellow. He was a chief with Xerxes, a foolish, water-flogging character of old; but to retrieve himself, he passed over to Xenophon, and made a conspicuous figure in the retreat of the X,000. It was evident that he was naturally calculated to take the lead in every thing Xcellent and Xtraordinary; but then his friend E, a meddlesome fellow at best, always interfered to prevent him. His figure could declare him admirable at cross-purposes, and therewith he was content. He would merely mention, to wind up, that as he was easily converted, outwardly, at least, he was wonderfully popular with the Roman Catholics.

Y said that from the earliest time he was so promising a wight that he was ever at the head of the Youth, wherever he went. "In late years," said he, "I accompanied Ypsilanti in Greece—and at present am in glory complete—being a leader of the Yankees, and comfortably lodged in the centre of New-York. In morals I am something of a retrospective character—for, look for me when you will, you will always find me with Yesterday. Some say I am of the stack of the vowels, while others declare I am a legitimate V with the simple addition of a tail; in short, as the gowmsmen have it, that I am a sort of a *tenant in tail special* in that venerable family. Meanwhile my fame is, that my figure first engendered the idea of the 47th Proposition of Euclid. This was a geometrical consolation which admitted of no denial."

Z, a fellow of some angles, who sat near the bottom of the company, gave the following account of himself. "I am the last of the letters. If I mistake not, my first appearance was in the ancient city of Zoar, in the warm latitudes. For a change, I transferred myself to the middle of Nova-Zembla, and abode successively in each of the Zones. I have been foremost of all things in Zeal—for, with a speed that has astonished Mr. Symmes, I have led the Zephyrs themselves, been before the sun in the Zodiac, and the first in the Zenith on all occasions. After this confession it is needless to say that I have always led a zig-zag sort of a life. My figure shows that I have some good points about me, and it is generally known, as might be expected, that I first took out the patent for chain-lightning."

Meanwhile AND,* a demure little personage enough, who had all the while lain in a corner, with his tail over his shoulder, began to unbend; and hoped, though he was but a kind of illegitimate amongst so large an assembly, that he might yet be permitted by the honorable company to observe, that he was peculiarly unhappy in the connection he had so long sustained with a young c, whom they might observe continually at his heels. He made bold to say that he conceived the creature of no use at all in the alphabet. This matter was put to vote by A, who acted as moderator, but not carried in favor of the complainant; so he merely turned to the poor petitioner and consoled him as follows: "Your connections are certainly greater than those of any of us. Your fame and usefulness are in all languages. What can you want more! Live on—and be a conjunction."

These words were scarcely uttered, when there was a great rattling at the door! On the alarm there was a sudden electric snapping among them; and I could see the little camp breaking up on all sides, and the whole company of capitals scampering, huddling and headlong from the centre, and disappearing up the shelves among the octavos, just as the master of the establishment entered. I found it was morning, and myself standing in the midst of the floor.

My friend was considerably startled. I approached, and taking his hand, it was all explained in a moment.

"But," said I, "my dear sir, I am concerned for you—leave this business—leave it by all means—you are dealing in art magic. Faust was no fool—and I am sadly superstitious just now—about these things. I know some matters more than all booksellers, or bank dealers are aware of. Meanwhile allow me to make the best of my way into the street." And with these words I hurried out, and went home in a very musing and melancholy condition.

"What," thought I, as I passed along—and I have thought of it a thousand times since—"what a thing it is to be a man of letters!"

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

At the opening of this establishment the house was thronged from the stage-lights to the Shakespeare. No piece could have been selected so appropriate as Cinderella. There is a morning brilliancy about this enchanting opera, well calculated for the dawning of the season; a kind of daybreak over the theatrical world. Indeed, on this occasion, everybody and everything wore an imposing appearance. The ladies looked beautiful, and the critics good natured. The interior of the building had been thoroughly cleaned, the actors and actresses were glittering in new dresses, the scenery had been retouched, and the players, just returned from recruiting excursions

* The identical ampersand of the schools.

into the country, were in excellent voice. The delicious air of "Morning its sweets is flinging," floated in upon the tide of music like a spell; and, when the first plaintive liquid tones of poor Cinderella in her chimney corner were heard chanting "Once a king," the audience vented their pleasure in peals that rose and died away, and rose again; a distinct and gratifying expression of public opinion on the question of opera, and a just reward to the manager for his hitherto able and successful endeavors to contribute to its improvement. We have one or two complaints to prefer against several of the *dramatis personæ* in this piece, but will defer them till some future occasion, when, perhaps, they will be unnecessary. From the unusual run of Cinderella we argue well for Masaniello, if it be produced with the same care and strength. The public have full confidence in the judgment of Mr. Simpson to appreciate their taste, and in his knowledge of the best means of affording it an ample gratification.

The interlude of "Winning a Husband," introduced Mrs. Barrymore to the audience. This little piece affords the actress an opportunity of displaying her versatility of talent in personating several dissimilar characters: an old lady, a learned Scotch girl, a French mademoiselle, a sturdy widow of the true cockney school, a bashful country maid, a young officer, &c. It is scarcely possible to form a decisive opinion of her extent of talent from a single representation; but she evidently possesses qualities which render her an agreeable acquisition to our stage. She is graceful in her manner; correct, distinct, and easy in her enunciation; and with a low-toned, lady-like voice, that would insure a cordial welcome to a much less experienced performer. She speaks broken English delightfully. Her "it's very warm," was full of genuine humor, and the dance unexceptionable. She appeared again on the same evening as the Dumb Savoyard, in the melo-drama of that name, and played chastely and with spirit. Somebody has been smuggling a monkey across the great waters, to elevate the tastes and empty the pockets of us simple Yankees. The creature has come all the way from London on purpose. "What an honor for the Pumpolinos!" We recommend Mr. Barry, however, to hand him over to the circus, or the "East river tea garden," forthwith. He did nothing but scratch himself, and turn head over heels in a most clumsy manner; and, "no offence to the general or any other person of quality," he was the sorriest representative of the tribe we have seen for many a day. There seems to be ever a fatality about our stage. It no sooner begins to assume a refined character, to become a school for morals, for poetry, music and manners, and an intellectual feast calculated to collect audiences of education, talent, and respectability, than the current takes some new turn, or "the moon comes nearer the earth than is her wont," and we have catarrhs of real water, explosions of powder-magazines, murders, and melo-dramas crammed down the people's throats; vulgar singers of mongrel rhymes like Mr. Sloman, people who scream like cocks and hens, and squeak like pigs, as Mr. Holland; geese, cows, horses, and monkeys. These may fill the house for a time, it is true; but in what way? The theatre should never address itself to vulgar tastes. Its interest is to draw support from the better classes of society, whose applause, if not so riotous, are more useful and permanent. We regret these "common-place appeals to the gallery." We dislike any thing that can foster coarse prejudices, and interfere with the legitimate drama. We have a hearty hatred of catarrhs, and a true Shylock antipathy to the beasts in question; and should rather see one good play or opera decently got up, than be wearied with the stupid vulgarities of "a wilderness of monkeys."

THE BOWERY THEATRE.

They are gradually disciplining the forces of this house into an excellent tragic company. "The time has been" when the attraction, every evening presented by Mr. Hamblin, would have ensured an overflowing audience; and even now, notwithstanding the heavy demands made upon the public during the last successful season at the Park, the novelties there in preparation for the ensuing campaign, and the absence of so great a number of our fellow-citizens from the city, a large assemblage, and sometimes a crowded one, nightly sit down with an excellent relish to partake of the substantial banquet which the enterprising manager spreads for the public. Douglas has been sustained with much skill. With one or two exceptions, an agreeable strength is spread throughout the whole piece, and several of the scenes were admirably effective. A lady, Mrs. Drake, not altogether a stranger among us, has been playing the first female parts. She is valuable in the establishment; and, in a quiet unostentatious way, reveals good sense, feeling, and animation. As the wretched wife and mother in the "Stranger," she appeared to great advantage, and with the aid of Mr. Hamblin, imparted to the piece an unusual degree of interest. Mr. Booth's performance of Sir Giles Overreach was a spiritless affair; noisy where it should have been subdued—tame where it should have been passionate—until the last act, wherein he several times flashed with a fine talent, which redeemed his character for the evening. It is these sudden bursts of excellence that help Mr. Booth through his part. He shuffles along most of it with unpardonable carelessness. He appears quite satisfied with a few touches sprinkled over his personation, and rather more numerous towards the conclusion. He resembles an artist who finishes a face here, and an arm there—and leaves all the groups and landscape in the back ground, rudely sketched. The whole scene with the lord—"and though I do condemn report"—and the emphatic "kiss close," were entirely without weight. Nothing could be finer than his entrance after having challenged his foe, and indeed numerous passages in the same scene. We were agreeably surprised with his "old Norval."

It is a truly beautiful piece of acting, and raises him high in our estimation; and his "Jerry Sneak" is a *nil ultra*. Mr. Hamblin as Norval, was graceful and spirited, and succeeded in displaying the erect proud daring of the young noble; something too much declined into the vale of years, perhaps, "but that's not much." Mr. Cooper, as Glenalvon, stalked before us in all the by-gone glory of ten years since, when his misconceptions were esteemed originality, or forgotten in the elegance of his demeanor, and the richness of his mellow-toned voice. Who, that the gods had made theatrical at that almost forgotten period, will not remember the peculiar high tone of his Virginia? "I said I would be patient, and I am"—with the in-drawn breath and the characteristic flourish of the arm. It is not fair to judge him now with a "critic's eye." We look upon him as the property of former times. An old fallen oak, putting out a few green branches—a broken column, supporting some roof erected over its carved beauties to supply the purposes of strangers to those by whom it was sculptured and admired. We are glad ever to have an opportunity to welcome a gleam of ancient light across the paths of this once idolized veteran; and when his faults become too conspicuous to be hidden beneath the cloak of charitable recollections, we shake our head like aged Osean over the "joys that are departed," and think "old Cassius still."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Commerce and revenue.—The present prosperous condition of the commerce of the United States cannot fail to be a theme of general felicitation. We contemplate in the picture the evidences of growing strength and multiplied enjoyments. At no period, it is believed, has this country exhibited a more gratifying spectacle in all its commercial transactions and relations than it does at present. Our vessels whiten every sea, and, almost without exception, have unrestricted intercourse with every part of the world. The rapid increase in this great national pursuit is an unerring indication both of the ability and enterprise of the merchants; and that they realize a corresponding reward, is sufficiently shown by two very important facts. In the first place, it is rarely that we hear of a mercantile failure of large amount in any part of the Union. This evinces a degree of health and soundness in the commercial ranks, calculated to inspire the utmost confidence. In the second place, the integrity of the merchants in meeting their engagements with the government, and the consequent increase in the amount of the revenue. It is ascertained that the proceeds in the custom-house for the second quarter of the present year will not fall materially short of five millions of dollars! We need no stronger proof of the vigorous growth of, and the liberal measures connected with, this powerful arm, which conveys the superabundance of our soil to distant regions, bringing home in exchange the rich and valuable products of foreign climes, and with a facility unknown to former times. This must continue to be the case so long as agriculture and the arts are able to furnish unlimited supplies, and to infuse life and spirit into every other pursuit. These are known to be the real fountains of wealth; but, without the agency of commerce, the numerous channels which now fertilize the body politic, would become inanimate, sluggish, and putrid. Commerce, too, is the agent which gathers light, knowledge, and riches from every other dominion, and transfers them to our own, with a celerity that is most wonderful, thereby conferring benefits of the highest character, and which can be derived from no other source.

And here we must be allowed to express our full conviction—and in this we are persuaded our readers will cheerfully concur—that the concerns of the custom-house were never before managed with more capacity and skill, nor with more scrupulous fidelity. The principals are gentlemen of acknowledged fitness and qualifications; and notwithstanding the heavy amount of business transacted, and the severe duties required in its fulfilment, it seems to be the general sentiment, that less cause of complaint has on no former occasion been experienced. We deem it no more than an act of justice to the collector, to say that no person ever filled that office in a more satisfactory manner. It is no small matter to the great body of merchants, in their daily intercourse with this officer, to find the evidences of good sense, intelligence, a disposition conciliating and obliging, linked with every other characteristic of a gentleman.

Conversations of the week.—Chancellor Kent will deliver an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at the annual commencement of Yale College, which will take place on the fourteenth instant. A poem will be pronounced at Brown University, Providence, on Tuesday next, by N. P. Willis, Esq.

The Horticultural Society of this city, will give their annual exhibition of fruits and flowers on Wednesday next, at Niblo's garden. The usual *fête* and ball will take place in the evening.

The late ascension of Mr. Durant seems to have created a pretty general desire for a repetition. The aeronaut is skillful and daring, and the first American who ever navigated the regions of the air.

The French company of comedians are playing in Philadelphia, previously to their return to New-Orleans.

Our hitherto deserted streets are gradually assuming something of their former cheerfulness. A few cool days have a wonderful effect upon the wandering votaries of fashion and pleasure. Some reappear quite invigorated, others with ague and rheumatism. All, however, seem pleased to return, and the sweet voices come back humming "there's no place like home."

Judge Hall's "Illinois Magazine" continues to be deservedly encouraged. The work is admirable. The tenth number has appeared.

Every one has been chilled with the accounts from Virginia. A strict system of justice towards the wretched criminals will no doubt be pursued.

The female writers of England are turning their attention to dramatic literature. The tragedy of "Inez de Castro," by Miss Mitford, has been recently improved by the writer, with the view of rendering the part of the heroine worthy of the efforts of Miss Fanny Kemble. It was several times rehearsed during the winter, but was thought capable of being strengthened and polished. This gifted authoress has also a tragedy upon the story of "Otto, of Wolfenbützell."

Mrs. Norton (known in this country by several graceful effusions, some of which have been copied in the Mirror,) has produced a new comedy, entitled "The School for Coquettes." It was read in the green-room before the fair authoress, who cast the piece herself.

The poet Campbell is determined to win a reputation for industry as well as genius, and to disprove the charge of indolence which has sometimes been alleged against him. Besides editing one of the most popular magazines in Great Britain, and being engaged in the composition of a poem on the subject of Poland, he has undertaken to write the life of Mrs. Siddons, in consequence of her own request, expressed a few days previous to her death. This renowned actress has bequeathed to him ample and valuable materials for her biography, and her daughter and friends have promised many additional particulars.

We have unintentionally omitted to state that the premium of five hundred dollars, offered by Mr. Pelby, for the best original tragedy, has been awarded to Mrs. Caroline L. Hentz, of Covington, Kentucky.

We have heard a number of anecdotes of Paganini, illustrative of his amiable disposition and good heart. Among others is the following: "One day, while walking in the streets of Vienna, he saw a poor boy playing upon a violin, and on entering into conversation with him, he found that he maintained his mother and several little brothers and sisters by what he picked up as an itinerant musician. Paganini immediately gave him all the money he had about him; then, taking the boy's violin, commenced playing, and when he had collected a vast crowd, pulled off his hat, made a collection, and gave it to the lad amid the acclamations of the multitude."

The following paragraph appears in several of the French papers. "The countess Camerat, a daughter of Eliza Baciocchi, and niece of Napoleon, who was under the surveillance of the Austrian police, has succeeded in carrying off her son from Ancona, in order to convey him to Rome. She also, a few months ago, conceived the bold project of carrying off the duke of Reichstadt, and conducting him to Rome, to have him crowned in the capitol as king of Italy, but she was not sufficiently well seconded in her enterprise."

The original manuscripts of the Waverley novels, romances, and tales, in the hand-writing of Sir Walter Scott, will shortly be sold at auction in London. The property in them for some time having been contested between Sir Walter Scott and the creditors of the late Mr. Constable, the court of law in Scotland has decreed that they of right belong to the estate of Mr. Constable, on which account they will be sold. The public, it is said, will be surprised to perceive the few erasures, alterations, or additions, which occur from the first conceptions to their final transmission to the press.

Some new verses from Moore! In relation to the rarity with which this true poet now gives his pieces to the world, and the resolution he seems to have formed to abandon the path where he has gathered so many green laurels, the reader will find a ready application for the third verse of the annexed "remonstrance." It was composed "after a conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated some idea of giving up all political pursuits."

What! thou, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy name—

Thou, born of Russell—whose instinct to run

The accustomed career of thy sires, is the same

As the eagle's, to soar with his eye on the sun!

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd with a seal,

Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set:

With the blood of thy race offered up for the weal

Of a nation that swears by that martyrdom yet!

Shalt thou be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,

From the mighty arena where all that is grand,

And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,

Is for high-thoughted spirits, like thine, to command?

Oh no, never dream it—while good men despair

Between tyrants and traitors—and timid men bow—

Never think, for an instant, thy country can spare

Such a light from her dark'ning horizon as thou!

With a spirit as meek as the gentlest of those

Who in life's sunny valley lie sheltered and warm,

Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose

To the top cliffs of fortune, and breast her storm.

With an ardor for liberty, fresh, as in youth

It first kindles the bard, and gives life to his lyre;

Yet mellowed, even now, by that mildness of truth

Which tempers, but chills not, the patriot fire.

With an eloquence—not like those rills from a height,

Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapor are o'er;

But a current that works out its way into light

Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade;

If the stirrings of genius, the music of fame,

And the charms of thy cause have not power to persuade,

Yet think how to freedom thou'rt pledged by thy name.

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree

Set apart for the fame of its service divine,

All the branches that spring from the old Russell tree

Are by liberty claimed for the use of her shrine.

SLOWLY WEARS THE DAY, LOVE.

AS SUNG BY MADAME MALIBRAN.—ARRANGED FOR THE SPANISH GUITAR, BY B. F. PEALE.

Allegretto poco lento.

Slow-ly wears the day, love, When a-way from thee, Scenes be-fore so gay, love, Charm no long-er me; The bow'r that sweet-ly

smiled, love, Deck'd with ro-ses fair, Seems a de-sert wild, love, When thou art not there, Seems a de-sert wild, love, When thou art not there.

Ritard.

SECOND VERSE—My heart with joy o'erflows, love, When I see thee near; || Each pulse with rapture glows, love, When thy voice I hear; || In thine angel smile, love, Heaven appears to be; || 'Tis as free from guile, love, 'Tis as dear to me.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A STUDENT AT LAW.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

IN the early stages of society laws were few and simple; and many well-meaning individuals, in casting a retrospective glance upon distant times, mourn over the intricacy into which the science of jurisprudence has fallen. Our profession is far from holding an elevated rank in the estimation of numerous persons, who are both liberal and sensible upon other subjects. Wits of every description loosen their shafts upon us as fair game. If we are introduced upon the stage we are sure to be tossed in a blanket, or treated in some way or other to the particular derision of the audience; and I have no doubt that the United States abounds with good people, who would look upon an assembly of students as little better than a knot of young vipers, silently and secretly gathering strength to crawl forth for the ruin of the unwary. Mr. Noah, or some other facetious observer of the times, remarked, after the examination of a pretty numerous class of young professional gentlemen, that "forty or fifty hungry young lawyers were just let loose upon the community," and the multiplication of laws, is a common theme of complaint. I have always set this down as mere idle vaporing.

When we observe how modern society is constructed, its artificial wants and distinctions, the various methods which prevail among men of supplying the wants or pampering the luxuries of life, and the different relations in which they are continually placed to each other, where their interests must clash, and their opinions differ, we are not surprised that laws are voluminous and uncertain, that actions are frequent, and that lawyers are necessary. I have been betrayed unconsciously into these observations in considering the nature of our insolvent laws, as laid down in the revised statutes. The true relation of debtor seems never to have been rightly conceived by our legislators. I do not mean fully to discuss either the policy or the justice of imprisonment for debt. Men will hold various opinions upon the subject, as they are swayed by interest, prejudice, or passion. But it is certain, that while insolvency may result from design, it may also be the effect of accident. The debtor may be unfortunate. It is cruel and barbarous to plunge him into a dungeon, at the very time when he has the strongest claim to our sympathy and assistance. On the other hand, he may be cunning, avaricious, dishonest, and wealthy. Here it seems but natural and proper to place in the hands of a creditor the power to compel him to disgorge the prey which he has snatched, perhaps, from the needy and the defenceless.

The error of legislatures seems to have been this. They have perceived the distinction which I have drawn; but instead of submitting the circumstances of the insolvent to the investigation of a superior disinterested tribunal, they have been accustomed to lodge the privilege both of judging and of punishing in the hands of the creditor. The incongruous offices of accuser, judge, jury, and executioner, have thus been in a measure united in one person. We are not surprised that this should have been the case among the ignorant and furious jacobins of the French revolution; but it is singular to find that it has ever, in any degree, prevailed in a nation whose boastings of freedom have reached over all the civilized globe. We cannot wonder then, however just imprisonment for debt may have often been, that there have too frequently occurred instances of peculiar and startling misery—that the law has sometimes been wrested into a subserviency to personal revenge—that innocence has been oppressed with the disgrace and penalties of guilt, without the hardihood to endure the one or facilities to elude the other—that family hopes have been blighted, and pride and industry have either been driven by the pressure of anguish into the paths of guilt, or

suffered to perish in utter hopelessness and neglect. That these laws have gradually received revisions by which their harsher features are softened, is one of the many signs that the character of civilized man is undergoing a change for the better. The native principles of truth and justice, which lurk in the depths of every human heart, are becoming developed and palpable to the understanding. The rugged and bleak forms of private passions are melting away before schemes for the general good, as the rocks, heaths, and hills of physical nature yield to the hand of cultivation and improvement. Much has been done—much remains to do; for this is a branch of law most intimately connected with the national prosperity, as well as individual happiness. Many questions of paramount importance remain to be considered. From what debts is the insolvent not discharged? To what degree are the state insolvent laws valid, when pleaded against aliens or citizens of other states? Are they operative in the courts of the United States? What are the disadvantages of the present system of insolvent laws—and what beneficial effects might be anticipated from the adoption of a uniform law upon the subject of bankruptcy? Each of these might form interesting subjects for pens much abler than mine. The young lawyer, who would obtain for an insolvent the benefit of any of the acts, finds that subtle distinctions and unexpected dilemmas are continually multiplying around him. The unfortunate debtor has chosen him for his guide through a very intricate labyrinth, in the course of a progress through which may be required many branches of jurisprudence, with which, at first sight it seems to have no connection. I am myself in favor of abolishing imprisonment for debt, which, like the practice of duelling, I consider the remnant of barbarous ages. The principal object which its friends propose, is to give to the creditor the power of enforcing the payment of just debts. Whatever strengthens the security of tradesmen, and imparts vigor to commerce, must be considered advantageous, when it infringes no private right vested in individuals, by the constitution of the United States, as well as by the laws of nature. It is all important that business men should possess every power to protect themselves from fraud. So it is that they should have the right of appealing to the laws for the redress of every wrong; to punish assault and battery, theft, or any other crime. But suppose the legislature should pass an act authorizing a man who suspected that another had stolen his hat, or slandered his reputation, or perpetrated any injury whatever to his person or property, to seize upon the supposed malefactor, or to prescribe the limits of his walk abroad, excluding him from his residence and place of business; or if he be poor and friendless, to cast him into a loathsome dungeon, and to keep him there till the bitterness of private hate, or the tumult of unrestrained passion had subsided. Yet this is exactly the situation of the debtor. It is the only case wherein the law vests the right of punishment in the complaining party. But the creditor demands, how am I to get my money this man owes me? I know he can pay me, but conceals his property? If this can be proven, the debtor should be punished with all the severity of the criminal laws, and the creditor can appeal to those laws for redress. "But," says my creditor, "I cannot prove it. I know it. I am sure of it—but I cannot prove it." I reply, if you cannot prove the fraud of which you complain, you should not punish it. No crime, not even murder, can be punished unless the criminal be regularly accused, tried, and upon ample proof, condemned. Shall we give to the malignant surmises of disappointed speculation, the force of legal testimony? Shall we enact laws which may be rendered subservient to the worst purposes of individual passion, to whose fury the distressed and the innocent, at least those who have never been legally proved otherwise, may fall victims? I cannot but believe, from the present progressive state of human wisdom, that this gloomy idol of barbarous superstitions will be torn from its dusty pedestal and trodden under foot.

BLACKSTONE.

Young writers may study with advantage the nervous and lucid style of this work—its entire freedom from all superfluous words and meretricious ornaments. Style is one's peculiar manner of relating his thoughts. That of some authors is striking and quite their own; of others, is less perceptibly different from ordinary narratives. The first is easily imitated; the latter is by far preferable and more difficult of attainment when its peculiarity does not consist in any unnatural disposition of sentences, or the selection of uncommon words, but in the plain, clear, and artless way in which the treasures of an observing and intelligent mind are displayed to the easy comprehension of the reader. This is the species which the erudite commentator has chosen. The style of Phillips, the orator, is of the former description. Full of broad and dazzling metaphors, sudden antitheses, broken exclamations, and bursts of passion. You conceive the man to be always in a fury; and although many of his studied displays are calculated to arouse attention and animate the spirit of an assembly predisposed to think with him, yet they are often turgid when they should be serene, and frequently address the passions before they have convinced the reason. Dr. Johnson is another example of style; peculiar, studied, and pompous. But it conveys profound wisdom, pure morals, and a wonderful acquaintance with all the innermost recesses of the human character. It heaves and swells like the billows of the ocean; but, like the ocean, it is deep and powerful.

TYRANTS.

When I look upon the political state of the world, the kings and rulers seem so many keepers and jailers, who have accidentally acquired the power of placing millions of the human race under confinement. The slaves are not, it is true, all actually enclosed within dungeon walls, but they have been kept down in the lower caverns of society, in the dark and unhappy places where their spirits are chilled, and their prospects bounded; for, although happiness is said to dwell among the middling classes, it is in countries where freedom resides. The history of England presents a continual struggle between the people and their masters, from whom they have, at long and bloody intervals, wrenched reluctant admissions of rights, as broad and palpable as the meridian sun. First, by the *great charter* of liberties, which was obtained sword in hand from John; next by a multitude of subsequent corroborating statutes; then by the petition of right, which was a parliamentary declaration of the liberties of the people, assented to by King Charles the first, on the commencement of his reign; and the *habeas corpus* act, passed under Charles the second. To these succeeded the *bill of rights*, delivered to the prince and princess of Orange by the parliament, February thirteenth, 1688; and lastly, by the act of settlement, passed at the commencement of the eighteenth century. This tide of improvement is still flowing on.

ENGLISH NATIONAL DEBT.

The clear net produce of the several branches of the British revenue, after all the charges of collecting and management paid, amounted in the time of Blackstone to about ten millions sterling. This immense sum is first and principally appropriated to the payment of the national debt. The American war cost the British nation one hundred and sixteen millions of pounds sterling. In 1777, the capital of the national debt amounted to about one hundred and thirty-six millions. How is this ever to be discharged? A certain class of political economists assert that the discharge should never be desired, as the debt is advantageous to the nation. It may be so to a few capitalists, to whom it offers a safe method of investing their funds; but the interest of this stupendous debt must be paid annually. This at the period mentioned above amounted to upwards of four millions and three-quarters. Whence is this to come? From the poor classes; in taxes upon candles, soap, salt, and beer.

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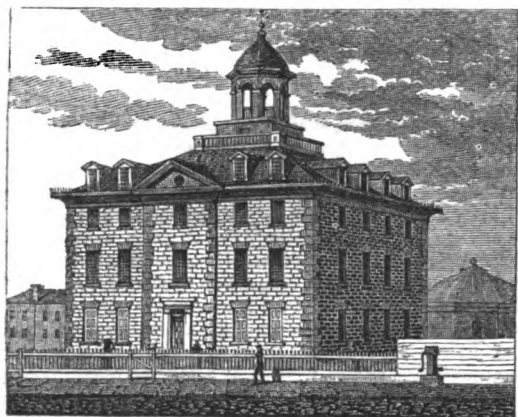
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No. 10.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.



Drawn by Davis.—Engraved by Anderson.

THE above is a view of the OLD JAIL, at the north-east extremity of the Park, which, with its grated windows, cells, iron-bars, and bolts, is now nearly transformed into a handsome edifice, for the accommodation of several public municipal offices. The following communication, relating to this once gloomy prison, has been politely furnished for the Mirror by our venerable fellow-citizen, JOHN PINTARD, Esq.

THE OLD JAIL.

It was erected many years antecedent to the American revolution, being the second jail, in succession, in this city. The first was in Pearl-street, at the corner of Coenties-lane, under the same roof with the first city-hall, which, as the population increased, was found too small and inconvenient for the imprisonment and security of debtors and criminals.

This modern bastille was memorable during the occupation of the city by the British forces, from 1776 to 1783, as the provost, under the superintendence of the noted Captain Cunningham, provost-marshal, and his deputy, Serjeant Keefe. The former lived in New-York previous to 1776, and during the conflicts between the whigs and tories, the "liberty boys" and "loyalists," was the bully and champion of the latter in the many battles fought in "the fields," now the Park; in front of which, and near the present Bridewell, the whigs set up their liberty-polls, which were successively demolished by the tories, until one was erected so completely cased with iron bars and hoops as to set all attacks at defiance; and which remained, it is believed, until the British took possession of the city, on the fifteenth of October, 1776. On one occasion Cunningham, a stout, double-fisted Irishman, after a bloody scuffle, was compelled by the "liberty boys" to kneel down and kiss the liberty pole; an indignity that rankled in his heart, and was afterwards avenged with unrelenting severity on the American prisoners; when, as a reward for his loyalty, he was dignified with the post of provost-marshal. A more cruel tyrant could not be found, except in his deputy, Serjeant Keefe, who was one of the most cold-blooded monsters that ever existed.

Several public buildings were successively occupied as places of confinement for American, or, in the language of the times, rebel prisoners. In the first instance, the new or middle Dutch church in Nassau and Cedar-streets, where the prisoners (taken on Long-island and in fort Washington) were confined; the sick, the wounded, and well, all indiscriminately huddled together by hundreds and thousands, large numbers of whom died by disease; and many undoubtedly poisoned by inhuman surgeons, for the sake of their watches or silver buckles. This church was afterwards converted into a riding-school, for training dragoons. The extensive sugar-house in Liberty-street, and the North Dutch Church, were also used as prisons. The new Quaker Meeting-house, formerly in Pearl-street, was appropriated as a hospital. The seamen were confined on board of prison-ships, where they suffered every possible hardship, to compel them to enter into the British service. The officers were paroled on Long-island, at Flatbush, New-Utrecht, and Gravesend.

The provost was destined for the more notorious rebels, civil, naval, and military. An admission into this modern bastille was enough to appal the stoutest heart. On the right hand of the main door was Captain Cunningham's quarters, opposite to which was the guard-room. Within the first barricade was Serjeant Keefe's apartment. At the entrance-door two sentinels were always posted by day and night, two more at the first and second barricades, which were grated, barred, and chained; also at the rear-door, and on the platform at the grated door at the foot of the second flight of steps,

leading to the rooms and cells in the second and third stories. When a prisoner, escorted by soldiers, was led into the hall, the whole guard was paraded, and he was delivered over, with all formality, to Captain Cunningham or his deputy, and questioned as to his name, rank, size, age, &c. all of which were entered in a record book. What with the bristling of arms, unbolting of bars and locks, clanking of enormous iron chains, and a vestibule as dark as Erebus, the unfortunate captive might well shrink under this infernal sight and parade of tyrannical power, as he crossed the threshold of that door which possibly closed on him for life. But it is not our wish to revive the horrors attendant on our revolutionary war; grateful to Divine Providence for its propitious issue, we would only remark to the existing and rising generation, that the independence of the United States, and the civil and religious privileges they now enjoy, were achieved and purchased by the blood and sufferings of their patriotic fore-fathers. May they guard and transmit the boon to their latest posterity.

The north-east chamber, turning to the left, on the second floor, was appropriated to officers, and characters of superior rank and distinction, and was called Congress-hall. So closely were they packed, that when they lay down at night to rest, when their bones ached on the hard oak planks, and they wished to turn, it was altogether by word of command, "*right—left,*" being so wedged and compact as to form almost a solid mass of human bodies. In the daytime the packs and blankets of the prisoners were suspended around the walls, every precaution being used to keep the rooms ventilated, and the walls and floors clean, to prevent jail fever; and, as the provost was generally crowded with American prisoners, or British culprits of every description, it is really wonderful that infection never broke out within its walls.

In this gloomy terrific abode were incarcerated at different periods many American officers and citizens of distinction, awaiting with sickening hope and tantalizing expectation the protracted period of their exchange and liberation. Could these dumb walls speak, what scenes of anguish, what tales of agonizing woe, might they disclose!

Among other characters there were at the same time the famous Colonel Ethan Allen and Judge Fell, of Bergen county, New-Jersey. When Captain Cunningham entertained the young British officers, accustomed to command the provost guard, by dint of curtailing the prisoners' rations, exchanging good for bad provisions, and other embezzlements practised on John Bull, the captain, his deputy, and indeed the commissioners generally, were enabled to fare sumptuously. In the drunken orgies that usually terminated his dinners, the captain would order the rebel prisoners to turn out and parade, for the amusement of his guests; pointing them out, "this is the d—d rebel, Colonel Ethan Allen—that a rebel judge, an Englishman," &c. &c.

The exploits of the undaunted Colonel Ethan Allen on the northern frontier in the earliest stages of the revolutionary war are known to every reader of American history. Every effort was made by bribery to detach him from his country's cause, but in vain. After a long course of imprisonment in England and in this city, he was eventually exchanged.

Judge Fell was a most respectable character, of great meekness and humanity. In 1776 he had been chairman of the committee of safety for the county of Bergen, at a period when the colonial governments were suspended, and before the state governments were organized. The power of chairman, almost absolute, was exercised with the greatest discretion by Judge Fell. In the same county lived a Mr. Buskirk, whose influence and activity were employed by the chairman to execute his most confidential orders. After the disastrous fate of New-York, New-Jersey was overrun by the British; Buskirk's patriotism failed him, and he joined the British at Powles-hook, where his apostacy was rewarded with the commission and rank of lieutenant-colonel in a regiment of New-Jersey refugees. His influence seduced many young men, to their ultimate grief and sorrow, to abandon their homes, and join the British standard against their country.

Judge Fell, who lived at Parsamus, was surprised and brought as a prisoner to Powles-hook in 1777, where he was recognized by Colonel Buskirk.

"Times are altered since we last met," observed the colonel.

"So I perceive," the judge coolly and sarcastically replied, looking at the colonel's uniform.

"Well, you are a prisoner, and going over to New-York, where you will be presented to General Robertson, the commandant, with whom I have the honor to be acquainted. I will give you a letter of introduction to him."

The judge thanked him for the proffered favor, and accepted the letter, which, on introduction to the general, he presented. It so happened that General, then Colonel, Robertson and he were old acquaintances, and had been associates at Pensacola, after the old French war and peace of 1763. The general, a frank, open-hearted

Scot, renewed their friendship, telling the judge that he must be sent to the provost, which painful duty he could not avoid, but that he would do every thing in his power to alleviate his imprisonment. He inquired of the judge whether he was personally acquainted with Colonel Buskirk? to which he replied by mentioning their former intimacy. General Robertson immediately placed the colonel's letter in his hands, the purport of which was, that "Judge Fell was a notorious rebel and rascal, and advising that due care be taken of him." When the judge, after perusing, returned the letter, with his usual meekness, the general observed, "My old friend John Fell, you must be a very altered man, and a very great rascal indeed, if you equal this Colonel Buskirk."

General Robertson fulfilled his promise to Judge Fell with every possible kindness, and more than once called to see him, and recommended him to the humanity of Captain Cunningham. The American officers, his fellow-prisoners in "congress-hall," treated the judge with the utmost attention; and, out of regard to his advanced years, allotted, as he used jocosely to tell, the softest plank on which to repose his aged limbs at night. After languishing some months in close confinement, General Robertson effected his enlargement on parole, until he was exchanged.

It was an old custom in former times with prisoners sent to jail to pay garnish; in other words, to treat their new acquaintances. But alas! the poor American prisoners doomed to the provost had neither money nor friends, to enable them to pay garnish; in lieu whereof it was a practice with those who could afford it, to send a treat, on their liberation, to their brethren in bondage. Judge Fell, on his release, did not forget his brethren; he sent two hampers of porter and an English cheese, to regale his friends in congress-hall.

Among other prisoners at this juncture were Major Wynant Van Zandt, taken near Hackensack, and Captain Travis, of the Raleigh brig of war, captured by a British cruiser, and brought into New-York. Captain Travis, a high-spirited Virginian, could not tamely brook the insulting taunts of his captors, and was committed to the provost, as the greatest place of punishment, for the insolence, as it was termed, of his replies.

On the occasion of Judge Fell's liberal treat, the poor prisoners made a grand set-to, and demolished the whole at one bout. With mellowed hearts they turned in at night, each man on his own plank. Colonel Allen and Captain Travis were accustomed to banter each other on the superiority of the "Green Mountain boys" and "Virginia buckskins." It so happened that on this occasion Major Van Zandt was the middle man between Allen and Travis, who from words fell to blows about the prowess of their respective countrymen, and between them almost kneaded the major's fat sides to a jelly. Travis, feeling the blows of Allen's enormous fists, accustomed to fell oaks and to split rails, falling on him like sledge-hammers, and his dead-lights almost stove in, sprang with the agility of a deer across the major, and planting his knees in Allen's bread-basket, twisted his forefingers in the colonel's locks, and began in the true Virginia backwoods style with his thumbs to gouge out his peepers. The colonel, with his stentorian voice, to save his eyes cried out for quarters, ceding the palm of victory to Captain Travis. Major Van Zandt, indeed all the prisoners, chimed in in full chorus. The unusual uproar soon produced Serjeant Keefe, with a file of his myrmidons, to quell the riot, and the hall was cleared by locking up its inmates, to fight it out, as he said, in the dungeons. Next morning Captain Cunningham paraded the whole squad, half naked as they were, to learn the particulars—Irishman like, dearly fond of a row—regarding the black rings that encircled Allen's eyes, and Traver's battered scone, with a broad laugh he dismissed them to their hall, with an injunction not to quarrel over their cups in future.

Such is a brief outline of the pastimes of rare occurrence that beguiled the lingering hours of imprisoned life.

At an early period of the war Mr. Varick, of Hackensack, an aged, harmless, inoffensive man, was dragged from his home, and immured in the provost for eighteen months, where he contracted a violent rheumatism, that afflicted him the remainder of his days. The only charge against him was, that he had a son, a captain in the rebel army, and secretary to General Schuyler, who eventually effected his father's exchange. This son, Colonel Richard Varick, the late venerable and munificent president of the American Bible Society, died but a short time since.

Another highly respectable gentleman, of this city, still living, and far advanced in years, endured every suffering, short of death, in this dreadful provost. He was confined alone in an upper dungeon through the extreme severe winter of 1779–80, when the Hudson, opposite this city, and bay were frozen over; without fire or candle-light, and compelled to pace its narrow precincts to keep himself from perishing. Delicacy forbids naming the person, who was spared to fill many honorable stations in society; and who evinced his magnanimity by forgiving his oppressors, although it was impossible to forget the barbarous cruelties he suffered.

At the evacuation of this city by the British, twenty-fifth Novem-

ber, 1783, the main guard in the city-hall, head of Broad-street, and the provost guard were the last that abandoned their stations. As General Washington, with a small body of continentals and a numerous escort of citizens, restored to their long deserted homes, was moving down Chatham-street, and turning into Pearl-street, to proceed to the old fort, Serjeant Keefe considered it time to retreat. A few British subjects remained, for various crimes, in his custody. As he was stepping over the threshold, one of them inquired,

"Serjeant, what is to become of us?"

"You may all go to the d—l together," was his reply, as he threw the ponderous bunch of keys on the floor behind him.

"Thank you, serjeant," was the answer; "we have had too much of your company in this world to follow you to the next."

It has been asserted, that both Cunningham and Keefe came to an ignominious end.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE QUIET MAN.

"Expressive silence."—Thomson.

YOU would have been delighted with him. He was so unobtrusive, so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of stillness. He was a living rebuke to every thing in nature. His tongue was a superfluity. The rose that unfolds its soft leaves noiselessly in a green-house, and blooms and withers and says never a word, had an existence that he might have envied, or a stream that lapses along delusively without a ripple, his abhorrence of confusion, exercise, and riot was so deep-rooted. I have seen him walk fifty yards around an old cow, reclining in the shade, rather than disturb her cogitations. At school he used to let the birds out of the cages, the mice out of the traps. He would rather suffer any privation than speak. It was wonderful. He was a statue. A bustle acted on him like a spell. A stranger put him on the rack. He closed up in company like a sensitive plant; and the exquisitely susceptible leaves of his mind drew themselves in and shrunk, the moment he was driven from the atmosphere of his own circle. Poor, dear Alfred, to what excruciations he must have been exposed. How the rattle and thunder, the jolting, pushing, and pulling, and all the everlasting agitations and discords of this restless world, must have jarred upon his gentle spirit. What loathings and thrillings, what tremblings and shudderings must have made up the history of his existence. Have you never observed, my attentive reader, if you are afflicted with any wound, a broken arm, a gash upon your finger, or a foot encumbered with one of those visitations of humanity, which defy philosophy to tell the use of, what a tacit and unanimous consent appears to prevail among all your acquaintance to bring themselves violently in contact with the affliction? So it was with Alfred. Every disturbance pursued him. He went to a remote country village, and a barrel of powder exploded under his window. He visited a vessel of war in the bay, and he had no sooner set foot on deck than orders were given to fire a salute. He spent a month in the West Indies, and was driven away by an earthquake. He was on board the steam-boat—when the boiler burst; and in the Albany stage when it overturned. They have lately enlisted him in the militia, though a drum sets his teeth on edge. Poor, dear Alfred! my heart bleeds for him. Yet, in a private corner, who ever spoke more to the purpose? Who ever amassed a greater fund of observation? Who could unbosom himself to a friend more delightfully? Who could whisper more persuasively in a woman's ear? How he pours out his very soul in a letter. What a companion he would make in a prison! What a husband! What a father. What an ornament to society, if he could but talk. What a happy fellow if nature had given him nerve to bear the crash and riot of worldly life.

I met him one morning last summer on my way to the Albany steam-boat, and was pleased to learn that he was bound on the same journey.

"I am going," said he, "to fly from the hubbub of the city, and indulge myself for a month with a country life. Nothing like rural quiet! I shall live till I come back to this infernal bedlam."

As we approached the ferry, a gigantic, ruffian-looking personage grasped his arm with,

"Have a hack, sir?"

"Any oranges to-day, sir?" said a boy.

"Buy a paper?" screamed another.

"Out of the way!" thundered a cartman, as the wheel passed within an inch of our feet.

"Clear the road!" bawled a traveller, panting and dripping with haste, thinking he was too late for the boat.

"All on board," shouted the captain.

The man rang the bell. The steam was let off, bursting by fits from the pipe, the wheel turned and splashed, and the dusty throng gave way to the green waves.

"Thank heaven," said Alfred, uncovering his ears, and taking a long breath, "and now for the country."

A shower came up suddenly, and drove all the passengers into the cabin. Babies screamed. A lap-dog, banished by the corporation law, began to bark. A gentleman at our back favored us with random passages from Cinderella, out of tune atrociously. Alfred had armed himself with a book, and was striving to read; but five worthies, on the same bench, commenced talking politics, and after a few civil preliminaries on the subject of the general state of the country, Poland, the reform bill, the three days, and the doctrine of nullification, started off upon General Jackson and Major Eaton, with that calm and dispassionate temper, which peculiarly distinguishes American gentlemen on board steam-boats, when

discussing the affairs of the nation. Alfred shut his book, leaned back, folded his arms, and closed his eyes. Resignation is a virtue. I felt for him from my soul. He is the gentlest of all human creatures. But if Major Eaton had shown himself at the moment, I would scarcely have answered for the consequences. Indeed a little miniature dandy, with plaid pantaloons and a rattan, offering, at the same time, his silver snuff-box, asked him if he did not think Major Eaton had been sadly misused?

"No, sir," replied Alfred. "I abhor his name—he has been ringing in my ears these six months."

Alfred shut his mouth; the person shut his box, and the bell rang for breakfast. Accepting an invitation to accompany him to his retreat, we landed at Newburgh, and crossed over the river to a farm-house, at some distance in the interior. I had only time to spend a day and night with him. He was fond of reading, and had brought with him a few choice authors, to be enjoyed in uninterrupted seclusion.

"Now," said Alfred, as we seated ourselves beneath the low moss-covered shed, which formed the piazza of this humble habitation, "I am entering upon a kind of new existence. 'Happiness,' says Addison, 'is an enemy to pomp and noise;' and, believe me, there is no quiet like that of an obscure country farm-house. Here the thunder of carts and stages over the trembling pavements is never heard. The beating of drums, the shuffling of crowds, and all the innumerable noises of the town are strangers; and where can a man expect to find a more delightful shelter from these pests than here? Where can his memory more clearly recall the passages of his past life, or his wisdom conceive plans for the future? Here for a time evil passions lose their hold, a holy influence deadens our hatreds, and defines more strongly the outlines of our many friendships. I look down on the world from this scene of repose. There is no enemy to whom I would not here extend my hand; my bosom owns an unwonted yearning for those who, however beloved, are overlooked and neglected in the revel and riot of the town; and what lofty temple softens the heart to adoration like this simple and lovely landscape, reposing in a peaceful beauty, untainted with the evils of the world? Here no troubles disturb, no interests clash, no accidents terrify, everything is—"

We were startled by a sudden shout from friend Simon, the farmer. After a pretty profane ejaculation, and a sudden rush by us, so as nearly to overturn the chair on which my friend was seated, he went on shouting,

"Jacob, run, you lazy scoundrel; the hogs are in the corn. Here, Watch; here, Watch; seize 'em, boy. Run, Jacob; seize 'em, boy; run, Jacob; let down the bars."

An enormous house-dog, just from the pond, started through the entry at the call, and shaking the contents of his saturated hair over Alfred, laid his course, barking furiously, towards the intruding, and now alarmed quadrupeds. Simon and Jacob shouted; the pigs squeaked; Watch added to the clamor; the cows bellowed; the geese hissed; the ducks, guinea-hens, and all the inhabitants of the farm-yard, joined the confusion.

"Nothing like rural quiet!" thought I.

At supper we were interrupted by the screams of Jacob. Friend Simon was promoting his education with the end of a rope.

"Poor Jacob!" said Alfred.

"Poor Alfred!" said I; "no interests clash, no accidents disturb!"

We retired to rest early. In the room allotted to us was a clock.

"What a happy thought!" said Alfred. "A clock reminds us that time flies as it proclaims the passing hour."

We were just sinking into a sleep, when the clock struck ten. A rattling noise preceded the operation, and the bell might have been heard through the whole house. It awakened us regularly through the night, at the termination of every sixty minutes.

"What a happy thought!"

The next day was intensely hot. The sun glanced down fiercely. The leaves hung on the trees motionless. The dog lay panting in the shadow, with half a yard of tongue hanging from his mouth. The hens, &c. gathered in secret meetings under the carts and hedges. Alfred got his Shelley, and handed me Milton. Every thing was silent enough. A woman interrupted us with a mop.

"Will the gentlemen please to sit in the other side of the house?"

"Why, what are you going to do?" inquired Alfred, looking up from his book.

"Going to wash the stoop," said the fair intruder, dashing a pail of water over the boards.

We had no sooner fairly settled ourselves in another situation than Jacob came by with a load of wood.

"Pretty Poll," said Jacob.

"Pretty Poll," screamed a voice at our shoulder, in such a discordant tone, that Alfred again put his hands to his ears. It was a parrot, whose tongue thus set in motion, regaled us with such choice specimens of colloquism, as "Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll! Ha, ha, ha! Huzza, huzza! Come to dinner. Ha, ha, ha!"

Alfred looked resolutely at his Shelley. There was a dead silence. He went on with his book, and suddenly turned to me to read a passage of rare beauty.

"Go to work, go to work," said Poll.

"The devil take the fool," said Alfred, flinging down the volume in a passion.

"Stupid fool! Stupid fool!" screamed the bird. "Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

Poor Alfred! He must soon learn that there is no refuge from a misfortune, the source of which is in himself. Instead of seeking to fly from tumult, he must strive to become familiar with it. The world was not formed for the fastidious or the refined. There is only one place of rest, and long may it be ere he lies in its stillness. SEDLEY.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

THE OPERA—PASTA—TAGLIONI, ETC.

WHO has not heard of Pasta? The "glorious Pasta"—the "divine Pasta"—the "immortal Pasta"—the Pasta whose fame has reached every part of Europe where a musician lives or an opera-house exists; and who, despite of professional rivalries and jealousies, is allowed by universal acclamation—by competent and incompetent judges—to have "touched the topmost point of greatness" in her profession? After an absence of three years from England, she made her appearance at the King's theatre, upon which occasion nearly all the beauty and fashion of the metropolis assembled to welcome her return; together with a few individuals, like your humble servant, neither particularly beautiful nor fashionable. I cannot say but that I attended rather to appease my feelings of awakened curiosity than from any sanguine anticipations of pleasure, because I thought that my ignorance of the Italian language would be a drawback, not to be counterbalanced by the talents of the actress, or a bald English translation or version of the opera; but, without any affectation, I can safely say I came away as much gratified as astonished, and as much astonished as a person of an equable temperament can well be. Pasta is certainly *sui generis*. There have been many good actors and many good singers, but such a union of musical excellence and Siddonian power, passion, grace, and majesty does not, never did, and it may be, never will exist again in the same person. She stands alone: no comparison between her and any other will hold good—though not so much on the score of inferiority as dissimilarity. The piece selected for her debut was Mayer's grand serious opera of Medea, a part with which Madame Pasta has become identified, and of which she holds undisputed possession. All who have the slightest smattering of *classicality* are familiar with the history of Jason and the Golden Fleece: his desertion of his lawful spouse Medea, his subsequent bigamous conduct in espousing the Princess Creusa, and the fearful retaliation of his ex-wife. The dramatist has followed the old story or fable very closely; and the predominating passions are consequently love, jealousy, rage, and revenge, with a suitable climax of horror. I have seen many fine performances, but I never saw one in which the actor appeared more terrifically in earnest than in this instance. She was a complete whirlwind of the passions: a southern vehemence pervaded every look and gesture; yet, for all that, there was not any thing in her acting in the slightest degree overstrained or artificial, or which the most phlegmatic spectator could point out as not justified by her situation in the scene. In the first act, when endeavoring to prevent Jason's marriage, she is merely a sublime temptress; and it is only in the second, after all her efforts prove fruitless, and she resolves upon revenge, that her real triumph commences. Certainly nothing could be finer or more touching than the irresolution with which she regards her children when meditating their murder—her alternate fierceness and tenderness—her unavailing wish that she could only kill their father's part in them—the deadly hatred with which she regards them as Jason's offspring, and the love and pity into which she relapses as she feels they are likewise her own. Despair was never more truly or beautifully personified, than, when about to strike the fatal blow, she suddenly feels all a mother's fondness tugging at her heart-strings—her uplifted arm falls powerless by her side, her head sinks upon her bosom, and she stands for a few seconds as in a trance—helpless and desolate. The voice of Jason, heard in pursuit of her, rouses and lashes her into fury, bordering on insanity, and the unnatural murder is at length consummated. I have somewhat of an Indian contempt for gesticulation on ordinary occasions, holding it to be Frenchified, frivolous, and ridiculous; and all species of attitudinizing is my especial abhorrence. If ever I be executed for murder, it will be for discharging a pistol from the pit of the theatre at some fellow who, at sight of a ghost or an injured friend, has thrown his legs and arms into what he conceives a beautiful position, and loath to give the audience too little of a good thing, continues them in it, until the applause his evolution has excited subsides, to the entire destruction of the illusion of the scene. But action, when there is heart and soul in it, and when every movement is apparently the result of the feeling of the moment, is a universal language; and it is extraordinary what a sensation may at times be produced by the sweep of an arm or the pointing of a finger. Pasta is continually in motion. I do not know whether she wants repose in other parts—in Medea the violence of the passions called into play will not admit of it—but there is a grace, variety, and fiery vehemence in her gestures and manner, the very opposite of theatrical calculation and display. Some of her attitudes are the very essence of the "sublime and beautiful." She appears to have something else to think about than how the extremities of her person are conducting themselves. The closing scene, when, after the murder of her children, she confronts Jason, throws the dagger reeking with their blood towards him, exclaiming, as he turns away with horror, "Ha! traitor—dost thou shun me?" is perfectly appalling. Of Pasta's astonishing voice it may be said that its claims to pre-eminence rest rather upon its enormous power than its quality—not that it is deficient in the latter respect, but that the former is its distinguishing characteristic; the manner in which it fills and rings through the immense opera-house is wonderful. It is, in the lower tones, what is termed a "veiled" voice—that is, in plain English, rather husky; but this, which to others would be a serious disadvantage, is, on many occasions, of signal service to Pasta, particularly in depicting the stronger passions, such as despair or horror; the upper tones are remarkably full and clear, and all that can be desired. Upon the whole, I think she is one of

the wonders of the age, whose merits have not been over-rated; and, if ever she cross the Atlantic, I am not afraid that what I have ventured to say in her behalf will appear at all exaggerated.

London is certainly a pleasant place in many respects—you can have the very best of every thing if you desire it, and merely for paying extravagantly for it. As soon as the first singer in the world, in her line, had withdrawn her claims to public attention for the evening, the first dancer in the world, to wit, Taglioni, put in hers. Do not be afraid! My enthusiasm about her was only transitory, and I am not going to be eloquent or tedious (as the discriminating or foolish reader may think me) in her praise, to any alarming extent. Besides, there is nothing astonishing about Taglioni—at least according to the common acceptance of the word—nothing to gape and wonder at; and in any of the minor theatres in London, or elsewhere, I have no doubt she would be accounted immensely inferior to Mademoiselle Celeste, Constance, Heloise, and other spinners around on one leg, who unblushingly call themselves dancers. Her style is rather distinguished by ease, grace, and elegance, than energy and spirit. She has not the fire or nimbleness of Ronzi Vestris, but her manner is more refined; and she has less of the trickery of the art than even that polished danseuse. Perhaps there are as many points of resemblance between Taglioni and Mrs. Austin as can possibly exist between two accomplished mistresses of such widely different arts. (Every thing now-a-days, dancing, tailoring, and cookery comes under the comprehensible head of "arts and sciences.") Both exhibit the same heedlessness of mere effect, and appear to have about an equal contempt for what the French term a *tour de force*. A degree of languor, almost amounting to indifference, seems to pervade both, and both achieve the most difficult triumphs in their art with so little effort that the uninitiated spectator remains almost unconscious that any thing particular has been accomplished. Both, in short, belong to that scarce and valuable class of public characters who seek rather to delight than astonish—who appeal rather to the good sense and good taste of the few than the "ignorant wonder" of the many.

Of the Opera-house or King's theatre itself, I have but little to say. It is very large and very plain—almost shabby. If there be no ostentation in having it so, there is a good deal of pride—and pride, whether it seek to distinguish itself by glitter or plainness, is much the same thing. The great attraction at it now is the "wonderful, most wonderful, and yet again wonderful" Paganini. John Bull and he had some words about the prices of admission; when John, for the first time in his long life, resisted being imposed upon by a foreign *artiste* of distinction, which I take to be one of the most remarkable events of the year 1831. Paganini modestly requested that the prices should be advanced to *three guineas per head*, (fifteen dollars!) upon which some wag petitioned that sixpences be no longer called, as they have been from time immemorial, "fiddler's change." C.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 116.

"Oh, Gilderoy, bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part."

As I was sitting, the other night, in my obscure room, the lamp grew dim, shot up a gleam, and expired. I bent from the window, for I was weary of solitude and sad thoughts, and my eyes wandered, instinctively, upwards across the unlimited expanse. A calm was on all nature; a few parted clouds were arranged in a kind of order across the sky, like silver waves breaking over that azure beach, and the brilliant stars flashed like precious gems strewn along the shores of some lovelier world. The northern constellations had gone far on their silent way, around their central star, betraying the flight of time; and, ever and anon, from the zenith dimly gleamed forth the gibbous moon with a pale and waning glory, like a hero fallen and still struggling on; or a dying beauty, faintly smiling as the flood of life ebbs from her veins. What a stupendous page doth nature nightly open for the perusal of men in the midnight heavens! I know not with what emotions others contemplate the turning of this wonderful leaf in the volume of the universe, but it teaches me with a spirit's language. The voice of all my passions is still. Calmness and grandeur are in my imagination, and the ever multiplying local motives which make men vile and groveling, fade to specks and melt into nothing. You should read Milton at such an hour, or think over his sublimest passages. You will wish night eternal, and your existence to be thus borne upwards with the wings of contemplation, drinking the everlasting glory like an element.

While these reveries were lapsing in fragments through my fancy, like the broken leaves and branches which mellow autumn strews along the bosom of her winding streams, a cloud, that had gradually gathered itself together in silvery masses, floating by the moon, opened its side and gave forth a rosy light different from the trembling lustre of the heaven. It emitted a meteor star, which fell from the height, and suddenly the Genius stood by my side.

"The blessing of the night upon thee, Master Student," he said. "Thou art a right good fellow; and I love thee better for that thou art poorly equipped with worldly wisdom, and therefore doomed to pass obscurely among thy fellow-creatures. Elsewhere troublest thou thy silly brain touching the unprofitable times of midnight. Canst thou coin the moon and those precious gems thou drestest of but now? What jeweller will take them and give thee gold? Thou art riding bravely among the stars to-night; but when thou shalt wend thy way to-morrow among the crowd, with heavy eyes and a solitary bosom, what hast thou learned to get thee dollars? Where are thy books—thy plans—thy bargains? What scheme

hast thou formed to cheat thy neighbor, or speculate on thy friend? What stock hast thou examined? What league hast thou formed? Fair, indeed, gentle student, showy on beaming heavens; but not over those sparkling fields lies the path to wealth."

"But to knowledge," said I, "to reflection—lead they not thither?" "Tush," simple youth. "What care the eaters and drinkers around thee for these, unless they may be turned into money? But come, I am thy friend; and thou shalt at least learn that thy very obscurity and solitude shelter thee from dire evils, and that even in this, thy time is not lost."

The glass revealed a magnificent mansion, from the window of which the wealthy owner leaned like me, and looked out upon the night; but not like me, to find a joy in every object. He turned his dim eyes wearily abroad, and laid his hand upon his forehead with a groan. His cheeks were flushed with hectic, his temples racked with pangs. A few white hairs told of age, and the wrinkled and haggard features betrayed sickness and sorrow.

"What avails his wealth," said the Genius, "although he hath acquired gold beyond his amplest expectations? But look at him as the leaden lids fall over his blood-shot eyes, and that sigh heaves his breast. Listen—he speaks."

"Oh death," said the sufferer, with a tremulous voice, "wilt thou never end this anguish? Wherefore have I drawn upon me this protracted mockery?" A slight breeze came rustling over the treetops, and blew the gorgeous damask curtain across his face. He put it away. "Cursed splendor," he exclaimed. "For these hollow ornaments I have wasted my youth. Dear spirit of health, I have driven thee from my bosom. What spell hath gold to strengthen these shrivelled limbs—to smooth this seamed brow—to banish these agonizing tortures? What affluence can recall the simple joys I have trampled down in this accursed pursuit? Have I quenched the fire of my eyes and the lustre of my soul, to be a word in the mouths of men—to please my palate with poisons—to enervate my frame with fatal luxuries? Fool—madman that I have been."

He paused again, and regarded the being who reposed on the couch. A faint light fell on her features. A cold repulsive face—and I knew her mind was coarse and her heart bad.

"Foul minion, and instrument of my ruin!" he muttered, "thou too hast come to me linked with gold. For thee and thy cankered treasures, I turned from the dear face of that gentle creature who sleeps now where no cares oppress. For her sweet lips I took thy abhorred kisses—for her thrilling words of love, thy repulsive murmurs—for her pure and devoted bosom—"

He laid his forehead upon a carved marble table—agitation shook his nervous form—the cool air played unfelt in his dishonored locks.

"Weep on, old man," said the Genius, as the scene disappeared; "thousands like thee learn too late the perils of sacrificing nature to fashion. But look, yonder is a scene of a different description."

My heart leaped at the picture of fairy happiness and beauty, the most enchanting that earth can present. No chaste temple gleaming with classic columns in the moonlight was this—no dazzling army in triumphant march—no throned monarch, or glittering revel. Simpler by far, but surer to strike upon the finest chords of feeling, and make them vibrate with the dearest touch of pleasure. A father—a noble and happy father—gazing with folded arms on his children—the loveliest children you ever saw—a group of unshadowed morning flowers conjured up in the beauty of some summer wood, or gems newly formed by the hand of nature, yet unbroken or unsoiled in the dark traffic of life. To me there is an irresistible attraction in such a sight. There is something holy in their perfect innocence and joy. There is a rebuking spirit in their presence which turns the eyes of the dark-thoughted man inward, with a gloomy consciousness that he has wandered forever from their sunny places. It oppresses him with a mournful envy. It is Satan gazing over into the garden of Eden.

Happy the man, if any there be, who can muse on such a group, and be stirred with no unwelcome comparisons. As for me, I feel that I am almost an intruder in these bright circles, and quite a hypocrite. I have a knowledge of evil which would blast their budding hopes, yet I gaze on them with a trembling tenderness and solicitude. I marvel at their power to win upon my feelings. What pictures of bewitching and unconscious beauty forever strike my eye; how the outreaching tendrils of my soul twine around them with a sweet impulse in every motion, and with what reluctant duty I loosen their hold to go abroad coldly upon my worldly path! Oh! could they linger forever thus about the beautiful threshold of life, forever preserve the tones of their silvery voices, the glances of their unabashed and beaming eyes, the smiles that play even in sleep about the freshness of those cherub lips, and the sinless thoughts that float through their minds, like daybreak clouds, through heaven. Could I touch those perfect creatures with a spell to fright away the gaunt and hungry demons of human life—to roll from them the pestilential vapors that shall soon chill their tender limbs—to crush the reptiles that shall sting—the monsters that must tear them!

Something of these ideas employed the thoughts of the father, as he left this brightly peopled home to go abroad and amass gold. Forth went the proud parent, and fortune blessed his toil. His ships came safely and swiftly from their far wanderings, laden with precious treasures. His buildings rose up like palaces. The key of the great temple was in his hand, and with a triumphant step he entered and counted the vast heaps that constituted him lord over his fellow-men. If this potent charm can gloss over baseness, and invest the dull and ignorant with power to sway mighty minds,—if it can wash white the crimson hands of murder, and transform dishonesty into wisdom, what unlimited grandeur doth it give to him, who even in the lowest vale of poverty, would have been great and noble.

The successful laborer was forming vast plans of benevolence. The

fragrant incense of flattery rose up around him, and the Genius pointed out to me the transcendent form of happiness, invisible to all else, as she leaned over from a radiant cloud in the act of placing a wreath upon his temples, when the massive gates were burst open with a sudden violence, and a pale and breathless messenger rushed into his presence. The form and the wreath faded away; a shadow fell upon all things; the sounds of revel were hushed like the audacious hopes of his bosom; and the hollow voice of the messenger was heard with fearful distinctness: "Death has entered thy mansion."

The glass changed; I saw the father bending over the dead form of his youngest born, a fair boy, with his mother's face. His eyes were only half closed. Their blue light yet came faintly through the lashes; words seemed bursting from the parted lips, and the little cold hands laid on the bosom as he had placed them, when he murmured "father," and grew thus still. The bereaved parent was yet gazing on the lost treasure. The sun was slowly sinking and gorgeously, even as it had gone down yesterday, when the voice—never again to thrill his bosom—greeted its golden hues. A rosy beam glanced suddenly into the darkened chamber, and lighted its dead, sweet face. When the heart is full of grief, what a touch overflows it. No one saw the father's features buried in silence by his wrecked hope. How apt are mortals to deem themselves sunk into the lowest grade of misery, till Providence opens a yet deeper chasm to their startled sight. As he clasped his surviving child, he gazed with pride on the tall princely boy who bore his own manly features—fashioned for daring enterprise, and inspired with high ambition. What hideous fancy casts over him the same fatal sickness which had bereft him of his lowlier flower? With re-awakened horror he marks the drooping of the boy's spirits—the fever-flush of his cheeks.

"Dear father," said the fading invalid, "shall I be like my brother? Must I leave you and lie so still—my head is dizzy, father—my flesh burns—oh save me from these dreadful pains."

I dare not stand with the parent by the bedside of so beloved a creature, while disease is putting him to excruciating tortures and death waits ready to receive him. At length the little victim held up his lips, wiped the damp drops from his veined forehead, and said, "I am better,—my pain has gone—kiss me, dear father—it is very dark—where are you, my father?"

A gleam of vivid hope shot like lightning through the mind of the watcher over that sick bed; and with a convulsive joy he pressed his lips upon the murmuring mouth, when—why broke not his bursting heart at once?—he unfolded his embrace from a soulless image—a warm statue that mocked his gushing love—only silence answered his call, and he knew that his son was dead. Anguish pierced his bosom like an arrow. A ghastly paleness blanched his horror-struck face—his lips quivered, and he clasped his trembling hands together. "Mercy, mercy, oh God, on a childless man!—Stifle in this crushed bosom this yearning, wasted love—drive from my ears these young voices—from my memory these radiant forms. Let the lightning strike me. Let this monstrous disease feed on my shuddering frame. Why have they been blasted in their innocence and joy, and I left, against the course of nature and my own will? Why has this heavenly vision gleamed before me to plunge me in ten thousand fold darkness?" He tore his hair. He uttered fearful words. My soul shrunk appalled, and I covered my face with my hands, and strove to shut out from my ears his piercing shrieks.

"Look again," said my companion. Slowly I cast around my eyes. The everlasting heavens were before me as I had at first seen them, and a quiet grave-yard. Two green mounds and freshly covered lay there. A silent man stood by their side. His face was very pale, but calm with holy meditation. "Here," said the Genius, "is the spell of reflection. The tears that glitter in the moonlight come from a softened and elevated heart. Keep thyself, therefore, Master Student, ever open to the influences of nature. They will temper the gross feelings that grow up from the earth. In triumph they check ambition—in anguish they banish despair. Evil passions are abashed in their presence, while the timid virtues that shrink from the glare of day come forth and speak forgotten lessons of truth. But see, the moon now dimly lights the scene with level beams, and many stars have vanished behind the west. What earthly pleasures mayest thou look to grasp firmly, when even these thousand orbs pass away from thy enamored gaze? Remember, when the flaming sun shall usurp this tranquil scene, yield not thou to the temptations of pleasure or the importunities of despair—and when again the revolutions of the universe shall bring back night and silence, measure thyself, thy joys and thy sorrows with the vast objects around, and acknowledge the fallacy of the one and the folly of the other."

A strain of music, like blended voices in the distance, swelled softly on the breeze as I found myself alone; and far off, through the transparent heavens, I traced the track of the fiery star, till it melted away in the faint morning light.

"Strange," I thought, "that life should be made of paradoxes; that nature should be thus the friend and the enemy of man; that she should be years in rearing a fabric of bliss, and yet dash it to the ground in a moment. Yet death being necessary and inevitable, what else than a conviction that the ground on which we here tread is unstable, and ever passing away beneath our feet, could reconcile us to our own evanescence? How instinctively the soul turns from the blow of misfortune to the consideration that it is readier to take its flight upon the untried hereafter! Who could meet, with composure, the sublimely terrible crisis to which all are hastening, but that fate has ever been dissolving, one after another, the earthly objects which his affections had grasped? It is in the deepening midnight of human anguish that the star of religious hope beams with the brightest lustre." F.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A POET'S DAUGHTER.

Written for Miss * * *, at the request of her father,
BY MR. HALLECK.

"A LADY asks the minstrel's rhyme."
A lady asks?—There was a time,
When, musical as play-bells chime
To wearied boy,
That sound would summon dreams sublime
Of pride and joy.

But now the spell hath lost its sway,
Life's first-born fancies first decay,
Gone are the plumes and pennons gay
Of young romance;
There linger but her ruins gray
And broken lance.

"This is no world," so Hotspur said,
For "tilting lips" and "mammets" made,
No longer in love's myrtle shade
My thoughts recline—
I'm busy in the cotton trade,
And sugar line.

"Tis youth, 'tis beauty asks—the green
And growing leaves of seventeen
Are round her; and, half hid, half seen,
"A violet flower:
"Nursed by the virtues she hath been
"From childhood's hour."

Blind passion's picture—yet for this
We woo the life-long bridal kiss,
And blend our every hope of bliss
With her's we love;
Her's—who admired a serpent's hiss
In Eden's grove!

Beauty—the fading rainbow's pride,
Youth—twas the charm of her who died
At dawn, and, by her coffin's side,
A grandsire stands;
Age-strengthened, like the oak, storm-ried,
Of mountain lands.

Youth's coffin—hush the tale it tells!
Be silent, memory's funeral bells!
Lone in my heart, her home, it dwells,
Untold till death,
And where the grave-mound greenly swells
O'er buried faith.

"But she who asks hath rank and power,
"And treasured gold, and banner'd tower,
"A kingdom for her marriage dower,
"Broad seas and lands;
"Armies her train, a throne her bower,
"A queen commands!"

A queen? Earth's regal suns have set.
Where perished Marie Antoinette?
Where's Bordeaux's mother? where the jet-
Black Haytian dame?
And Lusitania's coronet?
And Angoulême?

Empires to-day are upside down,
The castle kneels before the town,
The monarch fears a printer's frown,
A brick-bat's range—
Give me, in preference to a crown,
Five shillings change.

"Another asks—though first among
"The good, the beautiful, the young,
"The birthright of a spell more strong
"Than these hath brought her;
"She is your kinswoman in song,
"A poet's daughter!"

A poet's daughter? Could I claim
The consanguinity of fame,
Veins of my intellectual frame,
Your blood would glow
Proudly, to sing that gentlest name
Of aught below!

A poet's daughter! Dearer word
Lip hath not spoke, nor listener heard;
Fit theme for song of bee and bird
From morn till even,
And wind-harp, by the breathing stirred
Of star-lit heaven.

My spirit's wings are weak—the fire
Poetic comes but to expire,
Her name needs not my humble lyre
To bid it live;
She hath already from her sire
All bard can give.

August 22d, 1831.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

INTERCEPTED LETTER FROM SARATOGA.

Congress-hall, August 22.

TWELVE, dear Imogene—only twelve! and every footfall is hushed in this castle of folly, and even the rioters in "Rattle-row" seem to have mistaken the hour, and are still. The ball broke up—no one knew why. There was something in the air, or, perhaps, a string out of tune in the orchestra, or there was a conspiracy among the wall-flowers, or there were poppies among the wreaths, or something—the gods know what—which, on the very stroke of twelve, turned

every face to the door, and compressed every lip with a smothered yawn of weariness. And so here I am, in a place called by courtesy a room, but better described as an office in the wall, wakeful as a "nightingale with her breast against a thorn," and just so much out of humor with my newest flame that I can think pleasantly of you—you, who are so constant, (to caprice,) and who, if you were not my cousin, and unsuspicious of a cut, I should weary of, offend, and forget, as, in my utter fickleness, I weary of the rest of your delicious sex, one by one, and offend and forget them. Is this profane?

I am to "send you a chronicle"—of what? You did not specify, and it is so pleasant to gaze at one's self, that I have half a mind to fill it with my own dear experiences—cutting you out of all your expected scandal and news of matches made and marred, (or, as Phil writes it, since the pretty Julia's mother dismissed him, *ma'd.*) I say I have a great mind to tell you what I have achieved and suffered, whom I like and don't like, and who likes me and does not like me, instead of feeding with the world's opinions and the world's preferences, the appetite to which I have all my life contributed, and which is so morbid as to need all my memory, and a great deal of my imagination—your curiosity, my lady cousin!

If you would not show my letter, I could be so scandalous! But you will. Abuse of one's friends is the only sweet morsel human nature is eager to share, and like the fragrance of your own flowering orange, it is infinitely divisible—though, unlike it, too, it is never dissipated in air. Oh, such precious calumnies! Such deliciously diabolical suspicions! Such magnificently desperate deductions as I will whisper to you across your scrap work-table on the first evening you shall devote to me after my return! Ah! it is a sweet world, cousin Imogene! You have no enemy so pure that they have not a slander in pickle for her! No rake on your visiting list so delightfully wicked that they cannot whitewash him with a "but." Things are better managed now than they "used-to-was." The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. The sins are saddled upon the saints. "Cause why?" They are better able to bear them! Commend me to an enlightened philosophy if I ever should grow wicked.

You would know what we are doing at Congress-hall. It is the same old chapter of agreeable inconsistencies—the same old round as ever of fun, folly, and flirtation. He must be a young observer who does not know that the bad passions are the best dressed part of the Feeling family, and he must be "very hignorant," as Paul Shack would observe, who thinks there is one heart in a thousand beating under those satin bodices that forgets every thing but the pleasure of the dance, and keeps time with light pulses to Johnson's leading fiddle. Oh, heavens! I have seen such expressions flit over an admired lip! I have heard such tones as I loitered about the staircase, when "that circumstance called a husband" received his admired wife from the hands of her waltzing partner! It was a wise writer of allegories that represented pain and pleasure as changing masks in the dance after happiness!

Yet is there much here to soften a cynic, after all. There is a distinguished belle, who deserves all her brilliant reputation, and, I verily believe, has a heart beyond incense, and a world of her own into which the flutterers about her never enter; and there are celebrated women—one, certainly, if no more—whose freshness of feeling, and delicacy, and taste, are as unimpaired as her transcendent beauty, and whose feet, my dear Imogene, (and this is saying much) are as pretty as your own, and whose immense dark eyes (and this, too, is saying much) look a passion as movingly as yours, and far more powerfully. Mrs. — walked into the drawing-room on the evening of her arrival, leaning on her husband's arm, and I think I never saw the five hundred *nonchalants* who throng that immense hall so strongly impressed. With a figure as majestic as Juno, and her long fine neck drawn up to its fullest height, she fell into the tide of promenaders, and passed her Webster-like, lamping eyes slowly over the revolving multitude as they turned and re-turned, and I made up my mind at once, that if she was not the Rebecca of Ivanhoe, *rediviva*, she was some celebrated woman of whom I had heard, and whom I must contrive, at any hazard, to know. She soon found an acquaintance, whose acquaintance I instantly made, and now, after a week's devotion, I write of her with a mounting of reverent admiration in my heart, for she is all she has been said to be and more, and I—will tell you more about her when we meet.

Then there are others, some of whom I have met before, and some of whom I have not—two much admired women, not long married, of whom I had often heard, lovely beings both, and a Green Mountain belle, riant and brilliant, and one or two lady-autocrats, an intellectual and a fashionable, and a troop of others of various degrees of attractiveness, in the obscurest of whom it is possible there exist charms, which, in this confused manner of life, we have not discovered, and who, with every claim to admiration and preference, go about with the wheel of society, completely lost among its more dazzling radii.

Among other bagatelles the wits here have got up a manuscript gazette, of which I inclose a specimen or two. It is circulated, of course, only among the *illuminati*, and, of course, is tolerably harmless.

The following is said to have been found by the *blanchisseuse* in the pantaloons pocket of a celebrated beau:

TO —.

I love you, lady Mary, dearly,
I've told you so a thousand times,
In all my notes 'twas hinted clearly,
And said expressly in my rhymes.
I think your voice is very sweet,
I think your eyes are very blue,
You have the dearest little feet,
And you've a winning way with you.
But, do you know, sweet lady Mary,
You're very, very visionary!

Oh yes! for you're in love with me!
I'm very glad of it, I'm sure,
But then you are not rich, you see,
And I—you know—I'm very poor.
'Tis true that I can drive a tandem,
'Tis true that I can turn a sonnet,
'Tis true I leave the law at random,
When I should study, (plague upon it!)
I waltz (you told me so) divinely,
I know the color for a glove,
I think I flatter (don't I?) finely,
And I'm the deuce at making love;
But this is not (excuse me) money,
(A thing they give for house and land,
And we must eat in matrimony,
And love is neither bread nor honey,
And so—you understand!)

The following is addressed to the gentleman who keeps Congress-hall. It is bagatelle of course, for the assiduous kindness and politeness of Mr. W. leave no apology for complaint. The wonder is, that so far from the city, he supplies the wants of his immense number of guests so well. *Colonizing* is a method of accommodating those (and there are many) who will go to no other house—i. e. sending them out to lodge, though they dine, &c. at Congress-hall table.

LETTER TO MR. WESTCOTT.

Colony of Batchelors—Extreme Settlement.

Six o'clock, A. M.—Mr. Westcott! Mr. Westcott! this is an overall! That I am alive, I thank the gods! That I am up so early, I may, without gratitude, thank you. I left your house last night at an early hour. With a repetition of your instructions, I departed for my probable lodgings. It rained. I was in pumps. Most pumps stand water. Mine do not. I reached the colony as a wooden clock in the next grocery struck twelve. There was no lamp, and you had given me no hint of the household geography. I felt for a door—entered—felt for a bed—woke a woman and a child, and retreated precipitately. I opened the next door, and listened. From a quintette of snorers (male) I concluded it was occupied by my half-a-score of room-mates. Entered very gingerly, upon tiptoe, and put out my feelers for a bed. Laid my hand upon a whisker, and heard instantly the cock of a pistol. With a cold sweat and a prayer for safe deliverance, I dropped upon my knees and remained crouched for five minutes. Ventured once more to feel for a bed. Woke a very profane person, and missed a dress looking-glass, which shivered to pieces on the wall, just behind me. Found a bed in the general disturbance, and turned in with a delusive hope that my trials were over.

In about fifteen minutes after the quiet of the room was restored, the door opened, and a gentleman entered with a very heavy tread. I remembered meeting a remarkably fat person on the piazza. I was in the sixth bed. He came along, laying his hand on each of my fellow-lodgers—by their impressions, not very softly. He had felt of five, and I discovered by his soliloquy that he thought there were but six beds in the room, though the natural syllogism in his mind, (that the sixth should be empty) did not occur to me. He was down upon me the next moment with the weight of an elephant. That my ribs are not broken, I consider a special providence. I have the satisfaction of knowing what I can bear and survive. I write in a state of superfluities. I have no thickness. I shall take you literally if you call me a *fat*.

Nine o'clock, forenoon.—We are all prisoners. The porter has carried off our boots, and forgotten to return them. There are no slippers in the house, and it rains like a waterfall. The fat gentleman is in a mounting passion. Of the rest, some swear by fits, and some sit, playing a tune with their heels, upon the bed, in sulky resignation. There is a mute understanding that breakfast should not be mentioned.

Eleven o'clock.—No signs of the porter. The fat gentleman has walked to Congress-hall in his stockings. There is a faint hope in the colony that the porter may remember us by noon. Two of our fellow sufferers have begun to dress for dinner. I think I could chew a little twine, or brown paper with some satisfaction.

One o'clock.—We have chosen a committee to strangle the porter—if he come. Two of the gentlemen are delirious. We have enacted a play—"Ugolino and his children starving in the Tower." You-go-lean-o was played feelingly. Some of the audience were in tears.

Half-past one.—Thank heaven our boots are here! The porter was to have been strangled, but the committee were too weak. I wait for my turn at the glass to dress for dinner.

The following was written to a lady who tied her broken shoe-string round the author's wrist, and bade him swear fidelity upon it for a week.

A lady's favor on my wrist!
'Tis not of silver, nor of gold,
'Tis not a wreath that she has kissed,
Nor beads in lovely penance told.
'Tis not of flowers and not of pearl,
Nor dainty silk, nor braided curl,
Yet over it my fancy lingers,
And on it fondly gaze I now—
She tied it with her own fair fingers,
And bade me swear on it a vow;
What was it, think you? *Entire nous—*
The string that tied my lady's shoe!
Oh Cupid! that I have it here!
The band that laced her fairy feet!
That this old string, at sixpence dear,
Should e'er have felt her pulses beat;
That this old broken string has swayed
To her slight ankle's springing nerve,
Mas with her motion stirr'd and played,
Still clinging to the graceful curve.
And now that mine—my pulse should flow
And swell to the same ribbon's touch,
To the same limit come and go!
Great Venus! is it not too much?
Take the starr'd cestus from your waist,
A shoe-string would be better taste.
Yet is my fate well imaged here,
For, though I live in beauty's eye,
And though I breathe in beauty's sphere,
My boon's at best, a broken tie.
If e'er I win a parting token,
'Tis something that has lost its power,
A chain that has been used and broken,
A ruined glove, a faded flower,
Something that makes my pleasure less,
Something that means *forgetfulness*.
And yet my tears are little worth,
For could I win a seraph's smile
To light me through this weary earth,
'Twould tire me in the briefest while;
For, lady, (is it very wrong?)
We hate you when you love too long!

The foregoing article was received from Mr. WILLIS, with the information that he would be in town, and prepared to enter upon his avocations in this establishment, in the course of a few days. The announcement of his accession to the editorial department of the Mirror will be found in a succeeding page.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SAILOR.

"Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows."

I NEVER gaze upon a fine ship without emotion. It fills my mind with striking images, and seems like a messenger from the other world. It teems with spirit-stirring associations of dangers and wonders; of fields where the earth is clothed with a different verdure; of mountains that mingle with the skies; of climes where man and nature are seen under surprising forms, and where the very stars that crowd out upon the soft blue floor of heaven, like maskers at a revel, would flash on me with strange faces and in novel groups. Immortal Jove, what a sensation! to gaze upon the broad sky, and miss the very constellations you have traced since your childhood, or to behold them in such altered positions that you are bewildered even there, where, at home, through every change in the fickle hearts about you, these ever watchful and familiar friends were sure to be constant. How the mind of one who has sojourned for years in a single spot, contracts with the perpetual contemplation of its petty features, its common-place insignificant interests, its bargains, its friendships, its loves! How it opens and expands, as if endowed with new attributes, when borne from the narrow circle, abroad over opposite quarters of this revolving globe, where even the common earth and the everlasting heavens speak to it in a new language. I should fear to expose myself to the intensity of such feelings. I should tremble lest the flood of vast thought rushing through my mind, should overwhelm and wash away a world of pleasant prejudices and simple tastes; and, as some philosophers have argued upon the possibility of propelling an object so far beyond the attractive power of the earth as to prevent its return, so the impulse received by my imagination might hurl it too far above the gentle ties that keep it now for ever lingering about society, and force it, irrevocably, upon an endless and solitary flight. I was partly cured of this passion by hearing the history of poor Tom Harvey. He too had a propensity for travelling, from which the death of all those whom he most loved took every restraint. He also burned to fly from his tedious routine of stale objects and melancholy meditations; and was eager to depart, as a prisoner is to be released from his dungeon. He longed to see the shores of his native land melting away, like a storm-cloud, in the horizon; and feel himself bounding over the waters in one of those winged creatures, and perusing with his own eyes each wonder in the page of life and nature. He had been quick and studious at school, and had therefore acquired a good education, although his parents, who held a respectable station in society, died before he was fourteen. The four succeeding years were spent in heart-sickening struggles among the crowd for leave to breathe the air of heaven, and keep up the poor existence of which he had already grown weary. Every month was fraught with labor unrewarded, and hope mocked. Disappointment, humiliation, insult, at length drove him to a species of desperation. Poverty, grief, sickness, which came over him about that period, and certain other circumstances, needless to mention, completely cowed down his hope and ruined his peace. He saw nothing before him but the prospect of want and misery, and nothing in the retrospect but youth's clear and sunny tranquillity now passed away forever. To such a being a ship was full of fascination, and it was not long before he found himself on board the good brig Commerce, bound to the East Indies.

Alas! how different is the reality from our anticipations of it! The farther he sailed from his once despoised home, the more strongly his heart yearned towards it. The glorious freedom he expected he found but slavery in one of its worst forms. Poetry has a trick of shedding lustre upon things which, in real life, are dark and miserable. Poor Tom soon discovered the difference between his old dreams of the sea, while watching the vessel as she lay like a rock upon the smooth water of the harbor, the silver-crested ripples breaking against her side, and the toil of the laboring mariners when the brig hung upon the mountainous billows, or shook as they thundered over her deck. Behold the young sailor-boy treading his native fields on his way from home, with the beauty of youth in his countenance, and its light in his heart, and you will scarcely recognize him in the wretch wearied with work, submissive like a dog to his master's commands, drenched with the wintry waves, stiffened with cold and toil, creeping from his berth at midnight, just as the "honey-heavy dew of slumber" had sealed his eyes, and forced to mount the reeling mast amid the roar of surges. Poor Tom! Let not the children of luxury and ease complain at the outbreaking of thy merry soul on shore. Brief moment of mirth, and dearly bought with many an hour of toil and danger. On their way to the East Indies the master of the Commerce had directions to touch at a cluster of islands in the South Pacific, for the purpose of obtaining a supply of a curious fish, only to be taken there, and of great value in China. These islands were peopled by a race of savages, of which little was known. Report had sometimes represented them as ferocious cannibals, and again, as a peaceful and harmless people, with whom might be carried on a lucrative trade. The brig, after a long and stormy voyage, at length reached these beautiful places. Tom, for a moment, forgot his troubles as a group of islands appeared in the tranquil sea, clothed with luxuriance, and loading the surrounding air with fragrance. It is a thrilling sight, after months spent upon the upheaving deck, gazing on the everlasting ocean and sky, and breathing the salt-sea air, with not a living creature abroad to remind one of his race, as if a new flood, never to subside, had overwhelmed nature, and watching only the monsters of the deep, as they come forth by chance from their hidden haunts, or the rest-

less sea-birds wheeling and screaming; it is a thrilling joy, for the eye to dwell upon the grateful green of forests with their quiet shadows, to smell the scent of flowery meadows, to tread upon the "firm set earth," to hear the bees and birds, and recognize the goings on of nature, as we loved them in our boyish days of idle hope and pleasure.

I do not know whether our poor sailor felt all these as I should feel them. Perhaps he thought too much of his safety, for he made one of twenty-five muscular fellows who, each armed with musket and sabre, and with pistols in his belt, slowly and cautiously approached the Eden-looking spot, which might nevertheless be inhabited by fiends. As they drew near the land they could see crowds of figures running to and fro upon the beach, and rapidly increasing in numbers. It was a glorious summer morning. Neither cloud in the sky nor ripple on the sea, and the air so transparent as to render objects distinctly visible at a great distance. The boat touched the beach. The captain ordered his crew to kneel down and kiss their hands as a token of friendship. He then produced a tin vessel, and made signs for water; then laid the cup at some distance upon the sand. The savages approached. They were of a black hue, but beautifully formed, with athletic persons, round heads covered with soft curled dark hair, and large fierce eyes, which flashed with a singular fire, and rolled in strong contrast with their tawny skins. They were armed with wooden spears and large bows and arrows. At this moment one of the pistols was accidentally discharged. The troop of barbarians were struck first with terror, and then apparently with rage. They fled howling and yelling, but paused at the distance of three hundred yards.

"All hands to the boat," shouted the captain.

The crew were together in a moment, and in such a way as to present the least front to the foe. A shower of arrows darkened the air, wounding several slightly. Another and another came, and they rushed forward within a more dangerous proximity. There was but one thing to be done. The word was given for ten of the men to fire their muskets, but above the heads of the enemy, so as not to shed blood unnecessarily; while the captain himself, to convince them of his power over them, levelled his piece directly at a ferocious giant, who rushed forward, spear in hand, and yelling like a very demon. The discharge was simultaneous. The natives fled again. The nearest fell, weltering in blood, rolled over several times on the sand, which he tore up with his hands and teeth, and then lay quiet enough. There was a moment's pause, broken by the low voice of the captain.

"Load your pieces, men. I think our big friend there won't trouble us again in a hurry."

The muskets were loaded, all hands ordered to the boat, and they put off for the ship, from the deck of which they could see hundreds of the natives thronging down around the body on the beach. The next day the crew of the Commerce were again seen by their foes steering towards the island. They were received by a greater multitude, but with more marks of kindness. They selected one, who came timidly, but without any other arms than a spear. When the whites pointed to their mouths, to intimate thirst, and held up their cup, the ambassador directed them to a wood not far off; then took the cup, went away, and presently returned with cool fresh water. The others came down slowly; but, as the men raised their muskets to their shoulders, they betrayed signs of terror, and would have fled again had not the captain, satisfied that they were sufficiently intimidated, boldly thrown down his piece, and walked forward alone to meet them. One after the other the crew did the same, leaving ten by the boat, prepared for action.

In this way familiarity and confidence were gradually established between the parties, until they became so friendly, and so far able to understand each other's wishes, as to enter upon a regular system of bargaining. The whites gave beads, axes, and other useful utensils; looking-glasses, feathers, with innumerable worthless gewgaws, and received in exchange pearl, spices, and particularly the fish before alluded to.

In the course of a couple of weeks they were on the most friendly terms. The chiefs of the tribes came freely on board the vessel, and the crew went about the island in perfect security. It seemed understood that their communication would be mutually advantageous, and so much progress had they made in each others good will in a month from the arrival of the Commerce, that the savages granted the crew permission to build several rude log huts on shore, where they might dry the fish and prepare them, at their leisure, for the East India market.

One day the captain had sent the mate and about twenty-five of the hands on shore. Tom was of the number. It was a pleasant afternoon, and, after having landed the party, two rowed the boat back to the brig, which lay at anchor about a mile off, in a little harbor sheltered from the open sea. The men were very leisurely preparing for work; some wandering about among the cocoa-nut trees, others were drinking at the springs. Tom was cutting down a tree at a distance from the rest. There was a boy belonging to the crew of a girlish face and form for so rough an enterprise, but much beloved by all on board. He was Tom's favorite, in particular. They were always together when on shore, and Tom had sworn to stand by him through all weathers as long as they lived. This youth was lounging on the turf, and his companion had ceased his work for a while and laid down by his side.

"I wonder, Tom," said the boy, "what sort of wild beasts there are in these woods?"

"None," said Tom, "but those two-legged monsters, that cut their ears, and paint their skin, and kick up such a devil of a dust when they get on all their trumpery."

"But I tell you, Tom," replied Jack, "there *are* beasts here,

though, shiver me, if I know what. Yesterday I walked into the big wood there, by that cocoa-nut tree, to get some of the nuts, when I heard a stirring in the bushes, and something like a couple of great eyes—"

"Why did not you shoot him, Jack?"

"I did shoot at him, but the devil of anything could I find. I did think once—"

They were interrupted by a startling whoop; an arrow whizzed through the air, and lodged, quivering in the boy's bosom. He gasped a moment, there was a shivering over his young limbs, his eyes seemed wrenched around in his head, which fell back convulsively, and Tom knew well enough that poor little Jack's pains in this world were over. Thunderstruck and frightened, he heard the united yell of hundreds of savages. He started on his feet, and fled towards the shore. His companions had done the same; but were pursued by those ferocious devils with screams that might have almost aroused the dead. The boat was gone. He could not swim. The rest were completely surrounded; shouts, oaths, groans, yells rung in his ears; arrows were flying in the air, and, while the confusion called every eye to the spot where the principal butchery was going on, he climbed into an immense tree. There, his blood freezing with horror, he beheld a scene that almost deprived him of strength to cling to his hiding place. The wretched victims were literally cut to pieces. The whole body of combatants moved so near his place of concealment that he could distinctly behold every minute circumstance of the massacre. There were all the brave fellows with whom he had spent so many months of close intimacy hacked down before his eyes. Here, a well known head rolled ghastly in the sand; there, a generous friend was cloven down, and trampled beneath their feet. The mate was well armed, and fought like a tiger; each pistol laid a savage head low; his musket stretched out another, and, when even transfixed with arrows, he dealt his sabre blows about with such ferocity, that many a brawny bosom was gashed open, and many a muscular limb crippled for life. At length a wretch hewed him down with an axe from behind, and the next moment his head was hurled through the branches of the tree wherein the shuddering spectator sat. One of the men, with four or five miscreants at his heels, flew to the water and swam for his life. An arrow pierced his arm, and he sank, but Tom could see him rise again, pull the weapon through the wound, and ply his desperate strokes till a boat from the brig took him up. The sun went down. All the whites were slaughtered but three. Tom knew them and loved them well. Two had mothers and sisters, and one a wife and children in his native town. They were bound, and on the spot a fire was lighted. What demon thrust all these monstrous sights before the eyes of the trembling fugitive? The cannibals, for such they proved to be, danced and howled about the lurid blaze as it cast a gloomy glare upon the surrounding scene; and, after an hour spent in this awful triumph, the three were led forth. Tom moved to leap down, and defend them, or share their fate; but he recollected he was unarmed. None can tell how sweet is life, even in its most haggard form, till brought to the crisis. First they selected a sturdy veteran, the old Ulysses of the crew, the most experienced and prudent of them all. There was little alteration in his countenance. He had been close to death a thousand times before; life had never wooed him with many charms. They made him kneel down; he cursed them heartily all round from mere habit; then commended his soul to mercy. They were still for a moment. A fearful fascination kept Tom's eyes fastened to the spot. The old man then looked up firmly, and received the blow that felled him like an ox at the stall. Amid shrieks and yells, he was cut to pieces, and the atrocious appetites of his murderers were glutted with human flesh! When the next was selected, he shrunk and trembled. A scream of anguish and desperation, that went through that one pitying listener's bones like an electric shock, was ended by the fierce blow which consigned him to death. The last, feeling himself drawn on the ground, wept, fell on his knees, and prayed them to spare his life. In his confusion, he told them he had a wife and children, that he would give them money, and, when they dragged him forward, and a gigantic butcher grasped him and lifted his massive club, the forest rung with his frantic shrieks of agony, mingled with the yells of triumph and rejoicing. Tom covered his ears with his hands convulsively. Again he was about to spring down and deliver himself up. He closed his eyes. A fearful calmness of thought came to him that moment; and yet, strange to say, it was followed by a vivid hope that he might himself yet escape. He could not swim, but he could easily procure a log; and, with that, paddle out to the brig. He opened his eyes, and saw one of the savages holding up by the hair the dismembered gory head, the echo of whose voice had scarcely yet died away through the forest.

"What would his wife and children say to that?" thought Tom. "They are, perchance, at this moment wrapped in peaceful sleep. Sleep on! sleep on!"

It is strange, but true, so curious is the construction of the human mind, that in the most awful crisis, after the first shock it is calm and clear. We can become familiar with any thing; and, while the orgies of these human fiends went on, and broke the silence of the night with riot, the sole survivor of the massacre had arranged his plans, and was sanguine, nay, sometimes happy to a trembling excess, at the anticipations of being once more in safety. Gradually the wearied barbarians hushed their clamors. The flames died away, and darkness came over the scene of blood. Tom would have descended, but still several of the foe were awake. He climbed silently up into the thickest part of the tree, and sat there, watching the dawn. All that day he could hear the yell of warriors, and durst not therefore descend. At night he came down softly, and wandered towards the sea-shore; but there were figures moving about. The sky was dark with clouds. He crawled beneath a

cocoa-nut tree, and breaking some of the nuts, drank the milk and ate the tender meat. But soon as the first sign of day appeared he slunk back to some secret hole, and hid himself again till night. Nothing could have kept up his spirits through that period but the conviction that he should reach the ship as soon as he could get to the beach. At night again he ventured forth; the clouds had all passed away. A bright full moon poured her radiance down upon the water. The savages were no where to be seen. He trembled with delight. As he stole cautiously along the skirt of the wood to the well known beach, every step was a thrill. He could scarcely repress a shout of joy. Tears of rapture rolled down his cheeks; when, at length, he suddenly turned the angle of the thick shadowy forest, and came in full view of the harbor. He sprang forward as if hope had absolutely lent him wings; when, horror of horrors!—the brig was gone—gone, and left him alone, to die! The thought froze his warm blood in an instant. It seemed as if death had grasped his high-beating heart with his skeleton fingers. He flung himself upon the sand. "I will go back to these fiends," he said, "and perish at once."

Night rolled onward, and morning came. The unfortunate sailor skulked about for three weeks, sleeping all day, and coming out for food in the night, when once again he stole down towards the beach, wretched and brooding over the best means of putting an end to his existence. "And yet," said he, "I can but die at last; why should I hasten death? who can say what unlooked for accident may occur? what other ship may seek these shores?"

He casts his eyes over the bay; he starts; he clasps his hands; rapture chokes his utterance: tears gush into his eyes. A sail floats beautifully in like a spirit. The breeze swells her canvass. She steers towards the very spot where he stands. It is his own brig. Is he dreaming? Is it a mockery? By heavens, she nears the shore! He dare not shout; he cannot make them see a signal. He kneels to heaven for assistance.

And now the gray morning ushers in another day. He has raised a white signal which flutters in the wind. A boat is put forth from the vessel. He is in the arms of his companions, who had only visited a neighboring island. They look upon him as rescued from the jaws of death. The shores of his home rise up in the horizon. He tells the story to his children around the winter fire.* X.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MR. CHARLES KEAN made his appearance last week in Richard the third. The house was well filled with a discriminating audience, who greeted the return of this young favorite with a right friendly welcome. The first three acts were rather tame, but correctly, and at times, beautifully read. Mr. Kean's faults, "for every man" hath faults, are such as practice and experience will correct. He sometimes overlooks a point, and occasionally manifests a want of self-possession, which may be ascribed to the diffidence of youth, alone, in a land of strangers, amid a galaxy of other dissimilar and powerful attractions, and necessarily in his range of parts, following close upon the track of the most skillful, brilliant, and extraordinary players of the age. Notwithstanding these disadvantageous influences, he wins his way, with a steady progress, in the esteem of the public by dint of actual and increasing merit. His requisites for the stage are gradually becoming more clearly apparent. As a reader, he is chaste and impressive. His voice is not powerful, but its want of strength is in a great measure counterbalanced by the distinctness of his enunciation. The words come from his lips like new coins. His eyes are large and finely expressive, and sometimes light up with that passionate and speaking look peculiar to his father, hushing the house to stillness. Thus is rendered distinctly audible the lowest sound of a voice, the under tones of which are extremely sweet, and easily modulated to the note of any feeling. His person is well formed, his gestures graceful and appropriate, and his attitudes carefully studied and picturesque. The last two acts of Richard were fiery, impetuous, and beautiful; open to criticism, but more open to admiration; and his transformation was acknowledged by frequent bursts of applause. His second appearance was in Sir Giles Overreach. The house was again good, and evidently gratified. On Saturday, he played Hamlet excellently, and, in passages, strikingly well. Mr. Kean is naturally a quiet actor. His violent scenes are sudden, and show better by the contrast. He seldom, if ever, resorts to stage trick. If he can avoid ranting, without violating the intention of the text, he always appears to prefer the judgment of the critic to the acclamations of the crowd, although an unostentatious display of thought will sometimes be received in silence, when a piece of noisy declamation would have secured applause. The leading characteristics of his acting are tenderness and reflection. His "to be or not to be," is delightful for its calm, quiet simplicity, its depth and feeling. It is the meditation of a philoso-

* We thank our correspondent X. for his sketch. He informs us in a note, that it closely adheres to the facts of an adventure which actually occurred to a person at present in this city. He has found it impossible, from the great number of occurrences, to relate them all, as they would fill a volume. Two of the savages are at present exhibited at Tannum's Hall. We visited them the other day. They are worth seeing. The spectator will be struck with the finely formed head and face of one. The clear large fierce eyes, in particular, of our savage Othello will attract notice. They have a supreme contempt for shoes and hats, wear over their shoulders a kind of mantle of their own manufacture, and display a variety of their implements of war. The curious observer will be surprised to learn several interesting items respecting this singular race of savages. They have no idea of a Supreme Being, are ignorant of every form of worship, and kill all the children except those of their chiefs, to make room for their overgrown population. Although inhabiting adjoining islands, their languages are not understood by each other; one appears much older than his companion, but they are ignorant of all means of designating their age.—*Eds. N. Y. Mir.*

phic mind, not the raving of a wandering one. It is like the stirring of a stream lapsing with the tide, not lashed with the tempest. We admire these appeals to the reflection of the people. They may lose him temporary plaudits, but they form the surest foundation for permanent fame. His last appearance and benefit were on Monday, in Richard.

A fashionable audience assembled on Tuesday to enjoy the fiftieth representation of the best opera, and one of the most popular entertainments ever produced on any stage—Cinderella. It is curious to observe the respectability of the pit on these occasions. It is sure to be thronged with gentlemen, who listen with attention and applaud with taste. There are no cat-calls, no whistling, no apples and peanuts, by which the patrons of a lower order of dramatic exhibitions help along the passage of the old gentleman with the forelock. By the way, although it goes sadly against our inclinations, we shall never win character as critics by praise too unmixed. Indeed, errors of grammar and orthoepy in this attractive piece, are not venial. Mr. Placide invariably mispronounces "portentous." There is no such word as "portentious" in the language. Mrs. Wallack continues to inform us, that the mice will "make excellent steed," and Mr. Jones yet receives applause for the following little piece of sentimental bad grammar: "Condescension and humanity to our inferiors becomes all ranks," which he delivers with suitable dignity, Murray to the contrary notwithstanding.

We shall sustain a temporary loss in the absence of Mrs. Austin, who is about to visit Baltimore for a few weeks.

Rossini's overture to William Tell has been several times performed for the purpose of displaying a pleasing and picture-like representation by Mrs. Barrymore, and others of the company. It illustrates Scheffer's print of the "Soldier's Widow." The groupings are rich and beautiful, and the adaptation of action to the expressive and sweet music by which it is accompanied, is highly effective in arousing the mind and hurrying away the imagination. It is altogether quite prettily got up.

We learn, with pleasure, that Mr. Forrest will appear on the nineteenth instant. It is his purpose, in the course of his engagement, to produce the "Gladiator," a tragedy written expressly for him. After so long an absence, he will, no doubt, as he richly deserves, meet a cordial reception.

THE BOWERY THEATRE.

This establishment has built up a high reputation for tragic performances, and the taste and enterprise of the manager will not, we trust, go unrewarded. The company have sustained, among others, "A new Way to Pay old Debts," "Macbeth," "William Tell," "King John," &c. Mr. Pearson has appeared, of whom we have not yet had an opportunity to form an opinion. It is to be hoped, that the engagements entered into with the several gentlemen who have so ably supported the best standing tragedies, are not to be relinquished. Whatever may be their faults, they are counterbalanced by their merits, and we believe the public are ready to warrant their permanent employment. Mrs. Drake is also an interesting actress, and her services in the laudable undertaking of representing a number of the best plays properly, can scarcely be dispensed with. The present company require but few alterations to make it strong and successful. Supernumeraries should not be thrust forward into prominent parts. Surely, it is not impossible to procure those able to fill them. If there be any difficulty, it results from the abuse of the starring system. An individual no sooner feels himself advanced beyond the awkwardness of a mere debut, than he will be satisfied with no less than the first line, forgetting that he may be excellent in Antonio, and ridiculous in Shylock. The stage will never be correctly disciplined and arranged till such aspirants receive a rough handling from the critics. We would suggest to Mr. Hamblin the feasibility of strengthening the company in every branch, for the purpose of producing plays, with which the audience are not so familiar. Shakspeare may be drawn on largely, and, doubtless, with profit. Messrs. Booth, Hamblin, Cooper, and several others whom we could name, with Meadames Duff, and Drake, would sustain the leading characters, with advantage to themselves, and to the gratification of the public. Where is Mr. Thayer, for the comic parts? He is an universal favorite. Mrs. Drake took her benefit on Monday evening. Mr. Booth's engagement has closed, it is to be hoped, only for a time. The popular drama of the Water Witch has been re-produced. Although no friends to this species of exhibition when it excludes more elevated entertainments, it may be judiciously used as an auxiliary, and the present one is "got up" with unusual effect.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Anastasis; or Memoirs of a Greek. Written at the close of the Eighteenth Century. Two vols. 12mo. pp. 333, 339. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

EVERYBODY has read Anastasis, or everybody ought to read it. It is a story, however different the scenes into which the hero is led, not unlike Gil Blas, that is, marked throughout by the development of striking practical truths, naturally illustrated by easy and yet extremely interesting incident. Although a romance, it will not be fully appreciated but by an effort of the mind, which the mere seekers after mawkish sentimentality will be unwilling or unable to make. It is calculated to amuse the leisure of the intelligent and learned, and highly deserves its place in the library of select novels. As the reputation of Anastasis is firmly established, we refrain from any other extract than the following vivid and dark picture of the bagnio in Constantinople:

"The vast and high enclosure of the bagnio, situated contiguously to the arsenal and the docks, contains a little world of its own, but a world of wailing! One part is tenanted by the prisoners made on board the enemy's ships, who, with an iron ring round their legs, await in this dismal repository their transference on board the Turkish fleet. This part may only be called a sort of purgatory. The other is hell in perfection. It is the larger division, filled with the natural subjects of the grand signior, whom their real or supposed misdemeanors have brought to the abode of unavailing tears. Here are confined alike the ragged beggar urged by famine to steal a loaf, and the rich banker instigated by avarice to deny a deposit; the bandit who uses open violence, and the baker who employs false weights; the land robber and the pirate of the seas, the assassin and the cheat. Here, as in the infernal regions, are mingled natives of every country—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Gipsies; and are confounded individuals of every creed—the Mahomedan, the Christian, the Hebrew, and the Heathen. Here the proud and the humble, the opulent and the necessitous, are reduced to the direst of equalities, the equality of torture. But I err: for should some hapless victim—perhaps guilty of no other crime than that of having excited the sultan's cupidity—still wear on his first entrance the livery of better days, his more decent appearance will only expose him to harsher treatment. Loaded with the heaviest fetters, linked to the most loathsome of malefactors, he is compelled to purchase every alleviation of his burthen, every mitigation of his pain, at the most exorbitant price; until the total exhaustion of his slender store has acquired him the privilege of being at least on a level with the lowest of his fellow-sufferers; and spared additional torments, no longer lucrative to their inflictors.

"Every day a capital, fertile in crimes, pours new offenders into this dreadful receptacle; and its high walls and deep recesses resound every instant with imprecations and curses, uttered in all the various idioms of the Ottoman empire. Deep moans and dismal yells leave not its answering echoes a moment's repose. From morning until night, and from night until morning, the ear is stunned with the clang of chains, which the galley-slaves drag about when toiling at their tasks. Linked together two and two for life, should they sink under their sufferings, they still continue thus linked after the death of either; and the man doomed to live on, drags after him the corpse of his dead companion. In no direction can the eye escape the spectacle of atrocious punishments and of indescribable agonies. Here perhaps you see a wretch, whose stiffened limbs refuse their office, stop suddenly short in the midst of his labor, and, as if already impassable, defy the stripes that lay open his flesh, and wait in total immobility the last merciful blow that is to end his misery; while, there, you view his companion foaming with rage and madness, turn against his own person his desperate hands, tear his clotted hair, rend his bleeding bosom, and dash to pieces his head against the wall of his dungeon.

"A long-unpunished pirate, a liberated galley-slave, Achmet-reis by name, was the fiend of hell who, by his ingenuity in contriving new tortures, and his infernal delight in beholding new sufferings, had deserved to become the chief inspector of this place, and the chief minister of its terrors. His joys were great, but they were not yet complete. Only permitted thus far to exercise his craft on mortals, he still was obliged to calculate what degree of agony the human frame could bear, and to proportion the pain he inflicted to the powers of suffering which man possessed, lest, by despatching his victims too soon, he should defeat his own aim. He was not yet received among his brother demons, in the blissful abodes where torments do not kill, and where the sufferer's pangs might be increased in an infinite ratio.

"Of this truth the very hour of my arrival had afforded him a sorely lamented proof! An Armenian cashier, suspected of withholding from the sultan—sole heir to all his officers—the deposit of a deceased pasha, had just been delivered over into Achmet's hands; and many were the days of bliss to which the executioner looked forward in the diligent performance of his office. On the first application of the rack, out of sheer malice, the seraf expired!

"Two days later, the whole of Achmet's prospects of sublunary happiness were near coming to a close. Some wretches, driven by his cruelty to a state of madness, had sworn his destruction. Their hands, tied behind their backs, could be of no use to them in effecting their purpose. They determined to crush him with their bodies. All at the same instant fell with their whole weight upon the executioner, or upon their own companions already pressing to the ground the prostrate monster, in hopes of burying his corpse under a living tumult. But Achmet's good star prevailed—ere yet his suffocation was completed, soldiers rescued the miscreant. He recovered to wreak on his disappointed enemies his fiercest vengeance."

Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. By Thomas Moore. Two vols. London Edition. 1831.

We greet every work from the pen of Mr. Moore with renewed interest. The munificent gift of poetic genius bestowed upon him by nature does not seem to unfit him, as it has done others, for the pleasures and the duties of ordinary life; and he descends from the regions of Lallah Rook and Anacreon to examine the details of the busy world about him, with a modesty and industry which cannot fail to endear him to his friends, as it has served to keep him in a continual familiarity with the world.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald is thus represented by his biographer:

"I cannot," says he, "resist the gratification of adding a few words of my own; though conscious that the manner in which his frank, simple character has unfolded itself before the reader of the foregoing pages, renders any further comment on it almost wholly superfluous. Both of his mind and heart, indeed, simplicity may be said to have been the predominant feature, pervading all his tastes, habits of thinking, affections, and pursuits; and it was in this simplicity and the singleness of purpose resulting from it, that the main strength of his manly character lay. Talents far more brilliant would, for want of the same clearness and concentration, have afforded a far less efficient light."

We have glanced through the edition before us with sufficient care to perceive that it comprises incidents calculated to interest the reader, and more peculiarly valuable from the flowing and easy style of the writer; but as we understand that it will form a forthcoming number of the Family Library, we postpone more minute notice of it until its re-publication by the Harpers.

THE FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVINGS.

WE have before us three copperplate engravings, forwarded by the politeness of Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia. The first is entitled the Hungarian Princess, by Illman & Pilbrow: a very pretty face and attitude; the costume light and graceful. The next is a spirited battle-scene in the Holy Land, by Ellis. The two prominent figures are Richard and Salladin. The majestic, Macready-like head of the lion-hearted warrior, and the whole front and bearing of his horse, will be particularly admired. The last, by Durand, represents the faithful Sancho, seated in presence of the duchess, and several members of her family. The groupings are natural. The homely countenance of the squire, and the acid expression in the antique physiognomy of the matron, afford a striking contrast to the youthful beauty of the lady. The drapery and furniture are skilfully executed. These fine engravings will embellish the Atlantic Souvenir for the coming year.

THE BRIDESMAID.

A number of superb plates are to be seen at the store of Peabody & Co. among which is that bearing the above title, engraved by Bromley, from a painting by E. Varris. It is one of the most unexceptionable specimens of the art with which our transatlantic friends have furnished us. The extreme loveliness of the female face and form, the tear glistening on her cheek, the forgotten wreath, the polish of the marble table, the reflection of the flower and column in its mirror surface, and the wonderful softness and transparency which overspreads the whole piece, are evidences of a superior hand. The original painting from which this masterly production was taken attracted unusual attention at the British gallery. The New Monthly Magazine observes, that it is "a delicious illustration of one of Haynes Bayley's songs. The bridesmaid is mournful, but not from envy; it is for the loss of one who has passed the threshold of her own home to enter that of another."

"The bridal is over, the guests are all gone,
The bride's only sister sits weeping alone;
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the bridesmaid is desolate now."

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Since our last notice Bourne has issued "Here, 'tis set down, my lord," from Cinderella; "A Grecian Air;" "Now to the lists," by Lee; "Away with grief and sorrow," a duet, by Pons; and the "King of England's waltz," by Wolfe.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE fact is universally conceded that no periodical can exercise a beneficial influence upon the literature of a people, unless directly supported by a variety of talent to secure a continual supply of ORIGINAL composition. The time is rapidly passing away when our reading community will be satisfied with the *refuse* of a foreign market. We are not blind to the excellence of many articles written abroad: a moderate number of selections, chosen with care, add to the piquancy and spirit of a publication; but the groundwork must be ORIGINAL; the principal fountain must be within itself, or it cannot possess an individual and national character. Mere compilations, which profess to be such, have a value, but it is distinct from that of native literature, which must be formed upon internal circumstances, and result from the healthy development of native writers. The foundation is already laid in the taste and disposition of our countrymen, on which may be reared a system of painting, engraving, music, poetry, and every branch of literature, altogether our own. When this journal was commenced, the field was comparatively uncultivated. Few American periodicals were then embellished with plates or music, or contained much original composition; little or no attention was paid to the typography, and they were printed on paper of inferior quality. Impressed with the belief that every improvement would be promptly supported, we were the first to introduce these embellishments, and we have strenuously persevered in the endeavor to impart additional interest and value to each successive volume. Notwithstanding a throng of difficulties, we have been cheered on our way by almost every respectable press in the Union, and generously assisted by the unbought and unsolicited aid and encouragement of scholars, and authors, and the most enlightened individuals of the country; to whose approbation and influence we here gratefully ascribe much of our success. Our list of correspondents thus embraces many of the first writers of the land. We pass over without comment the unkind, unprovoked, we must add, undeserved attacks, which have occasionally produced a discord in the general voice.

Having completed numerous arrangements for the future ornamental and typographical embellishments, we shall hereafter direct more exclusive attention to the LITERARY DEPARTMENT. We take much pleasure, therefore, in announcing to our readers that the American Monthly Magazine has been united to the New-York Mirror, and that NATHANIEL P. WILLIS, Esq. will, from this period, be an associate editor of the joint establishment.

The American Monthly Magazine has been hitherto conducted in a manner which has elicited general admiration; and the literary productions of its editor have been so widely circulated, both here and in Great Britain, and with so many testimonials of public favor, as to render superfluous any observations on his ability from our pen. To doubt that the pages of the Mirror will derive new interest from this accession, would be, on our part, only an affectation

of diffidence which we are far from feeling, and would offer but an equivocal comment upon the taste of our patrons.

We trust that the subscribers to the American Monthly will be satisfied with an arrangement which insures to them more frequent productions from Mr. WILLIS, and the results of his ample and exclusive exertions.

In conclusion, we take occasion to say that we shall persevere in our design to render the New-York Mirror an instructive, amusing, and diversified journal, adapted to the tastes and wants of intelligent families of all classes, calculated for preservation in volumes, and furnishing sufficient practical and scientific information and literary merit to form a useful, elegant, and permanent source of gratification long after the date of its appearance.

The steel engravings.—We have intentionally delayed the publication of two engravings, in order to afford time for the artists to finish them according to their own taste. These will be superior to any ever published in this journal. The first is a beautiful VIGNETTE title-page, from the *burin* of Mr. DURAND; the second, a view of a SECTION OF WALL-STREET, including the old Federal Hall, in which General Washington was inaugurated President of the United States, and displaying the costume, &c. of the times. This interesting subject was executed by HATCH and SMILLIE. They were both painted by Mr. WEIR, (the latter from an old picture,) expressly for the Mirror, and will appear in the course of a few weeks.

Meeting of American citizens in Paris in behalf of the Poles.—We have lately received a communication from a friend in Paris, enclosing the proceedings of a numerous meeting of American citizens, resident in that metropolis, assembled for the purpose of adopting measures to afford aid to the Poles. The aim of the resolutions passed on the occasion was to invite General Lafayette to become the agent for remitting the money collected here and in that city, to the proper Polish authorities. The amount received was six thousand three hundred francs. In glancing over the list of subscribers, which is highly respectable, we find the names of several ladies. We are gratified to observe the unanimity of sentiment which pervades Americans in every quarter of the globe, and, especially, to perceive that our fair countrywomen participate in those generous feelings which, after all, derive their greatest impulse from them. Natives from almost every part of the Union were present, and the greatest harmony prevailed. The co-operation of Lafayette is a sufficient pledge that the donations, which may be transmitted to his direction, either from this country or any part of France, will not suffer the fate which attended the funds collected for the Greeks. Our readers will remember with anxiety for the reputation of the country, that these were shamefully wasted and misappropriated. From a recent conversation, however, with Dr. Howe, (author of the valuable "History of the Greek Revolution,") who sailed in the last packet for Havre, on his way to Greece, we learn, with pleasure, that the Greeks themselves continue to express the most ardent gratitude towards, and confidence in, the citizens of the United States; and were prompt in attributing the misuse of their supplies to certain speculators among the agents, who richly merit the infamy. Dr. Howe related to us several interesting occurrences to prove this fact. "We do not believe," said a Greek to the historian, "that the American people would send us donations with one hand, and rob us of them with the other." The relief forwarded to Lafayette, no one can fear will be subject to any casualty of this description. Among those present at this meeting, we notice several of our acquaintance, and others greatly esteemed in this country, and we should feel unfeigned pleasure in transferring the entire proceedings to these columns, if our space would permit. The chair was filled by Mr. Cooper. We make room for the following address from his pen:

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

"Your countrymen at Paris venture to address you in behalf of the ancient republic of Poland. Their position, comparatively near the scene of a disastrous war, their means of intelligence, and a desire to be useful, form their chief claims to your attention; as they come, however, the advocates of humanity, they forget the smallness of their number, and urge their requests with the confidence of men familiar with your philanthropy.

"The necessity of order and of defence has given birth to nations. In the course of ages, families swell into communities, and from the intimate relations of origin, language, and usages, are derived the feelings and interests which bind a people together. Next to the tie of blood, that which unites man to his country is the strongest. The sentiment of patriotism is among the purest that adorns human nature, and experience has shown that it cannot be destroyed without bringing with it a moral abasement that disqualifies its subjects for all aspiring and noble enterprises. In every case in which distinctive character and habits have been formed by social organization, national virtue seems nearly necessary to national existence. Conquest falls upon a people like a blight, checking the currents of its generous ambition, and withering its hopes for ages. We cannot find an extensive territory which has been brought, by violence, from the high condition of a state to the dependent lot of a province, which does not furnish manifest proofs of its bad administration. The restraints that are necessary to secure an ill-gained ascendancy, and the impositions which the weak sustain from the strong, are among the more obvious evils of the calamity. To these must be added, the downward tendencies of defeat, personal humiliation, and personal corruption, with their train of depressing consequences. Such a fate, befalling the smallest community, would be entitled to—and we are certain would awaken—your pity; but when Poland was overcome, the fifth power of Christendom was trodden upon. There are circumstances of unmitigated wrong, of peculiar aggravation, that must be added to the picture. The crime of Poland was too much liberty; her independent existence, in the vicinity of those who had reared their thrones on arbitrary will, was not to be endured. Fellow citizens, neither the ancient institutions nor the ancient practices of Poland have been understood. The former had, in common with all Europe, the inherited defects of feudal practices, but still were they among the freest of this hemisphere. The latter, as ever has been, and as ever will be the case, until man shall generally enter into the possession of those rights of which he has so long been deprived by political combinations and lettered monopolies, were calumniated and distorted to serve the ends of the few who desire to live on the toll of the many. Poland was accused of faction and anarchy. The free transmit their errors and their virtues to posterity, as the companions of their greatness, while the sluggish vices of the slave sleep in

the eternity of the obscure. We hear of the factions of the Greek republics, while we search in vain for even the names of most of their contemporary despots. But we need not examine the annals of antiquity in order to estimate the value of these calumnies, or to investigate their motive. People of America! You too are accused of living in the midst of anarchy and lawless confusion—you are said to be tired of liberty—you are reviled as forgetting God—you are quoted as pining for a monarchy! What you know to be false, as respects yourselves, was, with the exceptions incidental to the differences in the ages and the governments, also false in respect to Poland. With the liberty of Poland, fell the sovereignty of the state itself. Nor was this all; allegiance was not only transferred, but it was divided. Pole can be summoned, at the word of his master, to contend with Pole, and in this very war of existence, all the deep sentiments connected with the past are liable to be violated to uphold the detested and pernicious sway of strangers. There was wanting but a single aggravating circumstance to render the partition of this fine country more odious, and, unhappily, this too is to be enumerated among its sufferings. When Poland was subdued, by far the larger portion of her territory became subject to a people less advanced in civilization than her own citizens. She was thus excluded from the only solace of defeat, and was doomed to witness the gradual decay of those arts and opinions which form the basis of national prosperity.

"Against the injustice of their lot, and the further accumulation of their manifold wrongs, the Poles have protested before God and man. They have proclaimed their sufferings; they have asserted their rights; and nobly have they staked every worldly interest on the issue. Under the most adverse and disheartening circumstances they have shown themselves worthy of their high descent. Cut off from the sea—enviored by a specious neutrality—and deserted by all but their courage, and the sacred justice of their cause, they have elevated the struggle from an insurrection to a war. We make no appeal in the spirit of propagandism: Warsaw, the government of the country, and all the essential immunities of sovereign power, are already regained; and before Russia can ever again rule in Poland, Russia must again conquer Poland.

"The constancy with which this heroic nation has clung to its recollections, its martial promptitude in rising in its own defence, and its entire frankness and dignity, since it has resumed the sword, excite our esteem. The kingdom is a camp; its men are in the field, its women in the hospitals. While, in his own case, neither person nor means are withheld from the public necessities, the Pole disdains deception; he sees his danger, he proclaims it, and he meets it as becomes the Pole.

"People of America! Of all the nations of the earth you are the most favored. You dread no enemies; you anticipate no famines; you hold at command every bounty which a beneficent Providence has lavished upon man. The self-denial and hardships of your ancestors are required to their descendants in a tenfold return of peace, security, and happiness. To you, then, do we apply, to contribute from your abundance to the urgent wants of this wronged nation. Remote from the scenes of this hemisphere, you are not familiar with the great advantages you possess, nor with the moral power you wield. The religious emancipation of millions has quite recently been effected, more by a strong exhibition of your feelings than from any other cause. Your great example is silently wearing away the foundations of despotism. That moral ascendancy, of which others boast, you exercise, and exercise only, because you are the true repositories of the persecuted rights of human nature. Be not, then, unworthy of your trust, by coldly withholding yourselves from an exhibition of your real sentiments. Remember that not a freeman falls, in the most remote quarter of the world, that you do not lose a brother who is enlisted in your own noble enterprise. Your gold will assuage many griefs, heal many wounds, purchase much relief from suffering and sorrow; but your sympathy will be dearer than all. Let it not be said, that while cold and heartless traffickers in human rights are combining their means to overwhelm twenty millions of men, struggling and worthy to be free, thirteen millions, animated by the same qualities, looked coldly on, because an ocean lay between them. But for this ocean, you too would be assailed, that another pernicious example might be destroyed. Thousands of bleeding hearts look to the success of this appeal less in the wish to benefit by your liberality, than in the noble hope of being cheered in success by your acclamations, or solaced by your sympathies in defeat.

"We have put the case of Poland simply before you. Her cause is so obviously just as to require no aid from the embellishments of language, nor to need any labored appeal to your charities. We do not conceal from ourselves the delicate relations which exist between our own country and Russia. We do not deny, on the contrary, we have pleasure in publishing that Russia, by her wisdom, foresight, and liberality has established lasting claims on the friendship and esteem of America. There are numerous interests to keep them friends; there are some which might easily render them allies. We do not accuse Nicolas of tyranny, for we know he is the subject of circumstances, of which Poland is unhappily the victim. As our philanthropy is not quickened by national interests or national dread, we can do justice equally to the assailant and the assailed. In this exemption from personal accusation, we have pleasure in including the two mild princes, who, in common with the Czar, have been the inheritors of a false system entailed by former reigns. But while we revolt at heaping injuries on others, who may find themselves enthralled by opinions different from our own, we bow to the majesty of truth. The wrong exists, and we should be false to our origin, our principles, and that mild religion in which we are nurtured, could we hesitate between Poland and her enemies.

"To our gentle countrywomen we confidently apply in behalf of the suffering. They are the companions of men taught to consider force as subject to reason. The blessings they themselves so eminently enjoy, can never become general, until the power of the strong shall everywhere be taught to yield to the persuasion of the good. We appeal to them for succor to the fatherless and the broken hearted; we ask for their countenance to encourage the desponding, and to confirm the bold. We call upon them to appear as charitable mediators in this holy cause, and to take the lead in doing good with the fearless generosity with which their sex is instinct, whenever the principle of right is invaded by the wantonness of force.

"Come then, people of America, to the relief of this much injured and gallant people. Your aid will be offered to those who are willing to sacrifice all for liberty; to those who are willing to work out their own redemption; who have already shown themselves worthy of their ancient fame in twenty fields, and who will never yield until resistance shall have been carried to extremity.

J. FENTWORTH COOPER, Chairman."

In consequence of the above, a crowded and highly respectable meeting was held on Monday evening, in Clinton-hall. W. A. Duer, Esq. was called to the chair. The speeches, etc. were received with enthusiastic cheering. The resolutions approved of the address of our countrymen in Paris, and a committee was appointed, consisting of a number of the most intelligent citizens, to provide measures for collecting a general subscription. The following sentiment, in which we heartily concur, leaves no excuse for the reluctance to come forward and contribute their mite:

"Resolved, That although we have great confidence that the brave Poles will succeed in their unequal struggle, and establish themselves as an independent people, yet if an inscrutable Providence shall permit them to be overcome, the said committee, in that event, (which God forbid) are instructed to apply the contributions and donations in their hands to the relief of the Polish sufferers."

In these musical days, in order to furnish a greater variety of excellent productions, we deem it expedient, occasionally, to introduce compositions arranged for the flute and guitar, as well as for the piano. It is also our intention not to publish songs exclusively, but to vary the order with duets, glees, waltzes, marches, &c. The selection which follows, it will be observed, is printed with smaller notes than those hitherto used. The great perfection to which the art of casting music type has arrived in this country enables us to compress within a small space, pieces which, in the ordinary copperplate style, would occupy several pages. The annexed is of this description. The type is extremely neat, distinct, and beautiful, being every way equal, if not superior, to the best in Europe. It is from the foundry of Mr. James Conner, of this city.

ARABY'S DAUGHTER,

With variations for the Flute—composed by William Wood, Jun.



ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER IN NEW-YORK.

BY S. WOODWORTH.

THIS month was so called from the Latin word *septem*, seven, it being the seventh month of the ancient year, which commenced with March. The Saxons called it *grist month*, because they carried their new corn to mill at that period.

September has been distinguished by many remarkable events, a few of which shall here be recapitulated. A. D. 1757, Lafayette was born on the sixth; 1759, Quebec was taken by the British, under General Wolf, who fell in the contest on the twelfth; 1776, the city of New-York was taken possession of by the British army on the fifteenth; 1780, the treason of Arnold was detected by the capture of Major Andre, on the twenty-third; 1783, the treaty of peace between England, America, France, &c. was signed at Paris on the third; 1812, the city of Moscow was destroyed by fire on the fourteenth; 1813, the American Enterprize captured the English Boxer on the fifth; Perry's victory on Lake Erie occurred on the tenth; and McDonough's victory on Lake Champlain, on the eleventh in the following year.

The eighth day of September is observed by the Roman Catholics as a religious festival, in honor of the "Nativity of the Blessed Virgin." It is celebrated with much pomp in Spain and Italy, and indeed generally by the *Marian* religionists, who place the greatest reliance on the efficacy of the virgin.

The fourteenth, called the Holy Rood Day, was formerly observed in England, as well as in other countries of Europe. It was instituted on account of the recovery of a piece of the cross, or *holy rood*, by the emperor Heraclius, after it had been carried away on the plundering of Jerusalem by Cosroes, king of Persia, about the year 615. It was once a holiday with the boys of Eton school, who were permitted to go out into the woods and gather nuts, with a portion of which they were to make presents to the different masters. It was ordered, however, that before this leave was granted, they should write verses on the fruitfulness of autumn, and the colds and storms of advancing winter.

The seventeenth is St. Lambert's day; the twenty-first St. Matthew's; the twenty-sixth St. Cyprrian's; the twenty-ninth St. Michael's, or Michaelmas day, which is a grand festival in the Romish church, and celebrated with extraordinary splendor. An expositor on the Common Prayer Book tells us, that "the feast of St. Michael and All Angels" was instituted that the people may know what benefits are derived from the ministry of angels. As heathenism (says he) has its tutelary deities for particular countries, towns, and places, so the Romanists assigned patron-saints and angels not only to these, but to professions and trades, and to each member of

the human body, besides invoking separate saints against various diseases, and even making them guardians over different animals." In England, a universal custom prevails of eating a goose on Michaelmas day, which is generally attributed to the circumstance, that Queen Elizabeth on that day happened to be feasting upon that savoury bird, when she received the news of the defeat of the Spanish armada. "But this only proves," says the author of "Festivals, Games and Amusements, Ancient and Modern," "that the practice then prevailed; and it is known to be not only much more ancient than Elizabeth's time, but to have obtained in other countries. Antiquaries have exhausted conjecture and research upon this subject; and it seems hardly necessary to seek any other origin for the custom than the simple fact, that stubble geese are at this season in their highest state of perfection."

On the twenty-third of this month the sun enters the sign *Libra*,
The hanging balance that doth weigh the light,
Giving an equal share to day and night,

the days and nights now being of an equal length, as they were on the twenty-first of March. This sign of the zodiac is represented by our figure of the goddess *Astrea*, or *Justice*, on the cupula of the city-hall;

Who, while her friends below dispute,
Now tramples *Time* beneath her foot.

Speaking of time, however, induces us to ask when will his face be illuminated with *gas*? a spectacle long since promised by the fathers of the city, who seem

"To take no note of time but by its loss;
"To give it then a tongue is wise in them."

But for some time past the old dotard appears to have been actually tongue-tied, and if we mistake not, the string can now be seen extending from the bell to the steeple. Our present business, however, is with *Justice*, and it requires an expert penman to write against *time* with success.

Astrea was said to be the daughter of *Astræus*, king of Arcadia, though some assert that her father was *Titan*, the brother of *Saturn*, and that her mother was no less a personage than the blushing *Aurora*. Others, again, make her the daughter of *Jupiter* and *Themis*. Thus, it appears, that opinions vary as much on the origin as on the character of *Justice*. For ourselves, we most cogently and piously believe, that she is "the child of twenty-eight fathers," in common-council assembled. The poet tells us, however, that she lived upon earth only during the golden age; and that in the succeeding ages of brass and iron, she was driven to heaven by the wickedness and impiety of mankind. She was then placed among the constellations of the zodiac, and employed in distributing an equal proportion of light to all mankind. She is represented as

* This valuable and amusing work forms the twenty-fourth volume of Harper's "Family Library," and comprises an appendix on the subject of amusements in the United States.

a virgin, with a stern but majestic countenance, holding a pair of scales in one hand, and a sword in the other.

September, in New-York, is the first pleasant month after June. That sultry period of six weeks, yclept the *dog-days*, terminates on the fifth instant, and the heat generally begins to abate about the same date. This year, however, the change occurred on the twenty-eighth of August, since which the longest article in the *Mirror* might be read by an alderman, after dinner, without sensibly increasing his perspiration, or putting him to sleep much sooner than usual. The citizens who have been rusticated in the Jerseys, bathing at Rockaway, or quaffing draughts of love and soda at the Springs, are now eagerly flocking into town, with the economical resolution of redeeming their recent expenses by a close application to business. The ladies—heaven, in its mercy, for ever bless them!—the ladies return with thoughts and ideas various, indefinite, and fleeting, like their own personal charms. Some to sigh in single blessedness, some to revel in newly awakened hopes, and to dream of autumn wedding-dresses, plumb-cake, and plain gold rings; and some to superintend the affairs of their own little kingdoms, "home, sweet home."

OSSIAN.

Notwithstanding Blair's dissertation upon Macpherson's splendid book, and the ingenious reasoning with which he advocates the authenticity of Ossian's poems, there is a strong argument against it, to be derived from the works themselves. In the first place the male characters are too sensitive, romantic, and effeminate for any age or country, especially for their own, and the females act under the continual influence of tender and excessively refined feelings and impulses totally incompatible with their avocations. There is a want of that wild disposition inherent in human nature, and which the course of life pursued by the heroes and their mistresses would render hardened, practical, ferocious, and revengeful. Yet do we find a father pardoning the slaughterer of his son from an abstract principle of high-minded honor, and other equally incredible examples of unnatural virtue. The women are accustomed to all the hardships of war and the chase, and inured to wants and exposures sufficient to render them independent and masculine: yet they preserve their beauty, their skins are like snow, their bosoms are tender and tremblingly alive to all the most refined and exquisite feelings of nature, and they die for love, with a fidelity worthy the most sedentary, novel-reading, and nervous daughter of luxury in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscriptions received for less than a year.

J. Seymour, printer, John-street.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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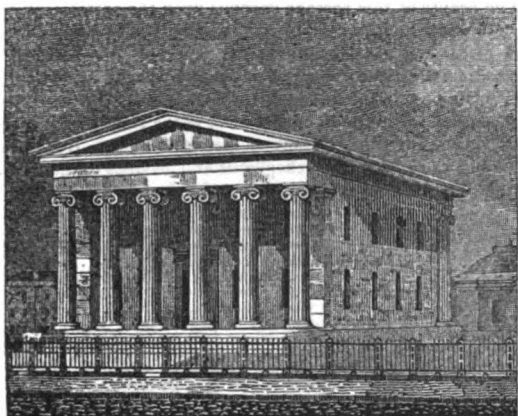
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VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1831.

No. 11.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.



Drawn by Davis.—Engraved by Anderson.

THE HALL OF RECORD,

As we understand this edifice is to be denominated, is situated in the park, near the east side of the city-hall; the walls being the only remaining part of the "old jail," a view of which accompanied our last number. It is eighty feet six inches in depth, and sixty-two feet six inches in breadth, and in height forty-eight feet six inches—the portico of each front is supported by six solid marble columns, from the Sing-Sing quarries, manufactured by the convicts at that place. The height of the columns is thirty feet, the diameter at the base four feet eight inches, and at the top three feet four inches. The exterior is to be stuccoed, in imitation of marble, and the roof covered with copper. The apartments are to be thoroughly fire-proof—the floors formed of solid mason-work, and the arched ceilings finished in the same manner. The register, county clerk, surrogate, street commissioner, and clerk of the supreme court, together with others, are here to be accommodated in order to secure the valuable records and papers from the possibility of conflagration. The common council have already appropriated twenty-five thousand five hundred dollars for this improvement, and it will require a further appropriation to complete it. Scientific gentlemen and artists pronounce the building the most perfect and chaste piece of architecture in this city. Its style is Grecian, from the model of the temple of Ephesus.

ORIGINAL TALES.

MANNERS AND MORALS.—A TRUE STORY.

Nothing is more common than for parents to pay greater attention to the manners than the morals of their children. The perfection of a system of education would be to unite the two, and certainly they are by no means incompatible with each other. They are both important, but not equally so, to the happiness of the community. In the general intercourse of the world, manners constitute the light coin which circulates from hand to hand, or rather the medium of barter and exchange, through which certain habits of good will are established among strangers and ordinary acquaintances. In domestic life, and in the closest relations of society, manners have also a vast influence in cementing and brightening the chain of love and friendship. They form those gentle imperceptible ties which operate by an unseen and charming influence, and prevent the familiarities and little collisions of the fire-side from degenerating at last into corrosive bickerings, that end in alienation and misery. Indeed, manners are of such consequence to the well-being of us all, that they never can be too dearly acquired, except at the expense, or by the neglect of morals. It is only when the manlier, more indispensable, and elevated qualities of the mind, the virtues of truth, justice, and benevolence are sacrificed to outward forms and polish, that these latter become mischievous and dangerous.

Gilbert and Charles Westcott were first cousins, of a respectable family. Charles was a ward of Gilbert's father, and they were brought up together like brothers. The easy obliging temper of Charles made him a favorite with the family, and especially with Gilbert, who early exhibited a different disposition. He loved him as a brother, indeed, better than some brothers love each other. He was a few years older than Charles, whose battles he fought, and whose rights he defended at school, at college, and everywhere else, on all occasions. Soon after finishing his education, he settled on the farm where he was born, and from that time resided entirely in the country. His manners were rustic, and his mode of speaking harsh and abrupt. Yet he was a man of the most inflexible integ-

rity, as well as of the kindest, most generous heart. All without was blunt and unceremonious—all within was solid gold. He was married to an amiable woman, and had a fine family of children.

Charles, on the contrary, was one of the most easy, polished, agreeable fellows in the world. He had spent all his time, since manhood, in cities, among the gay, refined, and dissipated. He had spent something else too—and that was his fortune. Everybody liked him, except a few of his most intimate friends, of whom it was suspected he had borrowed money. In proportion as he became poor, the polish of his manners and the extreme courtesy of his deportment increased. The most insinuating people in the world are those who find it necessary to live by their wits. It is their business to make themselves agreeable. Charles was a single man.

One fine summer morning, finding himself without money, and without amusement, of course, the idea struck him to pay a visit to his cousin, whom he had not seen for years past, in the country. The thing was convenient, and besides, he thought to himself, "Who knows what may come of it?" Accordingly he forthwith put his design into execution.

Gilbert received him with a hearty welcome.

"Better late than never, Charles," said he, as he shook his tiny hand till he writhed. "I thought you had forgot you had a cousin and friend."

"What an Orson is this relation of mine," thought he—but he did not say it. He made a hundred polite excuses, and expressed so much pleasure at seeing the old house, the old trees, and the old neighbors, that Gilbert was delighted. He called all the children, and piled them on his lap. Gilbert scolded them and bade them go about their business.

"What an Orson," thought Charles again; "but his wife is a perfect rural Venus."

He accompanied his cousin to see his farm, his cattle, his improvements, and his old neighbors; and he made himself so agreeable that they, one and all, declared they liked him a thousand times better than Gilbert, who was frequently so short with them that they were half afraid of him.

"To be sure," said they, "there never was a kinder heart, or a better neighbor," and they said true, for, in lending and giving, and in kind offers, no man could be more liberal. But he did not give with a good grace, not from unwillingness, but a coarse habit of doing things, and the consequence was, that those most obliged often vilified him the most. But Charles was the favorite of all, before he had been a fortnight among them; and such was the fascination of his manner, that one half the belles of the country round could not sleep at night for thinking he was in love with them. He staid about a month, went to town, and was observed for some time to have plenty of money.

"Charles must have had a run of luck, or a windfall," thought the tailor, as he paid a bill of three years standing, and ran up a new one.

Not long after his departure, a friend came to Gilbert to borrow some money, and for the first time in his life he was obliged to refuse. He had none just then to lend.

"The mean hunks!" exclaimed the wife of the farmer when he got home. "The mean hunks! I know to a certainty he dunned Squire Allen for a large sum, just before his cousin Charles went away, and received it too. But I don't know—heigh! I believe all men get to be stingy when they grow old."

"I don't think any such thing," said the first.

"I do," said the other, and they had a little tiff on the occasion.

The good woman appealed to her acquaintances, who all agreed she was right, and indeed it seemed that Gilbert every day verified her opinion. By degrees, he discontinued a number of little luxuries in which he used formerly to indulge. His children were ere long dressed in homespun; his old-fashioned coach broke down and was never repaired; the pleasure horses were put to the plough; and, what had never happened before, the neighbors came and went without being asked to take a glass of wine.

His wife urged him to get the coach mended, but he abruptly replied, "he couldn't afford it." She was offended, and said to herself, "Who would have thought my husband could ever become mean?"

The villagers went further. They abused him for his parsimony only the more for his having been before so generous. They now seldom went to his house, and did him various offices of ill-nature. If they saw his fences down, and cattle trespassing, ten to one if they ever sent him word; and if the truth were known, I suspect they sometimes were at the bottom of these depredations.

Gilbert Westcott saw and felt all this, and knew the cause. He could have explained in one word, and regained the good opinion of all. But he could not bring himself to utter that word, though his heart yearned to retrieve what every just man looks upon as the great sublimary reward of virtue—the good-will and respect of all.

In the mean time Charles was pursuing his career in the city. He had cash again, and every body was at leisure to admire the

fascination of his manners. He was the most generous, liberal fellow in the world—the life and charm of fashionable circles; and those who remembered his cousin, wondered at the astonishing difference between them. To that cousin he frequently wrote; and, every time he wrote, it might have been observed that Charles was more flush of money, while Gilbert daily became more mean and avaricious in the eyes of his wife and neighbors. She began to lose that affectionate feeling of respect which she had hitherto always cherished for her husband, in spite of his rough manners. Had he been really poor, she would have born these little privations with the charming resignation of a reasonable woman; but in the catalogue of those causes which undermine the respect and alienate the affections of a wife, unnecessary closeness in household affairs holds a high rank.

"My dear Gilbert," she would sometimes say, "you only fancy yourself growing poor, when you are growing weakly. Come now, let us invite Squire Allen and his New-York friends to dinner."

"Pshaw! I tell you I can't afford it," would he say, and stamp out of the room.

"I've a great mind to go to town and run up a bill of a thousand dollars," thought Mrs. Westcott. "What a difference between my husband and Charles," she would sometimes say, and she looked at a beautiful amethyst ring he had sent her not long before.

By and by, old Time came round again with a basket of flowers, which he sprinkled about wherever he went, making the earth gay, the birds sing, and the young lads and lasses dream of love and kisses. The winter campaign had left Charles as destitute of funds as the earth was of verdure, and having no means of living in town, he once more resolved to busy himself in the country till he could find a way to replenish his purse. Accordingly he again visited Gilbert, who received him with the same welcome with which he greeted him the year before. Mrs. Westcott was pleased to see him again; the children delighted; the old country folks held out their rough hands in honest good-fellowship, and the young damsels blushed as he complimented them on their rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. It was quite a holiday every where around. Charles had a point to gain, and no man could make himself more agreeable when that was the case.

He was all attention to Mrs. Westcott, all affection to the children, and all the friend and schoolmate to Gilbert. In short, he was as smooth as a lake in a dead calm to every body. But though he never forgot the slightest attention, or missed an opportunity to oblige, it was observed that he seemed frequently out of spirits, and sighed deeply when he thought he was not noticed. He took long and solitary walks, and sometimes neglected to return to dinner. Mrs. Westcott began to pity him, and Gilbert frequently inquired what was the matter.

"Charles," said he, one day, "you seem melancholy—are you sick?"

"No," replied the other, despondently.

"Are you unhappy?"

Charles made no reply, but sighed more deeply than before.

"Pooh! nonsense! why don't you speak out, man. I hate this affectation of mystery between friends. Come, out with it, boy," and he gave him a hearty slap on the shoulder as evidence of his good will.

"I have abused your generosity," at last the other replied. "I owe you, and cannot pay."

"Pshaw! never mind that, Charles. You shall settle when you can—and if you never are able, why—I shall never dun you. Clear up your cloudy brow, and think no more about it, boy."

Charles brightened up, and thought to himself if Gilbert was so easy about past loans, perhaps he might raise the wind again before he went to town. He became still more attentive to Mrs. Westcott, kissed the children ten times more than ever, and declared they were little angels. But he grew tired to death of the place in the course of a few weeks, and determined to make a desperate effort upon the purse of his liberal cousin.

"Gilbert," said he, one morning, as they were leaning over a gate, talking of their schoolboy days, just as the golden sun was darting his mellow beams athwart the rural landscape—"Gilbert, I am ashamed to take advantage of your good nature, but if I go to town without a few hundreds in my pocket, I shall be thrown into prison and disgraced forever."

Charles did not choose to remember that the disgrace was in wantonly running in debt, not in going to prison.

Gilbert started at this hint. He will bleed no more, thought Charles; his generosity has run around at last. He was mistaken, it was only his purse that had become dry.

"Charles," said the other, in a tone hoarse with mortification—"Charles, I comprehend—but—but—upon my soul I can't assist you. You have had all I could spare, and you were welcome to it. I am now poor and in debt." And his rugged nature was chafed by the thought of being obliged to deny him.

"My dear cousin," cried Charles, softening his voice into tones

of the deepest sensibility, "I did not mean to trespass further on your generosity; I was only pouring my griefs into the bosom of a sympathizing friend. If you were to offer me thousands I would not, I could not accept them. I could not bring myself to abuse your liberality."

"Pshaw! hang sentiment. I'll tell you what, Charles, though I have no money, I have a home and a welcome for you. Stay with me until we can devise means to pay your debts. My crops promise well, and by autumn who knows what may happen?"

Charles consented, with a thousand protestations of gratitude, which put Gilbert so out of patience, that he was half rude to him.

"What the plague do you make such a fuss about nothing for? Am I doing anything for you you could not do for me? Have done with your nonsense. You are welcome—that is enough."

"What under the sun shall I do to pass the time in this infernal dull place," thought Charles. "I can't live without excitement, and what excitement is there in green fields, silent woods, and murmuring streams? The pretty country girls, 'tis true; but then one may get into trouble there. I abhor books, I can't shoot, I hate fishing, and riding about in search of nothing is the very d—l. What shall I do to kill time?"

At this moment Mrs. Westcott came in, leading a little girl of about two years old. They had just returned from a twilight visit to a neighbor, and looked like a full blown rose, and an opening rosebud. Mrs. Westcott had a rich luxurious form, and such charming sparkling black eyes, that even although partly obscured by shadowy curls and long silken eye-lashes, they were quite dangerous to contemplate. She addressed Charles with a bewitching smile, and a sprightly conversation took place, which lasted till the return of Gilbert.

"Hum," thought Charles, "perhaps I may not be altogether without excitement here, after all."

Men, ay, women too, who have drank deep of the cup of pleasures, which are considered to be lawful and authorized, and get sated with their insipidity, are prone to seek the lost relish, and obtain a new zest, by plunging in guilty schemes of gratification, that carry with them the violation both of divine and human laws. It is the nature of a life of pleasure to be for ever progressive; it begins in innocence and ends in guilt; and if not abandoned in time before the habit has grown unconquerable, brings with it at length an insatiate appetite, that becomes only the more keen and glutinous with time.

Such was the situation of Charles Westcott, who, though but a young man, had already outlived his youthful sensibilities, and was incapable of enjoying the ordinary gratifications of life. To make the bauble worth pursuing, it was necessary that difficulty should attend the pursuit, and guilt the consummation.

From the evening when the demon whispered to his corrupted imagination, that even among the rural shades and in the bosom of the family of his benefactor, he might find interest, he never lost sight of one wicked purpose. He became a thousand times more amiable and attentive than ever to Mrs. Westcott and her children. His voice, his manner, his very footsteps partook of sentiment and sensibility; and he laid out all the arts of a finished man of the world, in exhibiting a touching contrast to the rough uncourtly sincerity of Gilbert.

We reverence the divinity of women, and acknowledge their charms; but they have their weaknesses as well as virtues; and one of the most dangerous is that of losing sight of the morals of men, in their admiration of polished demeanor, and sly insinuating servility, aiming in secret at the attainment of its own interested purposes. Perhaps it is natural that they should do so, since much of their education is devoted to the formation of manners, and they are early taught to rely upon these for their influence over the other sex.

It was some time before the simplicity of the rural wife began to comprehend the nature of Charles's attentions, or even suspect them. When she did, she ought not to have lost a single moment in withdrawing from them at once and for ever. The woman who neglects that one important moment, deceives herself wilfully, and becomes an accomplice in her own ruin. But there was something so touching in the tones of his voice, so eloquent in the downcast beechings of his melancholy eyes, and so different from the roughness of her husband, that often she caught herself making comparisons between them, and, like Desdemona, wishing "that heaven had made her" such a husband.

They often walked out in the quiet twilight of the woods, accompanied by one of the children, and while the little innocent was sporting hither and thither, talked of one thing and looked another, until the poor foolish dame scarcely knew which way to look, or what she was talking about. When they returned she would perhaps encounter her husband, just from his toils and occupations; dusty, fatigued, and sometimes perhaps a little impatient; though, alas! he little knew the diabolical plan meditating and maturing against his happiness. He did not, like Charles, embody his soul in every glance, or pitch his voice to the melting melody of witching sensibility, but spoke to her with unstudied frankness, and looked at her with the honest free confidence of a heart faithful itself, and suspecting not the faith of the wife of his bosom, the friend of his soul.

"What a contrast between my husband and his elegant cousin!" thought Mrs. Westcott, and from that moment she was lost.

"What a dolt is this country squire," thought Charles. "He must be blind, or he wants to get rid of his wife. Well, I owe him a good turn, and will try to oblige him."

Mrs. Westcott became every day more sad, and her husband sometimes remonstrated with her in his usual uncouth way. The struggle was long, and the resistance obstinate. But the wary ser-

pent prevailed at last. The faithless wife and base ingrate fled away together, to enjoy the wretched triumph of a day; one at the price of a sudden guilty death, the other of years of repentance and shame.

When the secret of the elopement transpired, as soon it did, Gilbert said not one single word. He kissed his little children, mounted his horse, and burying his spurs in its sides, dashed out of sight in a moment. He traced the fugitives to the city, to the place of their refuge; gave Charles the choice of a pair of pistols, and the vile traitor paid the penalty of his perfidy, in the presence of his still more wretched companion.

He then, without speaking to or even looking at his wife, went and delivered himself up to justice. The guilt of Charles, being detailed at length, so disgusted the jury and the court, that Gilbert was finally acquitted. He returned to a home which only brought to mind his lost delights, only reminded him of a guilty mother. He shut himself from the world, and became a misanthrope. His children grew up, neglected little weeds, that throve apace among tares and briars; and Mrs. Westcott—we need not dwell on her fate. It is written in the history of woman, with the finger of almighty justice, that the wife who forsakes her home, her husband, her duties, and her offspring, shall live the life of guilt, and die the death of infamy.

ORIGINAL CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE POETRY OF KEATS.

THERE is a great deal of justice in the following critique upon Keats; but it is one side of the truth only. That young and ill-fated poet wrote with a beauty sometimes as transcendent as his errors were positive. His points, good and bad, were all salient to no ordinary degree. We admit the criticism, but we deem it just to make this qualification.—*Eds. N. Y. Mirror.*

The poetry of John Keats is of a style and character not a little peculiar. If we believe, with Lord Byron, that Pope and his school are the only true standards of poetical taste and execution, certainly Keats will fall very far short of the poetical character; for with them he has scarcely anything in common. In correctness, ease, and elegance of versification, he strikes us as much inferior to most writers of far humbler pretensions. However the faculty divine may be one of the "gifts that God gives," certainly no endowment is susceptible of higher cultivation. So far, poetry is an art; and in cultivating it to abandon the pursuit after freedom and propriety of versification, is as if an artisan should neglect to acquire the art of imparting polish to steel. We are not inclined to give Keats much credit for good taste; but if we were to specify the poetical quality in which he is extraordinarily deficient, it is that good sense which is as essential to the poet as to the man of business, and which alone can render enthusiasm available and useful, because it alone prevents the reveries of the former from appearing absurd and ridiculous to the latter. No man in his senses ever pretended to find any thing ridiculous in the writings of Pope; but we will venture to say that few men can read a page or two of Keats without experiencing that highly disagreeable sensation, half disgust half ridicule, which is excited by violations of good taste. Perhaps there is nothing so likely to produce this feeling as the introduction of certain obsolete, quaint, and unusual expressions. We say *certain* words, for there are some, and there is a degree of quaintness, and even familiarity in many kinds of poetry which add not a little to its grace and effect. But it is in the nice judgment and between these expressions in their discriminating selection that the taste of the poet is most eminently displayed. A sentence, for instance, like the following, displeases at once, because there is scarcely a term in the whole which does not betoken a ridiculous affectation:

"By the feud
Twist nothing and creation, I here swear,
Eterné Apollo! that thy sister fair
Is of all these the gentler-mightiest."

Against the introduction, too, of such words as "lush," "rillet," "pipy," (1) and a thousand others of a similar character, which are either the corrupt coinage of a diseased taste, or obsolete, because they were not worth keeping in use, we enter our solemn protest and remonstrance. Nevertheless, we would by no means be understood as objecting to the revival of ancient language in general, where the words in former use serve to express the author's ideas in a more forcible and elegant manner than it can be done in modern phraseology. On the contrary, regarding the English poet as eminently the guardian of English language, we consider it his duty, the more especially as he has higher opportunity, to recall to life and light when occasion requires, the pure and noble speech of his mother tongue. He who will go sit by that old sparkling well which Chaucer once held in fee, and which Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and the rest have one after the other owned and beautified, and will thence take in general draughts undefiled to fertilize his country's language and literature, is in no small degree a public benefactor.

Throwing out of the question, however, the frequent affectations and conceits which disfigure the lines of this poet, we remember no one who has at such an early age displayed a clearer perception or a more teeming imagination. In the lines which we shall here quote, there seems to us to be a certain freshness and simplicity, and, so to speak, *naturalness* of feeling, which are enough to make one "pant and faint" for the country and its pleasant places, almost like one of our author's own lovers.

"— 'Tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;

Now while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue,
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermillion rim'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finished; but let autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed."

The beauty of this passage depends upon the extreme simplicity of the feeling, and, in part, no doubt, upon the appropriateness of some of the expressions, which seem to call up at once whole and finished pictures of nature with all her surpassing attractions. A little further on, in the same poem, comes a strain of a higher mood, which has all the author's faults, while at the same time it is distinguished by an uncommon share of his excellencies. It is the song, or chorus, of the Arcadian shepherds and maidens to their peculiar divinity, Pan. We make no apology for quoting the whole.

"O thou, whose mighty palace-roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whose solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan."

"O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at evening
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossed realms: O thou, to whom
Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow-girded bees
Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
Their fairest blossom'd beans and popped corn;
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year
All its completions—be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine!

"Thou, to whom every fawn and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half sleeping fit;
Or upward ragged precipices sit
To save poor lambskins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

"O hearken to the loud-clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers,
A ram goes bleating: winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn,
Anger our huntsman: breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:
Strange minstrel of undescribed sounds,
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!"

"Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thoughts; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain: be still the leaven,
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble prayer,
Upon thy mount Lycean."

It is strange and piteous enough that a writer capable of a hymn generally so splendid as this, could be guilty of the *unimaginable* absurdity of the last verse!

"The dreary melody of bedded reeds."

What heart might not be affected by the sad ideas conjured up by a line so doleful? And where can be found a collection of images more exceedingly beautiful than in the passage beginning "O thou," &c., in the second stanza? The whole poem of Endymion is, perhaps, as remarkable for faults and beauties as any other of the same length in the English language. This observation is hazarded in the face of the critics, and in absolute opposition to their decrees. It is indeed an unweeded garden; but to assert that

"Things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely,"

as the Quarterly chose to proclaim and maintain, is an instance, amongst many, of the signal injustice of that celebrated periodical, whose managers must have seen and ought to have acknowledged, that, with all its failures and short-comings, the poem we speak of is full to overflowing of admirable fancies and luxuriant beauties. We are compelled to omit further remarks upon this poem, and

some which we intended to make upon the magnificent fragment of "Hyperion," which, although defaced by instances of our author's occasional weakness, is otherwise as grand in thought and language, as the giants whom it celebrates were noble and lofty in stature.

If Keats, however, succeeded well in his more extensive and higher efforts, his lyrical effusions are by no means unworthy of his genius. The "Ode to a nightingale," which we have quoted entire, below, is inferior to none other in our knowledge; and though we do by no means approve of the kind of sentiment too evidently cherished by our melancholy poet, still it seems prompted by such an utter self-abandonment to dull, drooping, irrepressible forlornness, that it must in some measure touch the very frostiest bosom.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:
Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despair.
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.
Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.
I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.
Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight without pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.
Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn,
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.
Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: do I wake or sleep?

The allusion to Ruth, in the seventh stanza, has in it something inexpressibly affecting and tender; and as we read it, even now, our eyes fill with unwonted, but pleasant tears.

Among the lyrical pieces in the volume before us, is one on a Grecian urn, upon whose sides was the sculptured story of some ancient entertainment, with the rustic music and dancing—the maidenly flight and the lover-like pursuit under the branching trees, by which people were accustomed to amuse themselves in more Arcadian days. Our author says:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

We suppose that this and the rest of it may be liable to some objections, but we confess that there is a quaintness and originality about it which affect us delightfully. We make extracts from our volume with great liberality, because the work is very uncommon and the writings of the author very little known in this country. Here is a remarkably fine, manly sonnet "on first looking into Chapman's Homer."

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold,
Of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene

Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken!
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

If any thing were necessary to make our heart warm for Keats, it would be the admiration he expresses for old Chapman. We do not know how Chapman's sounding hexameters would seem if they were disfigured by a modern dress; but when we have read him in the homely garb of our ancient edition, we have exulted in the communion of the old poet's bold, hearty, uncereceremonious, and fiery spirit as if our pulses were playing to the "sound of a trumpet." We cannot at this time devote more attention to Keats. Perhaps we may on some future occasion examine his poetry more critically.

LITERARY NOTICES.

First Lessons; or Elements of Thought and Language, expressed by Pictures and Words; according to Walker's pronunciation. By Miss Oram.

It is the crying sin—(we do not mean to be guilty of a pun)—of our modern school-book makers, that their definitions of words are often more obscure than the words themselves. How many tears have been, and are, shed by the little pupils, on this very account! The compiler of "Hazen's Speller and Definer" has much to answer for in this respect. We should not wonder if he were nightly haunted by the ghosts of innocent children, who had broken their hearts in attempting to understand him! We will open his book at random, and test him by a child of six years:

"Clap—a loud noise made by collision?"
"Caroline, my dear, what is the meaning of the word collision?"
"I don't know, sir."
"What is the meaning of the word clap?"
"The noise we make when we strike our hands together."
"That is correct, my dear."
Again—"What do you understand by the words hazard and challenge?"
"I don't know, sir?"
"What do you mean by the expression, I dare?"
"I mean that I am not afraid."
Right. Once more—"What do you understand by the words inflexible and formal?"
"I don't know, sir."
"What do you mean by the word stiff?"
"Any thing that is hard to bend is stiff; so is one that walks straight and proud."
"Well defined. Voracious?"
"I don't know, sir."
"What would you call a little girl that eats too much?"
"I should say she was very greedy."
And so on to the end of the chapter.

The reader will please to take notice, that the words which the little girl could not define are the very definitions which Hazen has given for those which she could and did define.

These remarks, however, are not applicable to Miss Oram's book, because she has illustrated her tangible nouns by pictures, which are generally easily and instantly comprehended. But without these cuts the poor child would often be terribly bewildered. For instance, the first cut in Miss Oram's book represents an ape, which she thus describes—"An animal distinguished by having four hands." In another page is the picture of a hand, very properly defined "the extremity of the arm." The pupil's opinion must, therefore, inevitably be, that an ape has either four arms, or else two hands on each arm. Her definition of the word *urn* is also very indefinite—"A vessel, the body of which is much larger than the mouth." Without the picture before him, a child would have but a vague idea of an urn from this explanation, which is equally applicable to an earthen jug or a tin canister. So also even with the figure of a saw, what idea can the following definition convey to a child, who never saw one in use—"An instrument made of steel; it is used to separate things." This is not correct. A sieve is used to separate things, for it separates the flour from the bran; and a fan-mill separates the grain from the chaff. But a saw is used to cut one substance into two parts, and not to separate two or more things. A quill is thus defined—"That feather in the wing of a bird that has a horny substance at one end." Can the fair authoress show us a feather from any part of a bird that has not "a horny substance at one end?" Again—"Eggs—the product of birds." So are the feathers which ladies wear in their hats. "House—a covered place of abode." So is a tent, and sometimes a cavern. "Lamp—a vessel made to hold oil for burning." There are a variety of vessels made to hold oil for burning; but the lamp is a vessel made to consume this oil, after receiving it from the other vessels, by converting it into light. "Snake—an amphibious animal without feet." So is a seal. But all snakes are not amphibious. "Pail—a wooden vessel to hold liquids." So is a keg, barrel, hoghead, &c. "Spade—an instrument for digging the ground, made of iron, with a wooden handle." So is a pick-axe.

These objections, however, as before intimated, are obviated by the cuts; which, being the representatives of objects that are generally familiar to children, supply the place of more simple and particular definitions. We therefore do not hesitate to pronounce this book of "first lessons" a useful auxiliary in teaching the "young idea how to shoot," being, as the author justly observes, in conformity to principles deduced from the nature of things; pictures or images of things, being first presented to the eye; then the names and words which express their qualities and uses; and, lastly, the letters or separate sounds, of which these names are composed.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

It is curious to observe how entirely dependent we savages, democrats, horn-flint-and-wooden-nutmeg-manufacturers of the western world are upon the dramatic talent of other countries; and with what a Lazarus-like eagerness we have been accustomed to snap up the crumbs from their tables! The British drama is overflowing with aspirants, a few of whom have been sprinkled over here upon us within the last several weeks. The monkey led the way, but wasted a superfluity of scratching and tumbling upon an audience not sufficiently enlightened to relish his beauties. People require to be civilized to judge matters of refined taste. Poor Pug, we regret to state, made a flat failure; as the publishers say, he fell dead from the press; he will never run through a second edition. Mrs. Pindar followed. She made her courtesy to the American public as Helen Worret; and a very pretty courtesy it was; in the succeeding melo-drama of the Broken Sword she appeared as Myrtillo. She has a sprightly manner, and not unpleasant person, and would probably acquire some fame in several among the parts formerly identified with Mrs. Wilson—although in depth of feeling, grace, and general talent the latter is altogether her superior. Barnes as Ponder was capital. The author has made the character a broadly ludicrous delineation, and it lost nothing of its effect in the hands of our old favorite. In the melo-drama Mrs. Pindar was fair. Placide and Simpson unusually good. By the way of the music, we thought in the overture to Anacron that the wind instruments were not correct in their entries. One violoncello, too, cannot give force to the violoncello passages. The Marriage of Figaro brought out Miss Hughes, as Susanna. She leaped with one bound into the favor of the audience. Her fine round voice is of a fair *soprano* compass: strong and sweet, though slightly veiled. She was promptly engaged in her songs, which, notwithstanding an evident and extremely graceful diffidence, were given with spirit and effect, particularly "Away, away to the mountain's brow." In addition to her vocal ability she is fortunate in the possession of a youthful and prepossessing person, a very pretty mixture of modesty and archness, and some tact as an actress. Mr. Jones gleamed out in one or two fine songs in Fiorello; and Mrs. Sharpe was well received. Placide's Antonio was in his best style; and Mr. Richings, as Figaro, was as tolerable as a player in the Lord Austincourt line of business could be. The part should have been given to Thorne. Sinclair, a vocalist of established reputation, is on the eve of making his debut. Mr. Forrest's Gladiator has been read among the critics, and made some stir. Mr. Kean is about producing a new native tragedy, entitled Waldemar, which promises well; and the public are eagerly waiting for the fulfilment of their expectations in Masaniello.

BOWERY THEATRE.

A number of excellent pieces have been produced at this house, during the past week, and were generally well sustained. "The Iron Chest," "Virginius," "The Midnight Hour," and "The School for Scandal." Master Russel has several times appeared in the melo drama of the Woodcutter, and Mr. and Mrs. Russel as Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. The first was favorably received, and the two latter come deservedly recommended by acknowledged reputation. This theatre has strong claims to attention. You may sometimes find a scene struck off there in a superior manner. Mr. Hamblin is industrious, persevering, and skilful, and is generally happy in his endeavors to please as an actor. He only requires a reasonable share of patronage to produce theatrical exhibitions of a kind which will not interfere with the entertainments at the Park, where opera will undoubtedly monopolize a large portion of the season. The Bowery has frequently proved strongly attractive to the most fastidious audience; and we should not forget that Mr. Forrest was once wont to fill it nightly to overflowing, and that the Signorina, termed by the critics "divine," warbled her last farewell within its walls.

THE NEW COMEDY.

Our play-going readers will, doubtless, recollect Mr. Paulding's prize comedy, the "Lion of the West," the principal character of which was played by Mr. Hackett; and they will be gratified in learning that it will shortly be re-produced, with very material alterations.

It was evident on the representation that the author had given his whole attention to the principal character, which, though drawn with great force, and with a remarkable fidelity to nature, was scarcely enough by itself to sustain the piece, which, however, was sufficiently successful to warrant a belief that the public would welcome it still more cordially were the plot less simply constructed, and the Kentuckian's sphere of action somewhat enlarged. The author, having neither leisure nor inclination for the task, it was, with his full approbation, committed to Mr. Stone, (well known as the author of *Metamora*) who has arranged an entire new piece, with the exception of Colonel Wildfire. This popular hero continues to stand out in bold relief, while the new characters are made to bear a conspicuous and important part in the intrigue of the play, which, with these additions, cannot fail of being eminently popular. The irresistibly comic style in which Mr. Hackett represented the "half horse, half alligator" original, cannot be forgotten by those who witnessed the performance, and we shall take the earliest opportunity of again enjoying a hearty laugh at the eccentric, brave, and generous representative of the west. Having read the manuscript, we may hereafter give an outline of the plot, with sketches of the principal characters.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PASSAGES FROM INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

NUMBER TWO.

THE moon streams broadly across my chamber, dear Imogene, and the night-air comes in soft and balmy, and I cannot sleep—though long ago, I presume, the gentle goddess must have “sealed up your eye-lids with her silver wand,” and I am probably, among those, whom neither sickness nor care should keep waking at this late hour, the only willing watcher. The clock has just struck two, and its clear, quivering cadences have left me here, the dream that I was weaving with my head out of the window, broken and unwound, and my indefinite desire for converse and sympathy changed into a definite remembrance of one whose society alone ever left me without a wish beyond, and whose sympathy alone ever answered the wild and imperative questioning within me. It is a glorious night—a broad, sparkling band of moonlight lying across the bay, from the fort to my window, as if Dian had flung down her spangled ceasus upon the water, and the stars just perceptible through the white silvery atmosphere, and this heavenly silence so absolute and spiritual (oh, what a relief it is after the dizzy hurry and turmoil of day-time!) settling upon one's very soul, like the wings of the Angel of Contemplation. It is at hours like this, that I wish for you. I may almost say, it is at hours like this alone. It is rarely that refined spirits can meet in this perturbed world, without wronging the clear sense of each other's delicacy and heavenly temper. I should fear to marry from the same feeling, and of the many women to whom I have been, in my wandering life, partial, I remember but one whom I should be willing to see in any mood, and at any hour. Whether it is the fault of our nature, or whether we commence our passionate intercourse on too high a key of romance, I know not, but I seldom fail to be shocked and mortified at the daylight moods of women. You are perhaps, more than we, subject to impressions from things about you, and your daylight circumstances are more common-place and frivolous than ours. I come away from my books, for instance, for a morning lounge, the tone of my mind elevated rather than lowered by my occupations, and I meet the beauty that talked intellectually and fervently by last night's moon, and find her engrossed with the fashion of a hat, or a new chapter of scandal, or what is worse, vacant and common-place, her very tone flattened, and the very eyes I thought so brilliant, grown dull and glassy—and it is not that I was deceived then, or that she is changed essentially now, but that the exhaustion of the over-night's fatigue, or the unromantic details of a toilet, or the degrading minutiae of shopping, and street idling, have brought her mind insensibly to a vulgar level, and it will need music, and lights, and excitement, and all the inspiring appliances of society, to arouse and wind it up again to its passionate key. It makes, I think, a nice distinction in the sexes. Men seldom lower their mental dignity in the presence of others—women often.

I wrote you last from Saratoga. With the rest of the gay world I turned my face to the east in the middle of August, and after a day or two at Troy, (among the sweetest of scenery, and I am sure the kindest and most hospitable of people) I took the stage at the melancholy hour of two in the morning, for the route by Greenfield. I do not think there is more magnificent scenery in the world. The road lies along in the bed of a winding valley for a great distance, the most superb uplands swelling away from your feet to the tops of the mountains on either side, and exquisite surprises of perspective constantly opening right and left, as you get on, and streams, and rich forests, and rocks, and all the lavish material of the sublime, breaking in upon your eye, with almost too hurried a succession of beauty and majesty. We came about noon to the foot of Hoosack mountain, and walked up of course. The views back from the turnings of the road were on a scale of unequal grandeur. You must traverse the route yourself, for I cannot describe it. The descent on the east side to Deerfield river, is a business to hold one's breath upon; but once fairly and safely accomplished, the wonderful loveliness of that little stream creeping along so thinly and slenderly at the feet of the tremendous ranges that overhang it, gives you a sensation of novelty and quiet delight, as delicious from its own excess, as it is from the abrupt contrast.

We arrived in Boston duly, and here we are, Phil and myself, at the Tremont—a palace of granite, the most magnificent hotel probably either in Europe or America, and filled just now with all the fashion and half the talent of the country. They are a fine people here:—more intelligent than fashionable, more sumptuous than elegant, more Roman than Grecian,—a compound of Southern hospitality and Northern coldness, of the most self-devoted attention, and the nicest discrimination of the claims to it. There is but one authentic circle, and when once introduced to a member of it, you make the entire revolution. There is but one lady-autocrat, the most imposing and the gayest and most gifted of fashionists, and her acquaintance is an insurance to all parties and to all proper people, and, more important than either, to her own perpetual atmosphere, one which no man can breathe without intoxication, and no woman (forgive me, dear Imogene) without envy. But this is getting personal.

Phil is in high feather. He drives and flirts, and writes verses almost without changing his gloves, and, creature of occasion as he is, he does it all well, and the two first certainly, if not the last, with great brilliancy. Last night he drove me to a *fete-champêtre* given at one of the seats in these most exquisite of *environs*. The atmosphere and the stars, and the rich, golden moonlight, if they had been ordered for the occasion, could not have come in a better

humor for beauty and softness. The grounds were the finest, and the decorations, and the music, and the spirits of the company, were all a little more exalted than, in my humble sphere, I had been accustomed to. I was as bewildered as Christopherus Sly. One thing I did observe, however—the singular devotedness of manner with which Phil addressed every woman to whom he had anything in the world to say. There was an earnest and yet timid respectfulness about it which I had been in the habit of supposing beyond counterfeits, and a sign of true passion always. We rode home somewhere in the ‘small hours;’ and as I sat beside him in the tilbury, silent and half transeid with the pleasure I had received, I could hear, by an occasional jingle in his soliloquy, that, without diminishing his attention to his trotting roan, he was composing. We reached home, and sat down to a cold woodcock, and Phil called for a pen, ink, and a bottle of claret, and in some twenty minutes handed across the table the following verses:—

TO —.

’Tis midnight deep. I came but now
From the bright air of lighted halls,
And while I hold my aching brow
I gaze upon my dim-lit walls;
And feeling here that I am free
To wear the look that suits my mood,
And let my thoughts flow back to thee,
I bless my humble solitude,
And bidding all thoughts else begone,
I muse upon thy love alone!

Yet was the music sweet to-night,
And fragrant spices filled the air,
And flowers were drooping in the light,
And lovely women wandered there—
And fruits and wines with lavish waste
Were on the marble tables piled,
And all that tempts the eye and taste,
And sets the haggard pulses wild,
And wins from care, and deadens sadness,
Were there—but yet I felt no gladness.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee!
Each cunning change the music played,
Each fragrant breath that stole to me,
My wandering thought more truant made.
The lovely women passed me by,
The wit fell pointless in my ear,
I looked on all with vacant eye,
I did not see, I did not hear.

The skilled musician's master tone
Was sweet—thy voice was sweeter far;
They were soft eyes the lamps alone on—
The eyes I worship gentler are;
The halls were broad, the pillars tall—
With silver lamps and costly wine—
I only thought how poor was all
To one low tone from lips like thine—
I only felt how well I forgot
Were earth's best joys—where thou wert not.

You would think now that those verses, which, by the way, are uncommonly pretty, were an effusion of the most natural and sincere feeling, by a man whose love was more to him than all the pomp and circumstance under heaven. Not at all. The next morning he ordered Alfonso, who imitates his master's hand to perfection, to make six copies upon rose-colored paper, and carry them to six of his admirations who did not happen to visit in the particular circle in which the party was given. I should be willing to stand a shot for every thought he bestowed upon either of them till the evening was over. I'll believe in nothing short of tears and a pale cheek after this!

I have stolen from his *portfeuille* another little bagatelle, which he read to me a night or two since, written in a more serious vein than usual, after a conversation with one of the loveliest—the very loveliest of women. She said something to him about her morning devotions, and his verses are probably his inferences from her description:

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And, in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer—
Her snow-white hands together prest,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast,
Just swelling with the charms it hid—
And from her long and flowing dress,
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
Like a new snow-flake, white and mute—
And there, from slumber soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that slight and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven,
Oh God, if souls unsouled as these
Need daily mercy from thy throne—
If she, upon her bended knees,
Our loveliest and our purest one,
She, with a face so clear and bright
We deem her some stray child of light—
If she, with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,
What far, far deeper need have we!
How hardy, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven!

Quite pretty—is it not? I verily believe Phil once had a heart—but, as the author of the Young Duke very truly remarks, “there are men, who, if disappointed once in a true passion, are the most heartless beings in the world for ever after.” With a knowledge of his history, the philosophy may easily be fitted to his character.

By the way, did I send you his definition of a heart, and some similar matters? It is included in one of his nonsenses for the “Gazette,” called, “A Short Catechism for Congress Hall.” As well as I remember, it runs somewhat thus:—

What is the chief end of man? Impression.
What is the chief end of woman? Flirtation.
Who made you? The tailor.
What is a heart? A trite mineral used for barter.
What is matrimony? A game for money.
What is pleasure? The art of fatiguing all the faculties at once.
What is dinner? A tete-a-tete with interruptions.
What is lunch? An operation to appease appetite.
What is beauty? The result of education—better defined by “style.”
What is nature? The vulgar defect common to the uneducated.
What is truth? A traditional fable—qualities not known.
What is religion? Etiquet.

What is atmosphere? A compound of manner and talent.
What is music? A concord and two discords.
Who exist? Those who are here to-day.
Who are dead? Those who went away yesterday.
Who are remembered? God only knows!

Heigho! it's very late—or very early—for the clock is striking four! What vigils for a man who values his complexion! Good night, dear Imogene. Yours always,

SKETCHES BY AN EDITOR.

“WHAT a medley lies on my table this morning. Here's a work in sheets—London edition—the only copy that ever crossed the Atlantic. It will be re-published here soon.”

“You have read it?”

“No.”

“Then you know not how it will go, Mr. Editor?”

“Just as well as if had appeared last year, Mr. Reader.”

“The author is here himself, has dined with the critics, the reviews are all written; it is to be ushered into existence with a flourish of trumpets in the —, which is to be re-echoed in the —. Mr. A. has pledged himself, Mr. B. is the writer's boon companion, Mr. C. will praise it because he hates the author of the —, to be issued at the same time; and Mr. D. puffs every thing in the lump, and gets the books for his trouble.”

“But the public, Mr. Editor, the public—”

“The fiddlestick, Mr. Reader, the fiddlestick. That modest looking thin octavo yonder is the new satirical poem, damp from the press; it lies by the side of the Christian Expositor. These engravings are from —. What scratching. The man there looks like a monkey. Mem.—three creditable engravings—meet the encouragement they deserve. Notes, too—a season-ticket to the dancing bear; a prospectus of a new journal; the first number of a periodical, just established in Louisiana; new music, new magazine, specimen of improved type, and—but here comes Peter from the post-office with letters and papers.”

“Why what a mass of information you must receive from that immense heap!”

“You forget, sir Reader, you forget. We gain from them news of a freshet, or a blow; but these are streams, not fountains. They bear from the large cities the enormous reservoirs, the floods of news with which they irrigate the distant country. For one moment look over those lying by your elbow. Open at the first page. Now read.”

“Mr. Ingham's letter—the cabinet.”

“Now the next.”

“The cabinet—Mr. Ingham's letter.”

“And the next.”

“Heavy fall of rain. Mr. Berrian. Mr. Ingham's letter.”

“Peep into that little blue seven by nine. What says its worship?”

“Mr. Ingham's letter. Mr. Calhoun. Ah! here are some critical observations. ‘Mr. Calhoun's letter is now before the public. It is pervaded throughout by a remarkable tone of candor and manly vigor. The sentiments of this invaluable document should be widely circulated through the nation!’”

“Well, well, that will do. Now unfold that brown fellow in the large type. ‘The Independent United States Champion.’”

“Read the motto.”

‘To wake the soul by tender strokes of art.’

‘Mr. Calhoun. The infamous epistle of this traitor to his country is now before the public. We have given the concluding portion a place in our columns of to-day. The reader will observe the tone of groveling pusillanimity and hypocritical cunning which pervades the whole of this monstrous confession of apostasy and wickedness. The abandoned and licentious character of the writer can only be equalled by the —’

“Well, a truce to politics. You see how the world wags, dear reader; and may conceive the labor of a poor editor, in endeavoring to pick the grain of truth out of all this chaff. But yet who cares? These are but the weeds of a luxuriant soil; let them sprout up; among them much good is accomplished. Here's the ‘Invincible Patriot’—an arrant, time-serving creature as ever breathed; and the ‘Greenburgh Messenger’—that growls and grumbles like a bear; and so on to the end of the chapter. Though (to change the figure) many a one shines through the crowd with the native light of intelligence and honesty, and sheds its beams of wit and wisdom upon the local subjects of the town or village, where it has chosen its orbit.”

There is one thing which provokes a smile upon the visage of a person accustomed to the large scale on which matters are transacted in a populous city: viz. the exaggerated importance which occurrences receive from the country prints and country places; for instance, a fire. Who cares for a fire in New-York? When the bells peal through the wide silence of the night, the sleepy citizen, perchance, raises himself on his couch, and gazes a moment at the glare reflected upon the heavens, then turns again to sleep; and if a house or two or a few blocks are burned down, how carelessly the eye glances over the paragraph in the corner of the next day's paper, and passes from “Twelve new buildings in the Bowery,” &c. to the marriages, theatre, auction sales, &c. &c. Look into a country village on such an occasion, or read the next Saturday's gazette, and you learn, “That the inhabitants of the peaceful village of —, while wrapped in the mantle of unconscious slumber, were startled at the dead of the night by the awful and appalling cry of ‘fire!’ The hideous conflagration first laid hold of Mr. Jenkins's barn, then burned on to the building used as a store by Mr. Jackson, which, dreadful to relate, was totally consumed,” &c.

This peculiarity is yet more visible in case of death. Neither nature nor art has a sound so utterly and inexpressibly mournful as

the toll of a funeral bell in the country. It is the very voice of the universal tyrant whispering to your ear, and sinking thrillingly to the innermost core of your heart. A perfect shadow broods over all things. The gloom hushes every dwelling, and is reflected from every face. You cannot shake off the impression. It weighs on your soul like lead; and when the simple crowd come forth, and the coffin heavy with that which a few hours before was a breathing, thinking, perchance, hoping being like yourself, meets your eye; how the chilling influence curdles the blood in your veins, and makes it creep around your shoulders. Yet what is death in a city? What an empty mockery is a funeral to all but the stricken bosoms which are bleeding and writhing with the cruel bolt. With what apathy, peradventure mirth, the shuffling crowds glance at the ominous train? The clattering hoofs of the beau's steed strike fire as he dashes recklessly along, the clerk hurries onward with his bundle, the stage-driver's whip echoes as he hastens his jaded team; the rapid notes of the piano may be heard through the damask curtain that shades the apartment of fashion; and the sweet belle floats by gracefully with the never-ebbing tide, and dreams not that she herself, maugre those sunny eyes and that placid bosom may, even before the flower on her brow has faded, be thus borne on, and thus disregarded.

"Hey-day, sir, here's a digression—from an editor's table to a graveyard."

"A digression, gentle reader, suffer me to hint, neither unnatural nor uncommon."

"But I set out with you, in the hopes of being amused, and you have wheedled me into a sermon. I thought you would fling off your suit of sables, and laugh with me, not preach."

"True, true, my kind and merry companion; pardon the transgression, but remember that the mind is restless as the magnet, and sadness is written on so many points of the moral compass, that the thought, in its thousand vibrations, cannot always point to pleasure."

"Hush, sir editor, what have you to do with sadness? Your health is good, your conscience is unseared, your journal is popular, you count on your list of patrons, names that make the heart leap, and your avocations lead you through the most enchanting scenes. What other men seek as amusement you enjoy from the necessity of business; and instead of wasting life in some pursuit which requires neither literature nor reflection, you are continually called upon to study the one, and to develop and cultivate the other. Your existence is like that of bees and birds. You are forever fluttering around fruit and flowers. You feed upon all the elegant essences of fashion, pleasure, and science. Nearly all other professions lead man aside from these paths, into something groveling and tedious, which he pursues only from considerations of business, as the sailor imprisons himself in a floating dungeon, and consents to toss for months on the deep, at the peril of wind and waves; or as the miner digs into the bowels of the earth for the hidden metal. When such as these find themselves in the light and pure regions which you inhabit, well may they look upon you with envy."

"Talkest thou thus to me, dear reader? Then do I know thee for one with a bright fancy, but an inexperienced mind. Art thou yet so fresh in the pilgrimage as not to have learned that the most delicious food the soonest palls upon the palate? That honey may become loathsome; that you may weary even of the warble of a bird? There are times when the eyes ache with the glitter of splendor. It is decreed that nothing, literally nothing, in this system of imperfect perfection, called physical and moral nature, can stand the test of close familiarity. The most polished marble betrays its coarseness when exposed to the microscope. There is no music but you will at length turn away from it with sated ear, or detect in it some jarring association; no face but some unlooky angle or repulsive expression may flash upon you from an unexpected position, or in an accidental glare of light; no character but at some of these dull cold moods, which occasionally float dimly and darkly along the atmosphere of all minds, you shall stumble upon a weakness or a vice, a perception blunted to delicacy, a blindness to what you deem a truism, a string in the heart that refuses to vibrate when you touch it affectionately, a something indefinite, as a chill in the air of a summer day, which after all may be in yourself. This is the craving of unlimited expectation, for more than nature has created—the fineness of keen love, whose exquisite edge can only live in the fancy, and is turned by the touch of any thing human. I remember I once had occasion to travel over a country scarcely settled, upon a journey of many weeks' duration. My way lay directly through oak forests, across the sources of large rivers, and by the most romantic spots that ever traveling painter treasured in his sketch-book. I had cherished the love of forest scenery like a passion. Its magnificent clumps of giant trees, its calm air of primeval silence and grandeur, the vast variety of branches, which sometimes bent superbly over my head like an arch, and sometimes extended to the ground like the walls of a fairy palace, faintly reflecting its green light around, and fringing the sides of the scarce-trodden road. For the first week or two these perfectly enamored me. I was utterly alone, with a steed that might have borne Richard the lion-hearted through the proudest tournament of England; and as I mused on the broken bridge, or watched the wild squirrel leaping from tree to tree, or descended into the Eden depths of the luxuriant valley, or mounted to the summit of the hill, and caught a panoramic view of the wide woods and shining rivers below, I almost vowed, in my soul, to abandon the trickery of artificial society, and fly here, where nature's gifts might be enjoyed on her own bosom."

"Pray, Mr. Editor, this is all very fine, but what has that to do with your profession?"

"Patience, dear reader, patience; youth is so impetuous, even as thy fancy has painted the charms of an editor's life, so was this journey to me. In three weeks I was so tired of the eternal recurrence of similar images, beautiful as they actually were, that I pined for an open field or paved street, and the hum and bustle of the town. I was fairly sick of leaves, branches, tall woods, and the trunks of trees. When I went to bed and closed my eyes, the everlasting boughs were waving around me, the squirrels were leaping across the ceiling, the wind was rushing over the foliage, I could not exclude them from my imagination, and when I galloped into a town of some fashion, and entered the ample hall of a large hotel, I felt as if I had been saved from drowning. Thus may the seeming fair things of earth become valueless and unwelcome if forced upon the enjoyment. Even Rasselas was wretched in the happy valley."

"And pray, Mr. Editor, of what may these indefinite disadvantages thou speak'st of be composed?"

"One of them, my respected reader, is the impossibility of chatting long in the morning, with an agreeable friend like thyself. Business must be attended to. I have already staid with thee too long. Come in some other time, good reader, then, I will confess all. Had I but time,

"I could a tale unfold
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes—"

But here's Peter, with his melancholy face, for more copy, to cram down the throat of my voracious publication; therefore, by your leave, I shall postpone this eternal blazonry till a future visit. SEDLEY.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—It is curious to observe the distinct variety of minds which nature has brought into the world. They present more striking contrasts than you detect in human countenances. When you look along a row of faces, seated, for instance, in the pit of a theatre, the peculiarities of each are brought more forcibly before you by your opportunity of forming comparisons, without an effort, and by the mere act of vision. I amused myself the other evening during a dull piece, by watching, I hope, innocently, the physiognomies of some of my fellow-creatures. Next me was a huge fat face with a double chin and small eyes; by his side was a haggard visage, with a nose like a triangle. In some, the features had a general inclination upward, in others, downward, while here and there was one with a twist sideways, a sinister cast of the eye, or a ludicrous amplitude of mouth. A storm-beaten, iron looking front, seamed over, as if it had been struck with lightning, was wrinkled into distortion by unaccustomed fits of laughter, and by its side the smooth, soft-complexioned, sweet face of a young boy, who, one might swear, came from a lovely mother, or resembled a charming, saucy sister, was illumined with a glow of perfect animation; his large, liquid blue eyes beamed with pleasure, and the lurking smiles about his lips, came and went, with a touch of girlish beauty, as the scene stirred up the pure stream of his thoughts, and made them flash out over his features.

Minds are just so opposite, but it is not so easy to find it out. You must open your moral eyes to detect the invisible mental qualities of the good people around. Yet when once discovered, what wonderful differences appear! How some are distorted, and some blind! How some contemplate nature with a squinting misanthropy, and some, like the boy, are in soul all clear and beautiful. Here, you behold one scarred by misfortune, another pure in innocence, a third, wrinkled with age, a fourth enervated and bloated with indulgence. If we could change, for a little while, our moral perceptions with each other, and be thus enabled to gaze on the world with the "mind's eye" of our neighbor, we should not recognize the scenes now most dear and familiar. For example, request a poet, and practised observer, and an individual of dissimilar experience and disposition to give you their ideas upon any subject; probably the qualities which instantly flash on the one, and afford him keen pain or pleasure, will be totally unperceived by the other; and so all things convey different impressions, and are in fact different objects to different minds. This faculty of discovering attributes and relations, invisible to others, constitutes, in a great measure, the secret of an author's success. I was thrown into this train of reflection by the name of an essay in one of the numbers of the New Monthly Magazine, entitled "Free Admissions."

"Now," said I to myself, "what can there be in this with which to cke out an article? What can be said but that it is more convenient to attend the theatre gratuitously than to pay your dollar. Yet see what a vein of humorous imagination the writer has opened. The subject was to me opaque like a rock. See what a pretty spring has gushed out at the touch of his wand."

THE FREE ADMISSION.

A FREE admission is the *lotos* of the mind: the leaf in which your name is inscribed as having the privileges of the *entrée* for the season is of an obnoxious quality—an antidote for half the ills of life. I speak here not of a purchased but of a gift-ticket, an emanation of the generosity of the managers, a token of conscious desert. With the first you can hardly bring yourself to go to the theatre; with the last, you cannot keep away. If you have paid five guineas for a free admission for the season, this *free admission* turns to a mere slavery. You seem to have done a foolish thing, and to have committed an extravagance under the plea of economy. You are struck with remorse. You are impressed with a conviction that pleasure is not to be bought. You have paid for your privilege in the lump, and you receive the money in dribblets. The five pounds you are out of pocket

et does not meet with an adequate compensation the first night, or on any single occasion—you must come again, and use double diligence to strike a balance to make up your large arrears: instead of an obvious saving, it hangs as a dead weight on your satisfaction all the year; and the improvident price you have paid for them kills every ephemeral enjoyment, and poisons the flattering illusions of the scene. You have incurred a debt, and must go every night to redeem it; and as you do not like being tied to the oar, or making a toil of a pleasure, you stay away altogether; give up the promised luxury as a bad speculation; sit sullenly at home, or bend your loitering feet in any other direction; and putting up with the first loss, resolve never to be guilty of the like folly again. But it is not thus with the possessor of a free admission, truly so called. His is a pure pleasure, a clear gain. He feels none of these irksome qualms and misgivings. He marches to the theatre like a favored lover; if he is compelled to absent himself, he feels all the impatience and compunction of a prisoner. The portal of the temple of the muses stands wide open to him, closing the vista of the day—when he turns his back upon it at night with steps gradual and slow, mingled with the common crowd, but conscious of a virtue which they have not, he says, "I shall come again to-morrow!" In passing through the streets, he casts a side-long careless glance at the playbills; he reads the papers chiefly with the view to see what is the play for the following day, or the ensuing week. If it is something new, he is glad; if it is old, he is resigned—but he goes in either case. His steps bend mechanically that way—pleasure becomes a habit, and habit a duty—he fulfills his destiny—he walks deliberately along Long-acre (you may tell a man going to the play, and whether he pays or has a free admission)—quickness his pace as he turns the corner of Bow-street, and arrives breathless and in haste at the welcome spot, where, on presenting himself, he receives a passport that is a release from care, thought, toil, for the evening, and wafts him into the regions of the blest! What is it to him how the world turns round, if the play goes on; whether empires rise or fall, so that Covent-garden stands its ground? Shall he plunge into the void of politics, that volcano burnt out with the cold, sterile, sightless lava, hardening all around? or con over the registers of births, deaths, and marriages when he may be present at Juliet's wedding and gaze on Juliet's tomb? or shall he wonder at the throng of coaches in Regent-street, when he can feast his eyes with the coach (the fairy vision of his childhood) in which Cinderella rides to the ball? Here (by the help of that open sesame! a free admission,) ensconced in his favorite niche, looking from the "loop-holes of retreat" in the second circle, he views the pageant of the world played before him; melts down years to moments; sees human life, like a gaudy shadow, glance across the stage; and here tastes of all earth's bliss, the sweet without the bitter, the honey without the sting, and plucks ambrosial fruits and amarantine flowers (placed by the enchantress Fancy within his reach,) without having to pay a tax for it at the time, or repenting of it afterwards. "He is all ear and eye, and drinks in sounds or sights that might create a soul under the ribs of death." "The fly," says Gay, "that sips treacle, is lost in the sweets;" so he that has a free-admission forgets every thing else. Why not? It is the cheap and enviable transfer of his being from the real to the unreal world, and the changing half his life into a dream. "Oh! leave me to my repose," in my beloved corner at Covent-garden theatre! This (and not "the arm-chair at an inn," though that too, at other times, and under different circumstances, is not without its charms,) is to me "the throne of felicity." If I have business that would detain me from this, I put it off till the morrow; if I have friends that call in just at the moment; let them go away under pain of bearing my maledictions with them. What is there in their conversation to atone to me for the loss of one quarter of an hour at the "witching time of night?" If it is on indifferent subjects, it is flat and insipid; if it grows animated and interesting, it requires a painful effort, and begets a feverish excitement. But let me once reach, and fairly establish myself in this favorite seat, and I can bid a gay defiance to mischance, and leave debts and duns, friends and foes, objections and arguments far behind me. I would, if I could, have it surrounded with a balustrade of gold, for it has been to me a palace of delight. There golden thoughts unbidden betide me, and golden visions come to me. There the dance, the laugh, the song, the scenic deception greet me; there are wafted Shakspeare's winged words, or Otway's plaintive lines; and there how often have I heard young Kemble's voice, trembling at its own beauty, and prolonging its liquid tones, like the murmur of the billowy surge on sounding shores! There I no longer torture a sentence or strain a paradox: the mind is full without an effort, pleased without asking why. It inhales an atmosphere of joy, and is steeped in all the luxury of woe. To show how much sympathy has to do with the effect, let us suppose any one to have a free admission to the rehearsals of a morning, what mortal would make use of it? One might as well be at the bottom of a well, or at the top of St. Paul's, for any pleasure we should derive from the finest tragedy or comedy. No, a play is nothing without an audience; it is a satisfaction too great and too general not to be shared with others. But reverse this cold and comfortless picture—let the eager crowd beset the theatre-doors, "like bees in spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides"—let the boxes be filled with innocence and beauty, like beds of lilies on the first night of Isabella or Belvidera, see the flutter, the uneasy delight of expectation, see the big tear roll down the cheek of sensibility as the story proceeds—let us listen to the deep thunder of the pit, or catch the gallery's shout at some true master stroke of passion; and we feel that a thousand hearts are beating in our bosoms, and hail the sparkling illusion reflected in a thousand eyes. The stage has, therefore, been justly styled "a discipline of humanity;" for there is no place where the social principle is called forth with such strength and harmony, by a powerful interest in a common object. A crowd is every where else oppressive; but the fuller the play-house, the more intimately and cordially do we sympathize with every individual in it. Empty benches have as bad an effect on the spectator as the players. This is one reason why so many mistakes are made with respect to plays and players, ere they come before the public. The taste is crude and uninformed till it is ripened by the blaze of lighted lamps and the sunshine of happy faces; the cold, critical faculty, the judgment of managers and committees asks the glow of sympathy and the buzz of approbation to prompt and guide it. We judge in a crowd with the sense and feelings of others; and from the very strength of the impression, fancy we should have come to the same unavoidable conclusion had we been left entirely to ourselves. Let any one try the experiment by reading a manuscript play, or seeing it acted—or by hearing a

candidate for the stage rehearse behind the scenes, or top his part after the orchestra have performed their fatal prelude. Nor is the air of a play-house favorable only to social feeling—it aids the indulgence of solitary musing. The brimming cup of joy or sorrow is full; but it runs over to other thoughts and subjects. We can there (nowhere better) "retire, the world shut out, our thoughts call home." We hear the revelry and the shout, but "the still, small voice" of other years and cherished recollections is not wanting. It is pleasant to hear Miss Ford repeat *Love's Catechism*, or Mrs. Humby sing "I cannot marry Crout;" but the ear is not therefore deaf to Mrs. Jordan's laugh in Nell; Mrs. Goodall's Roelind still haunts the glades of Arden, and the echo of Amien's song, "Blow, blow, thou winter's wind," lingers through a lapse of thirty years. A pantomime (the Little Red Riding-Hood) recalls the innocence of our childish thoughts: a dance (the Minuet de la Cour) throws us back to the gorgeous days of Louis XIV. and tells us that the age of chivalry is gone for ever. Who will be the Mrs. Siddons of a distant age? What future Kean shall "strut and fret his hour upon the stage," full of genius and free from errors? What favorite actor or actress will be taking their farewell benefit a hundred years hence? What plays and what players will then amuse the town? Oh, many-colored scenes of human life! where are ye more truly represented than in the mirror of the stage? or where is that eternal principle of vicissitude which rules over ye, the painted pageant and the sudden gloom, more strikingly exemplified than here? At the entrance to our great theatres, in large capitals over the front of the stage, might be written *MUTABILITY*! Does not the curtain that falls each night on the pomps and vanities it was withdrawn awhile to reveal (and the next moment all is dark) afford a fine moral lesson? Here, in small room, is crowded the map of human life; the lengthened, varied scroll is unfolded like rich tapestry with its quaint and flaunting devices spread out; whatever can be saved from the giddy whirl of ever-rolling time and of this round orb, which moves on and never stops, all that can strike the sense, can touch the heart, can stir up laughter or call tears from their secret source, is here treasured up and displayed ostentatiously—here is Fancy's motley wardrobe, the masks of all the characters that were ever played—here is a glass set up clear and large enough to show us our own features and those of all mankind—here, in this enchanted mirror, are represented, not darkly, but in vivid hues and bold relief, the struggle of life and death, the momentary pause between the cradle and the grave, with charming hopes and fears, terror and pity in a thousand modes, strange and ghastly apparitions, the events of history, the fictions of poetry (warm from the heart; all these, and more than can be numbered in my feeble page, fill that airy space where the green curtain rises, and haunt it with evanescent shapes and indescribable yearnings.

Who can collect into one sordid pulsation, the thoughts and feelings that in the course of his life all these together have occasioned? or what heart, if it could recall them at once, and in their undiminished power and plenitude, would not burst with the load? Let not the style be deemed exaggerated, but tame and creeping, that attempts to do justice to this high and pregnant theme, and let tears blot out the unequal lines that the pen traces! Quaffing these delights, inhaling this atmosphere, brooding over these visions, this long trail of glory, is the possessor of a Free Admission to be blamed if he "takes his ease" at the play; and turning theatrical recluse, and forgetful of himself and his friends, devotes himself to the study of the drama, and to dreams of the past? By constant habit (having nothing to do, and little else to think of,) he becomes a tippler of the dews of Castaly—a dram-drinker on Mount Parnassus. He tastes the present moment, while a rich sea of pleasure presses to his lip and engulfs him round. The noise, the glare, the warmth, the company, produce a sort of listless intoxication, and clothe the pathos and the wit with a bodily sense. There is a weight, a closeness even, in the air, that makes it difficult to breathe out of it. The custom of going to the play night after night becomes a relief, a craving, a necessity—one cannot do without it. To sit alone is intolerable, to be in company is worse; we are attracted with pleasing force to the spot where "all that mighty heart is beating still." It is not that perhaps there is any thing new or fine to see—if there is, we attend to it—but at any time, it kills time and saves the trouble of thinking. O, Covent Garden! "thy freedom hath made me effeminate!" It has hardly left me power to write this description of it. I am become its slave, I have no other sense or interest left. There I sit and lose the hours I live beneath the sky, without the power to stir, without any determination to stay. "Teddy the Tyler" has become familiar to me, and, as it were, a part of my existence: "Robert the Devil" has cast his spell over me. I have seen both thirty times at least, (no offence to the management!) and could sit them out thirty times more. I am bed-ridden in the lap of luxury: am grown callous and inert with perpetual excitement.

—"What avails from iron chains
Exempt, if rosy fetters bind as fast?"

I have my favorite box too, as Beau Brummel had his favorite leg; one must decide on something, not to be always deciding. Perhaps I may have my reasons too—perhaps into the box next to mine a Grace enters; perhaps from thence an air divine breathes a glance (of heaven's own brightness,) kindles contagious fire;—but let us turn all such thoughts into the lobbies. These may be considered as an Arabesque border round the inclosed tablet of human life. If the muses reign within, Venus sports heedless, but not unheeded without. Here a bevy of fair damsels, richly clad, knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance, lead on "the frozen winter and the pleasant spring!" Would I were allowed to attempt a list of some of them, and Cowley's *Gallery* would blush at mine! But this is a license which only poetry, and not even a Free Admission can give. I can now understand the attachment to a player's life, and how impossible it is for those who are once engaged in it ever to wean themselves from it. If the merely witnessing the bustle and the splendor of the scene, as an idle spectator, creates such a fascination, and flings such a charm over it, how much more must this be the case with those who have given all their time and attention to it—who regard it as the sole means of distinction—with whom even the monotony and mortifications must please—and who, instead of being passive, casual votaries, are the dispensers of the bounty of the gods, and the high-priests at the altar?

* This lady is not, it is true, at Covent-Garden: I wish she were!
—"Mais vois la rapidité de cet astre qui vole et ne s'arrête jamais."—*Neve Elipse.*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—Among the various tributes of praise elicited by the death of our late fellow-citizen, Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, I crave a small space in your journal, in order to add my voice as a token of respect to the memory of that great and good man.

He has at length closed a long life of labor in the city whose character he has elevated by his fame. Surrounded on all sides by the monuments of his usefulness, he had nearly completed the three score and ten years, the measure of man's days; scarcely one of which passed unmarked by the exercise of high talents, applied to the discovery of new truths, or by the traits of a benevolent mind, manifested in the eager adaptation of them to increase the comforts and advance the moral dignity of society. Few have ever risen in our land so assiduous in their zeal to enrich the scientific treasury of the country, and none ever wore the honors of intellectual supremacy with more true republican simplicity. He put away the magisterial stateliness and peremptory tone of the pedant; yet, in his constant communications with the world, he did not divest himself of the respect and deference he was entitled to require. He was to be seen mingling with every class of men, imparting or receiving instruction; conversing with the artisan on the mysteries of his craft, and communicating the principles of science in exchange for the results of the other's practice. In this manner he accumulated those inexhaustible stores of fact and experience, the possession of which threw open to him the doors of every learned society in either hemisphere, and diffused his name co-extensively with civilization and science.

Doctor Mitchell was prosecuting his studies in foreign institutions at the time when chemistry, rescued from the fanciful speculations and random experiments of the alchemists, first became entitled to the name of a science; and to him undoubtedly belongs the honor of having introduced in this country the then recently announced theories of Lavoisier. In the subsequent disputations which led to the establishment of the present more perfect system, he took an active part; and, with other distinguished men, attempted to occupy the still remaining debatable ground of the science with ingenious speculations.

In return for his unremitting exertions in their behalf, his countrymen have conferred upon him many and various marks of approbation. They have entrusted to him the guardianship of their rights and interests, both in the state and federal legislatures. None ever denied that the confidence was judiciously reposed. His death will be regretted, not by those alone who admired his talents and learning, but by many who cherish his memory with less exalted, though not less fervent esteem for his benevolent mind, his bland and affable manners, rendered more winning by their union with many amiable eccentricities.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—Questions are frequently asked touching the state of the orchestral departments of the Park and Bowery theatres for the present season. I state the observations which have occurred to me. Mr. Simpson having contemplated making opera a first-rate consideration, (in which the public manifest the most liberal disposition to support him) has been much more careful in his selection of a band than his brother manager of the Bowery. I do not conceive that music ever stood a chance of being better performed in this country than at present at the Park theatre. Mr. De Luce is still the *chef d'orchestre*; the three first violins are played by Messrs. Metz, Smith, and De Luce, jun., the latter a mere boy, but of much promise; the second violins are handled by Messrs. Otto and Heidelberg, both excellent musicians, who bring a powerful and correct tone from their instruments; a viola (with occasional assistance) by Mr. Goodwin; the double bass and violoncello by Messrs. Davis and Taylor; the flute by Mr. Kyle, jun., who reads well and plays fairly, without being distinguished either by brilliancy of execution or taste, in both of which he might improve himself—this young gentleman uses an inferior octave flute, the tone of which resembles a fife; the clarionets by Messrs. Herwig and Zeigler, both excellent; the bassoon by Mr. Reiff, a firm, good musician; the trombone by Cioffi, who needs no comment; the horns by Messrs. Nids and Brown, the former first rate, the latter useful; the trumpet by Newattney, a good musician, although not of the calibre of Norton; the drums by Mr. Murray. This band, when accustomed to play together music arranged to their force, cannot be exceeded, nor even equalled by any other in America. Much has been said, chiefly by way of puff, of the celebrated orchestra of the French opera, and when "the second Paganini," as certain wisacres have nick-named one Mr. Segura, announced a concert at Niblo's Garden, these terms were brought into requisition. The gentleman drew together a select few by taking in vain the name of Madame Feron, and other talented *artistes*, and then fled incontinently, and left his wondering proselytes to recover their dollars and good temper as they could. But let us examine (putting Segura out of the question) what pretensions the persons who constituted the band under Monsieur Paradol, at the Park theatre, have to the title of "the unrivalled French band of New-Orleans." The fact is, that of an orchestra of eighteen personages, not more than seven are French, and half, at least, were engaged by Paradol in this city. The French band, then, like every other band, depends upon the talent of the persons at present engaged, not upon its former fame; and at this time of day people are not to be deceived into a belief of excellence by high sounding names and puffs, but will rather trust to their own discrimination. The band of the Bowery theatre is capable of conducting a melo-drama through, or playing a ballad without committing any breaches of manners, which is precisely what is required by the manager.

Should opera offer itself in an eligible shape, there is talent enough unemployed in the city to render the attempt safe. Before concluding this communication, I have to point out an error, into which, until within the two last years, managers have fallen touching their musical arrangements. In getting up opera, or rather in the *face* of getting up opera, they have invariably prided themselves upon Drury-lane or Covent garden parts for their band. That is, in plain terms, the music arranged in England for thirty is placed before half that number of persons here; and notwithstanding the want of many of the instruments which are not even in the country, the manager gravely says, "never mind, play away, gentlemen!" They do play, and when strange sounds from incomplete harmony result; and when confusion is covered by the absence of hautboys, two sets of horns, an alto and a bass trombone, a *coro di bassetto*, a *contra fagotto*, &c., begin to be felt, the *soi-disant* critic sticks his hands in the pockets of his inexpressibles, and deplores the want of talent in America; "for," says he, "this same music went well in London!" The operas of Cinderella and the Caliph of Bagdad, thanks to the fact that the arranger of the same chanced to light upon a manager whose auricular membrane is decently constructed, were adapted to the strength of the band; and "*Anis coronat opus*." In the music of Rossini and Auber, the great desideratum is the hautboy, of which this country is entirely destitute. Monsieur Gilles, of Baltimore, is an artist of decided talent, but he plays only in private; an Englishman likewise, a fair professor of the hautboy, arrived here about two years ago, but could not find employment, meeting in answer to all his applications the usual reply, "we can do without you, because we have hitherto done so." He therefore went back. A German professor, we believe, still resides somewhere in the backwoods; he found that no engagement could be effected in the cities, and therefore turned his reed into a shepherd's pipe, took a wood, cleared as much land as possible, and

"—sub tegmine fagi
Sylvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena."

It is believed that he is still in a log-hut piping to the bears and squirrels. Monsieur Paradol, whose talents as a leader and musician are well known, in the absence of a hautboy, substitutes a C clarinet in his band, and thus secures the necessary leading points; but this he allows not to be so effective as dividing the hautboy part between the clarionets and flute, as in the case of Cinderella, because the flute can better express the upper notes of the hautboy than the clarinet; the lower notes, on the contrary, will probably fall better within the clarinet range. The enormous trouble attendant upon this undertaking is the only cause assigned by Paradol for entrusting the hautboy part entirely to a clarinet player; and indeed any person acquainted with the duties incumbent upon a French *chef d'orchestre*, will acknowledge that such an excuse is valid.

THE FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVINGS.

THE public, particularly strangers, passing through the city, are not aware that, for a comparatively trifling sum, they may procure four admirable and splendid views of Niagara Falls, engraved by Hill, from paintings by Bennet, and published by H. I. Megarey. We have seldom met, among the numerous delineations of this stupendous wonder of nature, any conveying a more forcible impression. The sweep of the immense body of water over the precipitous ledges of rocks—the volumes of foam floating away with the breeze, and every thing but the deafening thunder, are represented to the life. These prints would form valuable *morceaux* for travellers from Europe, desirous of carrying home with them correct sketches of American scenery.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS,

COLLECTED IN SPAIN BY THE LATE RICHARD W. MEADE, Esq.

During the revolution in that country.

This collection is now open to the public at the National Gallery, Clinton-hall, and consists of specimens from the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish schools, all by masters of distinguished reputation, and several by those of the very first class. Among these may be enumerated the Martyrdom of St. Lawrence, by Titian; the Calling of St. Matthew, by Jordano; the Vision of St. Anthony, by the same; the Savior expounding the Law to the Doctors in the Temple, by Paul Veronese; the Entrance and Departure from the Ark, by Bassano; Moses and the Brazen Serpent, and a Madonna, by Rubens; two Landscapes, by Salvator Rosa; Jacob wrestling with the Angel, by Dominichino; a Magdalen, by Vanduyke; and two pieces by Murillo. Besides these, the exhibition contains a variety of others, all of decided merit, and presenting in the whole a collection such as the citizens of New-York have rarely, if ever, had an opportunity of viewing. Among the great attractions here displayed, is the original, and the only original bust of Washington, by the celebrated sculptor Ceracchi, the master of Canova, and his equal in genius, to say the least. This bust was purchased by the then Spanish minister to the United States, and carried to Spain, when several years afterwards his widow disposed of it to Mr. Meade, for two thousand dollars.

It has been common to suppose that it was difficult, if not impossible, for any first-rate specimens of the fine arts to emigrate to this country, considering the eagerness with which they are purchased in Europe, by men whose wealth is superior to that of any single individual in the United States. But Mr. Meade possessed peculiar means and opportunities, as well as a disposition to make use of them. He resided in Spain during the early part of the struggle between the king and the constitutional party, of which latter he

was the rallying point at Cadiz. At this period many families of the ancient nobility were reduced to poverty, and willing to dispose of those valuable specimens of the arts, which they had no security of retaining any longer; many ecclesiastical establishments, containing masterly pictures, had been rifled; and in this way frequent opportunities presented themselves of obtaining possession of what otherwise would have been locked up for ages to come, as they had been for ages past. Mr. Meade then had vast means of availing himself of this peculiar state of things, and he did so with that munificence and liberality which formed a part of his character. He secured and transmitted to his native country a treasure of art, such as had never been before possessed by an American citizen. A collection of genuine, authentic specimens, from which we may form a judgment, and by which we may model a taste, founded on a comparison of the works of some of the most celebrated masters.

We understand the object of the exhibition is to offer the pictures for sale, either together or separately; and certainly our affluent individuals, and our church establishments never had so tempting an opportunity of embellishing their houses and their sacred edifices. Both the size and subjects of many of these pieces render them most peculiarly fit for the latter purpose; and it is hoped some of our wealthy congregations will avail themselves of the chance, by at once displaying their taste, their liberality, and their piety.

SACRED MUSIC.

In an article on music, published some time since in this paper, we expressed surprise that, notwithstanding the visible increase of musical knowledge, no complete oratorio had ever been given in this city, "the public performances by that name being merely selections or parts, and never embracing an entire work." That the foundation for this reproach may hereafter be obviated, the "New-York Sacred Music Society" propose to give, in October next, an entire oratorio, consisting of the celebrated composition, "Handel's Messiah." The musical public will be gratified to hear that preparations are making to present this splendid piece in a manner worthy of the increasing taste of the town, and the reputation of its author. We learn, that should the attempt meet with sufficient encouragement, this spirited and useful society will produce, in addition to the selections now given at their annual performances, the oratorios of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, &c. The best solo-singers and orchestra are engaged; the chorusses have been engraved in single parts; and the accompaniments, with all Mozart's additions, procured. No one will doubt the success of this enterprise.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

A CARD.

IN assuming the duties of a new station, there is little the incumbent can say beyond an unqualified assurance that his best powers will be devoted to their performance. This the subscriber gives unhesitatingly. Having transferred the only literary undertaking in which he has any interest to the proprietor of the Mirror, his whole time and attention will hereafter be given to this work. Trusting that the experience of several years in editing a similar periodical has afforded him some facility, and bringing with him the best of his former contributors, he enters upon his task with a sanguine hope that the already successful enterprise of his fellow-editors may be still further advanced in public favor by his industry. N. P. WILLIS.

To correspondents.—We have before stated that it is not our practice to publish a notice of the various communications received at this office. Of these, indeed, we have so great a number, that it is sometimes incompatible with other avocations to give them all even an immediate reading; correspondents, therefore, must not suppose when their favors do not appear as soon as sent, that they are consequently rejected. They are not unfrequently necessarily delayed for a long period. Some of our satirical friends have of late favored us with several essays on the subject of *public dinners* and the *dog law*. Of these we must decline the publication. Our sentiments in regard to both are well known, and we trust are participated in by a large majority of our fellow-citizens. Touching the dinners, the visit of Washington Irving to this country, we have already mentioned as an exception, as indeed should be all really important occasions. We never intended to say more than that entertainments, got up by a few interested personal friends, for a local purpose, dignified with the appellation of public dinners, just as we see some little, ragged, obscure, wooden tavern in the country, almost hidden by a sign of "United States Hotel," are rather ludicrous in their nature. The minuteness, too, with which the details of these gatherings are paraded in the newspapers, is, on certain occasions, merely the result of some injudicious personal partiality, and by no means tends to make the affair appear less ridiculous.

Singular and Plural.—It is now more than a year since we asked a question, under this head, which has not yet been answered by any of our correspondents. It was respecting the formation of the plural of the word *staff*, with a few others of the same termination; and, in putting the interrogatory, we made use of the following remarks: "None of the lexicographers, whom we have consulted, give any direction on the subject, except as regards the word *staff*; which, they say, becomes *staves*, (rhyming with *waves*) in the plural. But is it also proper to say, 'every sloop and schooner ought to be provided with several extra *gaves*?' And if speaking of more than one *graff*, (a ditch or moat) must we call them *graves*? and follow the same rule with respect to the words *distaff*, *whip-staff*, and *tipstaff*? Why not form the plural of each, by simply adding an *s*? or if it be necessary to change the *f* to *v*, why not

pronounce the word so as to rhyme with *halves* and *calves*? There is such a noun as *stave*, belonging to a barrel, &c. Although Dr. Johnson might have been ignorant of the circumstance, Webster gives it, and the plural is undoubtedly *staves*. But these things are not *walking sticks*! "nor weapons of offense or defense, as the word is sometimes used in our translation of the Bible. 'Why should not the plural of *staff*, (a walking-stick) [or weapon] rhyme with *gaffs*? He *quaffs*, and he *graffs*, or he *laughs*?' A few days since, we referred the above question to Dr. Noah Webster, from whom we received the following answer, which we take the liberty to lay before our readers.

New-Haven, September 10, 1831.

GENTLEMEN—In reply to your favor of the sixth instant, I would observe, that in my dictionary all words in which an irregular plural form of nouns is not noted, are considered as having a regular plural, *gaff, gaffs*, &c. Such words are not, therefore, left without directions, as they fall under my general rule.

With regard to *staff*, I would observe that the plural *staves* is given from the authority of the version of the Bible, in which it occurs many times. I regret this deviation from analogy, and am disposed to correct it, as *staves* is the plural of *stave*. I would alter this, make *staffs* the plural of *staff*, if I could hope to be followed.

The truth is, there are many errors or blunders in English orthography, which must have originated in heedlessness, ignorance, or want of system among writers; and which I should exert my influence to correct, were it not for the difficulty of overcoming long established usages. I have noted some of these errors, but the misfortune is, that few men, even literary men, can take the trouble to examine the reasons of my proposed innovations, and they make objections often merely because they do not know my reasons. Others object because they prefer to follow custom, even when admitted to be *wrong*, rather than be at the pains of correcting discrepancies.

There are some errors which I will not receive into my book, as they are too palpable and absurd to admit of an apology. There are others which I have barely mentioned, and left to the decision of usage hereafter. Some of our anomalies are considered as incorrigible, and I think it not best to attempt corrections. Others might be corrected without much inconvenience, but I have not attempted them, contenting myself with barely mentioning or proposing them.

This subject presents difficulties which the lexicographer alone can justly appreciate. The English books furnish no certain guide, as they differ in many particulars, and in some points they are all most obviously wrong. And in this country opinions differ so much that the lexicographer can find no aid from them, but on the other hand, much embarrassment. I have, however, settled many points irrevocably, as far as my own books are concerned. Others I would settle, if I might expect support from my country. Accept the respects of, gentlemen, your obedient servant, N. WEBSTER.

The Philadelphia Gazette.—This journal has been enlarged and improved. The editor, Willis Gaylord Clark, Esq., is persevering and successful in his endeavors. There are few more ample and well filled sheets than that which he presents to his readers; and we are gratified to see a gentleman of his talents, education, and standing, devoting himself with so much zeal to the responsible duties of his station. Editing papers and teaching school have been, in too many cases, the last resort of broken-down adventurers, or men without character and intelligence to succeed in any other career. Yet no professions exercise a more powerful influence upon the reputation, morals, and happiness of a people; and it is a mystery how, in these times, when light is pouring in upon all other branches of political and domestic economy, this subject could have so long remained in the darkness of the barbarous ages. We rejoice to observe that the feeling of the nation in this particular is undergoing a radical and rapid change, and that the public, both by their tributes of respect and more substantial favors, are rendering the two avocations mentioned above, neither beneath the dignity nor beyond the means of men of sense and talents. If there be any class of society whose competency for their situation should be tested with the severest scrutiny, and rated by the most elevated standard, it should be those devoted to the instruction of youth and the direction of public journals. They are to the rising generation what sentinels are to an army, and have entrusted to them the safety of the whole country. It is important, therefore, that they should be selected from the best, and we trust that a similar opinion will be generally adopted and acted on.

British opinions.—"The time is rapidly approaching," says the London Courier, "when the only security for one class against encroachments by another, will be found in the influence of education, and the due enjoyment of privileges peculiar to each. It would be well, therefore, for those who have received the benefits of knowledge, to follow the course which well informed and enlightened minds must recommend, and provide at once for a state of things which must soon come."

The Southern Review.—The number of this periodical for August has been announced in the Charleston papers of last week as ready for publication. The following are the contents:—Jeremy Bentham and the Utilitarians; Operations of Poisons; French Novels; American Literature; Theory of Association in matters of Taste; Codification; Small Pox, Varioloid Diseases and Vaccine; Woolrych's Life of Judge Jeffreys; Waterhouse's Junius.

American literature.—The last number of the London Monthly Magazine quotes from Mr. Halleck's Poem of "Burns" with the sapient prefix, "as Wordsworth says." We frequently find similar instances of the *non chalance* with which our worthy transatlantic friends pocket our property. Numerous articles, which have gone silently and modestly forth from American journals, over an humble A. B. or C. return with a flourish of trumpets and an impudent demeanor, having received the name of some foreign distinguished bard as a passport to the admiration of our countrymen.

The following is an extract from the poem recently delivered at Brown University, by N. P. Willis. The entire production, together with some other pieces from the same pen, will be published in a few days, by the Messrs. Carvill.

Another lesson with my manhood came.
I have unlearned contempt. It is the sin
That is engender'd earliest in the soul,
And doth beset it like a poison-worm,
Feeding on all its beauty. As it steals
Into the bosom, you may see the light
Of the clear, heavenly eye grow cold and dim,
And the fine upright glory of the brow,
Cloud with mistrust, and the unfetter'd lip
That was as free and changeable as the wind,
Even in sadness redolent of love,
Curl'd with the iciness of a constant scorn.
It eats into the mind till it pollutes
All its pure fountains. Feeling, reason, taste,
Breathe of its chill corruption. Every sense
That could convey a pleasure is benumb'd,
And the bright human being, that was made
Full of all warm affections, and with power
To look through all things lovely up to God,
Is changed into a cold and doubting fiend,
With but one use for reason—to despise!

Oh, if there is one law above the rest,
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace, as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsunn'd temper of a child—
If there is any thing that keeps the mind
Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—'tis human love!
God has made nothing worthy of contempt.
The smallest pebble in the well of truth
Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand
When man's best monuments have past away.
The law of heaven is love—and though its name
Has been usurp'd by passion, and profaned
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still the eternal principle is pure,
And in these deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, we but see
The lavish measure in which love is given;
And in the yearning tenderness of a child
For every bird that sings above his head,
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree, and flower, and running brook,
We see how every thing was made to love;
And how they err, who, in a world like this,
Find any thing to hate but human pride!

We have ventured several shrewd conjectures touching the authorship of the following lines. The writer in a modest note informs us that they were sketched rapidly, from the impulse of the moment. When it is the breathing time of day with him again, we hope to hear more, especially if, as in the present instance, he succeeds in making such "a palpable hit."

TO MR. HALLECK,

On reading in the Mirror of the tenth instant, among his other verses
"To a Poet's Daughter," the following:

"This is no world, so Hotsput said,
For 'tilting lips,' and 'mammets' made;
No longer in love's myrtle shade
My thoughts recline—
I'm busy in the cotton trade,
And sugar line."

Thou, busy in the "cotton trade,"
And "sugar line?"
What thou—on whom the muse has laid
Her gifts divine?—
Upon a high three-legged stool,
The bard repenting, seeks to cool
His frenzy fine!

"Stocks" and "price currents" he devours,
As new found manna;
At "rise of flour"—don't read it *flowers*—
He sings hosannah!
He deals in "sugar"—bright example!
Behold him boring out a sample
Of "brown Havana!"

Shame on thee, though each passing day
I love thee closer;
Has thought grown dim? thy locks grown gray?
Thou answer'st "no, sir."
And yet to prove a recreant!—
Bright poesy's best beloved gallant,
To turn a *grocer*!

By the gay wand'rings of thy muse,
I'll ne'er forgive thee;
Each golden prize thy brain pursues,
Fleet, and deceive thee—
By heav'n, my breast the falsehood spurns
"Bozzaris!" "Fanny!" "Alnwick!" "Burns!"
I'll not believe thee.

Where is the bird of summer song
Would seek a cage,
Though bruised and faint, with battling long
The tempest's rage?
Couldst thou then, free! with soul of fire!
Forsake the muse—unstring thy lyre,
Grasping like age?

No more of trade, but bid the muse
Of "Fanny" wake,
And glittering with Castalian dews,
Her pinions shake!
Fame shall regild her favorite one,
And classic bakers stamp thee on
Their *new-year cake*!

TAG.

RISE, GENTLE MOON.

SUNG BY MISS LOVE—WRITTEN BY J. R. PLANCHE, ESQ.—COMPOSED BY JOHN BARNETT.

Allegretto ma non troppo.

Day has gone down on the Bal-tic's broad bil-low, Ev'-ning has
 sighed her last to the lone wil-low; The Bal-tic's broad bil-low, Ev'-ning has sighed her last to the lone wil-low; Night hur-ries on, night hur-ries on, earth and o-cean to
 co-ver: Night hurries on, night hurries on, earth and o-cean to co-ver: Rise, gen-tle moon, and light me to my lov-er; gen-tle moon, gen-tle moon, and light me to my lov-er.

2d.—'Twas by thy beam he first stole forth to woo me;—Brighter since than hast thou ever seem'd to me;—Let the wide waves still the red sun roll over,—Thine is the light of all lights to a lover.—Rise, gentle moon, &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

RADIANT CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

BRIGHT clouds! ye are gathering one by one,
 Ye are sweeping in pomp round the dying sun,
 With crimson banner, and golden pall,
 Like a host to their chieftain's funeral,
 Perchance ye tread to that hallowed spot
 With a muffled dirge, though we hear it not.

Yet methinks ye tower with a lordlier crest,
 And a gorgeous flush as he sinks to rest;
 Not thus in the day of his pride and wrath
 Did ye dare to press on his glorious path;
 At his noontide glance ye had quak'd with fear,
 And hasted to hide in your misty sphere.

Do you say *he is dead*? You exult in vain,
 With your rainbow-robe, and your swelling train;
 He shall rise again with his strong, bright ray,
 He shall reign in power when you fade away,
 When ye darkly cower in your vapory hall,
 Tintless, and naked, and noteless all.

The soul! the soul! with its eye of fire,
 Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire;
 It shall spread its wing o'er the sinews that pain'd,
 The evils that shadow'd, the sins that stain'd;
 It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath sway,
 And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.

LOVE'S WEATHERCOCK.

BY WILLIAM P. PALMER.

O Love is a comical rogue, you know,
 And full of all strange caprices,
 And he's ever frolicking to and fro,
 With his crown of roses and fearful bow,
 Whose arrow never misses.

Said Love one eve, "As aloft yestreen
 On my airy way I flew,
 I marked, through the twilight's purple sheen,
 A vane on the bower of the fairy queen,
 And, sooth, I'll have one too."

So he drew from his quiver a shaft of gold,
 As the glance of a sunbeam bright,
 And deep in a rosebud's opening fold,
 Deftly he fixed its artful hold,
 And raised the staff upright.

"A vane! a vane, for its breezy crest!"
 Cried he of the rosy crown;
 And away he sprang to a wild-swan's nest,
 Where he stole from a sleeping cygnet's breast
 A tuft of the lightest down.

And he spied a butterfly's painted plume
 In a tulip's gorgeous bowl,
 Shaming the rich flower's tinted bloom
 Mid sparkling dew-drops and sweet perfume,
 And the tinsel thing he stole.

And then from the skirt of a feathery cloud
 O'er the moon's soft smile that lay,
 Like the fold of a spirit's gleamy shroud,
 He clipped, as his flashing wing he bowed,
 Its thinnest fringe away.

All these, with a fillet of gossamer
 By a gentle fairy wrought,
 And shapes that buoyantly floating were
 In the tremulous starlight every where,
 To his waiting bower he brought.

And there, while the fire-flies glanced around,
 Mid the shades of the sweet parterre,
 He tried them all in turn, and he frown'd
 Till his brow grew dark, for alas! he found
 They were all too gross by far.

"N'importe," sighed Love, with a bitter smile,
 That curled his lip with shame,

As he turned away to a shady aisle,
 Where his doating mother watched the while
 His unsuccessful aim.

"What, foiled, my boy?" said the goddess dear,
 "Love never should try in vain;"
 So she whispered a word in his bending ear,
 And away he shot like a meteor,
 But soon he came again:

And high on the golden spire he set
 The airy thing he bore;
 And it danced from point to point, and yet
 So faint were the winds, that the violet
 Its morning dew-gems wore.

With the spirit of mutability,
 Instinct, the thing appeared;
 For e'en at the glance of a passing eye,
 Or the breath of a soft lip's melody,
 The light vane lightly veered.

"Bravo!" cried Love, in a merry strain;
 "I'll wager my favorite dart,
 That ye'll find, if ye search the broad domain
 Of earth, air, sea, for a delicate vane,
 There's nought like a COQUET'S HEART!"

LINES TO MARTHA.

BY JAMES NACK.

My child! my sister! every name
 That innocent endearment gives,
 Thou from my heart of hearts canst claim,
 Where, cherish'd most, thy image lives!
 Of all whom I have loved the best
 None have been faithful—none but thou;
 No matter—I condemn the rest,
 For, dearest! thou art left me now!

How often when my spirit feels
 The weight of ills too hard to bear,
 Thy dear remembrance on me steals,
 To save me from my soul's despair!

A ministering angel's part
 Is thine—to pour affection's balm
 Upon my often wounded heart,
 And all my soul's convulsions calm!
 I well remember, once, oppress'd
 Thou found'st me, in my hour of pain;
 Thy hand my throbbing brow caress'd,
 'Till pleasure thrill'd its every vein!
 That touch—it was enough to heal!
 And often in my suffering hours
 I sigh, again that touch to feel,
 And bless its sweet and soothing powers.

All other hope, all other joy
 Have fled—no matter, let them go!
 But may no power thy love destroy,
 The only comfort I can know!
 Thy innocent affection makes
 My all of heaven that earth can give;
 And till that love thy heart forsakes
 I can through every sorrow live.

My child—my beautiful—my own!
 Unless my fondest prayer be vain,
 No sorrow shall to thee be known,
 Nor shade of sin thy soul profane!
 No boon could fortune ever yield
 To me so welcome as the power
 Thy angel innocence to shield,
 And blest to make thy every hour.

PRISON WIT.—The following epigram was found
 etched upon the wall of a cell in Bridewell, after
 the translation of one of the temporary inmates to
 Sing-Sing. He was detected by HAYS.

'Gainst all philosophy I do insist,
 'Tis quite impossible Hays (haze) can be miss'd. (mist.)

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,
 To whom all communications must be addressed. No
 subscriptions received for a less term than one year.

J. Seymour, printer, John-street.

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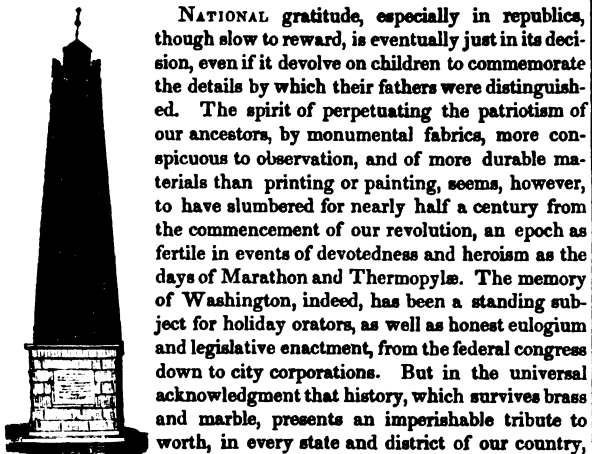
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VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1831.

No. 12.

A VIEW AND SKETCH OF GROTON MONUMENT.



NATIONAL gratitude, especially in republics, though slow to reward, is eventually just in its decision, even if it devolve on children to commemorate the details by which their fathers were distinguished. The spirit of perpetuating the patriotism of our ancestors, by monumental fabrics, more conspicuous to observation, and of more durable materials than printing or painting, seems, however, to have slumbered for nearly half a century from the commencement of our revolution, an epoch as fertile in events of devotedness and heroism as the days of Marathon and Thermopylae. The memory of Washington, indeed, has been a standing subject for holiday orators, as well as honest eulogium and legislative enactment, from the federal congress down to city corporations. But in the universal acknowledgment that history, which survives brass and marble, presents an imperishable tribute to worth, in every state and district of our country, the public has rested too much satisfied with the bare and empty expressions of regard so common, so cheap, and often so hollow, towards their brightest ornaments and greatest benefactors. It is left, in some measure, for the practical philosophy of Franklin, the steam-boats of Fulton, and the canals and other public works of Clinton, to perpetuate the memory of their names—and for ever will they live in the grateful recollection, not only of their admiring countrymen, but of all generations in after-times, by whom the benefit of their discoveries, improvements, and patriotic labors, will be appreciated and enjoyed. Thus we have an apology in the comparative uselessness of ordinary celebration, even for the rich and flourishing commercial emporium of our republic, to neglect "the marble monument and sculptor'd praise" of the father of our country.

With objects and scenes, however, of less extensive fame and more humble pretension, the case is materially different. Local transactions and individual heroism, although undistinguished in the general glare of national renown, are no less entitled to honorable remembrance, and are the more worthy of special note from their solitary and private character. The burning of New-London and storming of Fort Griswold, on the sixth of September, 1781, form an event of this description, inferior only in point of magnitude to the more glorious and fortunate actions, to which monuments at Bunker-hill, Yorktown, (why is Saratoga omitted?) Baltimore, &c. have been erected.

The expedition against New-London proceeded from New-York, under the command of the traitor Arnold, who was born near the place, and well acquainted with its situation and defences. New-London is on the west side of the Thames, partly commanded by Fort Griswold, in Groton, high on the opposite bank of the river, four miles from Long-island Sound. The invaders divided into two parties: Arnold leading to the attack on the New-London side, and the other division landing in Groton. New-London soon being in possession of Arnold, he perceived that Fort Griswold had been strengthened by additional works, and sent an aid across the river to countermand the attack; but the express arrived too late, as the storm had already commenced. The assailants were at first bravely repelled, their commander mortally wounded, and the next in rank killed. They rallied under their third officer, and returned to the charge, but were again received with firmness, and vigorously repulsed. In this second attack, however, the American haulyards being shot away, the flag fell from the staff, and though instantly re-mounted on a pike-pole, was supposed by the enemy to be intentionally struck for surrender. On the continuation of the firing after the momentary disappearance of the flag, the assault was renewed by the enraged soldiery with redoubled fury. A lodgment was made in one of the bastions, and the work of slaughter and destruction ferociously continued upon the garrison, from their supposed violation of the laws of war, in refusing to surrender or firing after their flag was struck. The American commander, Colonel Ledyard, finding the fort entered, ordered the garrison to throw down their arms, and cease resistance. On being called for, he handed his sword to the commandant of the enemy, a Colonel Beckwith, a refugee from New-Jersey, who returned the act and instrument of submission by thrusting it through the body of the brave antagonist by whom it was presented. On seeing fire and scattered powder surrounding the magazine, the British ordered the slaughter to cease, and prevented all from being blown up together.

The peculiar cruelty, distress, and other circumstances attending this most unfortunate and bloody affair, transacted within a short distance of promised aid from a regiment of militia, the sufferers being principally citizens and volunteers from the immediate neighborhood, are intentionally passed over. Some of the actors and

many of the witnesses of this tragical scene are still alive, and it is yet fresh and vivid in their recollections. (One of them, the since famous Mrs. Bailey, on the sudden approach of Commodore Hardy's squadron, during the late war, threw off part of her apparel to make flannel cartridges, though the volunteers refused to apply it to that use, and made a standard of it.)

The monument, of which a south front view is here given, was erected in 1829 and 1830, from the granite with which the country abounds. It is one hundred and twenty feet high, twenty-four feet square at the base and eleven at the top; its walls from four feet six inches to one foot four inches in thickness, having a spiral staircase within, reaching to a balustrade, sky-light, and spire on the summit. The form is quadrangular, and its base is furnished with tabular inscriptions, and the names of the departed worthies, in number about a hundred, whose fate and memory it was raised to perpetuate. Situated on the hill near the memorable battle-ground, it affords a view of the Sound, the islands, the rivers, and the country, for a great extent around it. Uncommonly picturesque, noble, and interesting in its associations, (including the station of the squadron blockading Commodore Decatur, and the bombardment of Stonington,) the scene richly pays for the tread-mill operation of climbing the observatory, and amply gratifies the patriotic sympathy, the revolutionary gratitude, the republican philanthropy, or the merest stranger curiosity, by which the spectator may be influenced in visiting the consecrated spot.

C. H.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

THE MOTHER'S CHOICE.

A FACT.

MRS. WELLWOOD was once a charming girl, full of romance and sentiment. She married for love, and, wonderful to tell, was disappointed in her anticipations of celestial happiness! Her choice was a gay, indolent, young man, with little or no fortune, and without a profession. Being both destitute of habits of economy, and equally thoughtless of the future, they soon dissipated what they had, and having exhausted both money and credit, fell into poverty. For some years they suffered under its stern, withering gripe, and endured all the complicated ills of privation and neglect.

At length Wellwood became moderately independent by the bequest of a distant relation, and they re-entered the world of fashion, with an only daughter, just old enough to be spoiled by admiration and indulgence, had not a happy disposition and great good sense acted as her safeguards. Poverty, while it had made Mrs. Wellwood impatient of the ills that ever follow in its train, had taught her daughter cheerfully to endure them.

Orinda Wellwood—the mother could afford a romantic name, though in want of almost every comfort of life—Orinda Wellwood was one of the most attractive—I might almost say, alluring women, except that the phrase carries with it an idea inconsistent with her perfect artlessness—Orinda Wellwood was the very *beau ideal* of a lovely and innocent woman. The mild lustre that animated those eyes, which peeped through the long lashes like the moonbeams playing at bo-peep among the dewy branches—the graceful, negligent curls of her bright brown hair—the red luxurious ripeness of those half-smiling lips—above all, their combined expression; the soul that animated each gesture—the mind that dwelt in this little heaven of beauty—and the voice which was subdued as music winding in softened distance far away, as it rather sighed than spoke its thoughts and wishes—who shall venture to describe these? Not I. If there is one among my readers capable of imagining such a being in his moments of most passionate inspiration, on him I devolve the task of drawing her full-length likeness.

Orinda had not long appeared in the fashionable world, when she became an object of general notice. Among her admirers I shall merely mention two, as these alone had an influence on the destiny of our little favorite maiden.

Jack Hilary was heir to an ample, I may say enormous fortune, and a great blockhead. He was not only ignorant, but exemplary in ignorance. Indulgence, and the prospect of one day being so rich, had spoiled him for any thing useful. Yet he had no prominent vices. He was good-natured, and what was called well-meaning, when he had any meaning at all. In short, he might be said to have no positive character, and it remained to be seen whether he ever would acquire one, and what it would be. His person was not disagreeable, nor his manners rude, but they wanted refinement; his countenance expressed but little, and his tongue nothing—at least nothing worth hearing. Yet, with these disadvantages, I believe there was not a mother in the whole routine of the fashionable circle in which he moved, who possessed the treasure of a marriageable daughter, that would not have exulted in sacrificing her at the shrine of this golden calf.

Wilford was a very different person. In the first place he was not rich in money, lands, nor in expectations, except such as were dependent on the exercise of his talents alone. But though not so wealthy, he was much handsomer than Jack Hilary. There was something striking, as well as affecting, in his bright dark eye, beaming with spirit and intelligence, and his white cheek, blanched with study, and the restless intense anxiety of a soul burning for honorable distinction. Wilford had finished his college course with high honors, and was now a practitioner of the law; that is to say, he had opened an office, put up a sign, and sat ready to welcome his clients whenever they came. But their visits were about the same distance as the terms are from each other. Wilford was often discouraged, but did not remit his studies, nor his constant attendance at the office. He was determined to qualify himself for business, whether it came or not.

If he ever remitted his labors, it was when he sometimes—and I will confess, rather often—stole out of an evening to see his pretty second, or third-cousin Orinda Wellwood. They had been school-mates and playmates in early days, and now admired, not to say loved each other, with a steady, long-enduring passion, that seemed destined to defy both time and chance. So gentle, so unobtrusive, so almost unconscious was the silken tie that drew their souls together, that it was long before Mr. and Mrs. Wellwood had the least suspicion of its existence. Indeed, how should they, when the young pair had no suspicion of it themselves?

But Mrs. Wellwood was a mother—a fashionable mother. She had been poor, and there was nothing in this world she had such a horror of as poverty. From this naturally resulted an adoration of its opposite, wealth. All between the two extremes seemed a perfect void; and it never happened to occur to her that comfort, happiness, everything worth living for, everything that gives a real zest to existence, might possibly be found in the medium. I have generally observed that no people in the world have such a false and overweening estimate of the value of affluence as those who have suffered the evils of want. Mr. and Mrs. Wellwood—I place the husband first, as we put ciphers before figures, to diminish their value—Mr. and Mrs. Wellwood, were in this predicament. They had one opinion, at least, in perfect unison—they summed up all their wishes respecting their only daughter, in a husband of large fortune.

When, therefore, Mrs. Wellwood perceived that Jack Hilary admired, and Wilford loved her daughter, from that moment she had but a single purpose—to secure the one, and get rid of the other. Every latent imperceptible art; every little manœuvre that mocks detection; and every spring that is potent in entrapping such fat woodcocks as Hilary, was set in motion, and arranged with consummate discretion to assure her darling object.

The limits of my tale will not allow me to unravel, if I were capable of such a task, the means she took to catch this gilded butterfly. Fulsome flattery, and degrading servility to the one; cold, heartless, cutting neglect of the other; little white-lies, conveying the fine things Jack and Orinda never said of each other; engagements which perpetually threw her into his society, and all the webs which cunning weaves around its prey, were resorted to. Every day did Jack Hilary parade his splendid equipage past the windows of our heroine; and often did the anxious mother enlarge most eloquently on the substantial delights of wedded riches, and the deplorable concomitants of wedded poverty. If she paid a visit to a young married couple, it was only to declaim on the splendors of their house, the taste of their furniture, the size of their rooms; or, on the other hand, to deplore their folly in being united without the means, or the prospect of ever enjoying such charming requisites for happiness. Then she would sigh and exclaim:

"Alas! if they only knew what I know, they would be sensible of the consequences of sacrificing such substantial comforts, for the sake of an imaginary feeling which never survives its own gratification."

For months, Orinda was blind to the schemes of her mother; not so with Wilford. He saw, and felt her neglect, and the stings which passed unobserved by others, wounded him to the heart. He gradually remitted his evening visits, and studied, and thought, and wished, and lamented, until his cheek grew paler than ever, and his person exhibited a lassitude and weakness which Miss Wellwood at length observed. She inquired anxiously, and he answered vaguely. It was nothing—or at any rate he could not tell what. At this moment the mother entered, for she never left them alone if she could help it—and seeing strong symptoms of a mutual sympathy between the young people, desired her daughter to retire.

She then sat down and entered into a long, and, as she called it, frank explanation with Wilford, under pretence of asking his advice, or, at least, making him her confidant, as an old friend and relative.

"As to my husband," said she, "you know he is nobody. But you are a man of sense, and I can speak to you with a certainty of not being misunderstood. You know I am naturally anxious to see

my daughter settled in life"—Wilford pricked up his ears—"I mean well settled. Heaven knows I have suffered enough of poverty to feel the importance of wealth. But as I was saying, though I value money, I value talents and character still more."—Wilford pricked up his ears higher than ever, and listened out of breath. "Don't you think Mr. Hilary a young man of talents and character?" asked Mrs. Wellwood, after a little embarrassment.

"Upon my soul, cousin, I—don't, he was going to say, but he thought it might sound ill-natured—"I—I—can't say it ever struck me."

"O, excellent talents and character, I assure you," replied Mrs. Wellwood. "You haven't studied him like a mother anxious for the happiness of her daughter."

"Happiness of your daughter, cousin?—why?"

"Yes—I am going to tell you. Hilary is distractedly in love with Orinda, and says he came near oversetting his barouche, as he was driving out the other day, only for thinking so intently about her."

"If he had broken his neck now, I wonder if I should have been very sorry?" thought Wilford; but he said nothing, and only stood with his eyes wide open, asking questions as fast as it was possible for eyes to do.

"He has proposed for her, and—"

"And Orinda has consented?" asked Wilford, turning as white as my paper.

"Why—not exactly—the truth is, I have not spoken to her about it yet. I wish to let her consult her own heart—that is, her own reason—and decide for herself."

Wilford felt as if a mountain was removed from his mind.

"Now, cousin," continued Mrs. Wellwood, in the kindest, most confidential tone, and sideling close up to his ear—"I hope I am not deceived when I suppose you are a sincere well wisher of Orinda. You, therefore, approve Mr. Hilary's proposal, of course."

Wilford muttered something to himself. The lady did not see fit to notice this, but proceeded, as if taking it for granted he assented to the proposition.

"It would be such an excellent match, you know; he is a young man of such talents and character, you know; and then, you know, you could do all his law business, you know, cousin Wilford."

Cousin Wilford began to feel as if he was sitting on thorns instead of a patent spring sofa. He could not utter a word, and a woman always takes silence for consent.

"I knew you would agree with me," continued this great politician; "the thing is so reasonable. But, some how or other, girls are so full of romance and nonsense, and young men so jealous now a-days—somehow or other, Mr. Hilary thinks Orinda likes you better than himself."

Wilford's face glowed, and you could hear his heart thump like a distant fulling-mill.

"Because—because—you know you have been brought up together—and you know the force of habit creates a sort of delusion. People, particularly young people, are so apt to mistake it for the dictates of reason, and the preference of the heart. But though I know Mr. Hilary is entirely mistaken in his suspicions, yet I think—if you were to keep out of the way only for a few months. I wouldn't propose such a step if I wasn't sure you didn't care any thing about it. Orinda don't exactly want it, but then she thinks it isn't worth while to make Mr. Hilary jealous, you know."

Wilford turned pale again, and his heart stilled its tumultuous throbblings as suddenly as if the fulling-mill had stopped going for want of water.

I will not particularize any more of this conversation. It is sufficient to say that Mrs. Wellwood, in the kindest, most affectionate manner, managed to let Wilford understand she considered him an obstacle in the way of her daughter's splendid establishment, merely on account of the force of habit, and that it was her desire, as well as that of Orinda, that he should keep out of sight till the happiness of her daughter was secured by the possession of this precious prize.

"I certainly shall not stand in your way or Miss Wellwood's happiness," said Wilford, proudly, and buried his anguish in the deep recesses of his bosom.

"That's my dear, kind cousin," said Mrs. Wellwood; "I knew you would do it with the greatest pleasure—if I hadn't, I'd rather have cut my tongue out than ask it of you. I know you don't care about Orinda, except merely for old acquaintance sake."

She then cordially shook hands with Wilford, telling him that as soon as the marriage took place she should insist on his making up for this short absence by the frequency of his visits. He could not answer, but departed to his solitary office with a heart wounded in its two master feelings—love and pride.

Wilford, however, was not a man to yield to unavailing sorrow under any calamity whatever. He sought, in the dry studies of his profession, an antidote to sentiment; and found in its vigorous, manly reasoning, strength to his intellect, as well as solace to his disappointment. He labored long, but acquired his reward at last. An eminent counsellor wanted a partner to take upon him the more active duties of his business. The character and attainments of Wilford, although they had hitherto produced no palpable advantages, had been silently clearing away, as they always will sooner or later, those obstacles which beset a youthful career. They were known and respected by a few, who cherished him highly. Among these was the counsellor in question. All that is wanting to merit, talent, and industry, is a field for exertion. That field was now open to Wilford, and he entered upon it with ardor and perseverance.

In the mean time the siege had been carrying on against the citadel

of poor Orinda's heart, which, half broken as it was by the abrupt and unaccountable desertion of Wilford, made a stout and long resistance to the arts of her mistaken mother and the equipage of Jack Hilary. The total cessation of Wilford's visits perplexed, mortified, and pained her. She did not know the reason, nor did she discover it till long afterwards. The gentlest and the truest woman resents desertion and neglect, and cherishes too often a disposition to sacrifice herself only to be revenged on the chosen object of her affections. Yet still Miss Wellwood resisted the seductions of Hilary's wealth, and the arts and entreaties of her mother, who assailed her from day to day. Mrs. Wellwood finding this course unavailing, at length called in the aid of her husband, and both together, by the combined force of persuasion and threats, by appealing to her sense of duty to her parents, her respect for herself, her pride and her delicacy, at length worried the poor girl into a slow, reluctant sacrifice of her heart and her happiness. She went a pale and trembling bride to the altar, and the hand she gave away carried with it neither confidence, respect, nor affection.

Now it was that the bosom of the mother swelled with the exultation of having accomplished the great scheme of her existence. She had married her daughter to the richest young man about town, and had the pleasure of seeing her the mistress of a house and equipage, and an establishment superior to all her fashionable competitors in the race of glory. Heavens! with what a pride did she talk of Orinda's curtains, china, cut-glass, carpets, sofas, and candelabras that were the envy of the city, and how she triumphed in being the mother of so splendid a victim! She did not know, or perhaps she could not possibly conceive, that in the midst of these gorgeous decorations her daughter was ashamed of her husband, of herself, and of all those glittering appendages, at whose shrine her happiness had been sacrificed.

"What must Wilford think of me?" thought she, full many a time and oft. "He will scorn me as one who sold herself to a man whom he must be conscious that I myself despise."

Her spirits gradually failed, and much of her beauty faded away under the blighting influence of sorrow. Hilary was a good-natured man, and tried all the usual means of common-place minds to rouse her from this state of depression. He daily brought home some present for herself, or some embellishment for her household; he lavished on her caresses, which she could not return; and he almost forced her into gay scenes which she could not enjoy. She sometimes, though very rarely, met Wilford at these parties, who always bowed with stately politeness, but never approached her; and it was with mingled pride, anguish, and disappointment she noticed the respect paid to him by the most distinguished people, contrasted with the total neglect of her husband.

Hilary at length grew tired of these unavailing attempts to win back a bloom and a smile on the cheek of his wife. His home became tiresome and disagreeable, and he sought amusement from other sources. He gradually fell into a habit of dissipation, gave and received dinners, sat late, gambled, lost, and played again to recover his losses. Besides this he was careless of his affairs, which he intrusted to others, who duped and robbed him. Need I record the end of such follies? The most ample fortune must sooner or later sink under a habit of reckless extravagance, assisted by high play, and in the course of a few years Hilary was surprised to find himself in want of money to support his establishment. The most natural way of remedying all this would have been to curtail his extravagance—but this seldom occurs to people now-a-days, I believe—at least I have not observed any examples of the kind.

Instead of this, Hilary only gambled higher than ever, and attempted to supply his losses by entering into various speculations to retrieve his fortunes, which, as he was without sagacity or experience, always resulted in new misfortunes. As his affairs grew more involved, he became more desperate. Without strength of mind, or talent to recruit or retrieve his catastrophes, he gradually sought auxiliaries in the excitement of occasional intemperance. From occasional, it became constant, for the habit of drinking is the cancer of the soul, which eats its way, gradually and by degrees, until there is no longer any vivifying principle to banquet upon. In less than ten years from the triumph of her most masterly plans, Mrs. Wellwood saw her daughter and son-in-law inmates of her house—the former broken-hearted, the latter a sot and a beggar.

In the meantime Wilford had been running a brilliant and noble career, which gradually placed him at the summit of fortune and fame. He rose by degrees to the head of his profession; he became the first among his equals in the councils of the land; and was at length elevated to a situation almost as high as his ambition could expect to attain, or even wish to attain. He never married, and there were times when all the excitements of honorable success, all the gratifications of wealth, and the blessings of a conscience void of offence, failed in driving a gloomy shadow from his brow; a sigh from his inmost heart, as he remembered the beauty, the innocence, the speaking smile, the kind, touching voice, and the charming symmetry of form of the companion of his youth, who had sold herself, or perhaps, he sometimes thought, had been sold to another.

The disappointment of Mrs. Wellwood in the husband she had chosen, was heightened by the contrast now exhibited by the husband her daughter wished to choose. Every new honor received by Wilford, every new accession to his fortunes or his fame, was a stab to her heart. It reminded her of what her daughter might now have been, compared with what she was. In the spirit of injustice, which actuates people to lay the blame of the failure of their own arts on the faults or the follies of others, she now began to reproach Orinda with the loss of Wilford.

"See what you might have become," said she, one day handing

her daughter a paper announcing Wilford's promotion to one of the highest and most dignified offices in the nation. "You might have been the wife, and I the mother of a —"

"O stop, for the sake of justice—for the sake of pity," said the weeping daughter. "Spare me, mother—it is misery to think of what I am, without reflecting on what I might have been. But I am saved that pang at least. Wilford left me of himself. I never gave him cause. He never loved me, or wished me for his wife."

Carried away by the wayward impetuosity of her feelings, the mother forgot her disgraceful participation in the desertion of Wilford, in the vehement desire to prove the truth of her assertion.

"He loved you," cried she, incautiously, "he loved you with his whole soul. But I deceived him, while you foolishly suffered yourself to be deceived. I told him you wished him not to come to the house any more, as it made Hilary jealous—and I sacrificed him to gain that brute you see coming yonder." She pointed to Hilary, who was staggering towards the door.

"O, mother!" exclaimed Orinda, "how could you do this?—and why—why do you tell it to me now?"

"Forgive me for it, my poor child!" said the wretched woman.

The shock of this communication was too much for the gentle spirit and worn-out frame of the sacrificed daughter. A few weeks terminated her life and her sorrows. But the mother lived many years to lament her mistake, in considering riches the only source of happiness in married life, and placing their hollow splendors above the possession of talents, genius, integrity and perseverance.

FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

MISS ALBINA M'LUSH.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I HAVE a passion for fat women. If there is any thing I hate in life, it is what dainty people call a *spirituelle*. Motion—rapid motion—a smart, quick, squirrel-like step, a pert, voluble tone—in short, a lively girl—is my exquisite horror! I would as lief have a *diable petit* dancing his infernal hornpipe on my cerebellum as to be in the room with one. I have tried before now to school myself into liking these parched peas of humanity. I have followed them with my eyes, and attended to their rattle till I was as crazy as a fly in a drum. I have danced with them, and romped with them in the country, and periled the salvation of my 'white tights' by sitting near them at supper. I swear off from this moment. I do. I won't—no—hang me if ever I show another small, lively, *spiry* woman a civility.

Albina McLush is divine. She is like the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz:—"her heart is full of passion, and her eyes are full of sleep." She is the sister of Lurly McLush, my old college chum, who, as early as his sophomore year, was chosen president of the *Dolce-farniente Society*—no member of which was ever known to be surprised at anything—(the college law of rising before breakfast excepted.) Lurly introduced me to his sister one day, as he was lying upon a heap of turnips, leaning on his elbow with his head in his hand, in a green lane in the suburbs. He had driven over a stump, and been tossed out of his gig, and I came up just as he was wondering how in the d—l's name he got there! Albina sat quietly in the gig, and when I was presented, requested me with a delicious drawl, to say nothing about the adventure—"it would be so troublesome to relate it to every body!" I loved her from that moment.

Miss McLush was tall, and her shape, of its kind was perfect. It was not a *fleshy* one, exactly, but she was large and full, and, without her rosiness, which would have made it vulgar, healthy. Her skin was clear, fine grained, and transparent: her temples and forehead perfectly rounded and polished, and her lips and chin swelling into a ripe and tempting pout, like the cleft of a bursted apricot. And then her eyes—large, liquid, and sleepy—they languished beneath their long black fringes as if they had no business with daylight—like two magnificent dreams, surprised in their jet embryos by some bird-nesting cherub. Oh! it was lovely to look into them!

She sat usually upon a *fauteuil*, with her large full arm embedded in the cushion, sometimes for hours without stirring. I have seen the wind lift the masses of dark hair from her shoulders when it seemed like the coming to life of a marble Hebe—she had been motionless so long. She was a model for a goddess of sleep, as she sat with her eyes half closed, lifting up their superb lids slowly as you spoke to her, and dropping them again with the deliberate motion of a cloud, when she had murmured out her syllable of assent. Her figure, in a sitting posture, presented a gentle declivity from the curve of her neck to the instep of the small round foot lying on its side upon the ottoman. I remember a fellow bringing her a plate of fruit one evening. He was one of your lively men—a horrid monster, all right angles and activity. Having never been accustomed to hold her own plate, she had not well extricated her white fingers from her handkerchief, before he set it down in her lap. As it began to slide slowly towards the floor, her hand relapsed into the muslin folds, and she fixed her eye upon it with a kind of indolent surprise, drooping her lids gradually, till, as the fruit scattered over the ottoman, they closed entirely, and a liquid jet line was alone visible through the heavy lashes. There was an imperial indifference in it, worthy of Juno.

Miss McLush rarely walks. When she does, it is with the deliberate majesty of a Dido. Her small plump feet melt to the ground like snow-flakes, and her figure sways to the indolent motion of her limbs, with a glorious grace and yieldingness quite indescribable. She was idling slowly up the Mall one evening just at twilight, with a servant at a short distance behind her, who, to while away

the time between his steps, was employing himself in throwing stones at the cows feeding upon the common. A gentleman with a natural admiration for her splendid person, addressed her. He might have done a more eccentric thing. Without troubling herself to look at him, she turned to her servant and requested him with a yawn of desperate ennui, to knock that fellow down! John obeyed his orders; and as his mistress resumed her lounge, picked up a new handful of pebbles, and tossing one at the nearest cow, loitered lazily after.

Such supreme indolence was irresistible. I gave in—I—who never before could summon energy to sigh—I—to whom a declaration was but a synonym for perspiration—I—who had only thought of love as a nervous complaint, and of woman but to pray for a good deliverance—I—yes—I—knocked under. Albina McLush! thou wert too exquisitely lazy. Human sensibilities cannot hold out forever!

I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve with her eyes wide open. She was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft dewy transparency like the cheek of Venus rising from the sea. It was the hour, Lurly had told me, when she would beat the trouble of thinking. She put away with her dimpled forefinger, as I entered, a cluster of rich curls that had fallen over her face, and nodded to me like a water-lily swaying to the wind when its cup is full of rain.

"Lady Albina," said I, in my softest tone, "how are you?" "Bettina," said she, addressing her maid in a voice as clouded and rich as a south wind on an Æolian, "how am I to-day?"

The conversation fell into short sentences. The dialogue became a monologue. I entered upon my declaration. With the assistance of Bettina, who supplied her mistress with cologne, I kept her attention alive through the incipient circumstances. Symptoms were soon told. I came to the avowal. Her hand lay reposing on the arm of the sofa, half buried in a muslin fowlard. I took it up and pressed the cool soft fingers to my lips—unforbidden. I rose and looked into her eyes for confirmation. Delicious creature!—she was asleep!

I never have had courage to renew the subject. Miss McLush seems to have forgotten it altogether. Upon reflection, too, I'm convinced she would not survive the excitement of the ceremony—unless, indeed, she could sleep between the responses and the prayer. I am still devoted, however, and if there should come a war or an earthquake, or if the millenium should commence, as is expected in 1833, or if any thing happens that can keep her waking so long, I shall deliver a declaration abbreviated for me by a scholar-friend of mine, which, he warrants, may be articulated in fifteen minutes—without fatigue.

WANDERING TO THE WEST.

It was a day for a painter to have gone crazy about when I sprang into the stage at Utica, and ordered the curtains up all round. There was a sky overhead worth going a pilgrimage to see, of a deep blue, with here and there the thin woof of a cloud lapsing over the sun, and then raining into the depths of the heavens in invisible vapor. The whole atmosphere seemed moving to the eastward with an equable motion, and as we passed through the streets, children were standing here and there, unconsciously subject to all the positive deliciousness of the mingled currents from the lakes and from the south—and now and then a beautiful face was seen at a window or door, with the unbonneted hair blowing freely in the sunshine. The grass had sprung up anew between the paving-stones, and here and there a vine clinging to the house side was swinging its green buds in the warmth which was rapidly developing its leaves; and, added to all this, we were told that the road would be for some distance good. And this, assure yourself, was no small consolation to us, who had been dragged some sixty miles through roads almost impassable—who had ridden the whole distance with eight in the stage—had been forced to drag the coach out of a mud-hole at midnight, and after all, had obtained but some four hours' sleep. In consequence of which, to my shame be it said, I was caught once or twice "developing the mood of ancient Nox," by getting into a kind of slumbrous dream—even in the midst of beautiful scenery. Some time passed pleasantly by, however, and not far from Utica we took in two new companions. The one was a middle-aged, stout man, with a face of the most implacable acidity; which acidity, too, was manifestly of the Scottish species. His nose approximated fiercely towards his chin, his eyes were small, eyebrows shaggy, and his voice like the brattling of a tin trumpet. In short, he was the very man to put to shame all sentiment, and to ask a cause for every burst of laughter. If there is any being who is to be prayed against and avoided in a coach, this were the man. Your best story hath no point to him, and he lights up his little optics with a twinkle of savage amazement at every hearty symptom of existence which develops itself in a cachinnation. Your finest pun cannot unlock the wrinkles into which he purses up his mouth. Your most brilliant sally cannot separate his eyebrows—nay, not even the stoutest jolt of the stage can extract a groan—for that even would cheer the solitude. To sum up all in one word, such a being is a fire-damp to the hilarious atmosphere of a coach.

His companion was a collegian from New-York—one who knew the localities and the ladies, and the *on dits* of the city—what more need I say of him? He was the antithesis of our Polyphemus—the very antipodes of him—having store of jests of which he was not niggardly, and some acquirements of which he was not proud—so that we soon were intimate—and in spite of the visage just opposite we contrived to amuse ourselves. The worst of the matter was, that old November, who seemed to delight in interrupting us, would just in the middle of some story pour forth such a torrent of

coughing that you could hardly hear yourself—till at length we determined to revenge ourselves.

"Have you heard of the bank robbers?" inquired my collegian of me—then continued addressing the cross passenger—"I take it, sir, that you are one of the constables, or perhaps a deputy-sheriff sent out with a search-warrant"—then added, as if soliloquizing—"I know he is not a high-sheriff by his looks."

Jove! how our friend looked. Astonishment kept him motionless for an instant or two, when he uttered—"I a sheriff—I'd let"—and swallowed his anger with an inhaling of the breath like a wild Highlander.

We stopped again ere long, and found a new passenger waiting for us. It was a chattering Irishwoman, with a child. Finding that she was going with us, we informed her privately that our old tormentor was an Irishman—at which she opened her eyes widely, and ejaculating, "and why won't I talk to him thin, sure?" she rushed to the coach and seated herself—another person who had waited for a stage also, getting in, took the front seat, and my fellow-traveller, the collegian, and myself occupying the other part of the front and all the middle seat, our crabbed gentleman, when he set down his glass, emptied of its brandy and water, and advanced to the coach, found no seat for himself except that by the Irishwoman. This was a bitter pill for him, but there was no alternative, so he made the best disposition of himself possible—drew down his eyebrows, contracted the space between his chin and nose, and we drove on. The first crack of the whip was hardly over, when his self-constituted countrywoman began upon him, and well did she perform her part. She recounted her voyage from Ireland—her husband's departure to the west—her troubles and her joys. I know not how it is that those who have little in their heads are ever the most prodigal of it. I cannot explain how it is that the ignorant are always the fastest talkers—but so it is—the fact is established and stands firm, and that is, and then was, enough for our purpose, and it always will be. Directly the child opened her throat and commenced a solo; and this was in truth enough to try the patience of any being, not to mention one with a disposition as crooked as was our friend's; and to say the truth, had it not been so tormenting to him, I myself should have writhed under it. I never could be in favor twenty-four hours where a cross child was in the course of my life. Add to this, there was all the silly affectation of a mother talking with her child—and that mother an Irish one. We were amply revenged—but if I had been called upon to insure the bodily safety of the squalling infant, I should have uttered a decided negative after seeing a private look or two which the crabbed gentleman shot at it. Did you ever see the grin that a tiger puts on when his keeper urges him with his iron rod or wooden bar to show his points to the gaping rustics about him? That's it for all the world. It is the exact look of old Verjuice. I verily believe that he wished he had the infant's neck between his fingers. Did you ever observe the crying of an infant philosophically? I have tried sometimes to subject it to rules—but it always defies me; it is more irregular than the data of comets. Now there shoots out a long yell, till the little imp turns black in the face—then a scattering fire of short, sharp screeches, with dead silence between—then a low, constant moaning, like that of a sick panther—then sobs at intervals; and all these variations tortured into as many combinations as any sum in the rule of permutation has shown five numbers to be susceptible of. No wonder Calvin thought that children were totally depraved. They are very demons when they take to crying in earnest.

We rode in this way through a long tract of poorly settled country, and about ten in the evening arrived at Manchester; and here I fell asleep, and hardly woke, except at the stopping-places, till morning. I heard that same dinning chatter till I fell asleep, and as soon as I awoke, till I began to believe that our companion, the Irishwoman, talked without effort, as other people breathe.

Towards sunrise I was waked by a loud noise. The old gentleman had given the child of Madame la Irlandoise, a sound cuff in the midst of a symphony, which operated finely in stopping it, but raised a tempest between him and the mother. She had scolded till she was hoarse, and just as I waked, in the midst of her gesticulation, she had let the child roll to the bottom of the stage. Exasperated at this, she attacked our old friend *à et armis*. He, however, seizing her by the hands, removed her from him—picked up the squalling rapparee, and then told her if she was not quiet he would tie her hands up. She was beaten at her own weapons, we thought; not so. She accused him of striking her, and called upon us as witnesses. We gave our evidence in her favor—and "Now," said she, "I'll be giving you an illigant bit of the law whin we get to Auburn." I have always had a good opinion of that law about striking a woman—from the time when I saw a tailor—five feet in his boots—fined and imprisoned for not letting his eyes be torn out by a virago—standing six feet two in her stockings. Our old friend was like a chained bear till noon, when we arrived at Auburn; and he only pacified her at last, by taking the infant upon his knee, and showing the little wretch some attentions; and the look of piteous agony, mingled with rage, with which he did it, would have warmed the heart of a Cruickshank—and the look with which he left us at Auburn was worthy of Shylock.

A VALUABLE WIFE.

A woman was lately buried in a grave-yard near London, who had been dead upwards of five years, a near relation having left her an annuity of thirty pounds, to be paid on the first day in each and every year, "as long as she should remain on earth." In consequence of this legacy, her surviving husband hired a little room over a stable in the neighborhood of his dwelling, where she was kept in a lead coffin until after his death!

SKETCHES OF EMINENT AMERICANS.

DR. CHANNING.

Dr. CHANNING's appearance out of the pulpit is not prepossessing. He is below the middle stature, and of the slightest possible frame. Constant illness of late years has reduced even his natural proportions, and when seen in the street, wrapped with a shrinking closeness from the air, and pursuing his way with the irresolute step and the subdued countenance of an invalid, it is difficult to reconcile his appearance with the prodigious energy of his writings. In the pulpit he is another man. The cloud of anxiety passes from his face as he rises. The contracted expression ordinarily visible about his mouth gives place to a dilated and serene calmness. His fine eye expands and brightens, and the whole character of his face is one of the most pure and elevated humanity. A hearer who saw him for the first time there, if indeed he remembered anything but the eloquent beauty of his thoughts, would go away impressed with his noble dignity, and the air of calm power in his look and action. His face itself is diminutive, smaller even than a child's; but there is great breadth at the temples, and his forehead, over which he wears his hair long and carelessly, is of the finest form and amplitude. On the whole, we think the common impression after seeing Dr. Channing would be that of a mind, a mere intellect, wrapped in the slightest drapery of flesh that will confine it—a coil of mortality so loosely worn, that, whenever its errand was complete, the inhabiting spirit would release itself by the simplest heavenward volition.

Dr. Channing's delivery is not at all oratorical or passionate. It may have been so in the earlier days of his ministry, for he is naturally of a kindling and enthusiastic temperament; and it is a source of natural wonder to those who hear him after having read his fervent composition, that he should yield so little to the sway of feeling. His manner is earnest and absorbed, but, unless excited by a favorite or opposed opinion, perfectly unimpassioned. You may not doubt for a moment that the whole truth of his soul is breathing on his lips, but he seems to you under the influence of an inward power which is too holy for human excitement, and which chastens and subdues his whole spirit like a mighty spell. We know of nothing more strangely and deeply impressive than this almost unnatural suppression of enthusiasm. He is gifted by nature with a voice of singular depth and sweetness, which debility seems only to have made more low and musical, and with the calm serenity, nay, majesty of his manner, and the high order of his thoughts, it has sometimes seemed to us a very spirit-tone—the voice of a being without passions, breathed into utterance by the pure inspiration of truth. The vigorous beauty of his style is too well known and admired to be more than alluded to, but a mere reader can have little idea of its effect when heard from the writer's own lips. His emphasis and cadence are very peculiar. His tones seem the most simple effort of articulation; but he has a way of lingering on what we can only express by calling it the *crisis* of a sentence, and of giving a depth and richness to the forcible word, which yield an exquisite satisfaction to the ear, not easily described. You sit and listen, as it might be, to music. The sense is, for the time, captive; and, if the melody in which it comes clothed does not wholly disguise the sentiment, it, at least, gives it a winning persuasion, most dangerous to the charmed judgment of the hearer.

THE FINE ARTS.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

A CHOICE musical compilation, bearing the above title, is in the course of publication by Bourne. The English edition, through which we have looked with much pleasure, is accompanied by plates, by Hughes. The music is by Bishop. Such an acquisition to the drawing-rooms of our fair belles will undoubtedly be promptly appreciated, and the publisher be thus amply remunerated for heavy expenses. We select from it the following song of

THE VINEDRESSERS.

Joy, brothers, joy! Above the Rhine
Is stony brow "the Altar" rears!
Not vainly bends the laden vine;
Each grape shall melt in golden tears!
Such sweet weeping, brothers dear,
Only may we witness here!
Joy, sisters, joy! For this your prayer
Was duly to the virgin sung,
And through the blossom-scented air
All night the May-bells sweetly rung!
May the hopes of your young spring
Know as fair a ripening!

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

BY BOURNE.

"Delightful hour of rapture;" "No, no, no, with steps as light;" "Back from his morning chase;" "Softly, softly, in a whisper," the quartetto by the Prince Alidora, Thisbe, and Clorinda;" "Here 'tis set down;" "My lord, deign but to hear me;" "In light tripping measure;" "Midst doubts confounding," the quintetto, with the chorus. Also, "Away with care and sorrow," duet in Rokeby; "I stood among the glittering throng;" "Now to the Lists, or the Field of the Cloth of Gold;" and "The Little Mountaineer," with a beautiful vignette. The entire score of Cinderella will, we understand, be ready for delivery in a few days, embellished with several lithographic designs by Gimber.

BY HEWITT.

"Away to the mountain's brow," as sung by Miss Hughes; "The Zephyr;" "There's not a word thy lips have breathed;" "Oh peerless nymph;" "In this frigid planet;" "Meet me at sunset;" and "The Plattburgh March."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FURTHER EXTRACTS

From the Poem (now in press) delivered at Brown University,
BY N. P. WILLIS.

WHAT is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!
Angels of light walk not so dazlingly
The sapphire walls of heaven. The unsearch'd mine
Hath not such gems. Earth's constellated thrones
Have not such pomp of purple and of gold.
It hath no features. In its face is set
A mirror, and the gazer sees his own.
It looks a god, but it is like himself!
It hath a mien of empery, and smiles
Majestically sweet—but how like him!
It follows not with fortune. It is seen
Rarely or never in the rich man's hall.
It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy,
And lifts his humble window, and comes in.
The narrow walls expand, and spread away
Into a kingly palace, and the roof
Lifts to the sky, and unseen fingers work
The ceilings with rich blazonry, and write
His name in burning letters over all.
And ever, as he shuts his wildered eyes,
The phantom comes and lays upon his lids
A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear
Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
Breathes a fierce thirst no water will allay.
He is its slave henceforth! His days are spent
In chaining down his heart, and watching where
To rise by human weaknesses. His nights
Bring him no rest in all their blessed hours.
His kindred are forgotten or estranged.
Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye.
His lip grows restless, and its smile is curl'd
Half into scorn—till the bright, fiery boy,
That was a daily blessing but to see,
His spirit was so bird-like and so pure,
Is frozen, in the very flush of youth,
Into a cold, care-fretted, heartless man!
And what is its reward? At best, a name!
Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear!
Gold—when the senses it should please are dead!
Wreaths—when the hair they cover has grown gray!
Fame—when the heart it should have thrill'd is numb!
All things but love—when love is all we want,
And close behind comes Death, and ere we know
That even these unavailing gifts are ours,
He sends us, stripp'd and naked, to the grave!

Yet oh! what godlike gifts neglected lie
Wasting and marr'd in the forgotten soul!
The finest workmanship of God is there.
'Tis fleetier than the wings of light and wind;
'Tis subtler than the rarest shape of air;
Fire and wind and water do its will;
Earth has no secret from its delicate eye—
The air no alchymy it solveth not;
The star-writ heavens are read and understood,
And every sparry mineral hath a name,
And truth is recogniz'd, and beauty felt,
And God's own image stamp'd upon its brow.

How is it so forgotten? Will it live
When the great firmament is rolled away?
Hath it a voice forever audible,
"I AM ETERNAL!" Can it overcome
This mocking passion-fiend, and even here
Live like a seraph upon truth and light?

How can we ever be the slaves we are,
With a sweet angel sitting in our breasts!
How can we creep so lowly, when our wings
Tremble and plead for freedom! Look at him
Who reads aright the image on his soul,
And gives it nurture like a child of light.
His life is calm and blessed, for his peace,
Like a rich pearl beyond the diver's ken,
Lies deep in his own bosom. He is pure,
For the soul's errands are not done with men.
His senses are subdued and serve the soul.
He feels no void, for every faculty
Is used, and the fine balance of desire
Is perfect, and strains evenly, and on.
Content dwells with him, for his mind is fed,
And temperance has driven out unrest.
He heaps no gold. It cannot buy him more
Of any thing he needs. The air of heaven
Visits no fresher the rich man's brow;
He has his portion of each silver star
Sent to his eye as freely, and the light
Of the blest sun pours on his book as clear
As on the golden missal of a king.
The spicy flowers are free to him; the sward
And tender moss, and matted forest leaves
Are as elastic to his weary feet;
The pictures in the fountains, and beneath
The spreading trees, fine pencilings of light,
Stay while he gazes on them; the bright birds
Know not that he is poor, and as he comes
From his low roof at morn, up goes the lark
Mounting and singing to the gate of heaven,
And merrily away the little brook
Trips with its feet of silver, and a voice
Almost articulate, of perfect joy.
Air to his forehead, water to his lips,
Heat to his blood, come just as faithfully.
And his own faculties as freely play.
Love fills his voice with music, and the tear
Springs at as light a bidding to his eye,
And his free limbs obey him, and his sight
Flies on its wondrous errands every where.

What does he need? Next to the works of God,
His friends are the rapt sages of old time.
And they impart their wisdom to his soul
In lavish fulness, when and where he will.
He sits in his mean dwelling and communes
With Socrates and Plato, and the shades
Of all great men and holy, and the words
Written in fire by Milton, and the king
Of Israel, and the troop of glorious bards,
Ravish and steal his soul up to the sky—
And what is it to him, if these come in
And visit him, that at his humble door
There are no pillars with rich capitals
And walls of curious workmanship within?

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PENCILINGS BY THE WAY.

PROVIDENCE.—A common traveller would as soon think of requesting to be set ashore at Hurl-gate as to stop at Providence. The coaches are in readiness upon the dock, and at the arrival of the boat the whole body of passengers usually take the seats severally allotted to them, and with no knowledge and less curiosity about the pretty town, whose diagonal 'only they describe, they roll away at ten miles in the hour to Boston. And so on their return. It is a mere channel of travel. The world rushes through it, tide after tide, and though there is probably no one spot over which so much of the beauty, wealth, and fashion of this great western world passes and re-passes, the quiet inhabitants live calm and undisturbed on the airy eminences above, the grass growing before their doors, and the moss gathering green upon their stepping-stones, as secluded in their retirements, and as unweary in their thoughts and habits, as if there were a hundred wildernesses of forest and prairie between them and the daily passers by. I have hitherto been in the same injudicious hurry myself. I knew nothing of Providence but its lower street, and remembered nothing but that the prevailing baptismal name upon the signs was "Pardon." Here I am, however, now, a sojourner at the Roger Williams' hotel; and I can only say, after two days' experience, that I wish I had stopped always, or could stay longer. I like the place, I like the people, I like the management of "mine host." What can a traveller say more?

Providence, from the river, looks like a confused mass of buildings, heaped up the side of a precipitous hill, with no order, and no attention to convenience. The summit is crowned with the college buildings, and they seem the only distinct feature of the place. A walk up the hill, however, (and it is a very toilsome one,) soon opens to you broad and handsome streets, along which stand spacious and beautiful houses, not exceeded, for style and apparent comfort, by any private dwellings I have ever seen. There is an appearance of wealth and munificence all over the upper portion of the town. The courts are large, the houses all at ample distances from each other, and the gardens unusually tasteful and liberally apportioned. I was exceedingly taken with the baronial, independent look of some of these citizen-palaces. I have not been here long enough to judge fully of the harmony of the style of living inside; but if they all live as well as the few specimens I have seen, they understand the *savoir vivre* in this small town much better than we do in the cities. A machine in each of these perpendicular streets, on the principle of two buckets in a well, to translate the inhabitants from one region to the other, would complete its charm as a location to my taste.

I am here, you know, just at the time of Commencement in the University. With all the rest of the intelligent world, you have read and admired the occasional sermons of President Wayland. He is admitted to be one of the best thinkers and one of the most forcible and original writers in the whole country; and under his liberal and decided government, the college, as was to be expected, flourishes and stands high. The performances of the graduating class were singularly free from the cant of college exercises. I was pleased with them altogether, and as this particular trait shows always the finger of the fashioning hand, it added to my conviction of the admirable adaptedness of the president to his office. May the institution succeed under him!

I depart to-morrow for New-York with real regret. From the glimpse I have had of the society it strikes me as composed of material that one cannot always find. The middle-aged men, particularly, seemed to me, as a class, singularly intelligent and social; and, if I may speak of the brighter radii of the circles I have seen, the fame of Providence for beauty has been truly trumpeted, and I have never seen the pleasant gifts of refinement and wit more generally and freely distributed. In the hope that this humble tribute from a stranger may meet some one at least of the eyes that beamed upon him, he records here his mingled pleasure and regret, in the remembrance of their kind hospitalities and the brief measure in which he is permitted to enjoy them.

NEW-YORK CITY.—"How it strikes a stranger," is always an amusing, though not always a correct light for looking at the picture of a great city. I occupy a sky parlor in the city-hotel, celebrated for its Willard of immortal memory, and its accommodations of inexhaustible capacity—the most convenient and thronged hotel, perhaps, this side the water, though it is a pity it is not a little more visited by one universal guest—the common light of heaven. Hence, over innumerable chimneys and through a medium like a smoked glass, I see the broad mouth of the Hudson, and Hoboken with its industrious ferry-boat plying to and fro, and, nearer to my eye, the flags and long pennants of vessels at the pier, and the black pipes of steam-boats smoking and hissing, and more immediately in the

foreground, scenes of poverty and misery that would have moved the heart of Howard with the deepest yearnings of compassion. I know not how it is, but poverty in New-York seems to me incomparably wretched. In Boston, the poor never impress you with that sick-hearted sense of their misery that is unavoidable in crossing their unhappy pathways here. They are cleaner, elsewhere, or, not so closely pinched by necessity, they have more cheerful faces, and move with a less broken and dejected gait, and their children do not acquire "the trick of sorrow" so unchangeably. There is a poor woman, now, hanging clothes upon a line on the top of a building, some three stories below my window level. She is perfectly gray, and her hair is tied together and falling over her back, hardly distinguishable, in its mingled dingy sprinkling of white, from her smoked and wrinkled forehead, and her hands, lean and cramped, stretch up to the line, with a weakness and effort that seem like the struggling of sickness more than the healthy action of labor. The expression of her face is that of the most worn and hopeless anxiety. I never saw one of more wretchedness. But this is enough of such a picture.

The great impression made upon a stranger's mind on leaving his room, is that of general and undistinguishable hurry and confusion. The carmen halloo and lash their horses into a trot almost impossible from the nature of the vehicle, the omnibuses whip and hurry to pass each other, the jarveys, with their handsome coaches and "frames of horses," (perfect miracles of leanness) outwhip both carmen and omnibuses; every man you meet, avoids you by a most adroit instinct, apparently without being aware that you are near him; the boys are never seen playing, but hurry about with shop-bills or Magdalen reports, or lottery programmes—every moving creature (save the ladies and the dandies) seems bent upon its extreme errand, and the stranger walks through it all like a man in a dream, bewildered beyond the power of rallying. At twelve or one, however, Broadway, like a well-contrived panorama, changes its aspect. The perspective of the sidewalk, as far as you can see, is becoming brighter and brighter with gay colors; the busy, care-worn faces disappear, or occur less frequently; slight, airy figures, with their feet dressed more daintily than any you have ever seen, pass you at every step; well-dressed men of all ages, and foreigners of all complexions, and fashion of apparel and manner, throng the way; the shops look like drawing-rooms on a bridal morning visit, and the whole scene is gay, and dazzling, and delightful. Broadway against the world—we allow it! No other city in America, at least, can show its equal. I do not know that the women are prettier than ours, but they dress so tastefully! I do not know that they have more grace or are more delicately framed, but they walk with the prettiest affectation in the world, and Mrs. Cantelo's "philosophy" is perfect. No women appear so well—apply the unction to what department you will. By the time you have reached Canal-street, you have seen more striking figures, and faces to be remembered, than in all your life before. The men too are better dressed, the horses more tastefully caparisoned, the shops and hotels more thronged, and more showily set out. You gaze at the first citizen that passes you with his look of domesticity, and wonder how he ever became accustomed to such a turmoil, or can think two consecutive thoughts without interruption.

A week's acquaintance with New-York does not diminish your surprise. The coffee-houses, with their admirable adaptation to the wants of all comers, and the size of all purses; the readiness with which every thing you want springs to your call, showing you modes of getting a living, of which, in more primitive cities, you never dreamed; the facilities for going to every quarter of the city or the world; the wondrous union of business and courtesy in the wealthy inhabitants, their profuse hospitality and their regular return to their vocations; the prodigious extent of the city, and its singular crystallization of pursuits and classes; the total absence of quietness, and the absolute order beneath all—the whole city unravels to you like a beautiful enigma—order out of disorder—contrivance and system out of apparent confusion and turmoil.

But I am interrupted. I will speak of the society of New-York and other matters hereafter.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Festivals, Games, and Amusements; Ancient and Modern. By Horatio Smith, Esq. with additions by Samuel Woodworth, of New-York; being the twenty-fifth number of the Family Library. 12mo. p. 355. New-York: J. & J. Harper. 1831.

THIS is a re-publication of the fifth number of the "National Library," a popular English series, conducted by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A.; and one might suppose that the sanction of the reverend gentleman's name would have shielded the work from the imputation of any injurious influence on the morals or religion of mankind; but we perceive it has not escaped condemnation from a quarter where, indeed, it was to be expected. The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for August, 1831, has devoted several pages to prove the book totally unfit for "family use;" and that all worldly amusements "are at best of a suspicious character. They cannot do us good, they may do us harm; and he judges, as we believe, wisely who decides that the best way is to avoid them." We dissent entirely from this sweeping condemnation. It savors of fanaticism or hypocrisy! and, as we most firmly believe, strikes not only at the happiness, but the virtues of mankind, which have a close connexion with the modes in which they spend their hours of relaxation. It is impossible that the human race, most especially the youthful portion, can exist without them. The proverb, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," homely as it is, is,

in our opinion, worth a whole magazine of nonsensical declamation against the innocent sports of life; and we think little of that sour uncompromising bigotry which can detect in the laughter of the young, or the smiles of the aged, an offence either to God or man. This malignant and unnatural warfare against the slightest forms of pleasure is calculated, if successful in its deep designs, to establish among us a species of monkish asceticism, neither favorable to health, strength, morals, nor true piety. No where have the bad passions raged with more violence, or produced more striking catastrophes of wickedness than among little communities abstracted from the ordinary business and pleasures of life; professing a total alienation from both, and denouncing the world, its cares, occupations, and delights, as objects of contempt and danger. Abstraction from mankind does not necessarily carry with it a complete subjection of the passions; nor does he who affects to be, or who really believes himself free from its temptations, always succeed in subduing the passions. Solitude is more often the cause of crimes and errors than of virtue or knowledge; and he who fancies himself wiser or better, for giving up the moderate enjoyment to be met with among his fellow-creatures, will too often find that he has acquired in their stead little more than carping ill nature and hardness of heart towards all who do not choose to follow his example.

That this is the case with a large portion of the leaders in the crusade against the simple charms which Providence has allowed to this life, appears sufficiently evident from the course they are pursuing. Not content with their own incomprehensible ascetic propensities, with the free and generous toleration awarded to them by those who do not feel called upon to imitate their folly, they are perpetually worrying and insulting them with denunciations of the corruptions of their hearts, and the punishment which awaits them hereafter. Uncompromising, proud, and ill-natured, they forget alike the decorums of society, the deference due to the opposite habits and opinions of fallible beings; nay, the very precepts of their own religion, and pour forth reprobation where, even supposing their creed the true one, they ought to feel only compassion. The man who dares to pursue a course in which rational amusements are harmoniously mingled with the duties he owes to his family, to his country, and to his Maker, is held up as an object of heaven's most inveterate vengeance; and the recreations of an hour, according to them, purchased by an eternity of lingering tortures.

We would caution these rigid censors against attempting to enforce their doctrines too far. There is in mankind a most carnal propensity to resist tyranny, whether temporal or spiritual; whether it emanates from kings or priests; whether it comes abroad under the mask of the law or the cloak of piety; whether it attempts to fetter the body or enslave the mind. Religion is a sweet and gentle influence; it is all mercy, charity, conciliation, modesty, forgiveness. The sour, malignant, and persecuting tyranny, which holds no communion, no faith, no exchange of good offices, or of common courtesies, with those whom it chooses to denominate heretics, is not an emanation from the divinity, but an apostate to nature; and avarice, pride, selfishness, and ambition are the weapons with which he attacks those who follow her precepts. The sects who are attempting to put bits in our mouths, and rings in our noses, have sought to interfere with the rights of mankind—to cramp the exercise of their talents, to restrain their ordinary occupations, and to institute a silent yet bitter and effectual persecution against all those who will not submit to their dictation. Let us caution them how they proceed. They are only making hypocrites and unbelievers, for an age of fanaticism is always followed by one of infidelity. It is with religion as with government—if you draw the cords too tight they will snap, and licentiousness will succeed coercion. We who partake in what we consider guiltless methods of adding to our happiness, do not quarrel with camp-meetings and love-feasts, and we have a right to expect a similar indulgence for our dances, our new-year festivals and thanksgivings. Thus much we thought called for by the remarks we have seen in various religious publications, on the subject of amusements, elicited by the work before us.

It is to our taste a very amusing, and in our judgment, a very innocent and excellent book. We cannot for the life of us see the least harm in a description of the sports which mankind in all ages, as well of primitive simplicity as artificial refinement, have practised, without any idea of offending against either morality or religion. There is nothing in it repulsive to decency; nor can we conceive any ground for the denunciations of the ascetics, except that of a general determination to banish all amusements, except camp-meetings, and the like, from the face of the earth. We do not deny that some of the games and sports described in it are such as we neither approve nor practise; but they are merely described, not recommended; they are given as part of the necessary historical details of the work, which without them would be incomplete, and contain nothing at which the most fastidious delicacy need blush. The subject is both curious and interesting. The writer, or rather the compiler, has collected almost all that is preserved of the festivals, games, and amusements of that portion of mankind known to history, from the earliest ages to the present time; and next to the business and occupations of the world, its pleasures and recreations are assuredly the most interesting, as affording illustrations of the character of nations and ages, and in fact of human nature. Mr. Smith has performed his task with great industry, and in a style very pleasant, as well as applicable to the different subjects. But we must content ourselves with this general commendation, wishing as we do to say something particular of the appendix, by Mr. Samuel Woodworth, and having but little space left for that purpose.

This appendix consists of a sketch of American amusements,

&c. with which we have no fault to find, except that it is too short. It is given with such a spirit of hilarity, such an honest feeling of participation in what the writer describes, that we were most pleasantly carried back to the period of wicked boyhood, when, not having the fear of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine before our eyes, we irreligiously rejoiced during Christmas holidays, and most atrociously luxuriated in new-year cookies, regardless of the infamy awaiting such heinous malefactions. The circumstances of the case, and the necessity of a speedy publication of this work, must of course have cramped Mr. Woodworth, as to time and opportunity to make a collection agreeable to all the different parts of the United States; but, so far as he has attempted it, he has succeeded to a degree which calls forth our fullest approbation. The appendix is quite equal, nay we are compelled to say, superior to the work itself, in style, spirit, and humor. We have only space for one or two extracts, which will fully justify our preference.

"It is justly observed, in a former part of this compilation, that 'the earliest festivals of the Greeks, and indeed of all nations, were kept in the autumn, after gathering in the fruits of the earth, when gratitude prompted them to offer up sacrifices to heaven, and social festivities were the natural consequences of plenty.' In another place our author says, 'The Saxons had the same custom, always setting aside a week, after harvest, for holidays; and our festive 'harvest-home' [in England] is but a continuation of the ancient practice.'"

"In all ages and countries these annual festivities have ever been attended with some religious rites, showing that their origin was gratitude to heaven. This is also the case as regards the New-England festival, popularly denominated 'thanksgiving.' This joyous anniversary (which was doubtless first instituted in the eastern colonies as a substitute for Christmas) takes place late in autumn, after the fruits of the earth are gathered in, and the labors of the husbandman have been rewarded by the fruition of harvest. The first or second Thursday in December is generally appointed for this purpose by the governor of the state, who issues a proclamation to that effect; a printed copy of which is sent to every clergyman in the state. On the first sabbath after its reception, at the conclusion of the sermon, this proclamation is read from the pulpit; and in some parishes, on each succeeding sabbath until the time appointed.

"When the happy day arrives the people assemble in their respective places of worship, dressed in their best attire. Here they listen to an appropriate sermon, and join in prayer, hymns, and anthems expressly adapted to the occasion. These services generally occupy about two hours, and then are over for the day; the remainder of which is devoted to feasting, sports, games, and amusements of various descriptions. The 'thanksgiving dinner,' however, forms a prominent feature of the picture. Every farmer's table now literally 'groans with the weight of the feast.' Flesh and fowl, of his own raising and fattening—fish and game from his own streams and woodlands—vegetables of his own planting—butter, milk, and cheese, the product of his own dairy, are now found in luxuriant profusion upon his hospitable table; while the delicious 'pumpkin pie' leads a host of other dainties in the bountiful dessert. Clear sparkling cider, mead, perry, and spruce beer, all and each the product of the homestead, lend their exhilarating influence; and if ever a set of joyous hearts and smiling faces assembled together in social harmony—if genuine happiness is ever experienced at the festive board, it is on such occasions. Apprentices in the metropolis, who are only permitted to visit their parental and rural homes once or twice in the year, are now sure to be present; and a hoary-headed patriarch often presides at these domestic banquets, where the guests comprise two or three generations of his own descendants. It is a jubilee that draws together members of the same family who have been long separated; and as a ball invariably succeeds the festivities of the day, there is no small excitement among the village lasses." ***** Again:

"In the city of New-York, in particular, the good old custom of paying passing visits, and reviving friendships on New-year's day, is still kept up. 'It is a practice,' says the writer just quoted, 'hallowed by time and sanctioned by its salutary consequences. It brings long estranged friends to remember and visit each other; it gives life and gaiety to a dreary, inclement season; it is, in short, a social, honest, old-fashioned custom, and as such I honor it.' Public business of every kind is suspended; the courts, banks, custom-house, post-office, all are closed; and fewshopkeepers have the hardihood to open their bow-windows on New-year's day. Debtors are safe from arrest, can boldly meet their creditors, and wish them a happy new-year. Even that mighty, restless engine, the daily press, stands still to-day; and hungry quidnuncs must fast for news, or receive it verbally from the prattling tongues of the fair distributors of cakes and coffee, with whom they exchange the compliments of the season. But though the news-press be silent, some of its subordinate agents are this day in all their glory. The carrier, who has faithfully served his patrons, 'through summer's heat and winter's cold,' now reaps his well-earned reward in a harvest of silver. Each of his subscribers is presented with a printed poetical address, previously prepared for the occasion by some laureat bard, who is thus himself enabled to join in the festivities of the day. No matter what may be the literary merits or demerits of this annual effusion, it is always well received and well paid for. No one criticizes or complains, for all are determined to be happy, and where numbers unite in such a laudable determination, it is not a trifle that can defeat their object. How cold, unfeeling, and bigoted must be that heart that would throw a straw in the way of such innocent enjoyments! and yet, some such there are! The day is short; but a long evening of festivity is to follow. The theatres and the museums are all open; while a grand ball, 'got up expressly for the occasion,' exhibits its fascinations to the lovers of dancing."

Before we conclude this article we take occasion to express an opinion as to the general merits of this modest, unassuming author, and estimable man. Mr. Woodworth is not a fashionable writer, and we believe it has never been found worth any bookseller's while to institute a regular system of puffing in his behalf. Yet his prose productions have the great merit of clearness and simplicity; and his poetry the rare attributes of being perfectly comprehensible, and entirely devoid of that miserable affectation of sickly sentimental sorrow, and base misanthropy, which disgraces so much of the verse of the present day. There is a springing hopefulness, an uncon-

querable good humor and vivacity, in almost all his effusions, that to us is truly refreshing; we having, as Goldsmith says, "lately wept over all sorts of elegies, until we are heartily tired." Even when he complains of the little rubs and mishaps of life, it is without degenerating into unmanly namby-pamby jeremiads, or losing that wholesome tone of philosophic carelessness, which marks the vigorous mind. When we take into consideration the circumstances under which most of his productions have been ushered into the world, and the indispensable necessity which rendered them almost extempore, as we are given to understand, it is little less than wonderful that his odes, songs, and occasional pieces, possess so much real merit. We could point out many of these which are far superior to the inflated, disjointed, incomprehensible nonsense, that so frequently passes for sublimity in the fashionable dandy poets. But we are compelled to end these remarks on a writer who has never met his just rewards, by instancing the fine song of the "Bucket," as one which will last as long as buckets hang at wells.

The Gladiator. An unpublished tragedy in five acts. Written for Mr. Forrest by Dr. Bird, of Philadelphia.

We have read the manuscript of this tragedy with careful attention, and can therefore speak of its merits confidently, and to the purpose. It is strongly written and well conceived, containing striking scenes, bold characters, and passages of great beauty. The author is evidently one familiar with dramatic literature; most of the dialogue is marked by a Spartan brevity and nerve, and even the inferior parts generally are such as talented players need not hesitate to undertake. We will proceed to prove the truth of our opinion by examining the composition before us, and making several extracts, which will afford the reader an idea of the writer's power.

The scene is mostly laid in Rome, at the time when that city was divided into three parties, of which Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus were the head. On this subject Plutarch says,

"When the gladiators took up arms and ravaged Italy, their insurrection was commonly called the war of Spartacus. Its origin was this—one Lentulus Batiatus, kept at Capua a number of gladiators, the greatest part of which were Gauls and Thracians; men not reduced to that employment for any crimes they had committed, but forced upon it by the injustice of their master. Two hundred of them, therefore, agreed to make their escape. Though the plot was discovered, three score and eighteen of them, by their extreme vigilance, were beforehand with their master, and sallied out of town, having first seized all the long knives and spits in a cook's shop. On the road they met some waggons carrying a quantity of gladiators' arms to another place; these they seized, and armed themselves with them. Then they retired to a place of strength, and made choice of three leaders. The first was Spartacus, whose extraction was from one of those Thracian hordes called Nomades. This man had not only a dignity of mind, a strength of body, but a discernment and civility superior to his fortune. In short, he was more of a Greek than a barbarian."

This event is the foundation of the tragedy in question, and Spartacus is the hero. Dragged from Thrace to Rome to fight as a gladiator in the arena, he is thus introduced: Bracchius, a Roman lanista, or master of gladiators, challenges any other to produce a slave superior in the fight to Phasarius, a Thracian, long since stolen from his country. Batiatus Lentulus, a Capuan lanista, answers.

Len. I have brought some indifferent good fellows; and one of them, I think, I would wager against your unmatchable.

Brac. Hearst thou that, Phasarius? Get in and practice. [Exit Phas.]

Brac. But he will not take the oath?

Brac. Marry, is he slave or felon?

Len. A slave that I bought of the quæstor, just returned from the army of Thrace; a shepherd, I think they told me, and leader of a horde of his savage countrymen. I bought him on the faith of the fame he brought with him of being the most desperate, unconquerable, and indeed skilful barbarian in the province. Thou hast not forgot Caius Clypeus, the centurion that fought in the shows at the funeral of Sylla?

Brac. He was accounted on that day the second swordsman in Rome.

Len. His bones, with those of two of his followers, are rotting on the banks of the Strymon. The three attacked the valiant savage, my bondman, and, by Jupiter, without other help than fortune and extraordinary prowess, he slew them all.

Brac. Hercules! he has magic weapons! But how was he taken?

Len. Betrayed by his follower, while he slept; and yet he had vengeance on his betrayer, for he dashed his brains out against a rock.

Brac. Excellent! Dash his brains out! He is a Titan! I would give a dozen common slaves to have seen him do it.

Luc. But he will not swear.

Brac. Come, thou knowest not the nature of these fellows. Didst thou speak to him kindly?

Luc. Ay; but I had better have talked softly to a hyena: he did but scowl at me. Faith he will sit by the day, looking at his chains, or the wall; and if one has a word from him, it is commonly a question. "How many leagues he is away from Thrace?"

Brac. Didst thou not tell him of the honors of a gladiator?

Len. Ay; and he asked if cutting throats was the most honorable occupation in Rome?

Brac. By Mars, thou shouldst have scourged him.

Len. I did.

Brac. And how wrought it?

Len. I think the knave had killed me, when I struck him, even with his manacled fist, but that he was felled by the staff of my freedman. I should have hanged him, but was loth to lose so bold a varlet. Wherefore I had him scourged again, and faith he took it as passively as a stone. But it will not make him swear.

Brac. Didst thou vow to the gods to hang him up like a dog, if he were so obstinate.

Len. I had a halter put to his neck; but then he laughed, and thanked his barbarous gods for such indulgence.

Brac. Nay, this is a madman.

Len. I had the fetters taken from his arm, and sent one to attack him with a weapon. But although I laid a sword by him, he would not use it; he struck the assaulter with his clenched hand, and felled him as one would a wall with a battering ram. But then he was angry. Another time he sat still, and let the slave wound him unresisting.

When Spartacus is brought before his masters, chained, he asks:

Spar. Is not this Rome! the great city?

Brac. Ay, and thou shouldst thank the gods they have suffered thee to see it before thou diest.

Spar. I heard of it when I was a boy among the hills, piping to my father's flocks. They said, that spoke of it, it was the queen of cities, the metropolis of the world. My heart grew big within me to hear of its greatness. I thought those men who could make it so were greater than men; they were gods.

Len. And are they not, sirrah?

Spar. How many palaces, that look like the habitations of divinities are

here about me. Here are marble mountains, that have been hewn down, and shaped anew, for men to dwell among. Gold and silver and purple, and a million of men thronging the pillared hills.

Brac. And what thinkest thou, now thou hast seen it?
Spar. That, if Romans had not been fiends, Rome had never been great. Whence came this greatness, but from the miseries of subjugated nations? How many myriads of happy people that had not wronged Rome, for they knew not Rome—how many myriads of these were slain, like the beasts of the field, that Rome might fatten upon these hills that cost not the lives of a thousand innocent men; there is no deed of greatness ye can boast, but it was achieved upon the ruin of a nation; there is no joy ye can feel, but its ingredients are blood and tears.

Len. Now marry, villain, thou wert bought not to prate, but to fight.
Spar. I will not fight. I will contend with mine enemy, when there is strife between us; and if that enemy be one of these same fiends, a Roman, I will give him advantage of weapon and place: he shall take a helmet and buckler, while I, with my head bare and my breast naked, and nothing in my hand but my shepherd's staff, will beat him to my feet, and slay him. But I will not slay a man for the diversion of Romans.

Brac. Thou canst boast, barbarian? If thou canst do this, what brought thee to Rome a captive?

Spar. Treachery! I was friendless, sick, famished. My enemies came in numbers. They were like the rats of Egypt, that will not come near the crocodile while he is awake; they attacked me sleeping. Had they found me with a weapon in my hand, gods! I had not now been a thing for Romans to scourge.

Spartacus refuses to take the oath, which prescribes, among other regulations, that the victor in the fight shall not be allowed the privilege of sparing his adversary's life, unless by consent of the people.

In the second act the conspiracy among the desperate Capuan gladiators is conceived. Spartacus, as he enters the arena, muses upon the scene.

Spar. Well, I am here
Among these beasts of Rome, a spectacle.
This is the temple, where they mock the gods
With human butchery. Most grand and glorious
Of structure and device! It should have been a cave,
Some fount and midnight pit, or den of bones,
Where murder best might veil herself from sight.
Women and children, too! to see men die,
And clap their hands at every stab! This is
The boastful excellence of Rome! I thank the gods
There are barbarians.

The part of Spartacus abounds with instances of a spirited declamatory style, admirably fit for dramatic effect. When he is pitted against a Thracian, goaded by the desire of freedom for his wife and child, he consents to the combat, and is recognized by Phasarius, his antagonist, as his brother. The denouement is well managed.

Pha. Hadst thou not a brother?
Cras. Why prate these cut-throats? Come, prepare, prepare.
Spar. A young brave heart, whose steps I taught to dare
The crags and chasms and roaring cataraets
Of his own native hills, till he was freer
Among them than the eagles. What art thou,
That seem'st to know him? I would be angry with thee;
These words make me look on thee as a friend.
Pha. Seem I not like Phasarius?
Spar. What, thou?
A mail'd warrior like a harmless boy?
The Romans slew him.
Pha. They enslaved him. Brother,
Changed as I am, and from a harmless boy
Turn'd to a rough destroyer, still am I
The self-same fool that once thou call'dst brother.

A hasty conversation unfolds to each that the other had organized a rebellion, and instead of turning their strength upon each other, the watchword is given, and the conflict takes place, in which the gladiators are successful. The triumphant Spartacus thus gives vent to his joy:

Spar. Lo! we are victors, conquerors again.
The hot-brain'd boasters, that in mockery thought
To ape the angry Scythian, and subdue us
With whips, instead of warlike instruments,
Lie hush'd and gory; and despite the claim
Of their high honors and nobility,
There is no slave too base to tread upon them.
There lies a consul. I have known that word
Fright men more than the name of gorgeous kings.
Say to barbaric states, a consul comes,
A Roman consul, and their preparation
Of war or welcome speaks a demi-god,
And yet lies he on the opprobrious earth
A palmy consul, by a slave's hand slain,
No nobler than his horse.

In the following scene there is a sustained power, which inspires us with horror, without violating nature:

Spar. [Within] Guard the doors:
Let none go out.
Flor. What voice is that? By heaven,
We are betrayed!
Enter Spartacus, Phasarius, and others.
Spar. Look to the maiden:
Drop thy sword's point or die.
Flor. A thousand times, ere thou, malicious rebel,
Touch this endangered lady.
Spar. Boy—

He disarms Florus.
Know I not this face?
Flor. I think thou shouldst.
Spare thou the lady, rich will be her ransom.
But for myself, I know thy deadly fury
Grants never quarter.
Spar. By the stripes not yet
Fied from mine outraged limbs, thou art the son
Of Lentulus, the scourger!
Pha. Ay, the same.
Let him atone his rascal father's sins.
Scourge him to death.
Flor. Give me a soldier's death:
Let me die by the sword. I never scourged thee.
Spar. Thou! miserable boy!
Flor. And well thou knowest,
Thou fierce and fiendish man, this tongue of mine
Was oft thy intercessor.
Spar. I do know,
One of thy blood did give me to the scourge—
Me, a free son of a free sire, and imaged
After the semblance of the only Master—
Gave me to thongs and whips, as a poor beast,
Till I became one. This I know: know thou,
From that shamed hour when first my body writh'd
Under the merciless lash, I did devote
The scourger and his household to the furies,
To quick and murderous death. And thinkst thou
Thy whining kindness took away a pang?
Thou art the Roman's son, and thou shalt die.
Flor. Let it be so.
Spar. It shall so. Thou seest
Command and dignities have not wiped out

The memory of wrongs: and Roman blood
Running in rivers ever at my feet,
Gluts not the thirst for more! Take him away:
Scourge him to death.

After the victory a dispute arises between Spartacus and his brother respecting Julia, the first being resolved to give her freedom, the other to claim her as his slave.

Phas. I claim the captive.
Spar. Thou shalt have a thousand,
But not these twain.
Phas. I care not for the boy.
The girl is mine—captured by mine own hands—
Therefore mine own.
Flor. Base caittiff!
Spar. Sirrah, begone!
Phas. Deny me her, and, by the fates, thou art
No longer brother of mine. I help'd thee
To this high station; and the troops thou rulest
Are but my lending; for that hour I leave thee,
They leave thee too.
Spar. Come, look me in the face,
And let me see how bad desires have changed thee.
Phas. I claim the captive.
Spar. Set thine eye on her:
Lo, you! she weeps, and she is fatherless.
Thou couldest not harm an orphan? What, I say,
Art thou, whom I have carried in my arms
To mountain-tops, to worship the great God?
Art thou a man, to plot a wrong and sorrow
Against such as have no father left but Him?
Wilt thou now ask her?

The following scene will bear a comparison with nearly the best of the modern dramatists, if not the best:

Jov. Had you been born
A Roman, you had won by this a triumph.
Spar. I thank the gods, I am barbarian;
For I can better teach the grace-begot
And heaven-supported masters of the earth,
How a mere dweller of a desert rock
Can bow their crown'd heads to his chariot-wheels.
Man is heaven's work, and beggar's brats may herit
A soul to mount them up the steep of fortune,
With regal necks to be their stepping-blocks.
But come, what is thy message?
Jov. Julia, niece
Of the prætor, is thy captive.
Spar. Ay.
Jov. For whom
Is offered in exchange thy wife, Senona,
And thy young boy.
Spar. Tell thou the prætor, Roman,
The Thracian wife is ransom'd.
Jov. How is that?
Spar. What, ho! Senona.
Senona appears with a child at the tent door.
Lo! she stands before you,
Ransom'd, and by the steel, from out the camp
Of slaughter'd Gellius.
Jov. This is sorcery.
But name a ransom for the general's niece.
Spar. Have I not now the prætor on the hip?
He would, in his extremity, have made
My wife his buckler of defence; perhaps
Have doom'd her to the scourge. But this is Roman.
Now the barbarian is instructed. Look,
I hold the prætor by the heart; and he
Shall feel how tightly grip barbarian fingers.
Jov. Men do not war on women! Name her ransom?
Spar. Men do not war on women! Look you, sir:
One day I climbed upon the ridge top
Of the cloud-piercing *Hemus*, where, among
The eagles and the thunders, from that height
Look'd upon the world, or far as where,
Wrestling with storms, the gloomy *Euxine* chafed,
On his recoiling shores; and where dim *Adria*
In her blue bosom quench'd the fiery sphere.
Between those surges lay a land, might once
Have served for paradise, but Rome had made it
A Tartarus. In my green youth I look'd
From the same frosty peak where now I stood,
And then beheld the glory of those lands
Where peace was tinkling on the shepherd's bell,
And singing with the reapers.
Since that glad day Rome's conquerors had past
With withering armies there, and all was changed.
Peace had departed; howling war was there,
Cheer'd on by Roman hunters. Then methought,
Even as I look'd upon the alter'd scene,
Groans echoed in the valleys, through which ran
Rivers of blood, like smoking Phlegethons;
Fire flash'd from burning villages, and famine
Shriek'd in the empty cornfields. Women and children,
Robb'd of their sires and husbands, left to starve.
These were the dwellers of the land. Say'st thou
Rome wars not then on women?
Jov. This is not to the matter.
Spar. Now, by Jove,
It is. These things do Romans. But the earth
Is sick of conquerors. There is not a man,
Not Roman, but is Rome's extremest foe:
And such am I, sworn from that hour I saw
These sights of horror, while the gods support me,
To wreak on Rome such havoc as Rome wreaks—
Carnage and devastation, woe and ruin.
Why should I ransom, when I swear to slay?
Begone. This is my answer.

Phasarius, having parted from Spartacus in anger, leads a large portion of the troops with him to battle, and is totally routed. Six thousand yielded themselves prisoners of Rome. Phasarius gives his brother this account of what took place there:

I saw a sight last night that turned my brain,
And set my comrade mad. The Roman highway
Is, each side, lined with crosses, on each cross
Is nail'd a gladiator. Well, 'twas night,
When, with a single follower, I did creep
Through the trench'd army to that road, and saw
The execrable multitude uplifted
Upon the horrid engines. Many lived;
Some moan'd and writh'd in stupid agony;
Some howled, and prayed for death, and curs'd the gods;
Some turn'd to lunatics, and laugh'd at horror;
And some with fierce and hellish strength had torn
Their arms free from the beams, and so had died,
Grasping headlong at air. And oh! the yells
That rose upon the gusty sighs of night,
And babbled hideously along the skies,
As they were filled with murder.
Spar. Say no more!
This is too dreadful for man's ear. I swear
For this to make Rome howl.

There is a richness as well as strength in certain passages sprinkled through the piece with great profuseness. For example:

Ah, would to heaven,
I were with her now, and my smiling boy

In Thrace again, beside our mountain cot,
Or in those tales where babbling *Hebrus* tumbles
Along his golden sands, and dreamt no more
Of sacks and battles.

Another, and finely descriptive of Spartacus after his defeat:

What man is this, unbuckler'd and unhelm'd,
Gored with a thousand deaths, that waves so wildly
A broken weapon?

We have not attempted to enter into a regular analysis of the plot, except where it illustrates the few specimens of the style extracted above. The interest of these is, of course, materially diminished by their separation from the main body of the work. The play will undoubtedly become a popular and permanent stock piece.

We cannot, however, lay aside this manuscript without complimenting the writer, not only on its actual intrinsic merit, both for the closet and the stage, but on the singular propriety with which it is adapted to the style and powers of the tragedian by whose laudable exertions it was elicited. The character of Spartacus is devised with great art. Its lofty tone of declamation, its bold gushes of various passions, are calculated to exhibit those qualities which this fine actor possesses in the highest degree. In a quiet, thoughtful, reading part he would find no opportunity for display, and would probably glide through it without much effect; but, when aroused by a mastering interest, and called upon to express the extremes of overwhelming and discordant feelings, thousands have long since borne testimony to his unrivalled powers. The Gladiator will undoubtedly add to his well-earned fame, and entitle him to the gratitude of all who interest themselves in the dramatic literature of the country. It will be produced, for the first time, on Monday evening next, at the Park theatre.

The Atlantic Souvenir for 1832; being the seventh volume of that annual. Embellished with twelve engravings. 12mo. p. 328. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. 1831.

What a beautiful volume! what a pretty thing for the father to place in the hands of his daughter; the brother to present to his sister; the lover to his mistress, with the name that calls the blood up into his temple, written in the graceful vignette! With how many various endearing appellations will that little blank be filled! How many eyes of light and love shall droop, as they read the characters to be traced between those bending flowers, with a trembling, vague conception that they are beloved! Of how many exquisite confessions will it be the vehicle! What a delicious language may lurk in its lettered pages! Into how many gorgeous mansions will this fragile token find its way, breathing inaudible vows of constancy and affection! How often will it be seized with avidity, examined with pleasure, and, like the friend that gives it, be valued and forgotten, for some new and glittering offspring of the succeeding year! Inquire for this in eighteen hundred and forty. Here and there, perchance, it will be found cherished, as a sacred and mournful relic of some one who has been beloved, and is still remembered; who has been shot in battle, or swallowed into the abysses of the deep; who has perished of an excruciating disease, or fallen off, peradventure, from his good fame and character, and become an outcast, a wanderer over distant lands! But ask hundreds of the giddy votaries of fashion and children of beauty, who now receive this as a memento, and you shall find them immersed in new pleasures, or crossed with unexpected cares. The world will have altered to them, and they to the world. Health shall have departed, loveliness fled, fortune failed, friends betrayed, bosom companions been struck down, and all the azure sky of youth's summer morning been overcast and storm-shaken!

Of the plates we have already noticed three in a previous number. The "Bower of Paphos," painted by J. Martin, engraved by George B. Ellis, is a rich illustration of nature, and full of Eden beauty.

The "Rocky Mountains," is a soft and pretty print, by Hatch and Smilie, the drawing by T. Doughty. The mirror-lake, the circling shores, and the broad hills, heaved up like an ocean, are images on which the eyes dwell with delight.

J. B. Neagle's plate of "Tiger Island," from a painting by C. Stanfield, is of the opposite description. A fierce windy sky, peaks of rugged crags, a vessel and boats tossed on the angry broken billows. There are some really fine touches in this piece.

Many of our readers will recollect having seen a painting by Neagle at one of the exhibitions of the National Academy, representing Patrick Lyon in the original habiliments of the blacksmith. Of this we have here a fine engraving by Kelly, containing many marks of skill.

One of the best in the book is also by Kelly, from Richter's painting of the "Tight Shoe." It is full of expression and humor.

"Who has not felt the wretchedness,
A trifle more, a trifle less,
Of length or breadth a shoe may make,
Which yet no pity can awake?
In vain the suitor cries 'a fit!
It does not sit too close, a bit.
'Tis just the thing—'twill surely do—
Oh! 'tis a most enchanting shoe!"

"Isadore," painted by J. Jackson, engraved by Illman & Pilbrow. A striking figure, and well executed.

The "Dutch Maiden," by Neagle, from a painting by Newton. The costume characteristic.

The two prettiest in the book, however, are "Lord Byron in early youth," and the "Mother's Grave." The first, painted by Sanders, and engraved by Ellis, is charming. The bard's head is splendid, and the noble countenance finely expressive. Poor Byron! The latter is engraved by Neagle, painted by Scheffer. There is not much beauty in the faces. Perhaps this heightens the effect to the contemplative, for feeling and grief are not confined to the beautiful. The group is sweetly affecting, and the attitude of the little girl

is eloquent to every heart. If we were disposed to be critical, we should prefer that the elder sister should hide her face instead of the younger. It speaks too much deep and overwhelmed feeling for the elastic spirit of childhood. No subject more mournful could employ the artist.

Among the writers we observe that Mr. Paulding, Mr. Stone, James Mack, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, and several other occasional contributors to our columns, have furnished articles for the present volume. As a whole, we know of no more appropriate object for a choice present; and, bating the inconsistency of publishing a new-year souvenir almost in midsummer, we have derived from it unmingled pleasure.

Encyclopædia Americana. Volume Eight. 8vo. p. 599. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. 1831.

Among the thousand pleasing but ephemeral forms which gaiety and wit assume to dazzle and delight the literary world, we are doubly gratified when we find ourselves turning slowly and musingly over the leaves of a book, seriously instructive, rich in scientific information, and yet fully adapted to the general reader, like the present. The reputation of this valuable work has augmented with each volume, and if the unanimous opinion of the press, repeatedly uttered from all quarters, be true, which in this instance happens to be the case, it is indeed one of the best of publications. It should be in the possession of every intelligent man, as it is a library in itself, comprising an immense mass of lore upon almost every possible subject, and in the cheapest possible form.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

Among the operas recently performed are the *Dienna*, *Artaxerxes*, and *Cinderella*; in each of which Miss Hughes has appeared to good houses, and in the last instance, to an overflowing and fashionable one. Respecting her *Mandane* we can venture no opinion, as she was evidently laboring under an indisposition sufficiently serious to mar the usual beauty of her singing. *Artaban* is not a part favorable to Mr. Thorne's style. Jones, as *Arbaces*, was always pleasing, and sometimes delightful. Mrs. Sharpe's *Artaxerxes* was better than usual—for one so valuable in other departments it was an extremely creditable performance. On Monday Miss Hughes took her benefit in *Cinderella*. A number of circumstances conspired to impart an unusual interest to this representation. The young lady herself is decidedly and deservedly a favorite,—this was her first benefit in America—*Cinderella* always fills the house—and an evident curiosity prevailed among the lovers of music to compare her with the fair vocalist for whom the opera was got up, and who has rendered it to us familiar and delightful. Miss Hughes did not disappoint our expectation. She ran through the most difficult and superbly brilliant passages of *Rossini* with a surprising force and skill. We can pay her no greater compliment than to say that she warmly excited the admiration of a public who have so frequently been dazzled with the warblings of Mrs. Austin. The part of *Cinderella* abounds with conceptions of music inexpressibly sweet and splendid. Its rapid variations remind us of the evolutions of a bird in the air—now "mounting and singing to the gate of heaven"—now floating in circles with graceful cloud-like motion—and again dashing like lightning down the sky. Miss Hughes executed several of these with great clearness and distinctness—pouring forth a volume of warbling voice, and evidently displaying the results of an extremely severe discipline in a proper school, added to no ordinary natural powers. We would especially instance her exquisite solo in the quintette "Midst doubts confusing," and the variations of the concluding song "Now with grief no longer bending," for which she called up all her endeavors, and which was encored. In one or two cases she betrayed a disposition to overload the air with embellishments, and to introduce them into the simple melody. In the ballad "Once a king," the bad effect of this was marked. That air is sweetness itself. It is expressive of modesty, simplicity, artless sorrow, and every low, humble, and subdued feeling; and, like *Cinderella* herself, derives a striking force from its contrast with the pomp, glitter, and liveliness by which it is surrounded. Miss Hughes pleased in this character, from the display of particular passages. Her decorations are new and numerous; and, after having listened with admiration to Mrs. Austin for fifty nights, the hearers have become quite familiar with the opera, perceive every little deviation from the text, and find in it a kind of charm, not because it is better, but because it is different. The unrivalled excellence of Mrs. Austin consists in the possession of a voice, which, for a perfect bird-like softness, sweetness, and wonderful flexibility, has never been excelled in American theatres. The *Signorina* could pass higher and lower, and thrill you with more extraordinary and triumphant exhibitions of science and power; but for that inherent quality of tone which composes *sweetness*—for the silvery softness in which the ear can detect nothing but a consciousness of pleasure; a clearness like that which delights the eye upon a sleeping stream in summer, when there is not a ripple to break its motionless beauty, or stir the images in its transparent depths—this faculty is the gift of nature, and is possessed by Mrs. Austin above any singer we ever heard. Upon this she depends, with a quiet trust in its influence. Its spell is every where through her music. It sinks down into the smallest breath—the lowest tone—and, with a strange distinctness, through the clasp of the chorus you hear it running along as you see the line of a silver river, winding through woods and fields, from your stand on the mountain top. In addition to this, Mrs. Austin discovers a curious facility of execution, as if music escaped

from her involuntarily as fragrance from a flower. Miss Hughes excelled her in *points*. She burst out sometimes like a star from behind a cloud, and added surprise to our admiration. Mrs. Austin never goes behind the cloud. She floats through the whole part with no apparent effort. In the two duets, "Mildly beaming—brightly gleaming," and "Let thine eyes," this distinction forcibly struck us, and Mrs. Austin's style is here the more finished, easy, natural, and soothingly sweet. Mrs. Wallack, as the Fairy, improves. Mr. Jones perseveres pertinaciously in his "most noble contempt" of the authentic writers of our language; and in the last scene still informs the ladies and gentlemen, that "condescension and humanity becomes all ranks." Bad grammar and sweet singing "is" both given to us by Mr. Jones! Is this flourish of rhetoric nightly repeated because the actor differs from us in opinion upon the abstruse principle of English involved? or is it because, being, as he surely is, a delightful vocalist, he deems the mere subordinate faculty of speaking like a gentleman unworthy of his notice? We trust hereafter he "will not be a participator in such a suicide!"

We regret the substitution of the "Hunter's signal horn," in the place of the "Tyrolienne air." The reason mentioned in the bills, that it is the property of the "adapter," has a slender claim to notice, as indeed the same, if admitted by the manager, would have excluded the whole opera; which, in our judgment, was equally the "property of the adapter." If any change must be made, we should prefer "Away, away, to the mountain brow;" though, indeed, the "Hunter's signal horn" was given in a fine spirited style, and also encored.

THE BOWERY THEATRE.

We were gratified with the representation of *Town and Country*. Mr. Barton (Reuben) was graceful and gentlemanly, but he does not possess the slightest brilliancy, and seldom aims at a point, for which latter he deserves commendation. These same "points" are detestable nuisances, except in the hands of a man of fine genius, and then they are natural, not sought. He seemed to please the audience, and was loudly applauded. Mrs. Russel and Mrs. Wheatly (Mrs. Trot and Hon. Mrs. Glenroy) supported him very creditably.—Mr. Russel did not make *Cosey* what we expected. He appeared too careless, and impressed us with the idea that he might have succeeded better if he had so wished. Mr. W. Chapman was irresistibly droll and humorous, and is not at all appreciated according to his merits. His *Hawbuck* convulsed the house with laughter. He is what the English call a "clever comedian." Captain Glenroy was personated by Mr. C. Thorne. This young gentleman is not without a good idea of acting. His conception is quite above mediocrity; but he needs study sadly. His words are not properly shaped. Indeed, we notice that certain persons attached to both theatres suffer divers of their organs of pronunciation to lie idle even in the height of declamation. We hear *being*, instead of *being-given* instead of *giving—shillin, comin, &c.* Mr. G. Jones (Plastic) is gifted with a good person and voice; but his delineations have no depth or force. He passes with utter disregard numerous opportunities to display reflection. He does not seem to enter into the meaning of the character. He speaks it well; but does not act it well. Speech is a small part of the histrionic art. This results from the want of application. The profession of the stage requires a toil as constant and laborious as any other. Its field for the exercise of discrimination, fancy, feeling, and thought is almost infinite. Something else is to be considered besides the words. Now, Miss Mestayer we have never heard spoken of as an actress of talent, yet she gave the last scene of *Rosalie Somers* with a grace and feeling that clearly evinced the possession of both a mind and heart, as well as a careful examination of the spirit of the play, and of that portion of it represented by herself. Miss Waring sang "Sweet Home" quite prettily.

The afterpiece of *Maurice*, the Woodcutter, brought out Master Russel. That boy fully confirms us in the opinion, once before expressed in this journal, that a clear-headed and spirited lad of ten or eleven can be easily made to do more than is generally imagined. He played *Fritz* beautifully. No one in the piece did better. Messrs. Tuthill and Farren are entitled to a passing notice.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1831.

Editor's study.—Fashion is like the clouds—always changing its shape. Is it not strange that what is admirable to-day, shall, in a few months, appear ridiculous? Even our fellow-citizens used to wear hats nearly in the shape of pyramids upside down, and shoes with pointed toes. What would the world have said had a polite lady entered a drawing-room with bishop-sleeves, before that atrocious custom was introduced? The same principle which shapes our dress, also alters our manners and conversation. We are told that it is unfashionable in England, at present, to use the "Sir" in refined society. That respectable monosyllable is addressed to servants only. Fancy a boy who had been flogged at school for saying "Yes" and "No" cut in the high circles for not saying it! Several years ago it would have been an insult for a gentleman to appear in company in a black stock, and now, we learn, that it is in contemplation to abandon the cravat altogether, and let loose upon Bond-street and Broadway, a set of young "Byrons" with open collars! What a potent necromancer is this same fashion, whose sanction makes right wrong, absurdity necessary, virtue contemptible, crime honorable! "I have insulted my friend," says the duelist, "and now I am about to kill him." "But is this just?" "No." "Is

it for your happiness?" "No." "Is it not savage—monstrous?" "Yes; but it is the fashion." "Will you take my arm, my fair lady?" "Not for worlds." "Is there any impropriety in it?" "Oh! no." "Do you dislike me?" "No, but—it is not the fashion." And yet after all our complaints, what a fine restraint it is upon men, and how many nice comforts do we owe to its influence. "How I dislike this person; his presence gives me a fever." "But you are kind and civil to him." "I study his convenience and administer to all his little wants. It would be disgraceful to ill-treat any one in my own house. It would not be the fashion."

Among other decrees of this imperative, fickle divinity, is one that the editors shall devote a portion of this journal to a kind of chat upon matters of local interest; mere comments on the prominent occurrences of the past week—which, in this periodical, can scarcely be furnished as *news*. We have for a long time revolved in our minds, some method of giving this department a proper character and name, and making it a kind of reservoir wherein to pour all our little bits of intelligence, our floating thoughts and opinions, without the formality of an essayist, a critic, an historian, or scarcely an editor. It should be a familiar place of *chit-chat*, where we can have all the talk to ourselves, and which our enemies must not criticize. To give this a name was our most serious trouble; for the ground has been so thoroughly trodden by predecessors, with whom we do not presume to bring ourselves into competition, that, like the unfortunate gentleman in the old story, we have found it "a very difficult child to baptize." "Our Elbow Chair"—that's Launcelot Lang-Staff. The "Editor's Table"—that's been used before. The "Editor's desk"—a "most lame and impotent" imitation. No it shall be the *Editor's Study*—whither we shall retire after the copy is made up, and the devils are all at work; and here we will sit and be as egotistical and scandalous as we please: an actor behind the scenes—a general in his tent—Richard, with his beaver off, smelling the sweet and wholesome odor of the new-mown hay. Will you give us leave, dear reader? Will you sit and listen to our "bald disjointed chat?" Will you come into our study, and let us be exclusive, and tell you all our little secrets, and then shake hands as it were in a good humor, and hope soon to meet again? We do religiously believe we shall win more upon each other's friendship in one half hour's communion, thus face to face, than in whole years of dignified round periods and pompous respectful paragraphs. We love dignity in its proper place and time, especially before our enemies. There are two or three professional abusers of our humble efforts—it would do your soul good to see us freeze them with civilities and monosyllables. We believe the very mercury would sink in the glass that hangs quietly on yonder nail, if one or two, to whom we may do the honors hereafter, were to break in upon our merry meetings; but we do like sometimes to unbend; to laugh at trifles; to speak from impulse, and never dream of seeing it in the "Cahawba Democrat," the "American Boston Traveller," or any of the little brown paper periodicals, that snarl at us sometimes like very curs. Some one has observed that there is no conversation productive of a finer mirth, than that in which men of sense get together in their own homes and talk nonsense. We trust the critics will not look upon our little sanctuary. We speak here only to the gay and good-natured, just as if they were actually sitting by our side, like old acquaintances dropped into our "study," to see "how we are getting on."

The present is one of the most agreeable seasons of the year. The temperature of the atmosphere renders moderate exercise delightful; the evenings are cool and pleasant, and the morning air is inhaled with a kind feeling of refreshment and health. The month of August, too, has been this year remarkably fine. For sixteen days the thermometer ranged between seventy-five and eighty degrees of Fahrenheit, which is the most genial and delicious of all temperatures, and would keep the earth clad in everlasting verdure. Refreshing showers fell on thirteen days, nourishing the flowers, and urging them to disclose their sweets; the flaunting and splendid dahlias, which is becoming a general favorite; the shy and beautiful tuberose, with its massive white petals and lavish fragrance; the timid and shrinking mimosa, with many varieties of the aster and others have arrayed our gardens in brilliancy, and borne their glories into September. Only on one day the heat described an elevation of eighty-nine degrees, and the greatest depression was on the twenty-eighth, when it stood at sixty-eight.

At this moment the thermometer before us is at seventy-five, the sky without a cloud, the dust in the streets laid, and every good-humored citizen, as he salutes his neighbor, exclaims with a hearty gladness on the state of the weather. The white hats (no longer premature) are beginning to disappear; and the genteel young men, who lately basked in the sunshine of Broadway in plaid inexpressibles, and without vests, appear clad in wool, with their coats buttoned up to the throat; and the ice-cream gardens and baths begin to look like "banquet-halls deserted." By the way, if the reader will pardon a digression, ice-cream and newspapers are getting unfashionable, since an honorable Tom Shuffleton at the Springs, last summer, drawled out at the dinner-table, "I've a positive horror of ice-cream—I can't bear it at all, because it's so slippery;" and, on being asked concerning the late news from Poland, observed, "I don't know any thing about those sort of things—I never read the newspapers, because they dirty my gloves so!"

We have in our mind divers other good-natured things to say to thee, gentle and indulgent reader; but the printer's devil, who seems born every way to vex and thwart us, has warned us that we are at the end of the page. Now this is provoking. We are not always in the mood. We cannot be merry at a given hour, and hate to have our mirth thus measured by the square; but talking (at least in this instance) only makes matters worse, so good by for the present.

OH! WHERE SHALL I FIND ME A LOVER?

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR MISS FOOTE, BY WILLIAM BALL, AND SUNG BY HER WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE.

Allegretto.

Oh where shall I find me a lov - er? Thus sigh'd a young maiden, "Heigh-

o! - - - If a lov - a - ble swain you dis - co - ver, Be sure, now, and pray let me know." Well, my dear, we shall see, we shall see what the pi-ty-ing

fates prepare, And your song ere long May a mer-ri-er, mer-ri-er bur-then bear. La ra la La ra la la La ra la La ra la la La ra la La ra la La ra la La ra la

La ra la La ra la La ra la ra La ra la ra la.

SECOND VERSE.

"Now here's Carl the young forester coming—
How sweetly he winds his horn!
And his cheeks like the roses blooming,
That circle the brow of the morn."

"Ah, my dear, but I fear
He's poorer than love ought to be,
And so, Oh no, no leafless bower
Like his for me."

THIRD VERSE.

"Old Hans of the vineyard has plenty
Of all that is thriving and fine."
"Yes, but he may choose among twenty—
He shall never be lover of mine."
"Where love meets love,
And fortune lights the youthful way,
Oh these if you please, for me
You need no further stray."

FOURTH VERSE.

"Well, of this you may rest sure, dear,
That if in my travels I find
Any sample so golden and pure, dear,
I'll bear your commission in mind."
(And I'll take what is more,
Should I chance to be such a fortunate elf,
Special care, trust me there,
To keep such a capital prize for myself.)

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

SERENADE FOR MAY.

Come, Julia, love, 'tis morning,
Old winter's passed away;
And gentle spring, returning,
Leads in the blushing May.
The dazzling sun appearing,
Lights up the eastern wood,
And many a wanton cloud its form
Bathes in his radiant flood.
Night's shadows are receding,
Before his heavenly ray;
And the blue mist melts, as doubts of thee
Pass from my soul away.
Oh haste! the crimson beams are now,
O'er meadow, grove, and bower;
And softly hums the golden bee
Round every open flower.

A FINE DISTINCTION.—"Don't let that quack touch your teeth," said I, to a friend, as he turned towards the door of a noted dentist, who advertises to cure the toothache without extracting, or to extract them without pain. "Come with me, and I will show you an operator whom you can trust." "Ay," answered my companion, "but can he trust me?"

MADAME DE GENLIS.—The memoirs of the late illustrious instructress of Philip I. king of the French, are at present re-read with avidity, in consequence of the state of affairs in that nation. They are calculated, in some degree, to displease, from their air of egotism and self-conceit, from her everlasting parade of personal beauties and accomplishments. They are, however, so well written, and so replete with interesting anecdote, so evidently from an intelligent and close observer and a well-bred person, that you cannot fail to be delighted. She died recently at the age of ninety.

THE EFFECT OF CIRCUMSTANCES.—I have often thought that the worst and wildest of men, under proper influences, might have been the most virtuous and delightful. The same wind which uproots the tree and desolates the harvest, when softened into the breath of summer, and lingering among the tremulous strings of the Æolian harp, steals across the senses in the most ravishing melody.

EXTRACT.—She's beautiful, amiable, witty, refined; full of music, poetry, and feeling; but she's married. Talking to such a being is like owning a ticket in a lottery already drawn.

BON-MOT.—Charles D. is a wit by nature. It used to flash out of him in his earliest boyhood, even at school. I recollect his description of the difficulty which he experienced one night, in entering our dormitory in the dark. The beds were ranged in a row, and very close together, and he was feeling for the empty one. "I came along," said he, "and put my hand upon every fellow. There they lay, and each one gave a different note, like the keys of a piano—*sharps, flats, and naturals.*"

CHRISTIANITY.—The real christian can never be unhappy, bating the pressure of immediate bodily anguish, and even through the tortures of the rack a steady belief in God must be a powerful and an enduring support. No earthly prospect, however desolate—no danger, however formidable, can overcome him with terror or despair; for his thoughts are ever dwelling on the something beyond, in the full peace and bliss of which a few brief struggles will place him. He may tread cheerfully the most repulsive and perilous passage, when he has the pledge of a heavenly Father, that he will conduct him to bliss. He embarks on the deep, and his ship may be tempest-tost, yet what cares he when

he knows that the howling winds only waft him homewards to everlasting joy. What is there to make him shrink—or weep—or tremble? What grandeur of character springs from this sacred religion? How majestic does its pure disciple appear descending into the shadowy abyss of death! He only is calm and happy when all around are writhing in anguish! What has the recoiling, the shuddering, bewildered, horror-stricken atheist to offer as a substitute for a spell so potent and sublime? What consolation has he, flung carelessly into the world, continually stung with so many kinds of anguish; and so lashed and lashed on to his tomb? With what awful and exquisite grief must he stand, "Where the grave-mound greenly swells
O'er buried faith,"

and feel that the being he loved has passed away, and is as if he had never been? To him the diseases of life wear the aspect of fiends. They are not the necessary evils which seem to purify him and prepare him for heaven. They are but the tortures of an accidental and monstrous state of abandonment and confusion—a dark dream, for the joys of which he has no foundation; for its wretchedness no reward; whose images are a delusion, whose hereafter is a blank.

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No. 13.

ORIGINAL TALES.

HASCHBASCH, THE PEARL DIVER.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

HASCHBASCH was held by general consent the best diver in all the gulf of Ormuz. He would plunge deeper, stay longer, and come up drier than any half-horse-half-alligator in the whole western hemisphere. But, somehow or other, he was always unsuccessful; if he brought up both hands full of oysters, ten to one they did not contain a pearl; so that at last he got to be a by-word among his fellows, who used to call an oyster without a pearl "one of Haschbasch's oysters."

One day, after frequent disappointments in diving, he, in a fit of despair, threw an oyster, which he knew was too plump and healthy to have any pearls in it, so violently against a rock hard by, that he broke the shell, and was not only astonished but alarmed to see a volume of smoke ascending from the fragments. As it gradually cleared away he beheld a little squab genius, with an oyster-knife in his hand, and so fat that he might well pass for the personification of a veritable blue-pointer.

Haschbasch contemplated the droll figure till he recovered from his terror, and fell to laughing with all his might. At length he exclaimed,

"Who art thou, and whence didst thou come?"

"I am the Genius of Oysters," replied the strange little man, "and I came from the bottom of the sea. How daredst thou break my palace in this rude manner?"

Haschbasch apologized very respectfully, and explained the cause of his violence, at the same time appealing to his compassion for pardon.

"You look so round and jolly," said he, "I am sure you must be good-natured. I never heard of such a person that was otherwise."

"Well," said the placable Genius, "I will not be an exception. I forgive thee; nay, I will reward thee; for, between ourselves, I was a prisoner when you released me. I was shut up by a tyrannical necromancer of an alderman, for eating oysters in a month that had no *r* in it. I owe you a good turn—there, dive just where I throw this."

So saying he flung a piece of chip into the sea, and Haschbasch obeyed his commands. The queer Genius swallowed the contents of the broken oyster at one mouthful, and, waddling down to the wave, disappeared in its blue bosom.

In a few minutes Haschbasch came up with both hands full of oysters, each of which, on being opened, was found to contain a pearl as big as a pigeon's egg.

At that moment the Genius emerged from the waters, and after puffing like a porpoise, exclaimed, "Go to Ispahan;" and again vanished, having only come up to take a mouthful of air.

Haschbasch concealed his prize from every eye, and shut his lips on the subject as close as an oyster. He took leave of little Flim-flam, the black-eyed daughter of the collector of the schah's tribute, who, if he had dreamed of the large pearls, would have had his head off in less than no time, and promising soon to return, departed for the renowned city of Ispahan, where Schah Hussein, who called himself the "king of kings," then reigned, if not in the affections, at least in the fears of his people.

Haschbasch, after considering a day or two concerning the best manner of disposing of his treasure on his arrival at Ispahan, at length determined upon going to the fountain-head at once. We know not where he got his experience, but he had somehow found out that it was always best to deal with principals in matters of business.

Accordingly one day when the great "king of kings" was amusing his people with the royal farce of "pride in the garb of humility," and listening very condescendingly to petitions he forgot the next moment, Haschbasch threw himself on his face, licked a reasonable quantity of dust, and in tones and words of genuine eastern humility, begged an audience of the vice-regent of Allah, the master of the universe, and the example of the angels.

Schah Hussein was tickled at these new and illustrious titles, which he thought were peculiarly applicable to him, above all his predecessors, not excepting the great Rustian himself, who is celebrated in the 'Epic of Ferdousi,' containing twenty thousand bad verses. He ordered Haschbasch to wait the conclusion of the farce, and then attend him at the palace.

The diver crawled after him to his royal residence, and being admitted on all fours, most laudably petitioned for a private interview, on a matter of the utmost consequence. He did not forget to conclude by calling the schah, as before, "vice-regent of Allah, master of the universe, and example of the angels." The schah was melted into compliance, and beckoned him to follow to his private apartment.

When there Haschbasch prostrated himself three hundred and sixty-five times, the vice-regent counting all the while on his fingers.

"Well, slave," cried the schah, "what would thy insolent presumption have? Take notice, if thy business is not of sufficient moment to excuse thy bold request, thou art as dead as the man who offended me yesterday by sneezing in the midst of a speech I was making to the representative of the Giaours, who came to offer me tribute."

Haschbasch thought he had got himself into a pretty predicament, and trembled so that he could scarcely find the pearl as big as a pigeon's egg, which he had brought with him. The schah began to be alarmed, lest he should be fumbling for a dagger to despatch him; and was just on the point of calling for help, when he was struck almost dumb by the sight of the magnificent bauble.

"Allah!" cried he, snatching it out of the hands of the shivering diver, "Allah! can I believe my eyes! Is it not the ghost, the shadow, the counterfeit of a real pearl? If it be, slave, tremble! for thy life shall pay the forfeit of my disappointment. Hast thou any more like this?"

Haschbasch assured him there was not such another in the world, and that it was genuine.

The schah, on comparing it with some which he wore about him, became satisfied. He debated in his own mind whether to purchase it at any price, or make short work of it by cutting off Haschbasch's head, and becoming his heir, according to the laws and customs of Persia, that is to say, the will of the "king of kings."

Justice, however, prevailed. He recollected the charming titles Haschbasch had bestowed upon him, and that he had thus enabled him to triumph over his barbarian neighbor, the Giaour of Russia, who had just drubbed him soundly, and possessed himself of two or three of his finest provinces.

"He has not such a pearl in all his diadem!" exclaimed he mentally. "What is thy price for this treasure? Quick—tell me this instant, or—"

"Example of the angels!" cried Haschbasch, "a mere trifle—nothing but to make me governor of the city, with the title of prince, and appoint a deputy to do the drudgery, while I pocket the honors and the money."

"Thou art the most reasonable of slaves," cried the schah in a transport; "I would have given thee the city, and all the inhabitants for slaves, rather than have missed this opportunity to eclipse the barbarian Giaour. Give me the pearl, and take thy wish."

The bargain was struck, and Haschbasch departed, governor of Ispahan and a prince. The next day he took possession of his post, and appeared in a turban as large as a small balloon. The people neither missed their old governor, who had met the destiny of the bow-string, nor wondered at their new. They were used to such matters.

Haschbasch was a tolerable ruler, as times go. He made a number of wise regulations, which he forgot to see put into execution; and issued a vast quantity of proclamations, to which nobody paid the least attention. However, he boasted of the reformation he had brought about, and smoked a golden pipe, eighteen feet long, with entire satisfaction. His deputy was a capital fellow; according to contract, he did all his excellency's work for him, but he did not give him all the money. He thought he had a right to a trifle of sly bribery and extortion, on his own proper account—and what deputy can blame him?

Haschbasch for a while was as happy as a little king; nay, much happier than a little king, in these degenerate days. Nobody troubled him with protocols and non-intervention. He had his dancing-girls, his story-tellers, his poets, and his parasites, who swore by Allah he was fit to be schah of Persia. He ate hugely of the richest viands; he drank, under the rose, wine dearer than Chateaux Margaux, and he sung odes of Hafiz, till he could neither see nor hear, and in time he waxed as fat as the Genius of Oysters.

But alas! that mortal man cannot enjoy all these things without paying more for them than they are worth! Haschbasch began to be sleepy all day, and wakeful all night. His deputy took upon him all the duties of his principal, and Haschbasch could not eat and drink and sing odes and admire the dancing-girls for ever. He sometimes longed for a dive, by way of variety, even though he should bring up nothing but oysters without any pearls.

One hot, luxurious, debilitating day, he sat in a listless, tedious, laborious sort of apathy, in a cool gallery that overlooked the street. He yawned once, twice, thrice, and at length exclaimed audibly, though almost unconsciously to himself,

"O, Allah! if I only had something to do!"

"O, Mahomet! if I only had nothing to do!" answered a voice in the street, directly under the gallery.

He looked down and beheld a diminutive hunchback of a fellow, about four feet high, and as crooked as a ram's horn, bending under two heavy buckets.

"Who art thou?" cried Haschbasch, rubbing his eyes.

"Buz-buz, the water-carrier," answered the other.

"What wouldst thou?"

"I should like to be a governor. You said, just now, you wanted something to do, and I want nothing to do. Let us exchange, and we shall each have our wish."

"Thou art a merry slave. I cannot give thee my office, but I will make thee my jester. Thou shalt make me laugh, and I will make a man of thee. Come hither."

"You must add a cubit to my stature before you can do that; but, however, I accept your offer, for if you only knew how lazy I am you would pity me."

Buz-buz proved a most invaluable auxiliary in assisting Haschbasch to kill time. His spirits were inexhaustible; and if not always witty, he supplied its absence by impudence, which sometimes does just as well. At length Haschbasch willed him to give some account of himself.

"I was born crooked as you see," said he, "which was a great happiness; for I never knew what it was to be strait, and therefore escaped the curse of being miserable by comparison. I was apprenticed to a water-carrier, who made me carry twice as much as other people, because, as he wisely said, there was no danger of spoiling my shape; and I was just on the point of trying to better my fortune, by making the most of my figure in a matrimonial speculation, when your highness had the good fortune to take me into your service. Such is my history, now tell me yours. I bet my old buckets against your turban you have been a diver in your time?"

"Why so?" said Haschbasch, somewhat startled.

"Why because thou art always bobbing thy head, as if thou wast going to plunge into the water."

"Thou art a prophet," said the governor, and related his story, substituting a single pearl for the handful he had acquired through the favor of the Genius of Oysters.

"O Prophet!" exclaimed Buz-buz, "what is the difference betwixt a pearl-diver and a water-carrier, that thou shouldst make a governor of the one and a jester of the other! Destiny, destiny, thou art more blind than a bat—she at least sees in the dark."

Haschbasch laughed at this sally, but he soon had cause to repent of the disclosure of his early life. Buz-buz was continually joking about his former profession, and though he always did it when they were alone together, it was not relished. Haschbasch loved to hear others made game of, but to be made game himself was quite a different affair.

On one occasion the great mufti of Ispahan, a sort of Mahometan archbishop, came to visit Haschbasch in state, to negotiate a marriage between the governor and his niece, who was a first-rate beauty, and very fond of hearing the odes of Hafiz. There was any quantity of ceremony between them, and the matter was finally settled.

"You bowed to the great mufti just as if you were going to take a dive for pearls," said Buz-buz, when he was gone, laughing ready to kill himself. But he soon laughed on the wrong side of his mouth. The governor became wroth at length, at being so frequently reminded of his profession, and turned his jester neck and heels into the street.

"Never mind," quoth Buz-buz, as he took up his old buckets, "never mind; from the capital jester to a dull governor I am become a poor water-carrier once more; who knows but from a stupid governor thou mayest become a half-starved pearl-diver again."

"Off with his head!" cried Haschbasch, like King Dick in the tragedy. But the carrier disappeared in a twinkling, and he never laid eyes on him again.

The marriage of Haschbasch and the niece of the great mufti took place shortly afterwards; and, for a few days, he was the happiest of all governors, except the governor of one of the "old thirteen." But his wife, whose name was Fatima, was a perfect Mrs. Bluebeard for curiosity. She ransacked every hole and corner of the house, to see what was in it; and nothing baffled her but a small box of gold, so massy she could not break it open, and so fastened that she could not come at the secret.

The next day, the next, and the next, she was observed to be low-spirited, and her low spirits increased every passing hour. Haschbasch sometimes found her in tears, which he kissed away; and though this act of kindness ought to have stopped the tears of any reasonable woman, those of Fatima only flowed the faster. Haschbasch conjured her to tell him the cause of her sorrows; but she shook her head mournfully, and sobbed out,

"You-ou-ou—do-n-n-t—lo-v-e—me—ech!" and her heart seemed almost already to break.

The governor swore by the sacred camel of Mahomet, and the white beard of her uncle the mufti, which was not half so white as her fair neck, that he loved her better than his office. But even this did not satisfy her, and, in less than a week, she took to her bed.

Poor Haschbasch was almost distracted. He went to her, and kneeling at her bed-side—or, to be orientally orthodox and particular—at the side of her couch, swore by the prophet, that there was nothing on the face of the earth he would not do to convince her of his affection.

"Tell me, tell me," said Fatima, in a weak and plaintive voice, "what is contained in the little gold box you keep so carefully closed from your devoted wife?"

"Beard of the prophet!" exclaimed the husband, "how didst thou come to know of that box?"

"By accident, lord of my soul," said Fatima; "but thou hast sworn, and here I promise to be a happy and obedient slave to thee if thou wilt open it in my presence."

Haschbasch dared not break his oath. Turning all the attendants out of the room, he proceeded to the secret deposit, brought with him the box, and opened the unseen spring. His wife shrieked, clasped her hands, and almost fainted at the sight of a dozen pearls as large as pigeon's eggs. She was never tired of handling and admiring them; and the governor was at length obliged to force them from her, which occasioned a paroxysm of her old disorder.

Her illness increased every hour until Haschbasch became again alarmed, and was wrought upon to make her the same rash promise, and with the same rash sanction he had done before.

The lady took him at his word, and demanded her choice of the beautiful pearls. Haschbasch trembled and obeyed; but, ere he did so, he related the history of the bargain with the schah, to whom he had sold a similar pearl, under a solemn assurance that it was the only one of its kind in the universe.

"My office, nay, my head, will pay the forfeit of the discovery of this falsehood. Take thy choice; but, before thou dost so, promise to me, on thy duty as a wife, thy faith as a true believer, thou wilt never wear this bauble, nor disclose to any living being that it is in thy possession."

Fatima complied, the pearl became her own, and her health was restored, as if by miracle. The old mufti ascribed it to his prayers, and a vow to get up a grand pilgrimage to Mecca, if his niece recovered. Nothing could equal the childish delight of the governor's lady, in the possession of a pearl as large and as perfect as that of the great schah himself. She looked at it ten hours every day, and it seemed as if she would never be tired of admiring it. The thought, however, at last struck her on a sudden, that there was little pleasure in its possession so long as nobody knew of it. She might as well not have it at all.

From that moment she began to be unhappy. One day the dearest friend she had in the world called to see her, wearing a beautiful amethyst her husband had just presented her.

"If I could only show her my pearl as large as a pigeon's egg, and as white as the beard of the mufti, how blue she would look," thought Fatima.

The temptation was irresistible. After exacting a solemn pledge of secrecy, she exhibited the inestimable treasure to her friend, who almost fainted at the sight.

"She will tell some of her acquaintances," thought Fatima, "who will tell it to others, and it will soon be known, I hope. A fig for the schah, and the terrors of the governor."

But her friend was faithful to her word, and poor Fatima was sorely disappointed. A grand festival was now at hand, and she determined, at all risks, to exhibit her pearl to the eyes of all but the schah, who would thus, in all probability, remain ignorant of the deception practised by Haschbasch. On that unlucky day the governor was somewhat indisposed, and did not attend the ceremony, at which the schah himself officiated. Fatima, thus freed from the controlling eye of her husband, dressed herself in all the splendors of eastern vanity, and placed the beautiful pearl in the centre of a turban, glittering with gold and precious stones.

Great was the envy and admiration excited by the beautiful pearl, and millions of questions were asked of Fatima concerning its origin and history; but she kept the secret, and her imprudence might possibly have passed without any serious consequences, had not the whispers of admiration reached the ears of the schah, who demanded to see the wonderful bauble. Fatima advanced, trembling like an aspen leaf, and the schah turned pale with rage at its sight. He snatched it from her turban, and compared it with his own. It was equally large and equally beautiful, and the passion of the schah persuaded him it was actually superior in both.

"Slave!" cried, he most ungallantly, "slave, whence came this pearl?"

"My husband gave it me," answered she, sinking at his feet.

"And where is the slave, the traitor? why is he not here?"

"He is gone to fulfill a vow at the mosque, without the city, for the recovery of his health," said the poor wife, resolved to make one effort for the safety of the governor.

"Follow, and drag him hither alive, to answer for deceiving the vicerent of Allah," exclaimed the schah, as he thought on the loss of his triumph over the Giaour of Russia. He clutched the unlucky pearl of Fatima in his grasp, resolved it should never fall into the hands of mortal man or woman again.

The unhappy Fatima was permitted to go home, which she did as fast as possible. In agitated haste she met her husband, bidding him fly for his life without further explanation, for not a moment was to be lost. Disguising themselves they mounted a pair of swift horses, and taking an opposite direction from the mosque, whither the guards of the sultan had gone in search of Haschbasch, fled towards Ormuz like chaff before the wind. Fatima, in the midst

of her troubles, did not forget to secure the gold box and the beautiful pearls.

Favored by their disguise and a series of lucky accidents, they arrived in safety at the gulf of Ormuz, among the old friends and associates of the diver.

"Welcome, Haschbasch," exclaimed they.

"And welcome poverty," cried Haschbasch, as he entered his native cottage, now somewhat out of repair; "I will be a diver for pearls again."

"A diver for fiddlesticks!" cried Fatima. "Look here!" and she produced the golden box, containing the pearls as big as pigeon's eggs.

"Accursed baubles!" cried he, snatching it out of her hand, and fleeing towards the shores of the gulf so swiftly that Fatima, who was a Mahometan beauty, and somewhat lusty, could not follow. He arrived at the spot where he had seen the Genius, and opening the box, one by one threw the pearls against the same rock where he had broken the oyster, so violently, that they were all dashed to pieces.

He had no sooner finished the last than the same smoke he had formerly seen rose in the same spot, and as it slowly dissipated he again recognized the little fat Genius of Oysters, as jolly and round as ever; for, be it remembered, it was now the month of October, and his old enemy the necromantic alderman could not prevent his eating his fill according to law.

"You see I am better lodged than I was the last time we met; but what is the matter, and what brings you here?" said the Genius.

Haschbasch told the whole story, and concluded by reproaching the Genius for sending him to Ispahan with such a fatal gift.

"I have scarcely tasted a moment's happiness," said he, "since I possessed these accursed pearls."

"I can only give the means of happiness," answered the Genius, "not happiness itself; that depends upon yourself. Go and be a diver again, and if thou art content with thy lot, thou mayest be happy." So saying he disappeared for ever in the blue waters, and Haschbasch returned home.

Fatima scolded him for destroying the pearls, but she was a good-natured soul, and soon forgave, and loved him better than when he was a governor and a prince. His old sweetheart claimed the promise of Haschbasch on his return. He took her to himself as a second helpmate, and Fatima and little Flim-flam lived together in perfect harmony. What a peace-making religion is that of Mahomet!

FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

CAPTAIN THOMPSON, OR STAGE-COACH COMPANIONS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I WAS unfortunate enough, one bright July morning in my senior year, to receive an expressive note from my tutor, which rendered a journey of some hundred and fifty miles quite necessary. I was in the coach in less than an hour, with a travelling cap pulled over a very long face, partly to avoid recognition by my classmates, as we whirled by the colleges, and partly with an indefinite feeling that a pretty woman, who sat in the opposite corner of the coach, would observe a tear that was coquetting very capriciously with my eyelids. The rumbling echo of the wheels from the broad front of East Rock, roused me from a very bitter fit of reflection, and recollecting that there were now two miles between me and certain official gentlemen, I raised my cap, and took a long breath and a look out of the window. The lady on the back seat had a child on her lap. We three were the only passengers.

It is surprising how "it's all in your eye," whether beautiful objects seem beautiful in this world. I do not think there is a sweeter gem of scenery in New-England than the spot upon which my eye fell at that moment—the little hamlet of Whitneyville at the foot of East Rock. I had rambled all over its wild neighborhood, and threaded for hundreds of truant days its deep passes—I knew, and loved as a romantic collegier will love, every striking tree and sheltered moss-knoll from its base to its summit—I had stood on the romantic bridge many a moonlight hour thinking of you, dear—(ehem!) and star-gazing in the black mirror of the tarn below—and now, as I hope to be recalled, I thought it the most exquisitely dismal spot I ever looked upon—the trees ugly and distorted, the "fine old trap-rock" (the professor's epithets were as good as an apotheosis to it) desolate and naked, and the pretty buildings below (the only factory that ever adorned a stream) absolutely insulting with their peaceful picturesqueness.

"What a desolate place!" said I, in a soliloquizing tone, as the coach rolled out from the covered bridge, (a new one, by the way, that was not half as pretty as the old one,) and toiled slowly up the steep hill beyond.

"Sir!" said the lady. She did not know how a sudden start for home in the middle of the term, affects the moral sensorium. I should have called Dian a hag.

"I mean, madam—I beg pardon;" and then I went into a long rhodomontade to explain away my apparent want of taste, and the lady told me her son's name was John, and that he was named after his father, who was Captain Thompson, of the brig Dolly, that had just arrived at Boston after a three years' voyage, &c. &c. &c. ending in a request that I would assist her with my knowledge of localities when we arrived at the end of our journey.

In ten miles I was on very sociable terms with Mrs. Thompson. In ten more, by dint of gingerbread and good humor, Master John was persuaded into my lap, and in ten more—but travellers have a reputation for a long bow, and I shall not be believed. The day

was divine, and the season was June; and if it had not been for an occasional sight of the mail-bag under my feet, which I presumed contained a simple explanation of my journey, I could have contrived to forget the imminent peril in which I stood of losing my graduate's sheepskin and my father's blessing. The coach, however, rolled on, and would have rolled on just as it did, probably, if I had been ten times as miserable, (I know nothing more provoking than the indifference of such vehicles to one's feelings,) and by and by, what with now and then a very sweet smile from Mrs. Thompson, and a disastrous discomfiture of my sham shirt-bosom by Master John, I think I may flatter myself that I was tolerably resigned to circumstances.

Have I described Mrs. Thompson? She was not as delicate as Seadrift, nor as bluff as Moll Marlinspike. Her cheeks were red, and her lips to match, and she had "two eyes with lids to them," according to the inventory in the play—but when the lids were up the eyes were blue—and very soft, and gentle, and dangerous eyes they were—and if it had not been for a very thin, spirited nostril, and an expression like a cocked pistol about her pretty chin, I should have thought she was made for a Niobe. Her name was Julia (I asked her as it grew twilight, the second day) and that name always sounded to me, (as L. E. L. would say, calling for her *cœur de Mouselline*) like a gushing tear! If she was not sentimental, there is no truth in symptoms. At any rate I was tender to her upon suspicion. The chain of circumstantial evidence would have borne me out, I think.

Travelling after twilight, I have always remarked, makes one very affectionate. The forty miles between Worcester and Boston on the mail route (they used to pass it before the "reform" between sunset and midnight) should be sacred to sentiment. If there were "tongues in trees," or if the crooked fences could tell straight stories, a pedestrian tour over that part of the highway would be highly interesting. I can answer for its effect upon myself and Mrs. Thompson.

We were aroused from a deep metaphysical discussion of elective sympathies, by the rattling of the wheels on the pavement; and at the same moment the city clocks struck twelve. The streets were all deserted, and the lamp-posts and watchmen performed their duties in dismal silence. Captain Thompson (so said Mrs. T.) was at the Marlborough hotel; and singularly forgetful as his lady had seemed to be of his existence for the previous six hours, she grew very amiably anxious about him as the coach rattled on to Washington-street. A crack of the whip brought us up to the door after a turn or two, and the half-dressed bar-keeper peered out with his flaring candle, and gave us the gratuitous information that the house was full.

"Is Captain Thompson here?" said my companion in an eager voice from the coach window.

The sleepy mixer of liquors wet his thumb and finger, and snuffed two huge coffins from the wick of the candle, then sheltering it with his hand, he walked towards the lady with his head protruded inquisitively, and looked at her a minute in perfect silence.

"Is Captain Thompson here?" thundered I, enforcing the question with a smart slap on the shoulder, for I thought he was not fully awake.

"Be sure!" said the bar-keeper. But still he stood holding the candle to the lady's face, not at all disturbed either by the emphasis of my question or the pathos of Master John, who was crying lustily to get out. The driver by this time had got off the big trunk, and the little trunk, and the bandbox, and the bag, and the two baskets, and stood beside the heap, very impatient of the delay.

"What the d—l do you mean?" said I, getting into a passion. "If Captain Thompson is here, take your candle away from the lady's face, and go up and tell him his wife and child have arrived."

"Wife and child!" echoed the fellow, backing slowly into the house, with an incredulous grin crawling slowly over his dull face—"wife and child!" And he coolly drew his slipshod feet over the threshold, and bolted the door. The driver looked at me, and I looked at Mrs. Thompson.

"You are sure!"—I saw a tear in her eye, and left the sentence unfinished. I could not doubt it.

"The bar-keeper must be drunk," said the driver, opportunely; and believing in my soul that the driver was right, I thumped away once more at the door. In a few minutes the master of the house answered the summons from a chamber window.

"Is Captain Thompson here?" said I.

"Yes sir."

"Will you be kind enough to tell him his wife and child are at the door?"

"Wife and child!" said Boniface, repeating my words very slowly; "I have always understood that Captain Thompson was a bachelor."

Mrs. Thompson leaned back in the coach, and sobbed audibly.

"It is of no consequence what you have always understood, sir—will you convey that message to Captain Thompson, or not?"

He withdrew his head, and came down presently to the door.

"I have no objection to showing you Captain Thompson's room, sir," said he, "and you may carry your own message; but I assure you he'll be very likely to pitch you over the banisters for your intelligence."

I took the candle and mounted after him three flights of stairs. He stopped at the landing, and pointing to a door at the extremity of the entry, renewed his caution. I proceeded, however, and rapped boldly on the pannel. A gruff "come in!" was the immediate answer; and opening the door, I walked up to the bed, and touched my hat as courteously as I knew how.

"Have I the honor of addressing Captain Thompson?"

As I asked the question, I raised the candle, and got a fair look

at the premises. On a bachelor's bed, narrow and well tucked up, lay a man of the heaviest frame, whiskered to the eyes, and with a fist, as it lay doubled on the coverlid, like the end of the club of Hercules. A fiery lock of hair, redder than his face, (I feel as if I was using an hyperbole) straggled out from a black silk handkerchief twisted tightly round his head, and his nose, and mouth, and chin, masses of solid purple, might have been, for delicacy of outline, hewn with a broad axe from a mahogany log. He looked at me just about as long as I have been writing this description before he answered my question.

"What do you want?" he bolted, at last, as if the words were forced out of his mouth with a catapult.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir, but—but—I took a backward position as I approached the crisis of my sentence, and stood prepared to run) Mrs. Thompson and little John are at the door—and and—"

A loud laugh from the landlord in the entry cut off the sequel of my explanation, and completed my dismay. I looked at the captain's fist, and stole a glance over my shoulder to see if the door was open, and then the thought of Mrs. Thompson in tears shamed my courage back again, and I recovered my first position. The captain raised himself slowly upon his elbow, and lowering his shaggy eyebrows till they met his whiskers, fixed his eyes upon me and prepared to speak. If he had levelled two pistols at me I should have been less frightened.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Milk-and-water," said he, in a voice as deliberate and decided as the fall of a sledge hammer, (I was a slender student in those days, and paler than usual, of course,) "I'll tell you what—if you are not out of this room in two minutes with your 'Mrs. Thompson and little John,' I'll slam you through that window—if I don't, — me!"

The threat was definite. I doubted neither his inclination nor his power to keep it. My heart was grieved for Mrs. Thompson; but if I was thrown down to her from a fourth-story window, I reflected that I should probably be in no situation to express my sympathy. It was philosophy to retreat. I bade the captain good night in my gentlest tone; and as I turned away with some alacrity, he grasped a glass of brandy and water that stood on the lightstand, and muttered "Mrs. Thompson and little John" between his teeth, drank it at a gulp. As I passed through the door, the tumbler whizzed past my head like a shot, and shivered to atoms on the entry wall.

I found "Mrs. Thompson and little John" in a very moving state of unhappiness. They were decidedly on my hands—that was clear. If it had been at any other hour, I would have taken them home till the mystery could be cleared up; but to arrive from college unexpectedly at midnight with a woman and a child—I thought it highly improbable that my motives would be appreciated.

"I say, sir," said the driver, as I stood pondering the case, "hadn't you better take her to the stage-house and leave the matter till morning?"

It was sensible advice, and I got in and comforted Mrs. Thompson as we drove to Hanover-street.

The first person that appeared on the step of the tavern door was another Captain Thompson, a stout, handsome fellow, who took "Mrs. Thompson and little John" into his arms at one clasp, and kissed them, as one might be supposed to do after a three years' voyage.

I heard, in the course of a day or two, that a rough old sea-captain at the Marlborough, who had been there, off and on, for thirty years, and had always sworn himself a bachelor, had been awakened at midnight by the arrival of a wife and child whom he had deserted in some foreign port, and had gone to sea very suddenly. The last part of the communication was a great relief to my mind.

CONVERSATION.

BY THE SAME.

"Some have certain common places wherein they are good, but want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and, when once perceived, ridiculous. The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else, for then a man ends the dance."—*Dacon*.

Coming across this passage in my reading the other day, I fell to musing upon conversation; and having turned over in my mind the most entertaining characters I had known, I philosophized upon the entertainment I found in their society. It was an amusing analysis, and, I fear, has disturbed a very blessed ignorance; for, in this good-natured world, the semblances of sense and spirit pass with very little question, and many a one is reckoned a pleasant fellow, whose wit lies rather in the merry humor of his friends than in his own facetiousness.

There are many kinds of conversational talent. One man tells a good story, another is skilful at an argument, another has a brilliant vein of *persiflage*; and another, as Sir Fopling says, "has an agreeable voice for a chamber;" and these require as different powers and cultivation as poetry, music, and painting, and are possessed together as rarely. A talent for amusing a circle, either by narration or wit, is not desirable, however its possessor may be admired. If vanity would suffer it to be confined to the narrow circle of friendship, or if fashion created a Utopia, it would have its true value; but in the present unequal state of society, it is the part of gentlemanliness to be amused, and he who is on the invited list for his entertaining qualities, might, for the dignity of his situation, as well have been a player. The case is altered of course where age or superior rank entitles a guest to exclusive attention. The lead which a distinguished individual is always expected to take in society, obliges him rather to discourse than converse; and here, as in most other comparative situations, the name is half the battle.

An ordinary remark comes inflated from lips that are supposed oracular, and with a moderate degree of general information and a little tact of manner, the man on whom honor is thrust because fortune is blind, often astonishes the world with his wisdom. It takes real wit, and a great deal of it, and manner and tact, and knowledge, and a great deal of all of them, to draw upon a young, undistinguished man a reputation for this vein of talent. The good humor of wit, at least, requires such a genial atmosphere to burn brilliantly, that the doubt and suspicion with which it is received when not expected, chill it of half its lustre; so that, what with the difficulty of winning, and its questionable value when won, a reputation as an amusing person would seem somewhat an impolitic ambition. In familiar circles, however, there are a few things more delightful and desirable than entertaining talent. Humor is its main requisite, but it combines a thousand others. Quick observation, knowledge of the world, graphic imagination, confidence, good nature, and that indefinable quality, tact—all that makes an accomplished, and, what is of more excellence, a *kind* man, go to its composition. With such requisites, what is the wonder if the talent is rare, or that it is idolized like a cynosure when found? Rosalie's model of an agreeable man, (of what has Shakespeare not given us a model?) is one of the best I remember.

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest:
Which his fair tongue, (conceit's expositor,)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

The *bagatelle* conversation of polished society is to a certain degree a necessary accomplishment. It is the current, and, with an indifferent acquaintance, the only proper language, and therefore it must, at some time or other, be practised by every one who mingles with the world. Yet I know of nothing which, in its excellence at least, is so uncommon. Anybody can trifle, to mask spirit and wit and information under the semblance of folly—to be the "soul of whim, and the spirit of variety," and yet, by the skill and brilliancy with which the changes are run through, to make folly seem fairer than wisdom, is a task for genius. It requires a deep undercurrent of information and accomplishment, a graceful and alert fancy, and a degree of self-possession and boldness approaching to impudence. In the mixed character which is found in the skirts of all society in this country, a knowledge of circumstances, and a keen insight into human nature, are also necessary, for in the exaggeration and satire which mingle so largely in spirited *bagatelle*, there is much at which nursery innocence and grown-up unsophistication stare and take offence; but with a well-bred companion, as society goes, the *abandon* of this kind of conversation, satirical and extravagant and even grotesque, as it sometimes is, is always safe, always amusing.

On a first introduction, conversation is of course very limited. Respectfulness, as deep as can be expressed by manner and language, and a studious confinement to third person topics, are points of universal policy. Nothing so wins upon favor as respect, and no familiarity is more offensive than egotism or personality in a new acquaintance. At the same time, this, like every other rule, is a *la discretion*, and, with a spirited woman or a very talented one, a well executed *coup de manege* at first sight is often brilliantly successful. It is hazardous, however, and would not be tolerated except in a very authentic person, and by a tolerably vain woman—for the apology lies in her supposed superiority to common etiquette or the pardonable forgetfulness of admiration.

In the ordinary *tete-a-tete* intercourse of society the outline alone is defined by etiquette. Its rules are easily learned, but, beyond these, every man is his own text-book. With the great mass of people, indeed, of both sexes, as long as the forms of propriety are observed, it makes little difference what conversation is, and hence the fact that there is a manual of current nonsense in society used by general understanding between those who are indifferent to each other. Everybody knows and practices it, and its safe course of topics, (the weather, the lights, the music, dress, *cnnui*, and oysters) is of infinite convenience, when, from circumstances, or the character of your companion, there is no object in pleasing. But with the rare spirits of society, the intellectual *elite*, the witty, and lovely, (for if beauty has not bewitched us out of judgment, wit and loveliness do come often together,) with these, conversation, compared with the hum-drum intercourse to which we have alluded, is as the lark's flight to the owl's—Ariel's spiriting to the dull gambols of Caliban. It is the excellence of intercourse with the gifted, that the higher the sphere of conversation, the more liberal its freedom. It is the only society in which the fetters of etiquette may be loosely worn. Yet even here, such is the jealousy of human nature, it is not politic to be forgetful. It is a pretty dream to believe wit and beauty what they seem; to abandon all to impulse without a fear of offence or a guard against suspicion and envy. But grievous as it is to believe, there is no safety in frankness—no security against offending your friend by the exposure of any quality which brings you into competition with himself. A safe rule is it to take it for granted that no allusion to yourself can have any possible interest. Sweet as egotism is, it is the food of mistrust and jealousy, and it is only in the most confiding intimacy that its unction may be laid freely to the soul. If the world does you injustice, the woman you love may listen patiently to your defence, or if she has mistaken a trait in your character, the evidence it gives of your affection may excuse an earnest justification. There are critical moments in acquaintance, too, when to

talk guardedly of ourselves has a politic show of confidence; but leave out these, and there is neither time nor circumstance in all the wide ranges of society, when the *c'est moi* is not as vile a phrase to the listener as "the beautified Ophelia" to the ears of old Polonius.

What a perfectly natural thought was Sir Philip Sidney's *Arca-dia*! Who can breathe the artificial atmosphere of polished society without a sensation of closeness and restraint—an irrepressible desire to escape into some region where the eye is never repelled nor the tongue fettered. We can conceive of the refreshment it gave to the "Mirror of Chivalry" to retreat from the stiff formality and hollow ceremony of the court, to revel in the fairy land of his own sweet creation. It is an affected philosophy which haunts in hermitages and professes a contempt for the world; but it is a dull heart, still, which amid its folly and heartlessness, has no yearning for solitude. The maxims we have embodied above are the received policy of life, and where is the uninitiated mind that, with all their practical necessity, does not shrink from their constraint and affectation? The curse of luxury is, that simplicity and truth walk with the lowly, and there can be no nature in the bosom that does not miss, sometimes, these handmaids to happiness. There are hours, it is true, when the most extravagant mirth is not beyond our enjoyment, but who has not felt its re-action in the very midst, and wished, that, with a fairy suddenness his guests might disappear, leaving him, like the Roman host after supper, to the silent company of the

"*Aurea juvenum simulacra per ædis
Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris.*"

SKETCHES OF EMINENT AMERICANS.

MR. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER'S appearance is very striking. He is a man of large frame, a little inclined of late years to corpulency, and about the middle height; though, from his deliberate movements, and the peculiarly elevated position of his head, he appears much taller. His features are large and powerfully cast. His forehead is of great amplitude, and pressed down heavily over the eye; and the eye itself, deeply set and dark, is thrown into strong shadow by the prominence and lowering blackness of his eyebrows. The lower part of his face is massive, and expressive mainly of energy, but capable of a protean facility of play, which anticipates articulation as if the shadow of his thought came through. Without being thin, his features have a sculptured clearness of muscle; and the lines of intellectual labor are so deeply and strikingly drawn, as to leave no room for the epicurism indicated by the fulness of his person. His face, altogether, is a remarkable one. When we know what he is, and see him in the exercise of his honorable and professional duties, we feel that it embodies our finest conceptions of greatness; but had we met him first in a solitary place, and caught a glimpse of his dark countenance by a flash of lightning, we should doubt, we are inclined to believe, whether we had seen a demi-god or a devil.

Mr. Webster is a natural orator. He would have been as eloquent as he is if Greece had left no model. The first object of the rhetorician, to fix attention, is anticipated when he rises, and he holds his audience at will by the same spell—the natural impressiveness of power. His most ordinary sentences fall from him with a cast of strength. He commences with a deliberate simplicity, expressing himself in language of fine nerve and clearness, and having about him that confident and calm self-possession which a conviction of right is alone supposed to inspire. The exordium in his more dignified speeches is a model of Theophrastus' elegance—flowing and full without ornament. His voice during its delivery, and in the early part of all his efforts, is very impressive. It is an instrument of all compass, and when not impassioned, there is a depth and fulness in its tones, which give to its most familiar cadences a truth-like and imposing earnestness. Of his gestures he is as sparing as of his figures. He stands firm and erect, and disposes of his hands with the quiet carelessness of ordinary conversation, often with very little regard to rhetorical proprieties. His whole appearance at such a moment, is less that of an orator than of a man absorbed in the declaration of an honest opinion, and careless of every thing but to impress what he believes to be the truth upon his hearers.

As the interest of his theme deepens, all his faculties expand or take a new character. His large black eye dilates and kindles, something like color plays beneath his clear dark skin, his voice ranges through all its powerful notes, sometimes, indeed, rising too high for melody; and his gestures, frequent and sometimes violent, are accompanied with a forward fling of his body, which is more emphatic than graceful. His language gradually assumes a more graphic character, but loses none of its nerve and clearness, and has even when most figurative, rather the solidity of sculpture than the grace of flowers. Whatever the strain of his thought, (and the mocking-bird is not more various in his music than he in the changes of eloquence,) his features and action body it forth with the utmost fulness and meaning. His recrimination, his retort, his scorn, are hurled upon their object with a deadly skill and unsparingness almost fiendish; and his courtesy, where the occasion is of sufficient importance, (as in the late splendid contest with Mr. Wirt,) has a bland and fascinating witchery, which has been found irresistible even by his enemies. It would be difficult to say, in the words of an old writer, "whether his smile is more angelical, or his sneer more diabolical."

Mr. Webster, to reverse Coleridge's remark upon Southey, does not so much possess, as he is *possessed* by his genius. He is an ambitious man, doubtless—because ambition is inseparable from greatness. The stamp of his genius, however, and its high-minded workings, are visible in all that he does.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PENCILINGS BY THE WAY.

CONTINUED.

NEW-YORK CITY.—"It is not by money, or money's worth, that man lives and has his being. Is not God's universe *within* our head, whether a fool's skull-cap or a king's diadem be *without*?" So says German Richter, who, it is clear, never lived in the city of my present writing.

The one broad and long picture stamped upon the face of every street, creature, and countenance in this large city is—*gain!* Nature designed New-York for the greatest commercial emporium in the world, and it fulfills its destinies. Its situation is one of those wonderful accidents, if such it may be called without profanity, which startle and delight the observer of natural wonders. It is a nucleus of access. It seems to me, whenever I approach it by any of its avenues, that the original discoverer must have held his breath while he contemplated it as the site of a future city. There is the sound, sweeping up to it with its majestic channel, from the sea, and giving a protected passage for its shore navigation to the east—the ocean itself swelling in from another quarter to the very feet of its "merchant princes"—the Hudson opening two hundred miles into the heart of the most magnificent and productive state in the Union, threading valleys of such beauty as the world flocks to see, and washing the bases of noble mountains, and the feet of other cities, populous and prosperous—and, to the south, channels for its smaller navigation running parallel with the sea, and yet protected from its violence—and the city itself, rising by a gentle ascent from the bay on one side, and sinking as gently to the river on the other, leading off its refuse waters by natural drains, and washing its streets with every shower—what could the hand of nature have done more? Add to this the enterprise of the people which has so seconded nature—beginning their canals where she stopped her rivers, and opening waters three hundred miles to her inland seas—and you have a picture of facility and prosperity, which, for the brief period it has existed, is unequalled in the history of the world.

All this, of course, gives a character to the society, and every man feels its influence, whatever be his pursuits. There are here none of the professed idlers, such as you may find in Boston or Philadelphia. The gentleman, according to the dictionary, "one who has no visible employment for his support," is an uncommon, if not an unpopular character. The beaux have each a "vocation." The same wit that bewilders the belles at night, is exercised with hammer in hand at the morning auction. You will find the unexceptionable exquisite who shaved your wheel on Monday afternoon with his superb four-in-hand, ready to shave your note with equal adroitness at his broker's box in Wall-street, at Tuesday noon. The man who gives you a dinner that would satisfy an emperor to-day, is the model of "cent-per-cent" to-morrow—a slave to slate and pencil from daylight till three, and the prince of gay hospitalities from that hour till morning. And all these incongruities harmonize perfectly. They are gentlemen of the first water, with one exception—they have no *ennui*. Business takes its place. Their pleasures are, of course, more delightful from the relief, and I think, on the whole, it makes a very pretty philosophy for happiness. I am willing, at any rate, that in our republican country the necessity of our nature for occupation should be consistent, as it is here, with the most fastidious claim to the title of "gentleman."

My mind is hardly made up about the New-York society. I hear it every where said that it is superficial and showy—that the ladies are accomplished, but not educated, and the young men more tractable to tailors than tutors. I have heard that the mothers were bad housekeepers, and sickly from constant dissipation, and that the daughters were no more notable, and almost as dyspeptic. It is my misfortune that I have not as yet fallen in with the part of society answering to this description. My female acquaintances, so far, are as intelligent as the women of other cities, and in all the visible departments of house-keeping I can detect no particular neglect. I am inclined to think I have fallen upon an unfashionable vein of society. On running over my visiting list, it strikes me that I number an unusual proportion of what are called "solid" and "sensible" people; and when to this are added the grace and manner which are conceded to belong to them all, the case is made out that by so much at least they are *superior* to their plainer sisters of the east. The Boston ladies, with some few brilliant exceptions, want "*style*"—that indescribable air of good-breeding which would show their station in life through all disguises. It is not essential to salvation, I know, and may therefore be called by many a style; but it is desirable, and where it can be attained, as it unquestionably is in New-York and Philadelphia, without a sacrifice of more weighty excellences, it is certainly just as well to give it a little attention. This is an ungracious thing to say, but the women of the east have a reputation which will bear an offset, and as it may open the eyes of the rising circles to see a very common opinion expressed in print, why, let it pass! I care not how soon it becomes an injustice.

I was agreeably disappointed in one thing—the *literary society*. New-York has no reputation for this. And it is partly because business is so much more salient a point in its main impression, and partly because the literary men are not organized as in other cities, into a particular circle. There are fine scholars here, however, and very fine private libraries. I have been in more than one merchant's study, and found all my choice old friends, and many that I had supposed scarcely heard of, upon their shelves; and I have stumbled every day upon some self-cultivated and unsuspected scholar, with whom a book was a topic to be mentioned in a suppressed tone, but

still a topic well understood and well talked upon. There seems a tacit feeling that such subjects are a kind of offence against the prevailing customs of conversation—a sort of intellectual treason. And, like all half-subdued opinions, perhaps they are cultivated with proportionately greater zeal in secret. To my taste these *unprofessed* scholars, too, are infinitely more agreeable. There is an ambition of the *lucus a non lucendo* about all men—a desire to shine in that for which they are *not* famous—which drives a notoriously literary man away from the only ground on which he would show to advantage. I like to see every man ride his real *bona fide* hobby. An author, if you let him have his own way, will talk of any thing but books; whereas the subject he avoids is the very one on which you are anxious to engage him. If he had no reputation, (I have frequently thought in such cases) how delightful he would be. And there you have the reason why I record here that I have found more real, authentic, literary conversation among the merchants of New-York than I ever encounter in the widely celebrated literary circles of Philadelphia and Boston.

THE STAGE.

"The stage that threads each labyrinth of the soul,
Wakes laughter's peal, and bids the tear-drop roll;
That hoots at folly, mocks proud fashion's slaves,
And brands with shame the world's vile drove of knaves."

Much has been said and written respecting the drama. By some it is represented as a dangerous engine in the hands of the unprincipled, used only to inflame and multiply the passions, and to excite in youth that inordinate love of pleasure which it is the great duty of religion to subdue. We acknowledge, with regret, that the stage is often disgraced by impurities, and that scenes from which, in the comparatively holier atmosphere of the domestic circle, a person of the most ordinary delicacy must shrink, receive in the theatre the smiles of beauty and the sanction of wisdom. In every society, however enlightened, there will be a class whose tastes are coarse and vulgar; whose limited capacities exclude them from refined and intellectual enjoyments; who delight to ridicule and deface feelings and sensibility; and who relish, as a triumph of their own party over the aristocracy of modesty and virtue, every broad display of degraded wit and obscene genius. To solicit the acclamation of groundlings like these, talent often stoops, and the "many-headed monster of the pit" too frequently swallows down, with indiscriminate voracity, the morsel of voluptuousness, sweetened with music and poetry, and the undisguised disgusting dash of ribaldry, from which good taste and common delicacy recoil. We all sometimes attend theatrical representations in the company of females. I am no friend to the affected and squeamish morality which would put a man of sense and experience out of countenance at any thing which he may see or hear any where; but, in my imagination, the character of woman stands so pure and high, and the attributes which make her superior and fascinating are so perpetually present to my mind, that when any one avails himself of his mere brute strength to trample down her young tastes, to taint her thoughts, to introduce low and vile images among the gentle visions which play in her fancy, I deem him a traitor to nature, a kind of moral murderer. We have assigned the severest of penalties to him who destroys God's image, as embodied in the outward form of man. But it is a more hideous crime to kill those precious spiritual attributes which dignify and elevate human nature, to give an unnecessary shock to modesty, to inflict a wanton pang upon virtue. Yet in the theatre, where the best will sometimes be attracted with the wife, the sister, or the daughter, it is often the case that a gross *double entendre*, from which the bashful girl has no escape, is given with all the weight of a hacknied player, who delights to be the instrument of exciting even the miserable acclamations with which the low and the base, from every part of the house, recognize their kindred wit. This is an abuse which all must acknowledge; and it is probably the best objection which the enemies to theatrical entertainments have against them; but this will, we trust, be remedied. In tracing the progress of the stage during the several preceding ages, we find that in the reign of Elizabeth the most obscene allusions and voluptuous scenes were freely represented, and that the virgin queen herself patronized with her presence exhibitions which would now strike the most ordinary occupant of the gallery with surprise, if not with indignation. It is evident, therefore, that the natural course of civilization is effecting a reform in this particular; and that, in conformity to the improving spirit of the times, while the relics of gothic ages are gradually falling away from our customs, opinions, institutions, and laws, the good taste of the community will enlist the fascinations of the drama more exclusively in the cause of modesty and truth.

We have also heard it urged against this species of amusement, that it attracts the young and the giddy from the duties of business and sober reflection; that, contrasted with its brilliant pictures, the maxims and practical facts of real life appear dim and tedious, and that multitudes resort there to engage in extravagant expense and profligate pleasure. To this we answer, that human beings will ever seek relaxation during their hours of leisure. If there had never been a theatre they who squander time and money within its walls would have probably directed their wandering inclinations into some more dangerous channel. Only persons naturally mean will extract evil out of that which is the source of good to others. In the bosom of such the germs of vice will lurk, whatever be the circumstances by which they are surrounded. History presents many instances of gloomy victims of false morality, who deem they propitiate the favor of heaven by smothering all the pleasant impulses with which it has enriched their bosoms. It is certain to us, that however these may clothe themselves in saintly robes, and distort

their feelings and affections into the deformity of monkish superstition; whatever may be their affectation of superior morality, their humble and artificial garb of humanity covers a heart where exist thoughts and passions common to humanity, which still take root and flourish with a luxuriance ranker and darker, because smothered and concealed. We are not advocating licentiousness nor ridiculing an attempt of virtue to act with temperance and honor. But we are no bigot; we are no believer in the efficacy of outward forms and garments; we place no value on the purity which arises from the seclusion of a hermit in his cell. The virtue which we admire is an active principle. It meets the vicissitudes of the world, and overcomes them; and in regard to youth, although we are aware of the necessity of application, and that strong excitements are pernicious to the character, as they are unfavorable to the tranquil duties of the student, yet we would not frown upon rational enjoyment, as inconsistent with strength of mind and purity of heart. Application should not be too strict. The fine glowing fancies of youth should not always be fettered down. If the mind is forever kept in chains what is the wonder that it should be puny and timid; that it should bend tamely to slavish prejudices and absurd doctrines; that it should be destitute of the vigor, the confidence, the freedom, and the courage which distinguish others of more independent habits. We may often see where the man has been injured by an over-wrought anxiety to make a scholar, as the child of the proud and wealthy is often caressed into effeminacy and disease, while the neglected orphan, thrust out early upon an ungentle world, gathers strength and hardy resolution from its storms and its reverses.

As for me, I confess I have found the theatre a fairy land. In my earlier boyhood it teemed with rapturous associations; and even now, when I enter the gorgeous temple I put off the mantle of daily cares; I break loose from the bondage of narrow and wearying adventures; and, like some bird uncaged, I trim the plumage of my spirit for a long and a soaring flight. I remember when the dazzling scene first burst upon my sight. It was a glorious unearthly vision. I had no leisure to reason. I was all feeling, expectation, wonder, rapture. Even when more accustomed to it, its interest was shared by the lowest supernumerary. Nexsen, Banker, Oliff, the box-keeper, the lamp-lighter, all were elevated to an imaginary importance; all moved in the glowing light which the institution to which they were attached reflected, even as the morn gives a tinge of radiance to the obscure clouds which form only the drapery of her temple. I have looked after the ghost of Hamlet in the street, as if indeed he locked in his bosom

"The eternal blazonry which must not be
To ears of flesh and blood."

I once caught myself in actual astonishment at beholding the pale merchant of Venice and the ferocious Shylock, betraying a striking similarity of opinion respecting two glasses of whiskey punch, and I thought in the words of the poet of all poets:

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

When, after an evening so strangely beguiled, the plot drew to a conclusion—when the tyrants were all slain, the lovers married, and the personages of the drama formed themselves into a grand group, which the envious green curtain snatched from my reluctant eyes, how my fancy would dwell upon its splendors! Its caverns, forests, cities, rivers, and mountains—its lovers, knights, armies, heroes, and kings came up again and again, and revolved in my imagination in a confusion so gorgeous and magnificent that I wondered how any human being, with a dollar in his pocket, could hesitate to spend it here. And then to peep behind the scenes in the daytime. To see the strange sun-light streaming down among its magic shadows. To stand in silent reverie where the midnight assassin, the lofty patriot, the dark witch, the bloody tyrant had been. To stalk over the lonely plains which had once trembled with the tread of armies, or echoed with the tones of faithful love. It was as if, after years of oblivion, my spirit should revisit the earth, and find its thrones empty, its kingdoms desolate, its temples cast aside, its skyey cliffs overturned, its foaming rivers, its thronging multitudes passed away, the useless objects of man's ambition crumbling together in neglected ruin, and all the complicated machinery of life and nature run down and broken to pieces.

But the rich mists of an uncorrected fancy have vanished, and with them a thousand thoughts as artless, hopes as brilliant, and affections as unrestrained. Experience has put aside the veil which softened the harsh features of life, and gave its delusions the air of reality. The mimic winds and harmless thunders of the stage no more whiten my cheek with silent awe. Its flashing treasures have been divested of their spells. But my admiration for the drama yet remains. I admire it for the generous sentiments which it breathes upon all subjects, for the models of high character it continually sets up before the people, for the intellectual pleasures it affords, for its displays of innocent mirth, of stately and commanding passion, of domestic affections. I admire it for its forcible delineations of all that is high, untrammelled, and beautiful in human nature. It is full of bold, free, noble opinions. It holds up the vicious to a scorn which may be easily and justly transferred to similar objects in real society—it counteracts the malignant encroachments of bigotry, slavery, and superstition—it opposes avarice, cowardice, and a tame submission to insult, and champions fearlessly the natural rights and dignity of man. Whatever may be the pernicious consequences ascribed to it, these are redeeming attributes, and I would no more abandon its benevolent and liberal influences upon society to escape its partial and accidental evils, than I would condemn the arrangement by which nature refreshes the fields with showers, because a passing cloud sometimes overshadows the air.

SEDLEY.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Ladies' Magazine and Literary Gazette. Edited by Mrs. Sarah Hale. Vol. IV. No. IX. for September. Boston: Marsh, Capen & Lyon. Three dollars per annum. 1831.

IT is surprising that this excellent periodical is not subscribed for by every lady. It is edited by one of their own sex, and in a spirited and able manner. Most of the contents are original, and well calculated to please and instruct the innocent and the refined. We are unacquainted with any magazine which we would so safely and cheerfully place in the hands of a well-bred female. It is entirely free from quackery, and, with undoubted actual merit, is most modest in its pretensions. There is a vein of intelligence, chasteness, taste, and good sense running through its pages, which should strongly recommend it to general attention. To prove the truth of our assertions in favor of the work, we copy the first article in this number.

"THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON."

"The character of woman becomes distinguished much oftener by the reflection of her great and good qualities, in the conduct of those men with whom she is particularly connected or associated, than by the exhibition of any extraordinary achievements in her own person. In the parental relations, particularly, the talents of the female are the transmitted inheritance of her sons; and this seems a wise dispensation of Providence, by which the endowments of the sexes are equalized, and both alike made to participate in the glories of their common nature. Certain it is, that far the greatest number of eminent men have owed their superiority and success to the genius, example, and care of their mothers. These reflections need not make women proud; but they should make mothers emulous to train their children to be useful and good; for by laying such a foundation of excellence in early life, the richest hopes for maturity may be rationally entertained.

"The mother of our illustrious Washington furnishes an example of female excellence, and its reward, which is unequalled; and yet the model has been hitherto little known. This neglect has not arisen from any indifference of the American people to the virtues of their patriots; but simply that at the time of the revolution, the public history of the events were paramount to any private relations; and the novel, rapid, and successful experiment of our national character has left little opportunity for domestic and individual history. But a different sentiment is beginning to prevail; the public mind is well nigh wearied with the monotony of Fourth-of-July orations; and it is time to turn from the great and brilliant theatre of action, and the well-known and glorious performers, to examine the movements behind the scenes, and the humble and unheeded, but effective assistants that then prepared the astonishing exhibition.

"For the succeeding sketch we are indebted to George W. P. Custis, Esq. (grandson of Mrs. Washington, the wife of General Washington) of Virginia.

"The mother of Washington was descended from the very respectable family of Ball, who settled as English colonists, on the banks of the Potomac. Bred in those domestic and independent habits which graced the Virginia matrons in the old days of Virginia, this lady, by the death of her husband, became involved in the cares of a young family, at a period when those cares seem more especially to claim the aid and control of the stronger sex. It was left for this eminent woman by a method the most rare—by an education and discipline the most peculiar and imposing, to form in the youth-time of her son, those great and essential qualities which gave lustre to the glories of his after life. If the school savored the more of the Spartan than the Persian character, it was a fitter school to form a hero, destined to be the ornament of the age in which he flourished, and a standard of excellence for ages yet to come.

"It was remarked by the ancients, that the mother always gave the tone to the character of the child; and we may be permitted to say, that since the days of old renown, a mother has not lived better fitted to give the tone and character of real greatness to her child, than she whose remarkable life and actions this reminiscence will endeavor to illustrate.

"At the time of his father's death George Washington was only twelve years of age. He has been heard to say, that he knew little of his father except the remembrance of his person, and of his parental fondness. To his mother's forming care he himself ascribed the origin of his fortunes and his fame.

"The home of Mrs. Washington, of which she was always mistress, was a pattern of order. There the levity and indulgence common to youth was tempered by a deference and well regulated restraint, which, while it neither suppressed nor condemned any rational enjoyment usual in the spring-time of life, prescribed those enjoyments within the bounds of moderation and propriety. Thus the chief was taught the duty of obedience which prepared him to command. Still the mother held in reserve an authority which never departed from her, not when her son had become the most illustrious of men. It seemed to say—'I am your mother—the being who gave you life—the guide who directed your steps when they needed a guardian; my maternal affection drew forth your love; my authority constrained your spirit; whatever may be your success or your renown, next to your God, your reverence is due to me.' Nor did the chief dissent from these truths; but to the last moments of his venerable parent, yielded to her will the most dutiful and implicit obedience, and felt for her person and character the highest respect, and the most enthusiastic attachment. The late Laurence Washington, Esq. of Chotank, one of the associates of the juvenile years of the chief, and remembered by him in his will, thus describes the home of the mother:

"I was often there with George, his playmate, schoolmate, and young man's companion. Of the mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents; she awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was indeed truly kind. And even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grand-parent of a second generation, I could not behold that majestic woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner so characteristic in the father of his country, will remember the matron as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed.

"Such were the domestic influences under which the mind of

Washington was formed; and that he not only profited by, but fully appreciated their excellence and the character of his mother, his behavior towards her at all times testified. Upon his appointment to the command in chief of the American armies, previously to his joining the forces at Cambridge, he removed his mother from her country residence to the village of Fredericksburg, a situation remote from danger, and contiguous to her friends and relatives.

"It was there the matron remained during nearly the whole of the trying period of the revolution. Directly in the way of the news, as it passed from north to south; one courier would bring intelligence of success to our arms, another, 'swiftly coursing at his heels,' the saddening reverse of disaster and defeat. While thus ebb and flowed the fortunes of our cause, the mother, trusting to the wisdom and protection of Divine Providence, preserved the even tenor of her life, affording an example to those matrons whose sons were alike engaged in the arduous contest; and showing that unavailing anxieties, however belonging to nature, were unworthy of mothers whose sons were combating for the inestimable rights of man, and the freedom and happiness of the world.

"When the comforting and glorious intelligence arrived of the passage of the Delaware, (December, '76,) an event which restored our hopes from the very brink of despair, a number of her friends waited upon the mother, with congratulations. She received them with calmness; observed that it was most pleasurable news, and that George appeared to have deserved well of his country for such signal services. And continued, in reply to the gratulating patriots, (most of whom held letters in their hands, from which they read extracts,) 'But, my good sirs, here is too much flattery—he will not forget himself; though he is the subject of so much praise.'

"Here let me remark upon the absurdity of an idea which, from some strange cause or other, has been suggested, though certainly never believed, that the mother was disposed to favor the royal cause. Such a surmise has not the slightest foundation in truth. Like many others, whose days of enthusiasm were in the wane, the lady doubted the prospects of success in the beginning of the war; and long during its continuance feared that our means would be found inadequate to a successful contest with so formidable a power as Britain; and our soldiers, brave, but undisciplined, and ill provided, be unequal to cope with the veteran and well appointed troops of the king. Doubts like these were by no means confined to a female; but were both entertained and expressed by the staunchest of patriots, and most determined of men. But when the mother, who had been removed to the county of Frederick, on the invasion of Virginia, in 1681, was informed, by express, of the surrender of Cornwallis, she raised her hands to heaven, and exclaimed, 'Thank God, war will now be ended; and peace, independence, and happiness bless our country.'

"During the war, and indeed during her useful life, up to the advanced age of eighty-two, until within three years of her death, (when an afflictive disease prevented exertion,) the mother set a most valuable example, in the management of her domestic concerns, carrying her own keys, bustling in her household affairs, providing for her family, and living and moving in all the pride of independence. She was not actuated by that ambition for show which pervades lesser minds; and the peculiar plainness and dignity of her manners became in no wise altered, when the sun of glory arose upon her house. There are some of the aged inhabitants of Fredericksburg, who well remember the matron, as seated in an old-fashioned open chaise, she was in the habit of visiting, almost daily, her little farm in the vicinity of the town. When there she would ride about her fields, giving her orders, and seeing that they were obeyed.

"Her great industry, with the well-regulated economy of all her concerns, enabled the matron to dispense considerable charities to the poor, although her own circumstances were always far from rich. All manner of domestic economies, so useful in those times of privation and trouble, met her zealous attention; while every thing about her household bore marks of her care and management, and very many things the impress of her own hands. In a very humble dwelling, and suffering under an excruciating disease, (cancer of the breast,) thus lived this mother of the first of men, preserving unchanged, her peculiar nobleness and independence of character.

"She was continually visited and solaced by her children, and numerous grand-children, particularly her daughter, Mrs. Lewis. To the repeated and earnest solicitations of this lady, that she would remove to her house and pass the remainder of her days, to the pressing entreaties of her son, that she would make Mount Vernon the home of her age, the matron replied, 'I thank you for your affectionate and dutiful offers, but my wants are few in this world, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself.' Her son-in-law, Col. Fielding Lewis, proposed to relieve her of the direction of her affairs: she observed—'Do you, Fielding, keep my books in order, for your eye-sight is better than mine; but leave the executive management to me.'

"One weakness alone attached to this lofty-minded and intrepid woman; and that proceeded from a most affecting cause. She was afraid of lightning. In early life she had a female friend killed by her side, while sitting at table—the knife and fork in the hands of the unfortunate girl, were melted by the electric fluid. The matron never recovered from the fright and shock occasioned by this distressing accident. On the approach of a thunder cloud she would retire to her chamber, and not leave it again till the storm had passed away.

"She was always pious, but in her latter days her devotions were performed in private. She was in the habit of repairing every day to a secluded spot, formed by rocks and trees near her dwelling, where, abstracted from the world and worldly things, she communed with her Creator, in humiliation and prayer.

"After an absence of nearly seven years it was at length, on the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, permitted to the mother again to see and embrace her illustrious son. So soon as he had dismounted, in the midst of a numerous and brilliant suite, he sent to apprise her of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. And now mark the force of early education and habits, and the superiority of the Spartan over the Persian school, in this interview of the great Washington with his admirable parent and instructor. No pageantry of war proclaimed his coming, no trumpets sounded, no banners waved. Alone and on foot, the marshal of France, the general-in-chief of the com-

bined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age, repaired to pay his humble duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortune and his fame. For full well he knew that the matron would not be moved by all the pride that glory ever gave, nor by all the 'pomp and circumstance' of power.

"The lady was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced, and it was further told that the victor chief was in waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and by the well remembered and endearing name of his childhood; inquiring as to his health, she remarked the lines which mighty cares and many trials had made on his manly countenance, spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory—not one word!

"Meantime, in the village of Fredericksburg all was joy and revelry; the town was crowded with the officers of the French and American armies, and with gentlemen from all the country around, who hastened to welcome the conquerors of Cornwallis. The citizens made arrangements for a splendid ball, to which the mother of Washington was specially invited. She observed, that although her dancing days were pretty well over, she should feel happy in contributing to the general festivity, and consented to attend.

"The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their chief. They had heard indistinct rumors respecting her remarkable life and character, but forming their judgments from European examples, they were prepared to expect in the mother that glare and show which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the old world. How were they surprised when the matron, leaning on the arm of her son, entered the room! She was arrayed in the very plain, yet becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of the olden time. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous, though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions, which were profusely paid her, without evincing the slightest elevation, and at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasures, observed that it was time for old people to be at home, retired.

"The foreign officers were amazed to behold one whom so many causes contributed to elevate, persevering the even tenor of her life, while such a blaze of glory shone upon her name and offspring. The European world furnished no examples of such magnanimity.—Names of ancient lore were heard to escape from their lips, and they observed, that 'if such were the matrons of America, it was not wonderful the sons were illustrious.'

"It was on this festive occasion that General Washington danced a minuet with Mrs. Willis. It closed his dancing days. The minuet was much in vogue at that period, and was peculiarly calculated for the display of the splendid figure of the chief, and his natural grace and elegance of air and manner. The gallant Frenchmen who were present, of which fine people it may be said that dancing forms one of the elements of their existence, so much admired the American performance, as to admit that a Parisian education could not have improved it. As the evening advanced, the commander-in-chief, yielding to the gaiety of the scene, went down some dozen couple, in the contra-dance, with great spirit and satisfaction.

"The Marquis de Lafayette repaired to Fredericksburg, previous to his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1784, to pay his parting respects to the mother, and to ask her blessing.

"Conducted by one of her grandsons, he approached the house, when the young gentleman observed, 'There, sir, is my grandmother.' Lafayette beheld, working in the garden, clad in domestic made clothes, and her gray head covered by a plain straw hat, the mother of 'his hero'! The lady saluted him kindly, observing—'Ah, marquis! you see an old woman—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress.'

"Much as Lafayette had seen and heard of the matron before, at this interesting interview he was charmed and struck with wonder. When he considered her great age, the transcendent elevation of her son, who, surpassing all rivals in the race of glory, 'bore the palm alone,' and at the same time discovered no change in her plain, yet dignified life and manners, he became assured that the Roman matron could flourish in the modern day.

"The marquis spoke of the happy effects of the revolution, and the goodly prospect which opened upon independent America, stated his speedy departure for his native land, paid the tribute of his heart, his love and admiration of her illustrious son, and concluded by asking her blessing. She blessed him—and to the encomiums which he had lavished upon his hero and paternal chief, the matron replied in these words: 'I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy.'

"Immediately after the organization of the present government, the chief magistrate repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory to his departure for New-York. An affecting scene ensued. The son, feelingly remarked the ravages which a torturing disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her:

"The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief-magistracy of these United States, but before I can assume the functions of my office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and—

"Here the matron interrupted him: 'You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long of this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfill the high destinies which heaven appears to assign you; go, my son, and may that heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always.'

"The president was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent, whose aged arm feebly, yet fondly, encircled his neck. That brow, on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look, which could have awed a Roman senate in its Fabrician day, was bent in filial tenderness upon the time-worn features of the venerable matron.

"The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory, retracing scenes long past, carried him back to the paternal mansion, and the days of his youth, and there the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instructions, and discipline had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition—yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon

her whom, wasted by time and malady, he must soon part with to meet no more.

"The matron's predictions were true. The disease which so long had preyed upon her frame completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of eighty-five, rejoicing in the consciousness of a life well spent, and confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

"In her person, Mrs. Washington was of the middle size, and finely formed; her features pleasing, yet strongly marked. It is not the happiness of the writer to remember her, having only seen her with infant eyes. The sister of the chief he perfectly well remembers. She was a most majestic woman, and so strikingly like the brother, that it was a matter of frolic to throw a cloak around her and place a military hat upon her head, and such was the perfect resemblance, that, had she appeared on her brother's steed, battalions would have presented arms, and senators risen to do homage to the chief.

"In her latter days, the mother often spoke of her own good boy, of the merits of his early life, of his love and dutifulness to herself; but of the deliverer of his country, the chief magistrate of the great republic, she never spoke. Call you this insensibility? or want of ambition? Oh, no! her ambition had been gratified to overflowing. She had taught him to be good; that he became great when the opportunity presented, was a consequence, not a cause.

"Thus lived and died this distinguished woman. Had she been a Roman dame, statues would have been erected to her memory in the capital, and we should have read in classic pages the story of her virtues.

"When another century shall have elapsed, and the nations of the earth, as well as our descendants, shall have learned the true value of liberty, the name of our hero will gather a glory it has never yet been invested with; and then will youth and age, maid and matron, aged and bearded men, with pilgrim step, repair to the *now neglected grave* of the mother of Washington."

The present number is enriched with numerous original contributions, both in prose and verse, from intelligent correspondents, added to several excellent effusions from the editor herself. It is embellished with a colored frontispiece, which represents the costume of two female figures, and also with a piece of sacred music, "Bright shines the moon," arranged for the piano-forte. This one, like all its predecessors, is a neat specimen of typography. The failure of the Ladies' Magazine would be a reproach to the fair portion of the community.

The History of France. By Eyre Evans Crowe. Three vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. 1831.

This forms a continuation of the Cabinet of History, conducted by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner. Could we but persuade our young friends to give these volumes a careful perusal, we should feel assured of their grateful acknowledgments of profit and pleasure. If we had room we should seize this opportunity to remark upon the avidity with which the careless devour light books of fiction, while solid and instructive works of history like the present are suffered to lie neglected upon the shelves. We can safely recommend the history of France as an useful, trust-worthy, and excellent production.

Hints to a Fashionable Lady. By a Physician. One vol. 18mo. p. 242. New-York: Charles S. Francis. 1831.

A variety of interesting topics is discussed in this little book in an easy, and occasionally, elegant style. If the author cannot advance strong claims to originality in the substance of his prescriptions, he has nevertheless arranged them in an attractive form, and illustrated several important principles connected with the health, by gleanings from his own experience. It would be well for all persons entrusted with the guardianship of young children, and all sedentary and complaining people infected with the hypochondria, to read over his ideas and take the hint.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

THEATRICAL attractions are crowding upon us so rapidly that we find some difficulty in noticing each as it deserves. Mr. Sinclair appeared on Saturday last in the opera of the Cabinet. Public expectation was much excited to hear the melody of the vocalist whom report ranked next to the celebrated Braham. After divers bursts of applause bestowed, by mistake, upon several faces which presently turned out to be only old acquaintances, the real, actual Mr. Sinclair appears, with a somewhat hasty manner. It is no joke, after all, to come three thousand miles into a new country, and make your bow, and show what you can do, before the sea of upturned wondering countenances of a strange people. The repeated exclamations at length subside into a dead calm, as if a spell had suddenly transformed the breathing multitude into statues. If the good reader will pardon our egotism we must do ourselves the justice to say that at such a moment we have a sympathetic thrill running through our whole frame for the principal person in this crisis, and how one can sing with that sensation of breathlessness—which in us would palsify the body, chill the soul, and deform the voice into a feeble and tremulous expression of horror at our rashness—verily passes our comprehension. We have had such dreams after a hearty supper, peradventure, and even from them fate protect us. The rather imposing figure of the stranger advances to the stage-lights—his foot is thrown back, his elbows raised, his chin elevated—he is making the final effort, like a bird about to fly. You hold your breath, and listen *erectis auribus*, as a hare leaning to catch the first murmur of the distant hunters, faintly swelling on the breeze. You prepare yourselves to hear a volume of voice, broad, deep, sweet, and rich, that shall let you feel the boards tremble under your feet—inspire you with passionate energy, or soothe you with a secret pleasure. Nothing of the kind came from the gentleman who had awakened in us such extravagant anticipations. He is

different entirely from what we expected. Without any brilliancy as an actor, with a style of pronunciation sometimes bad, although always distinct, and a tenor voice, the first impression of which is far less agreeable than the manly round tones of Jones, we confess his first two songs struck us with a disappointment—and we write it here not meaning to say the gentleman is not an admirable vocalist, but rather to warn others against a too hasty decision upon that which, when a little more familiar, they will discover causes both surprise and admiration. His voice is flexible and of a kind which in a room must be delightful, with less power than durability, and deficient in depth. He no sooner sets out in a song, than he glides into a *false*, extremely sweet and skilfully managed, and sometimes clear as the ringing of silver. Science he undoubtedly has, and can execute any thing this side of human possibility in the way of a flourish; but indeed we cannot compliment the taste which leads to such a profuse prodigality of embellishments. They wander away so far from the air as to break the associations in the mind of the hearer. We really thought he shook one song to death. The "Bonny breast-knot" was given finely, and sung thrice with enthusiastic applause.

On Monday, although the city was deluged with a flood of rain, the house was filled in every avenue at an early hour, to witness the new tragedy of the Gladiator, produced by Mr. Forrest. We have already spoken at length of this production, and have been only confirmed in our opinion by the representation. Its success was marked, and sanctioned with several hearty peals at the termination. The actors generally did well. Several scenes of Mr. Forrest were truly touching and impressive. The audience were attentive and gratified; and not a solitary sign of disapprobation met our notice. The entertainment of the evening was heightened by a chaste and well-written prologue, and a witty epilogue.

THE COMEDY OF THE LION OF THE WEST.

Since the performance of this play at the Park theatre, it has undergone very material alterations, and received important additions. It will soon be presented to the public of New-York in its new dress. The following is an outline of the plot.

Lexington, an officer in the British army, is desperately wounded at the battle of Lundy's Lane, near the Falls of Niagara, and the following morning is found on the field covered with blood, and apparently dying, by Mr. Peter Bonnybrown, a plain warm-hearted New-England bachelor, at that time serving in the army of the United States. He removes the cloak from the breast of the wounded officer, on which, unconscious of the surrounding horrors, a female infant is quietly reposing. Bonnybrown conveys the infant to a place of security, and during many years of commercial prosperity, rears and educates Fredonia as his own. She is addressed by many suitors, the most conspicuous and pertinacious of whom is a fortune hunter, known as Lord Luminary, who, in conjunction with Satellite, another adventurer, has been incessant in his endeavors to gain her affections and fortune. Fredonia has now nearly reached her eighteenth birth-day, and departs from the seminary of which she has been a distinguished inmate, to visit her guardian, and enjoy with him the festivities which her entrance into the state of womanhood has given rise to.

At this period the play commences. Mr. Bonnybrown, and a dignified relative, who, on all occasions, styles herself "Miss Albina Towertop, late of Towertop Manor House, Hop Hill Park, Kent, England," receives a letter, which announces the speedy arrival of Mr. B.'s nephew, *Nimrod Wildfire*, from "Old Kentuck." The exploits of this humorous, unpolished, generous son of the west, contribute largely to the general interest of the comedy, and his sayings and doings aid materially in the development of the plot. Deacon Dogwood, an innkeeper, formerly an itinerant vender of yankee wares, has ejected from his house a gay, high-minded, and humorous young gentleman, Trueman Casual, who had recently experienced sudden and total reverses of fortune. Defending himself against the sheriff's officers who pursue him, nearly overpowered, he is relieved by the opportune arrival of Nimrod Wildfire, who, in the prosecutor, Dogwood, discovers an old acquaintance and swindler in horse flesh. A promise of restitution on the one part, and silence on the other, effects Casual's liberation from the clutches of Dogwood. Fredonia now arrives at the landing-place at some distance from her guardian's country seat—here she is met by Satellite, who, by the contrivance of Luminary, presents himself as Bonnybrown's footman, and conducts her to a carriage in waiting, which has been procured by Luminary for the purpose of conveying Fredonia to a remote dwelling, with the hope of extorting her consent to their immediate union. This scheme is frustrated by Casual, who stumbles on the adventure, relieves the young lady from her perilous situation, and bears her triumphantly to her guardian's residence, where he is welcomed by the family as the preserver of their ward. Casual and Fredonia have before met in society, and, as in duty bound, now become deeply enamored. Bonnybrown, indignant at the villany of Lord Luminary, prompts Wildfire to redress Fredonia's wrong, which office he undertakes with great alacrity, as "he had'n't found a fight for ten days, and he felt mighty *wolffy* about the head and shoulders."

Luminary endeavors to ruin the reputation of Casual, and covertly dislodge him from the place he has gained in the affections of Fredonia, Miss Towertop, and Mr. Bonnybrown. He engages one Coquinard, a Canadian barber-surgeon, to sustain the character of a French nobleman, M. Le Comte Rousillon, who is to present himself as the friend of Mr. B.'s Havre correspondent, and to become the professed admirer of Fredonia. Luminary now forges the certificate of the neighboring magistrate, which sets forth that the

bearer (a creature hired for the purpose) is the victim of the arts of Casual, and concludes with cautioning the world against him, as a nameless adventurer, and utterly worthless. The pretended Count Rousillon is introduced to the family in due form. The encounter of Wildfire and Luminary terminates in a challenge from the former, and the festivities of the night are interrupted by the arrival of Luminary's female coadjutor, bearing the forged testimonial. All are in consternation—Casual astonished and overpowered, hastens to discover his traducer, and to avenge his wrongs.

The events of the night, however, do not prevent Nimrod, who is "primed for any thing, from a possum hunt to a nigger funeral," from showing off the extraordinary ball-room accomplishments of a backwoodsman, in a manner that defies all gravity.

In the last act, in a scene of uncommon power and interest, Bonnybrown informs Fredonia of the circumstances of her infant days, describes the terrific conflict of Lundy's Lane, and laments the too probable fate of her father.

A quarrel now takes place between Coquinard and Groundling, his associate, this is broken in upon by Wildfire, who, in the presence of all the family, compels him to the disclosure of the whole plot. Tidings are now brought of Casual's sudden departure with arms, and the parties hasten to prevent the expected duel. It is too late—Lord Luminary and Casual have met—the former has fled—the latter is slightly wounded. The report of fire-arms has drawn to the scene an English traveller, whose coach was passing at the time. It is lieutenant, now Major Lexington, the father of Fredonia, who has returned, after long foreign service, in search of his child. A highly wrought scene between Major Lexington and Casual, ends in the conviction, in the mind of the former, that Fredonia is his daughter—her arrival with the others confirms it—and Fredonia is restored by Bonnybrown to that breast, from which he had humanely taken her on the bloody field of Lundy's Lane.

The confession of Dogwood now solves the mystery of Casual's birth,—my Lord Luminary and his associates are duly provided for, and the group is made perfectly happy by the arrival of Nimrod Wildfire, Esq. and his amiable (intended) lady "Miss Patty Snag of Salt Licks"—and, to use the words of the delighted Kentuckian, "there's no back out in her breed, for she can lick her weight in wild cats, and she shot a bear at nine years old."

Casual, Bonnybrown, Luminary, Satellite, Scum, Dogwood, Miss Towertop, and Fredonia, are additions by Mr. Stone, and the Kentuckian remains as originally drawn by the author for Mr. Hackett.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

"White dresses are more than ever in favor. A dress of one color is now a rarity. Printed muslins have usually a white ground, with a very small colored pattern. Hats have undergone but little change as to form. Feathers are universally worn both in hats and bonnets.

"The *coiffures à la chinoise* have two little curls, one on each temple. Many ladies wear their hair in light frizzed curls on the forehead; others wear it à l'Anglaise, that is to say, in long cork-screw curls; and a few still adhere to large bows in front. Perhaps the most becoming mode of dressing the hair *en negligé*, is a large plait, in the form of a crown, placed rather high, the ends of the hair being curled in ringlets, and dropping from the centre of the crown towards the right side. The front hair in full curls on each temple. Some pelerines are made round behind, and with ends in front, descending a few inches below the waist-band. Over this is worn a second pelerine, with a collar fastened by two worked ends, about the width of a ribbon. These have a very pretty effect when made of embroidered tulle, in imitation of lace. Aprons of plain batiste or jaconet are worked round the edge in colored worsted, and the pockets are trimmed in a corresponding way. We have also observed several white dresses with colored borders above them. Sandaled slippers are much more general than boots. Dove-colored prunella is the favorite material for boots. Open worked stocking of Scotch thread are worn by the most fashionable women." Court Journal.

DRAMATIC INGENUITY.

"Nothing," says a late English publication, "comes amiss to the French writers of vaudeville. They dramatize every thing under the sun—good, bad, or indifferent. The cholera has received that honor. Then came another, called 'La Grippe,' (the influenza.) What next? Monsters and monstrosities of all sorts have been exhausted. Pity they have no New London Bridge—no Reform Bill—at Paris. These would have supplied the theatres with novelties for a month. There is no living individual of eminence, who has not been made the subject of a piece; Rossini, Paganini, Lafayette, and Chordruc-Duclos have been of the number." Ibid.

THE POLISH LANCERS.

"The Poles, in general, are much smaller men than the Russians, but equally well-dressed. The lancers attract particular attention; the ease with which they manage the lance, and their graceful seat on horseback, have never been equalled by the lancers of any European power; they are mounted on excellent active horses from White Russia. The *chasseurs à cheval* have a very neat and plain uniform; the carbines are slung in their belt."

A PERSIAN FABLE.

In the centre of a garden stood a luxuriant Acacia. Fresh and clustering buds hung from the yielding branches and loaded the air with spicy fragrance. Many birds built their downy nests amongst its blossoms, and its leaves seemed to vibrate with their melody. It had won the love of many flowers of the garden. The rose blush

ed a deeper hue when the breeze wafted its perfume to it—and the pale lily grew paler as it nightly gazed upon it with tearful eye. The jessamine and passion flower were most fortunate, for they had twined themselves around its branches. The jessamine mingled with its flowers and fragrance, and the passion flower, as it clung to its embrace, closed its blue eyes at night and slept. But of all the flowers that loved the Acacia, none loved more fervently than the sensitive plant. It sprang up under its shade, and drank in the dews of heaven poured from the cups of its blossoms; it had been shaded by it from the rude wind and the scorching sun. The blue heavens and the emerald stars it had once worshiped, were now only gazed upon through the delicate net-work of its foliage—like music mingling with a dream.

One evening the dew-drops clustered so thickly upon the Acacia blossoms, that it weighed down a branch until it touched the sensitive plant. Though thrilling with rapture, it instinctively shrank from the touch. "Poor little plant," said the Acacia, "art thou so sensitive and yet so cold? How canst thou, blooming as thou dost among all that is fair and beautiful, avoid all and love none? Perhaps thou art happier—for when thou hast once loved thou wilt lose thy joyous freshness. Good night." The sensitive plant did not answer, for dewy tears fell thick and fast upon the ground. At night it drooped, instead of folding its leaves and dreaming of the Acacia as it was wont when darkness hid it from view. In the morning the gardener, finding it less fresh than usual, and thinking it in too shady a spot, dug it up and transplanted it. It proved its grave, for it died before another evening breathed upon it.

For the New-York Mirror.

SUMMER FLOWERS.—By Mrs. H. Muzz.

These summer flowers—these summer flowers!

How beautiful—how brief!

For genial suns and gentle showers

Alone keep fresh the verdant bowers,

And paint the growing leaf:

And feelings caught from pleasure's glow,

And nursed in youthful hours,

Can they abide the touch of wo,

When age comes darkly on?—ah, no,

They fade like summer flowers.

Give me the plants whose hardier bloom

Still deck the fading year,

And shed their hues and rich perfume

Round failing nature's night of gloom,

And grace her wintry bier.

Be mine affections that survive

Beyond joy's fleeting hours;

Midst dying hopes still freshly live

And to the last their radiance give—

The heart's pure deathless flowers!

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1831.

Editor's Study.—Midnight! deep, hushed, beautiful midnight—and silence—absolute silence in the sky and over the earth—upon the deserted street—and in the closed temple. Is not this a dream? and why should it not be? What more will it be to-morrow? Slumber shall seal our eye-lids, and a few fantastic images roll in fragments through our imagination, and the flashing stars will sink down behind the river, and morning will come, and we shall go on in the old routine, and when we look back upon this quiet and lovely hour, and feel this now lonely pavement trembling with the thunder of wheels, thronged with the crowds of money hunters, how shall we recall this dim moonlight—this deathly calm—as other than a dream? And may not all life be thus reasoned upon? What is it all but a dream? He with whom yesterday we roved and forgot care; whom to-day finds on the ocean bound for foreign climes—what is he but a dream? She to whose side we stole a few hours ago—whose mere presence was a joy that has departed—what is she but the veriest vision, as separate from the dull reality of our existence as yonder distant star, that will flash on just so brilliantly when we are gone from the earth? And he who once loved us, but now moulders in the dust with this very light upon his tomb, what is he but a faint vision? a something conceived in the mind. What matters it whether waking or sleeping, since to us now he is *nothing*? When you read this hereafter, dear reader, by sun-light, in the flush of hope and enjoyment, you will frown. But this comes of writing at night. It is as natural for us to be sentimental at such an hour, as it is for those shining clouds to wreath themselves into each other's bosom and float away down the blue tide of heaven. And this is night! To one who had never before witnessed this aspect of nature, what a sublime and magnificent wonder it would be? It impresses us more than elquence or music. It comes fraught with deep and swelling thoughts. The world appears less, and our single being more. This is the time for the atheist and the scoffer to repent—examine his cold creed—to think of his coarse jest, and not in the crowd, where the brain is teeming with false images and excitements, and the heart full of vain pride and intoxicating passions. And who besides ourselves are waking now? The pale student over his book, forgets his untouched pillow and toils with the hope of fame. And all the treasure of knowledge and thought he has been heaping up for years, death will perchance to-morrow wash away with a single wave. And the watchman is pacing his round beneath the window, and misery fills the eyes of some with tears instead of slumber, and the sweet girl with her irre-

pressible mirth and winning beauty, whom perchance you have gazed on with a thrill in the haunts of fashion, struck down from the bright flock of joyful creatures, by the fatal arrow of disease, is tossing on her downy couch as if stretched on fire, and would give her beauty and her fortune to inhale one free breath. And the epicure, who has wasted his life to pamper his palate and seek pleasure in refined combinations never dreamed of by nature, is writhing with the gout, and envying the poor farmer who sleeps now the more sweetly for his poverty and toil. And the mother wakes and sobs as she thinks of her buried child; and the wife whose husband is on the deep; and the reveler drains the bowl in some secret cave of vice and ribaldry; and the watcher on the deck of the war ship beguiles his hour with thoughts of home; and the culprit immured within the dark prison walls, whose hand is red with human blood, and who to-morrow shall be dragged with a thousand eyes bent on him, fiercely and scoffingly, to hear the calm voice of judgment read—the doom of death. And at the window of these the pleasant star-light steals in like a careless spirit upon whom the wicked and the wretched have no claim; and the dimly breaking morn shall streak the east with its brilliant blazonry, and the perfumed breeze will blow upon their hot foreheads like a mockery—and so the world goes on and the night ends.

What a change both in physical nature and the aspect of society is wrought by a few short months at this period! The elegant run-aways who have been bearing the blaze of fashion into the quiet recesses of the country, have abandoned the Springs, Trenton falls, and Niagara. She who lately startled the echoes of distant forests with laughter, or held her breath as the magnificent view from the mountain top burst on her wondering sight—she who looked down into the lucid depths of Lake George, or in the flying chariot glided like a sea-bird over the marble beach of Rockaway; has now floated with the tide that sets in upon this central ocean, and is here a different being. The youth who pressed her hand in the dance at Saratoga, passes her without a glance in the gay Broadway. The very summer zephyr that kissed her forehead among the highlands, could it enter the radiant night-world that goes on within the lofty theatre, would not recognize the jewelled brow that beams from the boxes like the evening star.

How beautiful are the gradations of the seasons, from the brilliancy of summer, mellowing into the wealth of autumn, till the sun turns away his face like a cooling friend, and leaves the dying forests and fading fields to darken gradually into wintry nakedness and desolation. We remember to have been once strangely chilled with this mournful passing away of bright things. We had stolen to a lovely rural spot, always charming, but when gazed on by one who had just escaped from the bondage of business, and the artificial world of a city life, positively bewildering and delicious. Everything was there that a painter would crowd into Eden; and we were one of a party which might have added new rapture even to that blissful retreat. The forest was nearly dark beneath the masses of verdant foliage; the orchard boughs were bent down with their luscious burthens of crimson and gold; and the imprisoned essences of life and beauty were bursting out in new and more gorgeous forms from the hedges and the gardens; and decking the white fences with tresses of vines, blossoms and flowers of dyes as superb and glowing as if the rainbow had been broken into a thousand fragments, and scattered along the scene. A sudden illness confined us to our bed for a long period, we scarcely knew how long, and when at length returning health enabled us to venture abroad, one cloudy morning, we remember with what a frozen sense of desolation the marred, naked, dimmed prospect struck our eyes. All the bright trees were stripped, the blooming young flowers were gone, the wind sighed through empty branches, and across a dull expanse of land, whirling and rustling over the dried brittle leaves, and scattering them sometimes on the stream. It seemed as if a curse had fallen upon the spot, and so scathed it—as if, instead of roaming in the interior of the garden of paradise, we had been transported from its bowers into the bleak, dreary, dismal, *real* world. We never felt more forcibly the exquisite beauty of Milton's descriptions. We hope all our young friends have read them; if not, we pray they will put the Pelhams, the Young Dukes, the Thaddeuses of Warsaw, and even the Moores, the Byrons, (*must* we add, the Sir Walter Scotts,) away, and take up John Milton incontinently. Do not be dismayed with a few pompous lines, or a chapter of hard names; but, in the first place read over Addison's elegant criticisms on "Paradise Lost," published in the Spectator. He will lead you in among its splendors, as a gentle friend would guide you through an ancient city, and point out its monuments, its palaces, and all its hidden wonders. It is with a most dissatisfied feeling that we hear a young intelligent girl say she has never read Milton. We always wish to be in a pleasant, still room with her alone, and all care off our minds, and so display to her the sublime creations of that blind poet's fancy. We regret that with such a magnificent temple of mind ever by her side—so decorated with all the gorgeousness of rich imagination—so teeming with exalted ethereal influences—so blazing with unsurpassable pictures of life and nature, we regret that she should voluntarily exclude herself from such an exhibition—and passing carelessly by the gates, waste her precious faculties and ever-flying hours upon unworthy objects. We would not that the glowing girl should dim the lustre of her eyes in midnight studies, or turn from the graceful duties and pleasures of domestic life and social intercourse to become pedantic and learned; but no being with a mind and a soul, can enter into the spirit of such a poem without feeling nobler and happier. It dignifies the character with lofty meditations—it breaks away the webs which prejudice, passion, interest, and the common-place circumstances of society are for ever weaving around the heart.

We welcome Mrs. Sigourney among our contributors, and are pleased to present our readers with the following fine stanzas from her pen. She informs us that they were written two or three years since, but that the copy in circulation is full of inaccuracies, which, in the annexed, are corrected.

THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

The ship's bell toll'd!—and slowly o'er the deck
Came forth the summon'd crew. Bold, hardy men
Far from their native skies, stood silent there
With melancholy brow. From a low cloud
That o'er the horizon hover'd, came the threat
Of distant, mutter'd thunder. Broken waves
Heaved up their sharp white helmets o'er the expanse
Of ocean, which in brooding stillness lay
Like some vindictive king, who meditates
On hoarded wrongs, or wakes the wrathful war.
The ship's bell toll'd!—And lo! a youthful form
Which oft had boldly dared the slippery shrouds
At midnight's watch, was as a burden laid
Down at his comrades' feet. Mournful they gazed
Upon his sunken cheek, and some there were
Who in that bitter hour remember'd well
The parting blessing of his hoary sire,
And the big tears that o'er his mother's cheek
Went coursing down, when his beloved voice
Breathed its farewell. But one who nearest stood
To that pale, shrouded corse, remembered more;
Of a white cottage with its shaven lawn,
And blossom'd hedge, and of a fair-hair'd girl
Who, at her lattice veil'd with woodbine, watch'd
His last, far step, and then turn'd back to weep.
And close that comrade in his faithful breast
Hid a bright chestnut lock, which the dead youth
Had sever'd with a cold and trembling hand
In life's extremity, and bade him bear,
With broken words of love's last eloquence,
To his blest Mary. Now that chosen friend
Bow'd low his sun-bronzed face, and like a child,
Sob'd in deep sorrow.

But there came a tone,
Clear as the breaking moon o'er stormy seas,
"I am the resurrection." Every heart
Suppress'd its grief, and every eye was raised.
There stood the chaplain—his uncover'd brow
Unmark'd by earthly passion, while his voice,
Rich as the balm from plants of Paradise,
Poured the Eternal's message o'er the souls
Of dying men. It was a holy hour!
There lay the wreck of youthful beauty—here
Bent mourning manhood, while supporting faith
Cast her strong anchor 'neath the troubled wave.
There was a plunge!—The riven sea complained!
Death from her briny bosom took his own.
The awful fountains of the deep lift up
Their subterranean portals, and he went
Down to the floor of ocean, mid the beds
Of brave and beautiful ones. Yet to my soul
In all the funeral pomp, the guise of wo,
The monumental grandeur, with which earth
Indulgeth her dead sons, was naught so sad,
Sublime, or sorrowful as the mute sea
Opening her mouth to whelm that sailor youth.

Another correspondent has sent us a poetic sketch written on the Catskill mountains by James Ayton. It originally appeared in the Philadelphia Gazette. Our fair friend thinks "the last thirteen lines very pretty."

The viewless spirit of the mountain wind
Is breathing o'er my brow! 'tis rosy morn—
And never did more glorious visions burst
Upon the glad enraptured sight of one,
Who bends to worship nature, than this scene
Now spread before me from the fashioning hand
Of high Omnipotence!

Far, far below me, o'er the sleeping vale,
The surging mists in silvery volumes roll;
The mighty river, like a meadow stream
Quietly lapses by its emerald shore—
And still beyond, skirting the uplifted sky
With gorgeous dyes, the fiery-tressed god,
Uprising, bright, rejoices on his way!
List to the hymns of praise, which like sweet gales
Come up from glassy river, bower, and glade,
Forever audible to the poet's ear!

And thou, most beautiful of lovely things,
Dear gentle maid, who standest by my side,
Like a sweet blossom on the mountain's crest!
Thou too, with thy pure dreams are raising now
A holy hymn, of thankfulness and praise.
I read it on thy fair and thoughtful brow;
In the calm lustre of that mild blue eye.
Come beautiful—beloved! together down
This sinuous pathway, musing, let us tread;
And voluble discourse, with grateful hearts,
Of Him, who made for us this pleasant earth,
With all its fair variety of form,
Cloud-piercing mounts, green slopes, and silent glens.

Haschbasch, the Pearl Diver.—This story, which the reader will find on the first page, is one of the most pleasant, racy, and characteristic productions we have seen for many a day. While it exhibits a ludicrous picture of the empty arrogance of eastern despotism, combined with that silly love of finery, which, in all countries will be found a distinguishing feature in the character of ignorant, unrefined females, it also conveys an important moral, by the example afforded of the futility of wealth and station in conferring happiness on the possessor. We take this opportunity to express our thanks to the author for the *exclusive* preference he has shown in making this journal the channel through which the *free-will* offerings of his leisure hours are given to the public.

OH! NAME HIM NOT.

A BALLAD.—THE WORDS BY N. G.—THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR BY T. COMER.

Oh! name him not—oh! name him

not! I can not bear to hear— Let other lips—his praises—speak,-- At least when I--am

near. But if to thee so dear the-- theme, Speak on, and quite dis-pel my dream. But if to thee so dear the

theme,-- Speak on, and quite dis-pel-- my dream.

SECOND VERSE.

Yet still that dream has been to me
So sweet and yet so sad,
A mingled woe so strangely wove,
Such sunshine and such shade—
That, waking or asleep, I find
Its threads about my memory twined.

THIRD VERSE.

Then name him not—he could not
love
Those traits so dear to me;
Flattered and vain, he would but
prove
Himself unworthy thee.
Thy pure and gentle loveliness
Was formed a kindred heart to bless.

MISCELLANY.

NUGÆ.

"Magnas nugas dicere magno conatu."—Terent.

AMONG the prettiest prettinesses I have ever deemed worthy a place among my manuscripts, is this idea of Pinkney's. He says to Italy,

"Thou art a dimple on the face of earth."

I am a great admirer of times and seasons, and have never been able to settle it to my own satisfaction, whether morning or evening, twilight or midnight, noonday or daybreak is the happiest hour to me. That it depends upon the mood in which these seasons severally find me is very true; and it is just as true, too, that while enjoying each, I think the present ever the loveliest; and what conclusion, therefore, is more obvious than that they are all, as they change, alike redolent of the same spirit of beauty and delight, and all fraught with

the same power to bless and make happy? Many a song, and many a chapter to them all and several, have I copied and copied till they are familiar to me as "household words," and the penciled lines, and turned down leaves in many a volume mark the diverse, and yet united tributes which authors have paid to each. Thus of morning, Shakspeare says:

But look! the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.—*Hamlet*.

And still more beautifully, once more:

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a younker, prancing to his love.—*Hen. VI*.

And thus of the earliest dawn he says:

When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can call it neither perfect day nor night!—*Henry VI*.

And at daybreak

The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.—*Rich. III*.

And how beautiful are these verses from Cymbeline:

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins to rise:
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lies.

And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing, that pretty bin—
My lady sweet, arise!—*Shakspeare*.

But who does not know that the breath of the morning is the gentlest, sweetest, and most invigorating of all the breezes that fan the brow? Who needs to be told that the hour of the matin-song of birds is the time to enjoy the loveliest music in the world, and to see the gayest sights? The warbling of a thousand harmonies, and the flashing of a thousand glancing colors, and the scaling and soaring away of many a thousand of tiny feathery forms amid the clear blue heavens.

His genial rays the sun renews;
The scene is bright with glittering dews;

The blushing flowers more beautiful bloom,
And breathe more rich their sweet perfume.—*Frisbie*.
The laughing hours have chased away the night,
Plucking the stars out from her diadem:
And now, the blue-eyed morn with modest grace,
Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the east,
Blushing in smiles, and glad as infancy!

The mountain tops
Have lit their beacons—and the vales below
Send up a welcoming. Nature hath
The very soul of music in her looks—
The sunshine and the shade of poetry!—*Davies*.

And now went forth the morn
Such as in highest heaven arrayed in gold
Empyrean: From before the vanished night
Shot through with orient beams.—*Milton*.

I have many more, but cannot stop to copy them, or stay your readers to read them—and so, adieu! When we meet again we'll may-be talk of night or noon; by which time may I hope your patience will have become recruited.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,
To whom all communications must be addressed. No
subscriptions received for a less term than one year.

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No. 14.

FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

THE FANCY BALL.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"Thou art spotless as the snow, lady mine, lady mine!
Ere the noon upon it glow, lady mine!
But the noon must have its ray,
And the snow-wreaths melt away,
And hearts—why should not they?
Why not thine!"

"What shall be my character, coz?" said Gerald Grey, lifting up his eyes from a book of costumes he had been turning over for some time, and addressing a dark-eyed Cleopatra-looking girl, who sat on the opposite side of the round table; "shall it be turk or christian, jew or gentleman, Richard or Saladin, peasant or peer, king or cobbler, sailor or saint, Peter the Great or Peter the Hermit? Shall I wear kilt or trowsers? shall I wear turban or helmet? shall I carry a sword or a show-box? shall I go *en attendant* to yourself and be the envy of the rooms, or play Shadow to Silence in the corner there, and be overlooked by the whole world?"

The lady last alluded to sat apart from the circle, netting a silk purse with the persevering industry which apologizes so prettily for abstraction when one wishes to dream in company. She was a fair, delicate girl, with a blue eye shaded heavily with dark lashes, and a mouth of exquisite refinement. Her figure was slenderer, and her whole air in strong contrast with the imposing and queenly beauty of her sister.

"Tell me, Cecile," continued the young man, moving his chair up to the side of the silent girl, and lowering his tone to a half-audible murmur, which we have not the effrontery to ascribe to more than a cousinly regard, "may I take a character, my dear cousin, which will give me an apology to be near you?"

The answer was probably an unexpected one, for he rose with a flushed cheek, and, bidding a confused adieu, left the room.

Gerald Grey (a pretty name for a hero—is it not, lady?) had intruded on one of those veriest eras in these times of illumination, a domestic evening. The round table stood in the centre of the room; the suspended lamp shed a soft, well-tempered light on the fair faces beneath, and the Lehigh coal—we cannot conceive of a more expressive eulogy—burned! I should love dearly to tell you, now, after the manner of story-tellers of distinction, how the "mother had the remains of beauty in her noble countenance," and how tall, and how charitable to the poor, and what sweet singers the daughters were; and I should like, if I thought you would not know it was a fib, to tell you how the gentleman sitting there with his cravat tied so transcendently, happened to come by as they were both drowning in some river, and gallantly got them out of the water and in love, and what colored eyes he had, and how there was a secret mystery about his birth, and a mark on his left arm, and how beautifully he had taught Whimsicula, their aunt Tabitha's lap-dog, to stand on his hind legs and ask for muffins, thereby winning forever and ever the heart of that immortal spinster, who hated every body else, and was as rich as the bank. It goes to my heart to tell a story right on like a newspaper. The days of romance are gone, however, and the poetry that used to be trolled to the tinkle of a guitar under my lady's window, is now written with a slate and pencil, and the teller of a tale is positively expected to be intelligible and preserve some faint resemblance to nature. Without ghost, and in good grammar, therefore, I am compelled to state simply that Gerald Grey was an intimate visitor in the family; that, by the intermarriage of some relatives of indefinite removal, he had a sufficient right to the precious appellation of "cousin;" that he had never seen the fair sisters till some few months before, when he returned from a long foreign residence, and that, being handsome and talented, and above all, remarkably well skilled in the *manège des amants*, and the mysteries of etiquet and Dr. Kitchiner, he had made himself especially agreeable to every member of the circle.

It was predicted by those who can see such things before they happen, that Mr. Gerald Grey would fall directly in love with Miss Helen — (excuse the surname, dear reader! a lady never has one in a story,) and the same good observers were confirmed in their opinion by the infallible test of appearances. It could not be denied that Helen was a magnificent creature. Her figure was large and full, without excess, and her motion had that indolent and floating grace with which women pass in dreams, and which is so particularly indescribable. She was a noble-hearted and sincere girl, without either genius or susceptibility; but she smiled like a goddess, and had that beautiful gift of modest, lady-like self-possession which becomes a woman so infinitely. She was the most fascinating creature in the world. Everybody was in love with her but our hero. He waited on her constantly, and interrupted everybody else's attentions to her, and seemed to all eyes to live only for her favor; but it was because she was the most admired woman in society, and

because he had known enough of fashion to know that the safest and most distinguishing thing a man can do, is to get himself reported the lover of the finest woman he knows. There was a perfect understanding between them; and as "falling in love" was an accident to which no belle is liable, there was no possible danger in the intimacy, and a great deal of positive convenience. She could call upon him for all those little services which it is such a *condescension* to allow, and which, of course, one hates to have indifferent people do. She could give him her fan to hold without the danger of receiving back a red-hot sonnet in its folds; and she could faint away in his arms without troubling herself to be elegant in the disposition of her person; and then he decoyed away all her dull admirers, and she had a standing engagement to dance with him, to avoid stupid partners; and she could call him when she was tired of talking, to stand by and be agreeable while she was silent. He called her carriage, and tied her slipper, and fanned her fan, and told her all the scandal, and was her dictionary to all the strange people, and her interpreter to all the foreign lions, and her confidential secretary in all etiquetrical correspondence. He was the most delightful of cousins. She was sure he would never fall in love with her; and as for herself, the tenderest thought she had was to wish, sometimes, in the rainy mornings, when she wanted to be amused, that he was her brother.

Had Gerald seen less of the world, he would, to the best of our knowledge, have done just what everybody expected him to do. To those who know too little of women and to those who know too much, a belle is irresistible. The unsettled taste of the one is bewildered by the same splendor that is necessary to the morbid taste of the other. But he had been in love with a hundred such women as Helen. They are universal. He had met them in every country he had seen, and had paid so often the general tribute, that he knew its value. He remembered enough of his metaphysics, too, to be aware that admiration leaves a perpetual thirst, and though he had the highest respect for Helen, and believed that she had all the proper feelings of a woman, he knew that the incense of fashion had unstrung, as it must ever, the delicate fibres of affection which constitute susceptibility, and that the quiet pulse of matrimony must be the veriest languor to a mind of such habitual excitement. He admired and respected the glorious creature—but he did not love her.

He *did* love Cecile. Not at first, and not all at once, as people do in story-books. He began with talking to her about poetry; and from that (for she was, like enthusiastic girls, a superb visionary) to discouraging of influences, and dreams, and wild theories of the stars; and then, by the most natural gradation possible, they came to the philosophy of feeling; and then—and then—it is difficult to say *what* then! He lent her his books, with the passages all marked, and sent her his portfolio of drawings, and his scrap-books, and his foreign album, and even, (a desperate, unprincipled thing is love!) showed her a package, tied with a blue ribbon, and marked "to be burned in case of my death," containing all the billets-doux and watch-papers and bad poetry that had been sent to him in his thousand by-gone flirtations. And then there was such delicate flattery in his gifts of flowers! He was the pest of the flower-pots for miles round. In the barrenest of seasons the heads of the sisters were decked with the freshest and most fragrant, bought and begged and stolen from hot-houses and old maids, and his sister's plant-closet, and always presented with a distinctive appropriateness worthy of a prime minister of Flora. Without looking at the label, Helen knew the large, magnificent bunch, with red and crimson and yellow cups, was for her, and the other—a simple white camellia perhaps, or a lily of the valley half hid in its own leaf, or a rose-bud, or a lemon blossom—Agnes put in her bosom by instinct, without looking once, (till she got to her chamber) at the French note which lay perdue among the stems, like a Love among the roses.

Gerald had seen a great deal of women. He had been (we fear it must be confessed) a desperate flirt. He had sworn fidelity to eyes of every color, and characters of every cast. He had been on the brink of fifty engagements, and mercy knows how many pretty tombstones with half-blown roses on them should come out of his pocket-money. But in all his experience he had never found so pure-hearted and lovely a being as his fair-haired and gentle cousin. She was a very spirit in comparison with other girls. Her thoughts were all beautiful and pure; and with her thin, graceful figure, and the almost perfect transparency of color in her lip and cheek, what is the wonder if her lover sometimes thought her an angel? I have known lovers as extravagant upon lighter evidence.

It goes to my heart to say a word against a hero; but it would not be becoming in a veracious historian to hold up false models of perfection. It discourages posterity. With many good and some indifferent qualities, then, Gerald had one fault—a morbid sensitiveness upon matters of feeling, which gave him much unnecessary trouble.

To be sure, it was an excellence overgrown. Nothing half so much increases the value of life as a sensibility to its moral delicacies. If well governed, it is an invaluable gift in a lover, being, as it is, the basis of all refinements, and the only thing that can preserve the freshness and first beauty of an affection. But in our hero's wandering and many-colored attachments, his sensibility had become diseased from over exercise; and a chance word, that would not have occasioned a thought to him once, was now matter for serious uneasiness. Philosopher as he was upon most subjects, he never gave himself time to reason upon feeling, and followed his first impulses with the headlong precipitation of a boy. Even in his comparatively brief acquaintance with Cecile, this quality had been the cause of much misunderstanding. Like all men of this temperament, he was fervent to romance in his attachments; and every word he uttered to the woman he loved, was breathed into her ear with the delicacy and earnest tenderness of a first avowal. At home and abroad his slight but flattering assiduities were ever unremitted. His high breeding and extreme tact enabled him to do this without attracting notice, and it was his unreasonableness that he expected from Cecile the same constant evidences of affection. He was by education a man of universal self-command and accomplishment. Without any apparent effort or absence of mind, he never lost sight of the woman he admired in company. He was gay and general in his attentions, and was too well bred to engross her beyond the most impalpable limit of propriety; but, in the midst of a conversation, in which his apparent interest was flattering in the most delicate manner the person to whom it was addressed, his careless but rapid glances caught every smile upon the face he loved, and laid up for his dreams every grace of gesture and motion. He possessed, too, that kind of ventriloquism which men of gallantry always acquire, and by which, in the midst of a crowd, and without the appearance of a whisper, the voice is thrown into the ear for which it is intended, and is entirely inaudible to every other! He could thus talk of the subject nearest his heart in the gayest company, and, with his habitual command of countenance, could make a declaration in a dance, without betraying to the most scrutinizing eye more than the superficial interest of a flirtation. He thus made every party the scene of a *tit-bit* and advanced his suit in situations where most men would not trust themselves with a look. With these facilities, and the consciousness of security, every look for Cecile had a meaning in it; and he expected as constant a reciprocation, without once reflecting that the power was confined to himself, and that a young and timid girl could not possibly possess that subtle faculty of exclusiveness which is attained only by the most liberal and elevated intercourse with society. Of course he was liable to be checked and hurt by any or all of the thousand barriers that surround a woman under the present scrupulous regime of society; and a look of indifference, where its opposite would have excited comment, or a careless word, where earnestness would have been deemed strange and unmaidenly, were things that broke him of his rest, and shook his trust in her fidelity.

On the evening to which we have alluded, he had called to make arrangements for attending his cousins to a fancy ball, to be given by one of the most fashionable families in the city. The rose-colored note, with its emphatic N. B. "Mrs. A. would be happy to see her friends in fancy dresses," stuck in the joint of the bronze standish, and around it upon the table lay the heaps of prints and books of costumes it had conjured up, in endless confusion. It was a type of the whole city. The world was in an uproar about it—those who had invitations harassing the milliners into impossible promises, and those who had not, predicting it would be a stupid affair, and wondering how people could encourage amusements of such immoral tendency. The theatres made splendid speculations on their tarnished wardrobes. The beaux walked the streets with the pearl-powder puckered all out of their foreheads with the intensity of their invention. The ladies forgot their languor, and pattered their little feet along the pave from shop to shop, regardless of every precept of Callisthenes; and the men-servants, who should have been putting the *chateau margot* into the coolers for their masters' dinner, were running between their mistresses and the milliner, with unuttered curses upon bandboxes legible in their very honest faces. Nothing else was talked of. The first question was, "Do you go to Mrs. A's?" and the second, "What is your character?" And then the pretty mystery the ladies made of their costumes, and the complimentary guesses that they were to be "sylphs" or "sultanas," and the telling the secret as a particular favor, and the promises to go in a character to correspond!—Oh! it was a sweet excitement—quite equal to an invasion! It was worth while, if it were only to remind one that the world revolved on its axis.

If you have not forgotten the beginning of my story, lady, you will remember that the characters of our fair friends, (for the ball of course,) were not yet settled. Cecile had left it to Helen, and Helen, as she did all other matters of taste, had left it to Gerald,

and Gerald had gone off angry, and given the whole matter, in his heart, to the — ("oh no! we never mention him!")

It was ten o'clock the next morning, and Gerald, having finished his breakfast, sat gazing into his empty coffee-cup, as if the departed Mocha had left an oracle in its dregs. Though it grows in the dominions of the prophet, however, coffee is innocent of the supernatural, and our hero saw only what he would have seen just as well in a tin dipper—the face of the lady Cecile, as distinctly as if it had been enamelled in the porcelain. There were also some two or three red-hot words in the back-ground, which our familiar could not decipher, but which he shrewdly guessed were the combustibles that had fired him so like a rocket the preceding evening. Poor Gerald! if he only would not expect so much from human nature!

Well! he had settled it all in his mind—Cecile did not love him, or she never would have answered him in so cold a tone when he spoke to her so tenderly—and he began to balance his spoon on the edge of the cup, to decide by the preponderance of either extremity whether to shoot himself or to make love to Helen. Before it was decided, a note came from Helen, beginning "My dear coz," and ending with "Yours ever," informing him that she had fixed upon the character of "Mary, Queen of Scots," for herself, and "Catherine Seyton," for Cecile, and he might choose between devoting himself to her as "Earl Douglas," or to Cecile, as "Roland Grème." Gerald sat a moment, and a smile, a very unusual smile, passed over his face. He crumpled the pretty Italian note all up in his hand, and rose to ring the bell, with his head set proudly back like an improvisatore. Alfonsé saw that something more than usual was the matter with his master, and, like a discreet valet, brought him what coat he pleased, without troubling him with questions, and then brushed his hat, and opened the door for him to go out, wondering in his simple French heart what that desperate look about his lip could possibly mean.

The evening came at last, and Gerald, who had not been to the house since he left it so abruptly, stopped at the door for his cousins. They were waiting for him, and aunt Tabitha and papa had a settled wager on his choice of the two characters. Cecile, too, had a silent, but evident interest in the question, and she colored to the temples when the bell rang, and was as pale as death, the moment after, when the door opened, and the servant announced "Earl Douglas." They all drew up, expecting that he would make his entrée in character, with unusual dignity. *Au contraire*. He danced into the room in the most violent spirits, made two apologies in a breath, tossed Whimsiculo up to the ceiling, kissed aunt Tabitha, shook hands with papa, and, making a gay bow to Helen, turned and met the fixed look of Cecile, and stood, with a quivering lip, as motionless as if he was frozen to the floor. Fortunately, Whimsiculo's revolutions in mid air had thrown him into convulsions, and before the confusion was over he had recovered his composure, unobserved, and it was time to go.

Cecile sat back silent in the corner of the carriage, and Helen wondered what there could be in pulling a glove off and on, to absorb the whole attention of a man who had kissed the perfumed fingers of half the women in Europe. She had just come to the conclusion that he was studying his character, when they stopped at some distance from Mrs. A.'s in the rear of a line of a hundred carriages. Gerald bore the delay very uneasily. They advanced step by step, and, as they drew nearer, they observed that a crowd was gathered about the door, attracted by the novelty of the spectacle. As one grotesque figure after another passed through them to the steps they expressed their surprise or approbation with the boisterous freedom of "independent voters;" and, as Gerald alighted, in his impatience to reconnoitre the passage, a shout of laughter rose from the crowd, and there was every indication of a scuffle. It occurred to him instantly that the populace might be forcing their way in; and pushing up the steps he seized a sailor who was insisting on admission, and, with a single effort, pitched him to the bottom. He was about helping another to the same level, when the tarpaulin hat fell off, and the elegant Brutus head of Mr. Adolphus O'Lavender presented itself.

"I say, Grey!" said an affected voice from the crowd below, "very shabby of you to treat a friend this way! If you don't come to my assistance, I shall be annihilated instantly, upon my honor!"

Another boisterous laugh from the "sovereign people" announced their amusement at the mistake; and Gerald, apologizing to his two friends, requested their assistance in getting Queen Mary and her Maid of Honor safely from the carriage.

The rooms were already full when they entered. They were announced in character, and after being presented to the lady of the house mingled with the motley multitude. For the first hour or two it was a mere spectacle of grotesque. The guests promenaded the rooms with all the gravity of well-bred people in the nineteenth century, a little increased by the awkwardness of their hasty and ill-adjusted gear. The Spanish cavalier fingered frequently his uncertain moustache, as his lip became irritated, and found the grace of a short cloak a matter of acrypha. The Mussulman lost his slipper, and the Shepherd's crook was in the way, and the scroll of the Sybil was crushed by the box of the Pedler. Every one felt made of glass, and every one was crowded. The tinsel and the gauds that a touch would break and tarnish, were ruffled by countless shoulders; and the faces of the "simple," who came "undressed," were the only ones brightened by enjoyment.

By the time supper was announced the company felt more at home in their stiff costumes, and the prospect for pleasure looked brighter. The rooms were splendidly lighted, and the gay and gaudy figures moving round the tables made a splendid show of the

picturesque. The stiffness of etiquette melted, as it always does, in wine; and the guests began to support, or what is better, travestie their characters. The "Queen of Night" laid down her leaden sceptre, and drank champagne with "Sir Peter Teazle." The "Jew" was detected with a ham-sandwich. "Queen Mary" and "Doctor Syntax" grew intimate over blanc-mange; and the "Lady of Lochleven," tired of her keys, committed them to "Figaro the Barber." A "Flower Girl" flirted with an "Earl" in the corner, and a "Swiss Peasant" lisped an opinion upon ices, and his holiness "the Pope" giggled with "Lady Racket" over the tender couplets of the confectionary. The "Novice" looked out mischievously from her white veil, and flirted by turns with admirers from every country under the sun. The "Monk" laid back his cowl from a head of the most approved perfume and curl, and swore on his veracity that "Anne Page" was divine. The "Turk" talked faster than any christian, and the "French Marquis" was a model of gravity, and "King Lear" stood with his white wig askew, and forgot in pickled oysters the ingratitude of his daughters.

I wish I could tell the whole story as gaily. It is a thousand pities the world goes so by contrast—that a merry tale must have sad passages, and a bright picture be shaded, and a minor key be necessary to music. If I had my own way, now, I would marry Gerald and Cecile outright. Something should turn up to explain the whole matter, and they should be reconciled and go to church in a coach drawn by six horses; and I would describe the bride's dress, and the bridegroom's, and the ten bridesmaids, and the rebuses at the wedding visit, and the serenade under the bride's window, and wind off with the epithalamium found under the bride's plate the next morning at breakfast, and some suitable remarks tending to encourage true lovers and promote matrimony. There are two unfortunate reasons, however, why this cannot be such a model of a story. In the first place, because it is not true, and that is not the way the gods chose it should happen; and in the second place, because, if it had happened so, I should not have dared to tell it, it being well ascertained that it is a mortal offence to the upper benches of boarding-schools to permit lovers to be happy before the end of the last chapter.

It was getting late as Gerald turned from the circle formed round the waltzers, and passing his hand over his eyes to recover from his dizziness, threw himself upon a sofa. The other end was occupied by a lady, but he was busy with his own thoughts, and did not perceive immediately that it was Cecile. He rose at the discovery, and seating himself at her side, asked some indifferent question, and became instantly absorbed in watching a pastille lamp, that was sending up the odor of its burnt spices in a pale thin smoke, from a small altar of alabaster. There is no knowing how long so deep a reverie might have lasted, had not the music suddenly changed to a particular waltz which was played under Cecile's pillow every night of her sweet life by the divinest little French musical box, presented to her, (as the note she read every time she wound it up expressed it), "by her very affectionate cousin, Gerald Grey." It is surprising how a very little circumstance will overturn a very magnanimous resolution. Gerald had come to the ball with a desperate vow in his heart, to be as excessively civil to Cecile as if love was a mere matter of poetry. He had locked the door upon Alfonsé, to that worthy person's mingled grief and indignation, before his toilet was half completed; and after practising a cold look before the glass for an hour, had really wrought himself up to the hallucination that he was capable of such a precious piece of martyrdom. Well—the waltz went on, and as the second bar stole out from Bennett's eloquent cremona, the fascination of the pastille lamp began to waver. The eye of our hero wandered about the pedestal of the altar, and from that to the square toe of his pump, and then, with a sudden calmness, he twirled his glove once round his forefinger and looked up:—

"Cecile!"

But Cecile was proud, (there is no pride, lady, like that of a *timid* girl,) and it was not a mere word that was to allay the fever of her indignant heart, or remove from her beautiful lip the calm scorn that concealed every trace of emotion. Not that she cared for atonement; but she felt that her sincere affection had been trifled with, carelessly, and without reason, and she could not forgive him till he was sensible of it. His petulant and hasty departure on his last evening visit had first surprised her. She was low-spirited and sick that night, and she had answered him she knew not what, except that it was not meant unkindly. It was evident, from his manner and his unusually long absence, that he was offended; but she believed him generous, though hasty; and after the request he had made to attend her particularly at the ball, and the time he had since had for reflection, she was sure he would not fail to embrace the opportunity, offered him by the choice of characters, for a reconciliation. His appearance as Helen's attendant in the costume of the Earl had disappointed her, but still she was rather pained than offended; and it was not till he added to all this a frivolous indifference, and a well-bred neglect little short of insult, that her indignation was roused, and she permitted herself to feel resentment.

She did not start when she heard her name, but drawing up her graceful neck, and bending her head slightly, the least in the world, towards him, she waited with a coolness that looked mightily like earnest, for him to proceed. For once in his life, Gerald was embarrassed. There was something in the look of the hitherto gentle and timid girl for which he was not prepared, and between the contending feelings of love and pride, and a vague fear that after all he might be wrong, he bit his lip till the blood came, and was silent. An intimate acquaintance now approached, and asked Cecile to waltz. Gerald started.

"You will not waltz now, Cecile?"

She hesitated a moment, and the refusal trembled on her lip, but her pride rallied instantly, and giving her hand to her partner with a deliberate grace, she left him.

It was now Gerald's turn to be heroic. He called for a repetition of Cecile's favorite waltz, and dashed across the room to a beautiful widow who was surrounded with claimants for her hand, and insisted so violently that she was engaged to waltz next with him, that she was persuaded, in spite of her memory, and the positive asseveration of nine veracious beaux to the contrary. He had learned to waltz abroad, and was always remarkable for his elegance, but he never danced so gracefully as now. His whole soul seemed to be in his motion, and as the gay lady entered into it with as much spirit as himself, they soon attracted the undivided attention of the company, and were left alone upon the floor. His partner was a woman of splendid figure, admirably adapted for display, and it was really a beautiful show as they floated about in the graceful and voluptuous circles of the waltz.

What a short-sighted villain for a demi-god was Comus, to wish that there was a window in men's bosoms! How then would it have been possible for Gerald Grey to be so beautifully dramatic, as to conceal the very bitterness of his heart under a mask of gaiety? and then, besides, would not the fashionable world have lost the report of a new engagement, a circumstance as necessary to the happiness of the next morning as the punctuality of the ever-to-be paid Manuel to his appointed hour. There was not a lady in the room who looked on Gerald's bright face as he rose and fell to the graceful impulse of the music, who would not have staked "honor bright and shining" on his being past recovery in love with the "six thousand a year" that was now getting dizzy on his arm, and looking up into his eyes from her half drooped and shadowy lashes like a creature in a dream—the expression was so exultingly happy! Never was there a more complacent smile than his on the face of a human being. It was, indeed, far too happy for the leader of the *elite*; and if he had not looked particularly miserable, and cut his bosom friend the next day in Broadway, his decision upon the next "tie" would have had no more weight than a congress member's.

The music stopped, and Gerald led away his partner to her place, and leaning over to her ear, talked to her with an air of utter devotion, till her score of admirers gathered again around her. When her attention was no longer exclusively his, his object was accomplished, and, strolling off with an air of carelessness, he went in search of Helen.

She was sitting on a *chaise longue*, playing with an ice, and speaking occasionally to one and another of a crowd of fashionable men gathered in a circle around. She made room for Gerald beside her, and he sat down and listened with the proper resignation to compliments upon his brilliant display in the waltz, and the usual agreeable pleasantries upon his favor with the belle widow.

"Helen," said he, as she laid the least divisible fraction of ice upon her exquisite lip, "I think I have heard you say that a ball is the place of all others for an offer."

"Positively, Gerald! and the widow no doubt accepted you?" added the gay girl, with her musical laugh, and a mischievous glance at his face, as if she had anticipated a confession.

"But do you really think it the best place?" he asked again, so earnestly that she suspected for a moment that it was true.

"Far—far—my dear Cœlebs! for if the offer is an agreeable one, a monosyllable is enough, and if it is not, one can get away, you know, and there is no chance for Despair to be pathetic and blow out his brains and frighten one. No place like it, Gerald!" and she played "*c'est l'amour*" with her spoon upon the glass, and patted her foot as if it was a subject of the least interest in the world to her.

"It is a pretty cameo!" said Gerald, taking up the ungloved hand, as it fell after giving her glass to a gentleman; and under pretence of examining it more minutely, he leaned forward, and pressing the white fingers with a nervous violence, said something in a low earnest tone which engrossed her whole attention instantly.

"But Cecile!"—said she, at last, as she stopped, with the blood glowing in his temples, and his lips set firmly together—

"No—Helen—no! I have loved Cecile—and that sincerely. I could again—worship her if you will—for she is all that is fair and noble. But she is fickle—very fickle—and too young to love—and does not—nay, do not interrupt me—I *know* she does not, love me! I dare not commit my happiness to her. She would become weary of me in a day—I am sure she would—and I have struggled against my affection for her—and it is yours—all and for ever, Helen—if you will have it!"

Helen sunk back on her seat, and pressed her hand upon her eyes. A thunderbolt could not have astonished her more. Gerald rose and stood before her a moment, to screen her from observation, and then, whispering a caution in her ear to conceal her agitation, he left her.

I fear I must advance a new theory of love. I do not see how I can get my hero out of difficulty on the old one. It is manifestly against every established principle of romance for a gentleman to love one lady and make love to another; and I fear if I attempt to account for it on a natural principle, notwithstanding the enlightened spirit of the age, I shall be shut up like Galileo "for a profane person." Like other martyrs, however, I will keep my eye on the reward; and, as I doubt not to be enrolled among the illuminati, in after ages, with Copernicus and Captain Symmes, I state my belief in defiance of death and the inquisition, that, under certain influences not laid down in philosophy, a man may love one lady and make love to another. It has been too long the fashion among song-

singers and tale-tellers to represent the hero, through all difficulties, and under all misunderstandings, faithful and true. Human nature, as they show it, must be either stone or angelic. The lover is slighted, (or thinks so, which is the same thing in love as well as law,) and they permit him to feel no resentment. He is convinced that he is not loved, and, though no jury would go out upon the evidence, and he is barbarously misused by his mistress, he pines on, in the teeth of depravity and the doctors. She may neglect him, and abuse him, curl her hair even with his sonnets, and she is still the adorable Blousabella; nay, she may marry and forget him, and he is no theme for poetry if he does not live a bachelor, and and leave his money to her children! Now however this might be done in the days of Barbara Allen and Chevalier Bayard, such principles in our time are manifestly false and pernicious. The age has altered essentially. The sometime fashion of love has gone out. Constancy is a worm-eaten tradition, "laid up in lavender," with high heels and petticoats of brocade. The "lions" of the nineteenth century would never fall at the feet of Una; and Penelope, if she did not incontinently cut Ulysses, would be the most neglected of "wall-flowers." Flirtation is the chief end of woman, and "tit-for-tat" the motto of lovers' quarrels. A rejected beau compasses heaven and earth to marry for spite somebody richer or prettier, and humility and heroism are (alas!) but country cousins in the fashionable family of the Virtues.

Gerald had no doubt in his own mind that he loved Cecile far better than Helen. He knew perfectly well that if he was sure of winning and retaining her affection, there would be no comparison between that and his present chance for happiness. But he was not hero enough to forswear all good because he could not secure the greatest, and his first thought after his supposed discovery of Cecile's indifference—one that did more credit to the common sense than the romance of his character—was to see how much of the wreck of his hopes could be saved, and what next to the possession of his first object was attainable. He knew that Helen would never marry "for love" merely; that her affections would follow her duty, if the object were worthy, and that respect and the indulgent assidues of good breeding would come fully up to her expectations of matrimonial felicity. He did not dream, therefore, that he was acting ungenerously by his gay cousin; and as there was not another woman in the world, except Cecile, whom he would have preferred, and her extreme dignity and knowledge of the elegant refinements of life were qualities not to be impaired by time, he was certain that his affection for her, however doubtful at first, would increase daily. He did not more than half suspect that, with all his philosophy, his principal reason for addressing her was to be Cecile's brother. In all his reveries upon the subject Cecile's image as an inmate under his roof had been the prominent feature. The development of her beautiful mind had been a study of exceeding interest to him, and his imagination dwelt more than he was aware on the delightful confidence she would have in him as her sister's husband, and the privileges it would bring of familiar and daily intercourse. Instead of dreaming of domestic *tetes-à-tetes* with Helen, he was imagining Cecile in all the varieties of her new relation. He fancied her sitting by him in the twilight, and riding with him in the summer days, and speculating with him by the winter's fire on the fine topics of knowledge. It is, doubtless, one of the most delightful relations in the world, and all its possible circumstances came up successively in his mind till he believed it was better, after all, as it was, and that the happiness of both would be more certainly secured by the result. A slight feeling of pride, too, mingled with these anticipations. He felt that he had not been fully appreciated by Cecile, and he looked forward to a fuller development of his character with something very like exultation. He believed that the occasional indifference upon which he had relied for testimony arose from weariness of his society; but he remembered that he had seldom seen her alone, and that the conversation had always been of that forced and negative character which the presence of others renders necessary. This difficulty would now be removed, and, as the whole course of his education had tended to accomplish him in those minute delicacies of manner and feeling which are so invaluable at the fireside, it was perhaps an allowable vanity in him to calculate on an increase of respect and affection with a more intimate acquaintance. It was altogether a very tolerable picture, and though every thought of Helen vanished from his mind in the presence of Cecile, he was, at other times, passably content, and contrived to bear his loss without regarding the evil spirit who waits on disappointed lovers with pistols and laudanum.

The morning after the ball Gerald received a note from Helen, sealed without any of her usual quaint and expressive devices, and containing two pages written in a close, plain, matter-of-fact looking character. I should be delighted to tell you all about it, lady, but you must be aware that it would fall under the observation of other eyes than yours, and as it involves a new theory of love, and I know not how it will be received by the world, I am bound by an imperative policy to defer it. If, however, you are anxious to know whether Helen accepted him or not, or if you are interested that he should, after all, marry Cecile, the slightest token from your fair hand intimating your wishes will be gallantly attended to.

An epigram is like an olive—a thing for which a taste must be acquired. There is a fine relish about a good one to a discriminating lover of such things. The following excellent couplet was made upon Lord Dalhousie, when he ordered the Plains of Abraham to be ploughed and sown:

Some care for honor, others care for groats,
Here Wolfe reaped glory and Dalhousie oats.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

STRANGE GROUNDS OF DIVORCE.—The Bulgarian marries very young, the wives being from twelve to thirteen years of age. In the villages the Bulgarian couple pass their lives very amicably together; but in the larger towns, such as Adrianople, they divorce on the slightest pretence; and I must be excused for saying that it is by the ladies that these divorces are generally desired. They very often take place six weeks after marriage. A short time before we came to Adrianople, a very pretty young woman had offered her services to Mrs. Duveluz. She said that she had just been married to a man who had promised her a *ferigee*, (a sort of loose cloak,) but, added she, "he is a poor wretch, and cannot perform his promise; so I shall get divorced, as I can gain nothing by remaining longer with him."—*Major Keppel's Journey across the Balkan.*

A BOLD EXPERIMENT.—The missionaries had for several years endeavored to produce a change of religion in the island (Otaheite) by explaining to the natives the fallacy of their belief, and assuring them that the threats of their deities were absurd; Hettotte at length determined to put their assertions to the test, by a breach of one of the strictest laws of his religion, and resolved either to die under the experiment, or to embrace the new faith. A custom prevailed of offering pigs to the deity, which were brought to the moral and placed upon whittas, or fautas, for the purpose. From that moment they were considered sacred, and if afterwards any human being, the priests excepted, dared to commit so great a sacrilege as to partake of the offering, it was supposed that the offended god would punish the crime with instant death. Hettotte thought a breach of this law would be a fair criterion of the power of the deity, and accordingly stole some of the consecrated meat, and retired with it to a solitary part of the wood, to eat it, and perhaps to die. Having partaken of the food he expected at each mouthful to experience the vengeance he had provoked, and he waited a considerable time in the wood in awful suspense; until, finding himself rather refreshed than otherwise, by his meal, he quitted the retreat, and went quietly home. For several days he kept his secret, but finding no bad effects from his transgression, he disclosed it to every one, renounced his religion, and embraced christianity.—*Beechey's voyage to the Pacific.*

SOLOMON AND QUEEN SHEBA.—The power of Solomon having spread his wisdom to the utmost parts of the known world, Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendor of his reputation, visited the poetical king at his own court. There, one day, to exercise the sagacity of the monarch, Sheba presented herself at the foot of the throne; in each of her hands she held a wreath, one composed of natural flowers, the other of artificial. The florist, whoever he was, had so exquisitely imitated the real natives of the garden, that at the distance it was held by the queen, for the king's inspection, it was deemed impossible for him to answer the question she put him, which wreath was the production of nature and which of art? The sagacity of Solomon seemed perplexed. The honor of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished, and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length an expedient presented itself to the king, and it must be confessed, worthy of the natural philosopher. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he had it opened; the bees rushed into the court, and immediately alighted on one of the wreaths, whilst not a single one fixed on the other. The baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

[We have read of another test to which the queen put the wise man's discernment. She selected the most effeminate looking boys she could find, and intermingling them in female dresses with the same number of girls, asked him, as he sat at a distance, "which was which." Solomon ordered balls to be put into the hands of the young multitude, and that every individual should throw them at some object, one by one. The different manner in which this action was performed enabled him to pronounce on the sex.]

GENERAL LAFAYETTE.—The departure of General Lafayette for America, is thus noticed in a Paris paper in the year 1777: "*Paris, April 4.*—One of the richest of our young nobility, the Marquis de Lafayette, a relation of the Duke de Noailles, between nineteen and twenty years of age, has at his own expense hired a frigate, and provided everything necessary for a voyage to America, with two officers of his acquaintance. He set out last week, having told his lady and family that he was going to Italy. He is to serve as a major general in the American army. On the other hand, the Count de Bulkely, an Irish gentleman, who is a major general in the French service, is going, with the leave of his majesty, to offer himself to the king of Great Britain to serve against the Americans."—*British Magazine.*

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.—Of all the moral advantages of the new system of education, (Lancastrian) perhaps the greatest arises from the mildness of the punishments which it imposes. Its punishments appeal to the rational, not to the animal nature of man; and are calculated to influence the principles of the mind, rather than to impose torture on his body. Every blow inflicted for the correction of a bad action, excites ten bad feelings; and it is somewhat absurd to attempt to purify the stream by corrupting the source. A boy may be flogged for a fault, and the fault may be corrected; but it is corrected not in consequence of the flogging, but in spite of it. No virtuous principle was ever instilled into the human mind by stripes: their only effect is to irritate and harden, to make slaves, and train up tyrants.—*Westminster Review.*

STRIKING REFLECTIONS, ENDING WITH A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE.—Some things, it is true, are more prominent, and lead to more serious consequences than others, so as to excite a greater share of attention and applause. Public characters, authors, warriors, statesmen, &c. nearly monopolize public consideration in this way, and we are apt to judge of their merit by the noise they make in the world. Yet none of these classes would be willing to make the rule absolute; for a favorite player gains as much applause as any of them. A poet stands a poor chance either of popularity with the vulgar, or influence with the great, against a fashionable opera-dancer or singer. Reputation or notoriety is not the stamp of merit. Certain professions, like certain situations, bring it into greater notice, but have perhaps no more to do with it than birth or fortune. Opportunity sometimes indeed "throws a cruel sunshine on a fool." I have

known several celebrated men, and some of them have been persons of the weakest capacity, yet accident had lifted them into general notice, and probably will hand their memories down to posterity. There are names written in her immortal scroll, at which Fame blushes!—*Hazlitt's Characteristics.*

JOHN ABELL, a gentleman of the chapel royal in the reign of Charles the second, was celebrated for a fine counter-tenor voice, and for his skill in playing the lute. The king wished to send him to the carnival at Venice, to show the Italians that there were good voices in England. This event, however, did not take place. In 1688 he was discharged from his situation, on account of his adherence to the Romish communion. He went abroad, and greatly distinguished himself by singing in public in several of the towns of Germany. He amassed great sums, but, as he lived profusely, he was often reduced to the necessity of travelling with his lute on his back, and often suffered many hardships. In his rambles he got as far as Poland. On his arrival at Warsaw, the king sent for him. Abell at first refused to attend the summons, but was prevailed upon to make his appearance at last. On his arrival at the palace he was seated on a chair, and drawn up to a great height from the floor of a spacious hall. Soon afterwards the king and his attendants appeared in a gallery opposite to him, and at the same time a number of bears were let loose below! The king gave him the choice whether he would sing or be let down among the bears. Abell wisely chose the former, and he declared afterwards that he never sang so well in his life as he did in his cage.—*Musical Biography.*

PLAIN PSALM-SINGING originated with Calvin. His separation from the church of Rome was founded on opposition to its discipline as well as its tenets, and in particular he laid the musical part of the service under great restraints. The whole of the music adopted by him consisted of that plain metrical psalmody which is now in general use among the reformed churches, and in the parochial churches of England. This seems to have been the origin of the practice of *psalmody*. Calvin employed a musician, Guillaume Franc, to set the psalms to easy tunes of one part only; and in this work the composer succeeded so well, that the people became almost infatuated with the love of psalm-singing. Even in the field of battle this has been made an incentive to courage. In the frequent insurrections of the reformers against their persecutors a psalm, sung by four or five hundred of their party, answered all the purpose of warlike music.—*London Harmonicon.*

THE WEALTH OF SIBERIA.—After telling us that blocks of native gold, of ten to twenty pounds weight, have been found in the gold mines, Mr. Dobell says, "Siberia produces a great variety of precious stones. The principal ones are the yellow and white topaz, amethysts, crystals of various sorts, aquamarines of different colors, hyacinths, sapphires, emeralds, a species of the ruby, garnets, &c.; also onyx, jasper, agate, porphyry, and marble, in great abundance. There are also silver mines in Perm. The adamant or loadstone, of strong attractive powers, is common there. Asbestos also is found in such quantities, that gloves are made of it at Ecatherineburg, as curiosities to sell to travellers. When soiled they are cleaned by putting them into a red-hot fire, the most intense heat only serving to whiten, without in any degree consuming, this extraordinary fossil. We may say with truth, there is scarcely a mineral or a fossil in nature that is not found in Siberia."—*Dobell's Travels in Siberia.*

CHINESE ABSURDITIES.—When the Hong merchants of China are summoned before the collector of customs, they present themselves on their knees, knocking their foreheads six, nine, or twelve times against the ground, before they are noticed and permitted to change their posture. And when they rise, they dare not lift their eyes higher than the level of the fifth button on the mandarin's breast! It is an unpardonable affront (or only atoned for by some strokes of the bamboo) should they chance to look him in the face. It would appear that the old proverb, "A cat may look at a king," has no parallel in China! Any one called before a judge to give his evidence or otherwise, is always obliged to knock his head at least three times to the ground, and is not suffered to speak, except in answer to the interrogatories which are put to him. Two men with bamboos stand near to punish him who infringes this rule. When they wish to swear a witness, a live cock and a knife are presented to him, and he is obliged to cut off the cock's head, at the moment of taking the oath. The cutting off the cock's head is considered in the same light as kissing the bible with us.—*Ibid.*

ORIGIN OF THE WORD VALET.—Varlet, valletton, squire, and damoiseau, are frequently used synonymously [in the thirteenth century] although the last title belongs more particularly to the following century. They were not merely servants, in the modern acceptation of the word, being also aspirants to the profession of knight or man-at-arms. The *valet*, therefore, degenerate as he is, may be proud of his ancestral dignity. In a house account of Philip le Bel [end of the thirteenth century] the three children of the king are called Varlets (La Roque de la Nobl.); and in Villehardouin the son of the emperor of the east is termed Varlet of Constantinople.

THE LATE AMIABLE RULER OF THE POLES.—When the Grand Duke Constantine was travelling in Germany, he on one occasion, weary of the slow progress he made, ordered the post-boy repeatedly to drive faster, but to no purpose; he then threatened to shoot him if he did not quicken his pace; the postillion persisted in joggling on at his own rate, which so provoked the grand duke, that he drew a pistol, and shot him dead upon the spot.—*Lumsden's Journey.*

LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN.—He gets up leisurely, breakfasts comfortably, reads the paper regularly, dresses fashionably, lounges fastidiously, eats a tart gravely, talks insipidly, dines considerably, drinks superfluously, kills time indifferently, sups elegantly, goes to bed stupidly, and lives uselessly.—*French paper.*

THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.—The London Courier makes the following mention of Mr. Paulding's new novel: "Before we reviewed this work, we had seen some extracts in the New-York MIRROR from the American edition, which appears to have been sent to press before our own. What we then read gave us a high opinion of the book, which has been confirmed by a perusal of the whole. Those who have perused with interest the former publications of this author, will be much pleased with the present work."

SKETCH OF A SCHOOLFELLOW.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

He sat by me at school. His face is now Vividly in my mind, as if he went From me but yesterday—its pleasant smile, And the rich, joyous laughter of his eye, And the free play of his unhaughty lip, So redolent of his heart! He was not fair, Nor singular, nor over-fond of books, And never melancholy when alone. He was the heartiest in the ring, the last Home from the summer wanderings, and the first Over the threshold when the school was done. All of us loved him. We shall speak his name In the far years to come, and think of him When we have lost life's simplest passages, And pray for him—forgetting he is dead— Life was in him so passing beautiful!

His childhood had been wasted in the close And airless city. He had never thought That the blue sky was ample, or the stars Many in heaven, or the chainless wind Of a medicinal freshness. He had learn'd Perilous tricks of manhood, and his hand Was ready, and his confidence in himself Bold as a quarrelor's. Then he came away To the unshelter'd hills, and brought an eye New as a babe's to nature, and an ear As ignorant of its music. He was sad. The broad hill-sides seem'd desolate, and the woods Gloomy and dim, and the perpetual sound Of wind and waters and unquiet leaves Like the monotony of a dirge. He pined For the familiar things until his heart Sick'n'd for home!—and so he stole away To the most silent places, and lay down To weep upon the mosses of the slopes, And follow'd listlessly the silver streams Till he found out the unsunn'd shadowings, And the green openings to the sky, and grew Fond of them all insensibly. He found Sweet company in the brooks, and loved to sit And bathe his fingers wantonly, and feel The wind upon his forehead; and the leaves Took a beguiling whisper to his ear, And the bird-voices music, and the blast Swept like an instrument the sounding trees. His heart went back to its simplicity As the stirr'd waters in the night grow pure— Sadness and silence and the dim-lit woods Won on his love so well—and he forgot His pride, and his assumingness, and lost The mimicry of the man, and so unlearn'd His very character, till he became As diffident as a girl.

'Tis very strange How nature sometimes wins upon a child, Th' experience of the world is not on him, And poetry has not upon his brain Left a mock thirst for solitude, nor love Writ on his forehead the effeminate shame Which hideth from men's eyes. He has a full, Shadowless heart, and it is always toned More merrily than the chastened voice of winds And waters—yet he often, in his mirth, Stops by the running brooks, and suddenly Loiters, he knows not why, and at the sight Of the spread meadows and the lifted hills Feels an unquiet pleasure, and forgets To listen for his fellows. He will grow Fond of the early star, and lie awake Gazing with many thoughts upon the moon, And lose himself in the deep chamber'd sky With his untaught philosophies. It breeds Sadness in older hearts, but not in his; And he goes merrier to his play, and shouts Louder the joyous call—but it will sink Into his memory like his mother's prayer, For after years to brood on.

Cheerful thoughts Rose to the home-sick boy as he became Wakeful to beauty in the summer's change, And he came oftener to our noisy play, Cheering us on with his delightful shout Over the hills, and giving interest With his keen spirit to the boyish game. We loved him for his carelessness of himself, And his perpetual mirth; and though he stole Sometimes away into the woods alone, And wandered unaccompanied when the night Was beautiful, he was our idol still; And we have not forgotten him, though time Has blotted many a pleasant memory Of boyhood out, and we are wearing old With th' unplayfulness of this grown-up world.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

CURIOSITY.

I hate that low vice—curiosity; But if there's any thing in which I shine, 'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs, Not having of my own domestic cares.—Don Juan.

I was one morning sipping my coffee, in the village of B., and cogitating on the supreme merits of Mocha over every other beverage, when a loud, and somewhat shrill treble, apparently from the lungs of a person not in a consumption, interrupted my meditations. I arose and opened the door. A round, inquisitive female visage peered through the aperture, and shortly after the neck, shoulders,

and the whole body corporate attached to the aforesaid physiognomy entered the room. I soon recognised in the alert eye and compact face of the stranger, the countenance of a lady to whom I had sometime before had the small pleasure of an introduction.

"Ah, Mr. McPherson," said she, "good morning. Caught you at breakfast, eh!—just sipping your first cup, I suppose. You old bachelors have your devotions, I perceive, as well as other people—but pray don't let me interrupt you—don't, I beseech you—was passing, and thought I would just step in upon you."

"Won't you keep me company, madam?" said I.

"No, no, I thank you, can't stop but a moment. Lord! what a pretty card-rack you have got here—I'll just look at it."

Miss Aurelia Giggie was a young lady, and had been a young lady for the last twenty years at least: she had reached that "certain age" that Byron calls "a most uncertain age," and which, unless one has access to the "family chronicle," or to the recollections of the "oldest inhabitant," is apt to remain uncertain. She was heir to a respectable fortune, and a tolerably respectable face; and yet she was unmarried. Whether her power of loquacity acted as a barrier to the connubial state, or whether it was that overpowering spirit of curiosity she possessed to an extraordinary extent, that frightened away her lovers, I know not. Her own reasons, to say the least of them, were reasonable reasons. She had refused a dozen "good matches," for no other cause in the world, than that they did not suit her. She was the chronicle of the village—the walking bulletin—the herald of strange events. Nothing transpired that she did not know of, and, as if she was blessed with omniscience, seemed to have knowledge of coincident facts, from actual observation, so immediate was her information, and so positive was she of the truth of it. She was as curious as a Yankee girl, fresh from the Green Mountains, and was never satisfied in her morning visits unless she had made some new discovery, or ascertained that no secret in that family was undeveloped to her. Nor was she so selfish as to wish to gain all this information without a certain *quid pro quo*—on the contrary, she amused you with anecdote, while at the same time she was putting you to the torture by her persevering curiosity to know every thing, and her anxiety to regulate every thing relating to your personal or domestic economy. Her whole life was thus devoted to her neighbors. She was certainly the most disinterested individual I ever knew; her mornings were occupied in visiting her acquaintances, and arranging their family affairs for them in a way as kind as it was unexpected.

"Do you know," said she, "that I think this rack is too large? and I do not like the shape—you should have one in the form of a harp; and now I think of it, I shall send to New-York to-morrow, and you shall have one of the proper fashion."

"Thank you, Miss Giggie."

"Miss B. is to be married soon, they say. Dear me, how the girls go off—to Capt. S. You know him, I believe."

"I have seen him," said I, "but—"

"They say he is of a good family, in the north. How old may he be?"

"I don't know—thirty, perhaps."

"Thirty! bless me! so old! Why, what a fool the girl is! What a beautiful set of china that is—it is china, is it not?"

"I believe it is."

"You did not buy that yourself, did you?"

"No, it was a present."

"From some lady, I dare say."

"Yes."

"Do I know her?"

"I presume not."

"Who was it, pray? Was it Miss S.? She was once a great friend of yours."

"No."

"Who was it then?"

"My mother."

"Indeed, ah!"

She was satisfied, and bade me good morning. There had been a couple of friends of mine in town the day before, who had called and left a card. Miss Aurelia knew this—had seen the strangers stop at my house, and leave the door without coming in. She had been in agony the whole day to find out who they were—of course she was unsuccessful, as they staid but one hour, and knew no one but myself in the village. I was indebted, therefore, for this visit to her curiosity to find out who they were—she saw the card, and her object was accomplished—but happening to observe something on my table she had never seen before, she was doubly satisfied in her visit, by ascertaining how it came into my possession. I walked out, just after she left, with the intention of calling upon some families, when I saw the penny post going out of the garden gate—the door was open, and I walked into the hall without ringing, and perhaps without much noise. Casting my eyes into the front parlor as I passed, I beheld, standing at a small work table with her back towards me, my late visitor, Miss Giggie. From the situation of the mirror, that stood just in front of her, I could perceive that she was busily engaged in turning and twisting a sealed letter with a great deal of hurry and impatience. I felt that my situation was certainly not a very honorable one; but considering the occupation of the person on whom my observation was fixed, I thought it no great matter to place myself against the wainscot, and observe more particularly her operations. After a great deal of prying about the edges of the inclosure, and after turning it over and examining the superscription a number of times, she looked warily around the room, to be sure that no one was observing her, and then, with a pan-knife that was lying on the escrutoire beside her, very carefully split the wafer, opened the letter, and began to peruse the contents. I

left her in this praiseworthy occupation, and walked into the back room, where I was soon joined by the hostess.

"I saw Williams in the yard; I wonder if he brought me any letters?" said she; a servant came in and answered the question, and at the same moment Miss Giggie entered the room.

"My dear Miss D.," said she, "how well you do look; *re'ely* this warm weather seems to agree with you young people. I have been looking at the pictures in the other room—you have a fine collection, Miss D., but *re'ely*, if I might presume to offer a word of advice as to their arrangement on the walls, I should say that if that large painting of the Saracen was a *leetle* nearer the light, the delicacy of the coloring would be more perfectly apparent—but I am detaining you—I saw your maid with some letters in her hand just now."

"Yes," said Miss D., "and here they are." She took the letters from the stand and was glancing over the directions, "Bless me!" she cried, "that post must outspeed the wind—here is a letter post-marked 'Boston,' that has traveled over one hundred miles with such velocity that the seal has not had time to dry," and glanced at Miss Giggie.

"Indeed!" said this personage, while the natural bronze of her face assumed a still browner hue; "indeed! but now I remember reading an account of one of the mails being dropped in the water, while crossing the Potomac—perhaps your letter came in the bag."

This is a true picture, and if it shall meet the eye of the individual for whom it is meant, perhaps it may be the means of arresting that dishonorable curiosity, and that tell-tale prattle which has already created ill feelings and unjust suspicions in the midst of the happiest and worthiest community it was ever my good fortune to meet with. Although these habits of impertinent curiosity are not of so black a kind as to bring the offenders under the jurisdiction of a court of justice, yet they may render them disagreeable companions, and go far to interrupt the peace and happiness of the social circles. Just in proportion as modesty and ingenuousness are attractive and graceful qualities in woman, this petty, mean, prying spirit is contemptible and disgusting. It outweighs all accomplishments, and neutralizes a thousand virtues. However susceptible a man may be to female charms, one such degrading exhibition of weakness would entirely freeze his heart; at least I am certain it would mine; and if I were a young, likely fellow, and was even engaged to marry the girl of my choice, I am afraid my passion could not outlive such a sight. I have heard somewhere of a gentleman who broke off a match which promised very profitable, as well as agreeable results to all parties, because on suddenly opening the parlor door he caught the bride on her knees with her ear to the key-hole. For my part I am naturally prone to confidence in all the world. I cannot look a lady or gentleman in the face and deliberately believe them capable of exploring other people's drawers, stealing an examination of letters or papers, or striving to overhear private conversations. I conceive it to be fully equivalent to stealing. Indeed I rather prefer that such an officious meddler should take money from my pocket than acquire possession of the contents of many of my papers. Yet I conceive the crime, for it perfectly merits the appellation, to be so totally incompatible with the feelings and characters of a lady or gentleman, that I frequently leave my books and desk exposed, and scarcely admit in my most secret thoughts that any of my acquaintances could take advantage of a generous confidence in their integrity, and disgrace themselves by this moral petty larceny.

As I have commenced this essay with the recital of a misdemeanor in a female, I cannot do better than end it with one of an opposite description, which may counterbalance the other. A wild young fellow married a lovely girl, and having been long addicted to habits of dissipation, even the sincere attachment which he entertained towards his wife could not entirely disentangle him from its snares. His occasionally irregular hours would have given any but one of so pure and sweet a disposition every reason to suspect that she did not hold that place in his affection which was her right; but this reflection scarcely ever intruded upon her spirits. The husband was far from being cruel, and really loved her, but his disposition was weak and his companions eloquent, and he seemed rather to grow worse than better in his habits. It happened once that he was called out of town, and in his haste left behind him a letter, in which, to please an unprincipled friend, he had spoken of his wife in terms of carelessness, if not of derision, and dilated freely upon his general course of life. Imagine the anxiety and suspense of the startled profligate when he found himself borne by a rapid steamboat upon a journey which must necessarily be of several days duration, and remembering distinctly that the fatal letter was left exposed and unsealed upon his wife's table. He recollected also with a pang, that he had wantonly, in answer to her inquiries, boasted that it contained a profound secret, which he would not have revealed for the world. He paced the deck in an agony of disappointment and shame. He pictured her opening the letter, turning pale with horror and indignation—perhaps fainting with anguish—alarmed the servants—flying to her father—renouncing him forever. As soon as possible he returned, but with a sinking heart, to his dwelling, bracing himself up to meet the fury of an enraged and wretched woman. He opened the door softly. She was bending over her table, busily writing. A placid smile sealed her mouth with a perfect beauty, and spread over her glowing features the mild expression of peace and joy; and even as she wrote, the fragment of a sweet ballad fell from her lips in a low music that flows only from a heart entirely at rest. The husband stole noiselessly around, and read as her pen traced her gentle thoughts.

"Your letter is lying by me. The very, very letter containing the 'profound secret.' Now could I not punish you for your carelessness; but, my dearest Charles, how could I look you in the face

on your return after having basely violated your trust in my integrity, and meanly sought to gratify a silly curiosity at the expense of honesty, delicacy, and confidence. No. The letter is unopened, and lest you should feel uneasy, I inclose it to you, with the sincere love of your affectionate wife," &c.

"She is an angel!" muttered the conscience-stricken husband.

She started up with a cry of pleasure—and as Charles met the light of her clear, unshrinking eyes, he was humbled that he should have suspected her, and deeply struck with repentance at his own conduct. He thenceforth severed all ties that drew him abroad; and if the pure and happy being whose influence had thus allured him to the path of right had perused all his subsequent letters, she would have found nothing concerning herself save bursts of the sincerest admiration and the warmest love.

ORIGINAL CRITICAL NOTICES.

MILTON'S PROSE WORKS.

THE name of Milton is repeated with pride by every English scholar; but we are afraid his name is more familiar to our lips than his writings to our studies; that he is more talked of than known, and rather our boast than admiration. *Paradise Lost* may fill a conspicuous place in our libraries, but *Marmion* and *Childe Harold* are oftener found on our tables and in our hands. These are like youthful friends, our daily companions; the former a reverend ancient, whose tedious wisdom and forbidding gravity we avoid, while we cannot help respecting.

If such, however, is the fate of Milton's poetry, with all its rich beauty and unequalled sublimity, all its wealth of fancy, luxuriance of imagery, and ravishing delights of melody, it is not to be wondered at that his prose works have fallen into still deeper neglect. The frivolous taste of the present age, and the unsubstantial stuff which is its daily aliment, give us a disrelish for the simple and solid fare which nourished the minds of our ancestors. It is too much indeed to expect that those whose utmost literary exertion is to lounge over a fashionable duodecimo, will be content to pore for hours over huge musty folios; or will quit the gay trifling of *Pelham* or *Vivian Grey*, to unsphere the grave, solemn spirit of the mighty dead. In this point of view the great quantity not less than the inferiority of the literature of the present age, is a crying evil. How can a person engaged, perhaps, in business, bent on forwarding his views in life, and pressing onwards in the eager race of the world, with but a few occasional moments to snatch from more imperious duties and devote to reading, keep up, as the phrase is, with the literature of the day, and yet turn aside to the severe thought and attention which the study of the ponderous worthies of the old school requires? If he would be able to play his part in society, and take a share in conversation, he must idle away all his time on the ephemeral nothings which are the talk of the moment. There is no such inducement for him to undertake a long tedious pilgrimage through page after page of close reasoning and formidable-looking antiquity. He may enjoy the reputation of a polite scholar, and a man of extensive reading, yet be all his life ignorant of the glowing, burning imagination of *Jeremy Taylor*, of the shrewd wit of *South*, the rich quaintness of *Fuller*, the fulness of *Barrow*, the weight of *Hooker*, the nerve of *Milton*, and the majesty of *Bacon*.

It is hardly to be expected, indeed, that the prose works of Milton should enjoy even the partial popularity of his poetry. They are inferior in interest as well as in merit. No man can be expected to read with great attention a long dissertation on church government and discipline, even though sanctioned by the greatest name which our literature can boast of. Milton's prose style, too, is not one calculated to enchain the wandering attention, or fix the careless lounge over his pages. Always strong and generally stately, it still often seems forced and labored. We say seems, for when we view it more closely, we find that its texture is not clumsy or confused, but merely rich and massive. Yet as the heavy cloth of gold is more cumbrous than the flimsy tissue, so is Milton's style, pregnant with thought and loaded with matter as it is, harsh and unpleasant. He was deeply imbued with the spirit of antiquity, and with the genius of that majestic language, the tongue of the conquerors of the world, which he wrote with Ciceronian fluency and dignity; and his English sentences, long, sounding, and intricate, are formed in the same mould with his Latin ones. The very strength of his style and depth of his thoughts make it often an effort to go along with him. We must not merely glance at but grapple with these long and involved sentences; we must fairly break the locks and fetters in which their sense is bound and chained up. His is not the sparkling but shallow stream which we fathom at a glance, but deep pools of thought and wells of reflection, into which the eye must gaze long and earnestly before it can penetrate their depths or discern their hidden treasures.

The subjects of his works, we have said, offer little interest to the general reader; yet, in one point of view, they are peculiarly worthy of attention. Theological writings may, for the most part, be safely left for the perusal of those champions of the church militant who are always girt for the fight, and for ever wielding the weapons of controversy. But at the time when Milton wrote, religious feeling played a prominent part in the great drama of which England was the theatre. Religious went hand in hand with political persecution, and freedom of faith was vindicated in the same fields where the martyrs of liberty bled for freedom of opinion. A tyrannical government called in an oppressive church establishment to its aid, and the contest was carried on as well by the weapons of argument as of force. The controversy between episcopacy and in-

dependence is synonymous and identical with that between king and people, between prerogative and right. In this point of view Milton's "Argument against Prelacy" is part of the history of the age; so also is that noble strain "Areopagitica, or a Defence of the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing;" and the still more majestic "Defence of the People of England." The cause he espoused, the cause of truth and justice, needed no champion; but it was not unworthy of the author of *Paradise Lost* to explain in the eyes of the world the principles for which Vane fought and Hampden bled and Sidney suffered. As a political writer Milton appears in a very different light from that in which he is seen as a poet. He plunged into the very thick of the contest which heaved and swelled like a sea around him, and shared all the fierce excitement which called forth Cromwell's military skill, and Pym's prudence, and Harrison's headlong zeal. He stood forward to defend at once that liberty which was his birthright as a man, and that more glorious liberty where-with Christ had set him free, against the oppression of tyranny and the intolerance of bigotry, and warred alike unsparingly and unceasingly on the king and the archbishop. In his poetry there are no traces of the eventful scenes among which he moved, nor of the stormy passions that raged around him. All is peace and quiet: he leaves the world and its tumults and quarrels behind, to soar into the calm expanse of heaven. He is then like those higher spirits who, in his own verses,

"Apart sat on a hill retired
In thought more elevate, and reasoned high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate."

What a contrast between the Iconoclast and *Paradise Lost*! What a change from the angry, though just invective and fairly warlike tone of the Argument against Prelacy to the delicate, fanciful beauty of *Comus*; to the calm contemplative mind which breathes the sweetness of its own nature and the music of its own thoughts through the melody of *Il Penseroso*, or in the Christmas Hymn ascends, as on an angel's wing, to the feet of the Savior's throne! And in his poetry Milton appears in his true and congenial character. The exigencies of the times in which he lived, which allowed no man to be the mere theoretic friend of liberty, or an idle well-wisher of truth, called him out into the arena of controversy. His time and talents were cheerfully devoted to uphold the sentiments and party to which his opinions attached him. He left "quivering the young-eyed cherubim," to address a guilty king and an aroused people; to uphold, proclaim, and enforce those great principles for and against which the kingdom was then divided against itself. But when the contest was over and the battle fought, he returned to his obscure retirement and quiet studies, and sought once more the society of his former friends and kindred spirits, of *Plato* and *Homer*, *David* and *Isaiah*. A modern poet has said,

"His soul was as a star, and dwelt apart,"

but it did not always, like the distant lights of heaven, look coldly down on the world and its changes. We may rather compare the course of his mind, always tending upward into the unseen glories of immensity, but often prevented and summoned back to the earth, to that of the lark, which another of our old worthies describes as "reaching to heaven and striving to get above the clouds, but beaten back by the low sighings of an eastern wind, and forced to lie down and pant, and wait till the storm was over;" but which, when the face of heaven was clear and smiling, "did rise and sing as though it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed some time through the air about his ministries here below."

That this was the natural bent of his spirit, and these his congenial studies; that his mind, albeit it might

"In the various bustle of resort
Be all too ruffled and sometimes impaired,"

was always pluming its pinions for the high flight it finally took, he himself has told us in a passage whose majestic eloquence and dignified modesty will be our excuse for extracting it at length. In one of his earliest works, the book on church government, he apologizes for having undertaken so arduous a task at so tender an age. He says he was almost forced into it against his inclinations, which tended elsewhere. "From my youth up," he continues, "I began to hope that I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let it die. Time serves not now, and I might perhaps seem too profuse to give any certain account of what the mind at home hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting; whether that epic form whereof the two poems of *Homer* and those other two of *Virgil* and *Tasso* are a diffuse, and the book of *Job* a brief model, or whether those dramatic constitutions wherein *Sophocles* and *Euripides* reign shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The scripture also offers us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of *Solomon*, and the apocalypse of *St. John* is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. Or if occasion shall lead to imitate those magnificent odes and hymns wherein *Pindarus* and *Callimachus* are in most things worthy.*** These abilities are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune, to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church—to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ, to deplore the general relaxes of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatever in religion is holy or sublime, in virtue amiable or grave,

whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within—all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him towards the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorous or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of *Dame Memory* and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes. But were it the meanest under-service, if God by his secretary Conscience enjoin it, it were sad for me if I should draw back."

The great characteristics of Milton's mind were strong love, diligent search, and fearless assertion of truth. Freedom of thought was the foundation of his religious creed and political opinions. The decrees of councils and fathers, the dogmas of divines, the dictations of arbitrary power, he rejected with disdain. He owned no laws but those of justice and natural right, no text-book but the Bible. His aim was always to set before his countrymen "the very visible shape and image of virtue, whereby she is not only seen in the regular gestures and motions of her heavenly paces as she walks, but also makes the harmony of her voice audible to mortal ears." Such being the end and scope of his writings, they have not only the literary merit that delights, but the moral grandeur that improves and elevates. So pure, so lofty were all Milton's thoughts and affections, that they rose, as it were instinctively, far

"Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth,"

to seek their proper resting place, and we rise from his majestic lessons of virtue and piety with higher ideas of the scope of the human mind and the dignity of human nature. They call up in every generous and uncorrupted breast more exalted, if not stronger emotions than any mere poetry can do. *Byron* is read a dozen times where *Milton* is once; but who, even of *Byron*'s warmest admirers, would compare his most fascinating strains with *Milton*'s heavenly harpings? And how different the thoughts which they awaken, and the sympathies to which they appeal! How contemptible, how deficient in moral beauty do the greatest efforts of the modern poet appear by the side of the mighty ancient! How different too, *Milton*'s retirement, and *Byron*'s exile on the continent, passed, the one in peaceful studies, honest thoughts, and pleasant recollections—the other in a round of heartless, daring, unblushing dissipation; the fragrance of *Milton*'s virtues rising to heaven "like a stream of rich distilled perfume," the corruption of *Byron*'s heart breathing itself in foul and noxious exhalations. No man of sense would ever put their poetry on an equality; but compare their prose writings, contrast the records of himself and his life *Milton* has left behind, with the memorials of *Byron* which the injudicious attachment of his friends has given to the world. Compare the noble patience and resignation, the dignity and heavenly calmness of the poor blind schoolmaster, with the weak, querulous complainings, the moody disappointed jealousy, the utter want and shameless defiance of principle of the spoiled child of rank and fashion. While *Byron*'s muse panders to all the wild passions and lawless appetites of our nature, *Milton*'s seeks to teach us "what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things." While *Byron*'s object seems to have been to degrade every better feeling and impulse of our nature, and reduce all to the level of his own cold, selfish, sneering scepticism, *Milton* inculcates "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." While *Byron*'s employment in the difficulties, unpopularity, and odium which his ill conduct brought him to, is only to declare

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me,"

Milton tells us,

"Yet I argue not
Against heaven's holy will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

The truth is, we are apt to be dazzled by the dangerous eloquence of a *Rousseau*, or the brilliant profligacy of a *Byron* into extenuation at least, of their errors. It is not till we see men like *Milton* or *Pascal*, as far superior to them as day to night, instead of thinking genius a license for misconduct, devoting their transcendent powers, in all cheerfulness and humility, to the enforcement of truth, the support of virtue, the inculcation of piety, that we clearly discern their deficiencies and their guilt. Let *Rousseau* complain of the hard-hearted world, which would not bear with all the whims of his sickly sentimentality, and let *Byron* tell us of aversion richly earned by his own excesses, and of unhappiness the natural result of a reproving conscience—these complaints should excite our pity indeed, but pity not unminged with both censure and contempt. How different the spectacle, and how different the feeling it excites, when we see *Pascal*, after sounding all the heights and depths of human science, at an age when *Byron* was a schoolboy and *Rousseau* an unformed peasant, counting triumphs to which neither of them in their best days could even aspire, but as vanity, and turning aside to study and illustrate the still higher truths of revelation, undisturbed by painful and wasting disease, untroubled by the ap-

proach of death, or when we see Milton sacrificing his eyesight to write, not a strain of seducing sophistry or heartless atheistical raving, but a manly defence of a great and memorable act of justice. The one is a mournful example of the aberration of the human intellect—the other the picture of a mind and heart alike good and great, in their highest elevation and most spotless purity. Such is the character which give majesty to Milton's prose writings as well as to his poetry, and which, apart from their strong thought, stately diction, and vigorous eloquence, entitles them to a high rank among the classics of our language.

MYTHOLOGY.

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER IN NEW-YORK.

BY S. WOODWORTH.

THIS month, like September, derives its name from its number counting the eighth from March; but is the tenth month of the modern year. The Saxons called it *wine month*, because it was the season for pressing their grape to make wine.

From among the remarkable events which have happened in October, we select the following: The unfortunate Major Andre was executed on the second, 1780; the battle of Germantown was fought on the fourth, 1777; Harrison's victory over the combined English and Indian forces under General Proctor, and the celebrated Tecumseh, was obtained on the fifth, 1813; the American forts, Montgomery and Clinton, were taken by the British on the sixth, 1777; the battle of King's Mountain took place on the seventh, 1780; the Polish Count Pulaski, while fighting for American freedom, was slain in an attack on Savannah on the ninth, 1779; the Poles were defeated by the Russians, and Kosciuszko taken prisoner on the tenth, 1794; the United States frigate Boston, Captain George Little, captured the French frigate Berceau on the twelfth, 1800; the battle of Queenstown was fought on the thirteenth, 1812; General Burgoyne surrendered his army to the Americans on the seventeenth, 1781; the battle of Trafalgar and death of Lord Nelson took place on the twenty-first, 1805; the British frigate Macedonian was captured by the American frigate United States, commanded by Commodore Decatur on the twenty-fifth, 1812; the revolutionary battle of White Plains was fought on the twenty-eighth, 1776.

The ninth of October is called St. Deny's; the tenth St. Symphorien's; the eighteenth, St. Luke's; the twenty-fifth, St. Crispin's; and the twenty-eighth, St. Simon's and St. Jude's.

Of the two first of the above-named saints, we know nothing; but history informs us that St. Luke, the evangelist, was a physician, of Antioch, in Syria; converted to the christian faith by Paul, of whom he afterwards became the faithful associate. Besides his gospel, which is composed in very pure language, he wrote the acts of the Apostles. He lived, according to Jerome, to his eighty-third year.

St. Crispin was a celebrated patron of the cordwainers, commonly called shoe-makers, but we doubt if his saintship ever foresaw the numerous, various, and queer fashions which have since succeeded each other in the shape, &c. of this very necessary appendage to personal costume. In the year 1565, during the reign of Edward IV. it was proclaimed throughout England that the *toes*, or rather *beaks* or *peaks*, of shoes or boots, should not exceed two inches, "on pain of cursing by the clergy," and forfeiting twenty shillings; one noble of which was to be paid to the king, one noble to the cordwainers of London, and the other noble to the chamber of London. Previous to this edict, for nearly two hundred years, the *peaks* of shoes and boots were of such length that they were actually tied up to the knees with chains of silver, gilt, or at least with silk lace! Shoes of the modern fashion, (we do not mean the present square toes) were first worn in England in 1633. About the year 1794, pantaloons were generally substituted for the former *inexpressibles* throughout England and America, and worn with boots; so that the use of buckles, which had been almost universally worn, was done away. This fashion took its rise in France, during the early stage of the revolution; hence the term of *sans culottes*. In 1817 the prince regent of England recommended the use of buckles, strings having been worn for many years in place of them.

St. Simon, surnamed Zelotes, was an apostle who preached the gospel in Egypt, Lybia, and Mauritania, and finally suffered martyrdom in Persia. St. Jude, who was also an apostle, and the author of an epistle in the New Testament, preached in Lybia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Idumæa, and Arabia, and is supposed to have suffered martyrdom in Berytus, in the year eighty.

On the twenty-third of this month the sun enters the sign *scorpion*, the reptile—

"Which Tellus did on purpose breed
To let Orion see
Though he did in power exceed,
There stronger was than he."

This Orion was a celebrated giant of antiquity, who destroyed the wild beasts of Chios, and presumptuously boasted that there was no animal on earth which he could not conquer. To punish his vanity, Tellus, or the earth, produced a scorpion, of whose bite he died. After death, he was placed in the heavens as a constellation, which still bears his name. It is composed of seventeen stars in the form of a man holding a sword, which has given occasion for the poets often to speak of Orion's sword. The scorpion which caused his death was placed in the zodiac, as one of the twelve signs. The constellation of Orion is thus mentioned in the book of Job, chapter xxxviii. verse 31: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" When it is considered that the book of Job is of much greater antiquity than the poems of Homer, it seems still more difficult to determine the precise period in

which the science of astronomy took its rise. The twelve signs of the zodiac, the other constellations, and some of the planets, have retained their present names probably for more than four thousand years!

October in New-York is an important and interesting month. Business of every description, which began to revive in September, now reaches its semi-annual climax, which it generally retains until the middle of November. Western merchants and country traders are now obtaining their winter supplies of goods; while the exuberant bounties of nature are pouring into the city by a thousand different channels. The markets abound with flesh, fowl, fish, game, vegetables, and autumn fruits of every possible variety, and in the most cheering profusion. The weather is cool, pleasant, mild, temperate, and healthful. Musketeers, those merciless blood-suckers, who, during the dog-days, hovered round the couch of defenceless innocence, precluding their cannibal banquet with songs of infernal triumph, are now awaiting the penalty of their ruthless transgressions from the white-haired Jack Frost, the fatal influence of whose breath they already begin to feel every morning and evening. Five-act tragedies can now be tolerated; parades and fairs are laid aside for the season, and all who are wise and prudent begin to think about fine flannel, dry feet, and Lackawana coal.

THE FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVINGS.

WE are nearly smothered up this week under heaps of really brilliant engravings, showered down upon us by our industrious friend Peabody. In the first place, here are two numbers of a work published in London, entitled "Views of the East; comprising India, Canton, and the shores of the Red sea, &c. &c. from original sketches by Captain Elliott, R. N.; with historical and descriptive illustrations." The numbers are in the imperial octavo form, and each contains three large, and sometimes highly-finished plates. Some are really exquisite. Among others is a lovely picture of Shere Shah, at Sasseram, one of the emperors of Hindostan, of whom there is given an interesting account:

"Sasseram is a town in the district of Shahabad, lying about twenty miles north of the Sone river, which empties itself into the Ganges, above the city of Patna. The new road between Calcutta and Benares passes through Sasseram; so that many travellers proceeding to the upper parts of India, have the opportunity of seeing the beautiful mausoleum of Shere Shah, without going out of their way. This monument stands in the centre of a tank or artificial piece of water, about a mile in circumference, and the isolated situation of the building gives it a peculiarly picturesque appearance. The remains of a bridge from the shore to the island may still be seen, as represented in the print.

"The name of Shere occupies a conspicuous place in the history of Hindostan. He was originally called Ferid, and was the son of Hussein, of the tribe of the Soors, Afghans of Roh, a mountainous country on the confines of India and Persia. This tract, in its fertile valleys, contained many separate tribes. One of the sons of the Ghorian family, whose name was Mahomet Soor, having left his native country, placed himself among the Afghans of Roh, and became the father of the tribe of Soor, which was esteemed the noblest among them.

"Ibrahim, the grandfather of Shere, appears to have gone to seek his fortune at Delhi, at a period of trouble peculiarly favorable to an adventurer. Hussein, the son of Ibrahim, was taken into the service of Jemmal, the Suba of Jionpoor, a chief of high renown, who favored him so much as to give him the districts of Sasseram and Tanda, in Jagier, (as it is called,) for which he was to maintain five hundred horse. In the course of a few years Hussein gave up the charge of his estate to Ferid (Shere) his eldest son, remaining himself at Jionpoor.

"The historian of Shere gives the following anecdote of him at this time. Ferid, when he took leave of his father, said, 'That the stability of government depended on justice, and that it would be his greatest care not to violate it, either by oppressing the weak, or permitting the strong to infringe the laws with impunity.' How he became possessed of this sentiment it is somewhat difficult to conceive, his education having been received in a country, the history of which furnishes so many examples of oppression, and breach of trust; nor does it appear that Shere by any means adhered to his own principle, either in obtaining or maintaining that high station of dignity and power, at which in the course of time he was destined to arrive. In some disputes with his brothers, concerning his Jagier at Sasseram, Ferid joined Par Chan, who had subdued Behar, and assumed the royal dignity, under the name of Mahmood. In a hunting party with this monarch, Ferid killed a large tiger with a blow of his sabre, and was honored with the title of Shere Chan, (Shere, signifying Lion.)

"In a visit to the Mogul camp, in the days of the Emperor Baber, Shere seems first to have conceived the idea of dispossessing the foreigners, as he called the Moguls, of the empire of Hindostan. To follow Shere through the whole of the course by which he at length dethroned, and sent as an exile to Persia the gallant and unfortunate Humaïoon, the son of Baber, would occupy more space than can be allowed in noticing the subject of this plate. After fifteen years of a military life, checked by all the hazards and vicissitudes that mark the progress of one who achieves an empire by war and stratagem, Shere mounted the Musnud as emperor of Hindostan, upon which he was permitted to sit only for the space of five years.

"The death of Shere somewhat resembles that of a warlike and restless prince of an European country. At the siege of Callinger, one of the strongest hill-forts of Hindostan, he was mortally wounded by the bursting of a shell, causing a quantity of gunpowder to blow up in a battery in which he stood, as he was about to assault the place. The words that recount his death are thus given in Dow's translation of Ferishta's history:—'In this dreadful condition the king began to breathe in great agonies; he, however, encouraged the continuance of the attack, and gave orders, till in the evening

news was brought him of the reduction of the place. He then cried out, thanks to Almighty God, and expired.'

"The historian goes on to state, 'The character of Shere is almost equally divided between virtue and vice. Public justice prevailed in the kingdom, while private acts of treachery dishonored the hands of the king. He seemed to have made breach of faith a royal property, which he would by no means permit his subjects to share with him. Had he been born to the throne he might have been just, as he was valiant and politic in war; had he confined his mind to his estate, he might have merited the character of a virtuous chief; but his great soul made him look up to empire, and he cared not by what steps he was to ascend.

"Shere left many monuments of his magnificence behind him. From Bengal and Sannargaum to that branch of the Indus called Nilah, which is about three thousand of our miles, he built caravanserais at every stage, and dug a well at the end of every two miles. Besides, he raised many magnificent mosques, for the worship of God on the highways, wherein he appointed readers of the koran, and priests. He ordered that at every stage all travellers, without distinction of country or religion, should be entertained according to their quality, at the public expense. He planted rows of fruit-trees along the roads, to preserve the travellers from the scorching heat of the sun, as well as to gratify their taste. Horse-posts were placed at proper distances, for forwarding quick intelligence to government, and for the advantage of trade and correspondence. This establishment was new in India. Such was the public security during his reign, that travellers and merchants, throwing down their goods, went without fear to sleep on the highway.

"He divided his time into four equal parts: one he appropriated to the distribution of public justice; one to the regulations of his army; one to worship, (an example worthy the imitation of those immersed in public business;) and the remainder to rest and recreation. He was buried at Sasseram, his original estate, in a magnificent sepulchre, which he had built in the middle of a great reservoir of water."

"At the time that the compiler of these notes visited Sasseram, there was no European resident there. But a rich native, of the name of Khan Kubberdeen, rather contrary to the native custom, appeared to make it his business to attend to and supply the wants of every European that passed that way. He was as civil and courteous in his manners as he was kind and hospitable in his disposition."

In addition to these we have a head of Bulwer, by Dick, and twenty-eight numbers of the "National Portrait Gallery of Illustrations and Eminent Personages, particularly of the nineteenth century; with Memoirs, by William Jerdan, Esq. London. 1831." Some of these are specimens of most superior workmanship. There is an unusually fine head of West, and also of Sir Humphry Davy and Sir Walter Scott. From the account of the latter we extract a few observations:

"To give any thing like a detailed account of his various productions, is impossible within our limits. His works are a library of themselves. Among his contributions to the periodicals of the day was a noble tribute to the memory of Lord Byron. This article, which appeared in Blackwood, was as beautiful in style as it was in feeling, written in the generous spirit of a great mind doing justice to an equal—but envy, like cunning, is the vice of petty natures. Of the secrecy observed about the writer of works so popular, we can only observe, that, at least, an author may be permitted to say, 'I will do what I please with my own'; besides, Sir Walter was much too acute not to know the attraction of mystery. The confession at last was anything but voluntary; it was the inevitable consequence of poor Constable's failure.

"If we look at the quantity which Scott has written, it would seem incredible; but when we also look at the quality, and remember the vast mass of material that he must have accumulated, it adds wonder to applause. People are very apt to talk of the luxury of literary pursuits—the pleasures of an author. The pleasure of literature is like the pleasure of any other business to the professional writer; and those who talk of literary ease know nothing of the mere manual exertion of writing, the absolute bodily fatigue, to say nothing of the wear and tear of mind, whose powers are in continual requisition. Hardly earned are both the honors and profits of literature; and well does Sir Walter Scott deserve his share of both. Equally appreciated at home and abroad, never has author received more tokens of universal admiration. His works are translated into most known languages; and Mrs. Charles Gore mentions, in her Hungarian Tales, that in one of the inns the head of 'Valter Skote' is hung up as a sign. Abbotsford, the place in which he has taken so much pleasure, is, as Halleck beautifully says of Robert Burns' grave, one of the

"Shrines to no code or creed confined,
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind."

"The rank of baronet, with which our author has been honored, is the first instance of such a distinction being conferred on literary merit. His conversational powers are very great; perhaps his style of telling a story is unrivalled in its dramatic effect. His memory is very extraordinary, and dwells to this day with delight on its early tales of legendary lore. We heard a little anecdote of him, with which we cannot do better than conclude:

"Walking with Wordsworth last summer, he was detailing his many literary plans. 'Why, you are laying down work for a life,' said his companion. 'No, no, not for a life,' rejoined Sir Walter, 'but for twenty years; I have twenty years' mind and health in me yet.' May these words be prophetic!"

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

WE have given Mr. Sinclair a full and patient attention through the range of operas selected for his opening engagement, and it now becomes our duty to express our unbiassed opinion of his musical qualifications. With a charming voice, nature appears to have freely bestowed upon him certain of the requisites necessary to form a good singer, but he does not possess taste, *méthode*, or feeling. His style has a dash of *homeliness* in it, with which we confess ourselves somewhat surprised. The *falsetto*, that we have spoken highly of, is a component part of his voice, notwithstanding the art with

which he sometimes avails himself of it; it is at others much abused, and the mode of using it mistaken. Instead of an union between the real and feigned voice, he separates them with a marked distinctness when brought to bear in any song, producing an effect resembling alternate male and female voices. In addition to this anti-Italian and Swiss-like mode of vocalizing, he has a barbarous way of mispronouncing the king's English, not arising from a Scotch *patois*, for that we are prepared to pardon and even to praise in Scotch music, but a disagreeable lengthening, and shortening, and changing of certain vowels peculiar to no nation nor province within our knowledge. Take, for example, "My love is like the red, red rose." Mr. Sinclair gives it,

"Oh, my love is like the red, red rose."

In "No more by sorrow chased, my heart
Shall yield, shall yield to fell despair!"

his version of the second line is
"Shall-d yield, shall-d yield to fell despair."

John Anderson is "John Andersen." Never—never. And even "Pray Goody," his reputed *chef d'œuvre*, and of the extraordinary merit of which the audience had been so effectually informed that they absolutely applauded it before he commenced, was given, we must say, in the style of a decent ordinary singer, (we have heard it much better,) and the word "moderate" was spoken "moderit." This old ballad, the subject of which is said to be by Rousseau, was, we understand, Mr. Sinclair's original stepping-stone to the favor of the British public, in an unwonted run of the burletta of *Midas*, which stamped his fame as a vocalist. He then went to Italy, and injured his style of singing simple ballads without acquiring the brilliancy of the Italian school—at least so said the British critics in accounting for his comparative failure on his return. Nevertheless, as the singer of a certain class of Scotch ballads, where pathos is not requisite, we listen to him with pleasure; but in those which, when well sung, moisten the eyes of the fair, and even make the critics resort to their snuff-boxes, Mr. Philipps, with half his voice, very far exceeded him. In "John Anderson, my jo," this coldness was clearly visible, although otherwise prettily sung. In "All the blue bonnets are over the border," where he could not conveniently have recourse to his *falsetto*, but was forced to rely on power and energy, he fell as far short of Horn, Pearman, and Jones, as he would exceed them in the "Mountain Maid." We were struck with the beauty of a few words sung by him in Francis Osbaldistone, yet his "Tho' I leave you now in sorrow," we have heard far surpassed by an amateur. The truth is, Mr. Sinclair will sing you ten songs, and seven or eight of them will be quite ordinary, and the rest rather unusually well done. The public are gradually possessing themselves of taste upon musical matters, and in spite of their being industriously persuaded that they ought to and must "swear truth out of England," that Mr. Sinclair is a very great creature, are too old to suffer any delusion to a great extent. They already begin to recover from the shock of his first appearance, and to applaud with more judgment and discrimination than before. Indeed we could not help fearing, after having witnessed Mr. Sinclair's *début*, that the words of his favorite song were not altogether inapplicable to the most vociferous portion of his hearers:

"Remember when the judgment's weak the prejudice is strong."

We are constrained to add, that the operas have been got up in a most slovenly manner—half the music omitted in some, with extremely deficient orchestral parts in others, and the choruses generally weak. No opera, such as the *Cabinet*, *Rob Roy*, *Guy Mannering*, the *Slave*, and so forth, should be played without a *prima donna*; and the casting Mrs. Sharpe in that situation, to sing bravuras, and such difficult pieces as the "Bird Duet" in the *Cabinet*, is a sacrifice of that lady, versatile and clever as she undoubtedly is in second singing parts, to either a singular carelessness on the part of the manager, or an inexcusable spirit of economy which the liberality of the community renders ungrateful, and their knowledge of music absurd. Mrs. Sharpe possesses an increasing reputation in a different sphere. This arrangement also is a serious injury to the *star* who makes his *début*. It is one of the disadvantages which the "star system" inflicts upon the town, and if persevered in, will bring discredit on the management. For we take the liberty to suggest, that our fellow-citizens will not submit with a good grace to have our chief theatre again debased to the rank of that of a country town, where stars act operas without assistance from the company, and introduce, as our friend C. has it, "Nid, nid noddin," as an accompaniment to the death of some murdered friend.

Although desirous of not occupying too much room by our theatrical articles, we cannot conclude this one without a few words in reference to the *Gladiator*. This tragedy has been several times repeated to full houses, whose gratification has been clearly evinced and indeed enthusiastically. Upon the subject, we believe among the press there has been but one dissentient voice, whose objections amount to nothing more than an assertion that it is not perfect. Addison observes in the *Spectator*, that "a perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, and is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments." To expect perfection from a youthful writer, and attack him fiercely because he has not reached it, is not the way to develop the literary talent of the country. The hand of encouragement should rather be extended to assist him up the steep. We esteem the *Gladiator* rather remarkable for the power and beauty of the language, and the highly dramatic incident of the plot. The meeting of the brothers in the arena—their quarrel in the camp—the encounter between Spartacus and the son of his scourger—the return of Pharsarius after the crucifixion of the army—and his death after the massacre of Senona, may be cited as among the features of

this play which give it a powerful dramatic interest. There is some truth in the observation that this interest diminishes towards the termination, but not that there is none after the two first acts. The acting of this piece on the second night was a triumph over every opposition, and it was deservedly regarded with deep attention, broken by frequent bursts of applause. We conclude this article with the prologue, which we present with pleasure.

PROLOGUE TO THE GLADIATOR.

To the old days of splendor and renown,
When kings were bondmen of Italia's crown,
Back to the ancient volumes, treasure-stored—
Exhaustless mines of lore—the muse hath soared;
She wakes dead heroes from their sleep of years,
And spreads the page that tells of crimes and tears.
Upstarting from the long forgotten past,
Arise the gorgeous halls and temples vast;
The regal city bids her gates unfold,
All beautiful, as when the Tiber roll'd
Majestic past the 'pillar'd-hills,' and bore
Earth's gather'd tributes proudly to her shore.
Eternal city! fallen though deified!
Thy ruins glass them in the yellow tide;
The crumbling monument, the tottering wall,
And shatter'd column, speak thy glory's fall.
Thought-wing'd, the bard may muse beneath thy domes—
The bandit's lair is in the Cæsars' homes.
Image of all the mind conceives of power,
Proud Rome! a stain is on thy brightest hour;
True glory glids no triumph in the war
That binds the festering limb beneath the conqueror's car!

A holiday in Rome! the sacrifice
Of blood, a joyous sight to Roman eyes;
The Prætor sports begin—the red stream flows—
And death looks ghastly on ignoble foes;
A mightier arm is mingling in the fray,
Dashing with tempest force the glaives away;
He strikes! wreaths for the victor in the game—
A blow achieves a gladiator's fame;
No warrior from the fields where meet the brave,
The arena trembles at a Thracian slave.

That arm is bared again, unchain'd and free,
Hark to the awelling voice, for liberty!
He strikes for freedom! vengeance-nerfed, the blow
Scathes like the lightning-stroke the shrinking foe;
Capua's hills send back the battle-call,
To shake the pillars of the capitol.
Sheathless the sword, yet vain the patriot's might,
For brutal force hath won the final fight;
Thy star hath set, thou of the trampled race—
The Roman's foot is on the neck of Thrace.

A cry for freedom! every heart is stirr'd,
When peals from earth to heaven that glorious word;
It rises now, from glory's ancient home,
To shame the vassal fears of Christendom;
Chains for the brave? Back to your land of snows—
Not Rome at Thrace, you strike at Polish foes;
A nation's voice—it rings along the sea—
Death to the tyrant, Poland shall be free!

Yet hold—the poet's herald, I should say
A word to ask your favor for the play;
An idle task—the theme alone will be
A passport here, amid the favor'd free;
A native bard essays the pen to-night—
A native actor shows how heroes fight;
To you, confidingly, their hopes they trust—
Then smooth the critic brow, be lenient but be just!

THE BOWERY THEATRE.

A young lady, Miss Clifton, is now playing at the Bowery, to whom every encouragement should be extended. She sustained the character of Belvidera on Monday evening, with spirit; and, considering her youth, her success is surprising, for well filled houses begin already to assemble when she appears. Her figure calls to mind the description of Mrs. Siddons, and her countenance sometimes displays an expression truly commanding and beautiful. She possesses the materials of a good actress; and a voice flexible and sweet. One or two of her attitudes were splendid, particularly when the bell tolls for the execution of Jaffier's friends. A more imposing picture than that which she then presented we have seldom beheld. In her language, however, she requires a severe course of study, as her principal fault consists in occasional stiffness of enunciation, and a want of forcible accent. When practice shall have enabled her to acquire more grace and strength in her readings, it is probable she will reach a high rank in a department of the drama in which, at present, there is an ample opening.

Messrs. Hamblin and Barton as Jaffier and Pierre, entered fully into the conception of their parts, and were loudly applauded.

The living statues as exhibited by Mr. Frimbley, were finely displayed, and afforded an entertainment as interesting as it was novel.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1831.

Editor's study.—We are told that a society of literary gentlemen have established a public debating society, and we should be pleased to be instrumental in furthering their views, although as yet unacquainted with them definitely.

Nearly all men have peculiar thoughts and feelings which would be interesting if expressed in clear language. The power of doing this may be easily acquired by any young person of ordinary intelligence, and the most beneficial consequences would reward parents and teachers for bestowing more care upon that generally neglected

but highly important branch of education. Perhaps there is no accomplishment which a gentleman is more frequently called upon to exercise, or a deficiency in which is more embarrassing and apparent. It relates not only to those occasions where unpremeditated discourses are expected before public meetings or assemblies of any kind, but it embellishes and enlivens private circles by the charms of conversation; and who will regret the extra study and attention which assure him a facility of expressing without hesitation precisely that which is passing in his mind? From an ignorance of this simple and mechanical acquirement, individuals of solid sense and extensive experience are often forced to withhold from the company with whom they may be, opinions calculated to diffuse both pleasure and instruction; or if they undertake to mingle in the conversation, their struggles to bring forth an idea too ponderous for their management, are subjects of pain as well to others as themselves. Even if they have no ambition to shine either as orators or talkers, they will be amply compensated for their exertions by finding the task of epistolary correspondence, so necessary and often so burdensome to the most sensible persons, effected with pleasure and despatch. As gentlemen at least of two of the learned professions, are always liable to be called upon to speak before assemblies upon intimate questions, when they can have had no possible opportunity of any preparation, these remarks are more particularly applicable to them. The nature of their occupations also affords them many facilities for cultivating with more than ordinary diligence and perseverance an attainment of so much importance to their success. Very young men in the commencement of their professional studies would find themselves materially improved in the ready use of words by never perusing a serious work without the aid of the pen. "*Studium sine calamo est somnum.*" If they read with care, (and this method will soon induce the most attentive habit) many reflections will continually occur—admiration or disapprobation, and the reasons of both. Let them as they arise reduce them to writing. This they will soon find easy, delightful, and sometimes nearly indispensable.

An objection may be made respecting the extra time such a practice would consume, but more real and durable profit will be derived from the perusal in such a manner of one volume, than of five in the usual mode. In this way the reader's memory will be strengthened—he will avoid the pernicious custom of skimming carelessly over a subject, than which nothing sooner incapacitates him for severe study, besides being in itself utterly useless. An adherence to this practice from the age of sixteen to twenty-five, if it did not constitute one a writer, a speaker, and an observer, would at least widen the range of his ideas and add much to his grace and fluency of expression. It would not contribute merely to the acquisition of language; it would instruct the student in a method of grasping the subject under consideration. He gains confidence in himself, by which he is enabled to conceive at a glance a plan of his intended discourse, and this he can pursue without the awkward necessity of pausing for a word till the idea escapes. Whoever has attended many public assemblies, must have remarked what abominable nonsense is uttered by otherwise respectable persons. It is less intolerable when propounded to a very ordinary and illiterate auditory, unaccustomed to reflect themselves upon the aggregate and remote consequences of their actions, and destitute of time and means to avail themselves frequently of the reflections of others thus dressed up in a certain style of language, and delivered with a vehemence of gesture; but it is unpardonable in a gentleman pretending to good breeding, who rises in a circle of society composed of persons at least his equals if not his superiors in vigor of intellect and acuteness of observation—to hammer upon some threadbare and worn out subject, without adding any facts to those already known, or even presenting the old ones in a new light or position.

There is nothing more distressingly awkward than the dilemma of a bewildered extemporaneous orator who blunders and stumbles along among the most common-place ideas, without the skill to pick them up and give them to his auditory. You will see such a personage laboring under the necessity of saying something although he has nothing to say. Laying hold of whatever fragment of a sentiment happens to be flitting through his memory—sometimes like a boat in a rocky stream sailing along smoothly over a cant phrase, then thrown back and nearly upset by an unexpected difficulty, dragging in bombastic words that have no appropriate meaning, and tugging through with a kind of piteous desperation. Now he rests on a drink of water—then he breathes under the disguise of a cough, "your learned orator when he is out will spit;" and all this for the want of a little practice in one of the most necessary branches in genteel education. If debating societies will protect us from these evils, the public at large are quite interested in affording them every encouragement.

We have before us a new and enlarged number of the *Evening Journal*, edited by S. H. Jenks, Esq. Its ample columns are filled with well written matter, and we are pleased to see the steady improvement visible in its pages under the care and talented direction of its present conductor. It now stands fairly on an equality with the best in the city, and displays a gentlemanly and scholarlike good sense and moderation, which has effectually recommended it to the public.

In the course of the past week we have received a number of new publications, of which we have only room to mention their titles: an elegantly printed octavo work, in two volumes, called the "Remains of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin;" "Autobiography of Sir Walter Scott;" "Coleridge's Study of the Greek Classic Poets;" "Philip Augustus," by the author of *Richelieu*; and *Bourne's* complete score of *Cinderella*, the first entire opera ever published in America.

THE HUNTER'S SIGNAL HORN.

AS SUNG BY MISS HUGHES, AT THE PARK THEATRE, WITH ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE—WRITTEN BY THOMAS MORTON—COMPOSED BY ALEXANDER LEE.

Allegretto maestoso. Second verse. But see the an-gry clouds pro-pel-ling,

The hun-ter's horn the dogs are cheer-ing,

The snow-drift to our hum-ble dwell-ing, The ti-mid flocks with low-ly bleat-ing, Back to their shel-ter'd fold re-treat-ing, Food and fu-el

To moun-tain-eers a sound en-dear-ing, The sil-ver lake is bright-ly gleam-ing, The moun-tain rill is gai-ly stream-ing, Rise then, my love, and

will I bring; Then rest thee, love, and sweet-ly sing, Then rest thee, love, and sweet-ly sing, la la la la, &c.

come a-way, The sig-nal is our na-tive lay, The sig-nal is our na-tive lay, la la la la la la ta ra la la la la ra la la ta ra la la la la ra la la ta ra la la

la la ta ra la la la la ta ra la la le ra la le ra la le ra la la heh.

pp *f* *p*

MISCELLANY.

CHIT-CHAT.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—Tillotson.

Some men of talent and merit are only pleased with the society of their inferiors, where they find it easiest to shine. This is to calculate very foolishly; since, in striving with a man of ability, we sharpen our own powers—but always degenerate in exercising ourselves with fools.

MOUTH AND EYES.—The mind appears to me to discover itself most in the mouth and eyes; with this difference, that the mouth seems the more expressive of the temper, and the eyes of the understanding.

INJURIES FROM FRIENDS.—Those who have their joys, have also their griefs in proportion; and none can extremely exalt or depress friends, but friends. The harsh things which come from the rest of the world, are received and repulsed with that spirit which every honest man bears about him, for his own vindication; but unkindness in words or actions among friends, affects us the first instant in the inmost recesses of our souls. Indifferent people, if I may so say, can wound us only in the heterogeneous parts, maim us in our legs or arms, but the friend can make no pass but at the heart itself. On the other side, the most impotent assistance, the mere well-wishes of a friend, give a man constancy and courage against the most prevailing force of all his enemies. It is here only he enjoys and suffers to the quick.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves, if they were in their places.

There are none can baffle men of sense but fools; on whom they can make no impression.

People frequently use this expression,—"I am inclined to think so and so;" not considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.

THE THING ESSENTIAL.—The ingratitude of mankind is sometimes alleged as an excuse for neglecting good offices; but it is the business of a man to perform his own part, not to answer for the returns which others may, or may not, be disposed to make.

MYSTERIOUS NUMBERS.—All those mysterious

things we observe in numbers, come to nothing upon this very ground; because number in itself is nothing, has not to do with nature, but is merely of human imposition, a mere sound: for example, when I cry "one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock," that is but one division of time; the time itself goes on, and it had been all one in nature if those hours had been called nine, ten and eleven. So when they say the seventh son is fortunate, it means nothing; for if you count from the seventh backwards, then the first is the seventh: why is not he likewise fortunate?

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,
To whom all communications must be addressed. No
subscriptions received for a less term than one year.
J. Seymour, printer, John-street.

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FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

He sat and read. A book with golden clasps,
Printed in Florence, lettered as with jet
Set upon pearl, lay raised upon a frame
Before him. 'Twas a volume of old time;
And in it were fine mysteries of the stars
Solved with a cunning wisdom, and strange thoughts,
Half prophecy, half poetry, and dreams
Clearer than truth, and speculations wild
That touched the secrets of your very soul,
They were so based on nature. With a face
Glowing with thought, he pored upon the book.
The cushions of an Indian loom lay soft
Beneath his limbs, and, as he turned the page,
The sunlight, streaming through the curtain's fold,
Fell on his jewelled fingers tinted with rose,
And the rich woods of the quaint furniture
Lay deepening their veined colors in the sun,
And the stained marbles on their pedestals
Stood like a silent company.—Voltaire,
With an infernal sneer upon his lips,
And Socrates, with godlike human love
Stamped on his countenance, and orators
Of times gone by that made them, and old bards,
And Medicean Venus, half divine.
Around the room were shelves of dainty lore,
And rich old pictures hung upon the walls
Where the slant light fell on them, and cased gems,
Medallions, rare mosaics, and antiques
From Herculaneum the niches filled.
And on a table of enamel, wrought
With a lost art in Italy, there lay
Prints of fair women, and engravings queer,
And a new poem, and a costly toy,
And in their midst a massive lamp of bronze
Burning sweet spices constantly. Asleep
Upon the carpet couched a graceful hound
Of a rare breed; and as his master gave
A murmur of delight at some sweet line,
He raised his slender head, and kept his eye
Upon him till the pleasant smile had passed
From his mild lips, and then he slept again.
The light beyond the crimson folds grew dusk,
And the clear letters of the pleasant book
Mingled and blurred, and the lithe hound rose up,
And with his earnest eye upon the door,
Listened attentively. It came as wont—
The fall of a light foot upon the stair—
And the fond animal sprang out to meet
His mistress, and caress the ungloved hand
He seemed to know was beautiful. She stooped
Gracefully down and touched his silken ears
As she passed in—then, with a tenderness,
Half playful and half serious, she knelt
Upon the ottoman, and pressed her lips
Upon her husband's forehead.

She rose and put the curtain folds aside
From the high window, and looked out upon
The shining stars in silence. "Look they not
Like paradises to thine eye?" he said—
But as he spoke a tear fell through the light,
And starting from his seat, he folded her
Close to his heart, and with unsteady voice
Asked if she was not happy? A faint smile
Broke through her tears; and pushing off the hair
From his fine forehead, she held back his head
With her white hand, and gazing on his face,
Gave to her heart free utterance:—

Happy?—yes, dearest—blest
Beyond the limit of my wildest dream—
Too bright, indeed, my blessings ever seem;
There lives not in my breast
One of hope's promises by love unkept,
And yet—forgive me, Ernest—I have wept.

How shall I speak of sadness,
And seem not thankful to my God and thee?
How can the lightest wish but seem to be
The very whim of madness?
Yet, oh, there is a boon thy love beside—
And I will ask it of thee—in my pride!

List, while my boldness lingers!
If thou hadst won yon twinkling star to hear thee—
If thou couldst bid the rainbow's curve bend near thee—
If thou couldst charm thy fingers
To weave for thee the sunset's tent of gold—
Wouldst in thine own heart treasure it untold?
If thou hadst Ariel's gift,
To course the veined metals of the earth—
If thou couldst wind a fountain to its birth—
If thou couldst know the drift

Of the lost cloud that sailed into the sky—
Wouldst keep it for thine own unanswered eye?

It is thy life and mine!—
Thou in thyself, and I in thee, misprison
Gifts like a circle of bright stars unrisen—
For thou, whose mind should shine
Eminent as a planet's light, art here—
Moved with the starting of a woman's tear!

I have told o'er thy powers
In secret, as a miser tells his gold.
I know thy spirit calm, and true, and bold—
I've watched thy lightest hours,
And seen thee, in the wildest flush of youth,
Touched with the instinct ravishment of truth.

Thou hast the secret struggle
To read that hidden book, the human heart—
Thou hast the ready writer's practised art—
Thou hast the thought to range
The broadest circles intellect hath ran—
And thou art God's best work—an honest man!

And yet—thou slumberest here
Like a caged bird that never knew its pinions,
And others track in glory the dominions
Where thou hast not thy peer—
Setting their weaker eyes unto the sun,
And plucking honor that thou shouldst have won.

Oh, if thou lov'dst me ever,
Ernest, my husband! If th' idolatry
That lets go heaven to fling its all on thee—
If to dismiss thee never
In dream or prayer, have given me aught to claim—
Heed me—oh, heed me! and awake to fame!

Her lips
Closed with an earnest sweetness, and she sat
Gazing into his eyes as if her look
Searched their dark orbs for answer. The warm blood
Into his temples mounted, and across
His countenance the flush of passionate thoughts
Passed with irresolute quickness. He rose up
And paced the dim room rapidly awhile,
Calming his troubled mind, and then he came
And laid his hand upon her forehead white,
And in a voice of heavenly tenderness
Answered her:

Before I knew thee, Mary,
Ambition was my angel. I did hear
Forever its witching voices in mine ear—
My days were visionary,
My nights were like the slumbers of the mad,
And every dream swept o'er me glory-clad.

I read the burning letters
Of warlike pomp, on history's page, alone—
I counted nothing the struck widow's moan—
I heard no clank of fetters—
I only felt the trumpet's stirring blast,
And lean-eyed famine stalked unchallenged past.

I heard, with veins of lightning,
The utterance of the statesman's word of power—
Binding and loosing nations in an hour—
But while my eye was brightening,
A masked detraction breathed upon his fame,
And a cursed serpent slithered his written name.

The poet rapt mine ears
With the transporting music that he sung.
With fibres from his life his lyre he strung,
And bathed the world in tears—
And then he turned away to muse apart,
And scorn stole after him and broke his heart!

Yet here and there I saw
One who did set the world at calm defiance,
And press right onward with a bold reliance;
And he did seem to awe
The very shadows pressing on his breast,
And, with a strong heart, held himself at rest.

And then I looked again,
And he had shut the door upon the crowd,
And on his face he lay and groaned aloud—
Wrestling with hidden pain;
And in her chamber sat his wife in tears,
And his sweet babes grew sad with whispered fears.

And so I turned sick-hearted
From the bright cup away, and in my sadness
Searched mine own bosom for some spring of gladness;
And lo! a fountain started,
Whose waters ev'n in death flow calm and fast,
And my wild fever-thirst was slaked at last.

And then I love thee, Mary,
And felt how love may into fury pour,
Like light into a fountain running o'er;
And I did hope to vary
My life but with surprises sweet as this—
A dream, but for thy waking, filled with bliss.

Yet now I feel my spirit
Bitterly stirred, and—nay, lift up thy brow!
It is thine own voice echoing to thee now,
And thou didst pray to hear it—
I must unto my work and my stern hours!
Take from my room thy harp, and books, and flowers!

* * * * * A year—
And in his room again he sat alone.
His frame had lost its fullness in that time;
His handsome features had grown sharp and thin,
And from his lips the constant smile had faded.
Wild fires had burned the languor from his eye:
The lids look fevered, and the brows were bent
With an habitual frown. He was much changed.
His chin was resting on his clenched hand,
And with his foot he beat upon the floor
Unconsciously the time of a sad tune.
Thoughts of the past preyed on him bitterly.
He had won power and held it. He had walked
Steadily upward in the eye of fame,
And kept his truth unsullied—but his home
Had been invaded by even venom'd tongues;
His wife—his spotless wife—had been assailed
By slander, and his child had grown afraid
To come to him—his manners were so stern.
He could not speak beside his own hearth freely.
His friends were half estranged, and vulgar men
Presumed upon their services and grew
Familiar with him. He'd small time to sleep,
And none to pray; and, with his heart in fetters,
He bore deep insults silently, and bowed
Respectfully to men who knew he loathed them!
And when his heart was eloquent with truth,
And love of country and an honest zeal
Burned for expression, he could find no words
They would not misinterpret with their lies.
What were his many honors to him now?
The good half doubted, falsehood was so strong—
His home was hateful with its cautious fears—
His wife lay trembling on his very breast
Frighted with calumny!—And this is FAME.

AN INKLING OF AN ADVENTURE.

BY THE SAME.

I SAT, tossing pebbles into Lake George, on a fine summer morning in June, two or three years ago. The ripples just feathered with the wind and no more. A swan with his wings spread would have rounded the point of Isle Diamond in half an hour—a standard mile. It was in other respects as lovely a morning as the "lark at heaven's gate" ever heralded.

"What a fairy boat!" She shot suddenly out from a small cove above me—a white, slender, aerial thing, with a deep green band through her waist, her sails snowy and all set, and a pink streamer from either mast running away in long curves from the wind, and flaunting most gracefully. At her helm sat a lady; and as I caught a glimpse of a dark eye under her bonnet, she leaned forward just so far as to show an exquisite figure in relief, and putting down the tiller, ran right for the point where I was sitting. A minute more, and the sharp bow grated on the pebbles, and the shadow of the little topmast passed over my feet. I rose and looked around for the object of their visit. I was on the bank alone—no one within sight—what could they mean by running down upon me so pointedly? Before I had time to wonder twice, a young man, of sixteen apparently, who had been hid from view by the mainsail, leaped ashore, and raised his hat with a very courteous "Good morning."

"You seem to be alone, sir! will you honor us with your company up the lake?"

"Certainly, sir—with all my heart—but—but—" and, as I hesitated, I looked inquisitively at an elderly gentleman who had risen from the windward seat in the stern, and stood looking at us with a smile.

"My son's invitation is rather abrupt, sir," said he, bowing in answer to my look, "but I beg you will accept it notwithstanding. We are losing the morning breeze—will you step on board?"

A single leap and my foot was on the taffrel.

"Stop!" said the lady, springing up from the tiller, and motioning me back with her hand—(her voice was enough to set you dreaming the rest of your life)—"one condition—as I ran the shallop down for you without permission of these two gentlemen, (who by the way have the honor to stand for my father and brother,) I claim the right to make it. Do you agree?"

She nodded to us all—and I bowed my assent.

"We are bound to some of these lovely islands—as far up as the wind will take us—to idle away the day. You, sir, (addressing me) are to have the honor of my society and special protection as commander of the boat, till I set you on this bank again at sunset—promising, however, before these gentlemen, that you will ask us no personal questions whatever during the voyage, and make no

inquiries of our name and whereabouts after you have left us. This sacrifice of curiosity I consider necessary to my maidenly delicacy—otherwise compromised perhaps by this whimsical assault upon a stranger."

I had been left at the hotel that morning by a large party, who, after coming down the lake in the steamboat—thirty miles through the rain, and all the time passed in the cabin—were content to rise at daylight and take coach for the Springs, without waiting even an hour or two to see the most beautiful sheet of water in the world by sunshine. I had been hurried from Niagara, and dragged past the Thousand Isles, and deprived of all but a mere glimpse of Montmorenci—but to leave Lake George in such a grocer's hurry—without touching one of its green islands, or looking once into its strangely transparent depths by a clear sky—it was the drop too much! I was missing when the coach drove up, and they went without me. There was no other visitor at the lonely hotel, and when the wheels were out of hearing, I felt for the first time in a month the luxury of solitude.

The sails filled, and away we shot from the shore, the beautiful shallop stealing through the water as if, like the boat of the Witch of Atlas, some fairy influence

"had lit
A living spirit within all its frame,
Breathing the soul of swiftness into it."

I sat between the fair skipper and her father, in a dream of bewilderment. Their manner put me perfectly at ease, and the conversation went on as swimmingly as the keel, every topic heightened and freshened inexpressibly by the mystery of the acquaintance. There was no danger of a betrayal even of name, for they called each other by the familiar appellation, and "Constance," and "Arthur," and "Papa," soon became as used to my ears as if I had known them intimately from my boyhood.

I think I am "in" for a description. I don't very well see how I can let you off without it. If I were to report the gay conversation around the tiller, it would not be at all the same thing as the sweet toned bagatelle of a voice like a disguised enchanter's, and as I forget every thing I said myself, and only remember here and there an observation of Mr. Arthur and his venerable father, there would be a precious probability that two-thirds of the dialogue would be clear fancy—a quality I wish particularly to avoid in this narration. A description of the lake will save me from the dilemma. You shall have it

Imprimis—it is the most beautiful lake in America—and, *sequitur*, the most beautiful spot in the world. Its thirty miles of length are more like a river than a lake—a river with mountain banks, its bosom studded with small green islands covered with the most lavish verdure and foliage, and its waters as clear and transparent almost as the atmosphere. You may see the long heavy pickerel moving drowsily about on the bottom at a depth of thirty feet, and the shoals of smaller fish scudding across your bow, and count the rocks and white crystals with which the lake abounds, as distinctly as if the element were not water, but air. Then the wooded shores are so near and so bold, and the islands are so many and so buried in leaves, that as your boat runs through the narrow channels, it seems to you as if you were floating among clouds, the shadows in the water of rock and tree and outline are such faultless resemblances. Like Wordsworth's swan, every gem of an island

"Floats double, *isle* and shadow;"

and as you put out from the little pier at Caldwell (the place of the hotel at the south end of the lake) and pull away with a couple of smart oars for the north, islet after islet, not much larger than a parlor ottoman, steals out to your view, and so you may voyage on, hours and hours, spattering at every dip almost, some fairy shore, till your mind absolutely becomes surfeited with beauty. And with these general features I leave the rest to your imagination.

The breeze died away in the middle of the forenoon, and left us with our sails flapping against the mast, opposite a small island, fringed with beeches, and carpeted with short rich grass and moss—the prettiest floor for fairy feet in the world. At the bidding of our fair helmsman, I took an oar with Arthur, and three or four fair pulls brought us alongside, and covered the boat with the overhanging branches. The shade was deep and cool, and we spread the contents of a certain ambiguous looking hamper upon the cloth, and setting bottles of claret and champagne down by a rock in the water, prepared to pic-nic in the most rural *insouciance*. Oh those three or four or five hours—I don't know how long—they flew like hours in paradise! I was happier than I could expect to be again. And that superb creature—perfectly frank and half gay, half thoughtful—now running to the shore-edge for a flower, now noting some exquisite effect of light or shadow—laughing, moralizing, quoting poetry, and glancing at sentiment—every thing unstudied and every thing in taste—she was enough to ruin a whole academy of cynics.

We dined at the primitive hour of twelve, and spent the afternoon in reading and lounging, and at eight, just as the moon was rising, we embarked, and on a perfectly glassy surface, rowed slowly back to Caldwell, our lovely skipper grown a little penseroso, and mingling passages of songs with low-toned, beautiful conversation, more interesting and bewitching with every change of her humor.

We touched the pier. They looked at me with a smile. I was about breaking my promise, but she put her finger on her lip, and with a heart almost sick with regret, I shook hands hastily with them all, and sprang on shore.

"Push off," said she, in a tone of gaiety.

I looked at her as the gay word sounded harshly in my hear, and with something in her eye which I have the vanity to believe would

have been a tear in a moment, she met my look, and smiled half sadly, and with a kiss of her white hand, turned away to the sway of the shallop.

I have never heard of them since. The landlord remarked that they were boarding privately at a farm-house a mile back in the country, and that is all I know of them. They were people of the first cultivation and the highest tone of breeding and courtesy I have ever met. I hope some day to see them. But after travelling through all the northern and middle cities since, and going much into society, but seeing no trace of them, I almost despair. I have recorded our delightful rencontre in the hope it may reach their eye. If it should, and they will send but a card to me, through the associate editor of this polite periodical, it will be the happiest hour I have known since I saw them, in which I pack my valise for a journey.

It is my lot in life—every thing comes to me fragmented and imperfect. I have encountered hundreds of these mere inklings of romance. Every stage-coach, steam-boat, canal—every hotel in a strange city gives me some *beginning* to an adventure. There is no *denouement*. I am a sort of travelling Tantalus. I shall die some day of sheer wonder!

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

COWARDICE.

"A plague of all cowards," I say, and a vengeance, too! Marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Is there no virtue extant?"—*Faust*.

WHAT a life is the coward's! He is all agitation. He should have been born a woman. Then his trembling would have been so graceful in the eyes of the beau—so many whiskered lips would murmur, "do not be under the slightest apprehension, my dear, I will take care of you." What a mistake in nature to put the soul of a girl in a body six feet high!—to let the heart of a hare beat in the ample chest of a lion—to give a pair of great flashing eyes to express, instead of exciting terror—and a voice like the lower tones of Mr. Cioffi's trombone to breathe out feelings that should have been played *piano* on the one-keyed flute! Thou capricious, laughter-loving nature, what fantastic freaks hast thou invented in the composition of thy creature man!

As the world goes, there is no feeling nobler and more necessary than courage. What a dark world of anxiety and misery it shuts out from the soul! With what a strange beauty it invests even the bad in the hour of danger!

"So spake the griely terror, and in shape
So speaking and so threatening, grew ten fold
More dreadful and deform. On th' other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Untrifled, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Orpheus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war."

Yet I have sometimes thought it was only a combination of nerve and good sense, to conceal cowardice. He who has not felt fear, said Frederick the Great, never snuffed a candle with his fingers. To fear calamity or pain cannot be base. The most sensitive must feel all influences more suddenly and deeply. The courage of many is sheer stupidity and bluntness of perception; while the cowardice of others may be vivacious of imagination and love of life. A pleasure-seeking and effeminate person will very naturally recoil from whatever threatens his peace and safety; but in certain situations these are the fiercest and most dangerous enemies. There is no devil like your coward goaded to desperation. I have heard of a German student in a duel so perfectly outrageous from the excess of fear, that he rushed upon his antagonist, a more experienced swordsman, to the imminent peril of his life, struck down his weapon, and sliced him through as one would a watermelon. Be wary when the deer stands at bay.

But whatever may be the constituents of either courage or cowardice, it is certain that while one passes through life with a composed peace of mind, another is perpetually intruded upon with misgivings and visions of anguish. In addition to the actual periods of risk which come to all, these victims of fright frequently think they find peril when in reality it does not exist. The unfortunate Mr. Fitzgerald is one of this sort. A more chicken-hearted creature never swagged about under the mask of masculine attire. His fancy is always filled with horrid accidents. He enters the steam-boat with a presentiment that the boiler will burst in a few moments; and in a stage he eyes every steep declivity with a forlorn conviction that his time has come. In walking through the forest, he looks upon himself as a poisoned man if a strange leaf touches his hand, and flies the old logs and grape-vines for alligators and sea-serpents. He once mistook the shrill whistle of a quail for the signal of banditti; and in meeting a woodcutter with his axe, in a lonely glen, he was about to exclaim, "Take my money, but spare my life," when the intruder turned away by a side path. I was last summer walking with him in the city, when I felt him drawing me away with an expression of fright. A large, good-natured dog, with his tongue lapping from his jaws, trotted directly towards him.

"He's mad," said Fitzgerald: "he runs in a straight line." And then he followed his example, and also ran in a straight line, though in the opposite direction, which made me conclude he was quite as mad as the dog.

We were once fellow-passengers in a packet ship from New Orleans, and were overtaken off Cape Hatteras by a hurricane. It was night; and, to say the truth, the tempest howled terrifically. Many of the sails, which we were compelled to raise to keep from shore,

were torn into stripes. Apprehensions were entertained that the vessel would spring leak or go to pieces on the shoals. The waves ran like mountains and broke over the deck, and the whole ocean presented a scene of tremendous fury, at once sublime and appalling. The ladies in the cabin were shrieking in despair, and uttering the names of husbands and parents, whom they never expected to see again, in accents of the most agonizing fear; and the captain's voice, hoarse with exertion, could scarcely be heard amid the din and discord of the elements. It is one of the greatest weaknesses of a complete coward to bully and brag when danger is far off; and Fitzgerald had worn that mask bravely during the first week of blue sky and gentle breezes. I could not but observe the change. A dim lamp was flaring in the cabin, and the few passengers were collected around the table and clinging to it. Most of them were pale and silent. One would occasionally venture a brief remark or a jest, that fell dead from the lips that spoke it. Some people would joke in the jaws of the grave. Poor Fitzgerald did not happen to be among the number. When the morning broke, we went up the gangway and looked abroad. He had no sooner lifted his head into the air than his hat darted towards the sky like an arrow. The captain was following through the trumpet. The billows had swept the decks. The drenched sailors were holding on to the ropes for their lives. The deck was almost as perpendicular as a wall. Should I live a thousand years I shall never lose the impression of his face as he stood by my side in the dim morning light: his starting eyeballs, rolling around upon the really awful scene, as the vessel went rushing, rocking, and thundering through the water: his hair was streaming in the wind: his features had the whiteness of marble: his very lips were bloodless and ashy; and, as a willow some seventy or eighty feet in height, tumbling like an overturned mountain towards our stern, lifted the ship as if it would actually hurl it into the air, and then swept from our bows, leaving a chasm that seemed gaping to overwhelm us, he uttered a convulsive sound as if some hand had forced a dagger into his very heart, and clasp his white hands together, shrunk back into the cabin, the most abject, prostrated wretch eyes ever looked on. I crawled out upon deck, and clinging to a rope, addressed a good-humored sailor who was holding on a piece of the shrouds without any sign of anxiety.

"Good morning, sir," said he; "pretty stiff breeze: we go now finely: one can take some comfort in such a ship as this."

"Comfort!" echoed I; "I don't know what you call comfort." (I was wet to the skin, and had not slept all night.)

"Why," said the man, laughing, "I was in a brig last month that went down under our feet, after we had been pumping her for twenty-four hours."

"How did you escape?"

"A schooner hove in sight, and we got to her in the long boat."

"And how did you feel, when you found you were going down, without the hope of help?"

"Why, when we knew that the old thing *must* go—what must, you know, must—so I made up my mind to it, and felt easy."

"Easy!" echoed I again as I crept back into the cabin; "and this is the way a plain, uninformed, ignorant man can meet the ghastly apparition that frights the king on his throne and the philosopher amid his books."

I am inclined to think that cowardice may be overcome by active life and some familiarity with danger; and certainly recommend the young to begin early to train themselves in the school of reflection, to meet the perils which environ all the inhabitants of this earth. They should be accustomed to calculate upon the certainty of being, in the course of their pilgrimage, often thrown into painful and critical situations. They cannot escape from them always; and, at some time or other, must give up the existence which is only bestowed for a brief period. No one ought to live unprepared to die. It should be one of the earliest lessons of the father to his son: not taught by thrusting him into scenes of horror, but by gentle admonitions; not by bringing him suddenly to the bed of the dying, but by musing with him sometimes in the receptacles of the dead, when the pleasant grass and trees are there, and he can touch his soul with tenderness and meditation, subdued melancholy and calm resignation; you may rely on it he will be better for it when he goes forth into the world. Passion will not so easily intoxicate, danger alarm, nor pleasure corrupt him. He who plunges headlong into the vortexes of society, conscious of no other influences beyond those connected with this limited sphere, is a wretched gamster, who stakes his all on a throw, and who, if he wins to-day, may be irreparably ruined to-morrow. In triumph he possesses no restraint, and when trouble and peril surround him he is without support. But he who is correctly disciplined to reserve something in his own bosom from the demands of ordinary life, who moves through the adventures of the day with the full knowledge that they are passing and often vain, however he may participate in their joys, is not prostrated by their calamities. Experience also affords a secret consolation in the thought that half the threats of fortune, like her promises, are never accomplished. I remember many moralists who have blamed that slandered goddess for visionary prospects of human bliss, but I cannot call to mind one who has praised her for dissipating many of the storms that hang over the wanderer's path and strike his soul with terror. *Cæsar* has a fine sentiment on the subject of cowardice:

"What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—Will you permit me to solicit a corner in your journal, for a few words on the numerous splendid engravings with which the late arrivals have inundated the city. The windows of the print-shops and bookstores tempt the most phlegmatic passenger to pause, with the display of plates exquisitely finished, and apparently of great value. I trust this will result in the prevalence of a correct taste upon this subject, and that it will give a spur to our own engravers, of whom there are many at present appealing to the public notice. I have seen a head of Bulwer, taken by Dick, and published by Peabody, which is worthy of greater praise than, with due respect to your zealous superintendence of the fine arts, you have yet thought fit to bestow upon it. Mr. Dick is an artist of skill and industry, and I am disposed to find fault with you for not having said more upon his merit. The head of Bulwer is taken from an English plate, published, I think, in the London Monthly Magazine. It is admirably well done, bearing a close resemblance to the original, and is a pledge that this artist can, if he pleases, supply us with pictures from his own *burin*, without the necessity of our sending across the Atlantic. Pray may I also inquire why you have passed so slightly over the "Views of New-York," for which one of you gentlemen furnished descriptions? If the author of these same letter-press illustrations is too modest to speak of them in his journal, he should not overlook the productions of the engraver in equal silence. For myself, I deem the work very creditable to all concerned, and beg you will insert this in the Mirror, and thereby oblige one of many regular readers. J. L.

Mr. J. L. is rather impertinent in his familiarity, but as his intention seems good, we give place to his remarks.—Eds.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

MR. FORREST took the Gladiator for his benefit on Monday evening. The popularity of the performer and the piece combined, drew a crowded auditory. We really think Dr. Bird has done wonders for so young a writer, and that Mr. Forrest is entitled to our gratitude for his energetic and manly efforts in seeking out and rewarding talent. It may be said, he works for his own interest; but we shall be gratified to find others adopting his example. Mr. Sinclair has closed a very successful engagement. Mr. Kean will produce the new tragedy of Waldemar in a few weeks. Miss Clifton is making friends at the Bowery, and attractions, at both establishments, are multiplying upon our attention.

As we have no other particular observations to offer concerning the entertainments of the past week, we shall occupy the room devoted to this department with a few general remarks. The task of furnishing regular notices of the drama is somewhat difficult and laborious. Many, from disinclination or absence from the city, are unaccustomed to attend theatrical representations, and, we suppose, peruse our animadversions with reluctance, or do not peruse them at all. It is a matter of little importance to them whether Mr. Sinclair shakes six times or sixty at the end of a Scotch ballad; or whether that gentleman or Mr. Richings astound the audience with the most complicated circumlocutions. There must be hundreds, perhaps thousands, of good sensible folks who would not wade through a paragraph to know what impression we might receive from the divine Paganini himself; and, we sorely distrust, that numbers away from the scene of action, look upon Cinderella and rumors of Cinderella as the poor Frenchman did upon his unrelenting persecutor, when, for the fiftieth time, he broke his sleep with the interrogation, "Is there a Mr. Thompson lodges here?" To those we sometimes feel as if an apology were due, and we offer it with the conviction that the force of it will be acknowledged. Whatever clashing of opinions may exist upon the question whether the drama exercises a beneficial influence upon society, it is very certain that the institution is now too firmly seated to be overthrown. It has descended to us, in some shape or other, from almost the earliest dawn of civilization among the ancients, and will probably remain, through future ages, amid the wrecks of a thousand manners, customs, and governments. Whatever has a tendency then to check its abuses, to refine its character, and render it subservient to purposes of moral good, cannot be improper. And there are numerous reasons why the public press should watch the career of a creature of such gigantic strength, so capable of being useful, and so easily perverted and debased. It is reasonable therefore that a journal like this should sometimes take a deliberate survey of its character and actions, and we should esteem ourselves truly fortunate in being able to purge away any of its occasional impurities, or make its real merits more widely known. Besides this serious aim, the consciousness of which, we confess, has often shed around our labors an agreeable air of importance, there are innumerable petty inconsistencies, which need only be fairly set up in their proper light to be corrected both by audience and players.

Notwithstanding all the cant of criticism, how many a piece of absurdity is applauded in an actor of celebrity, and how many a pretty burst of nature and display of skill, is suffered to pass entirely unnoticed in one who does not come to us heralded by a brilliant reputation. How many mistake what is new for what is beautiful, and overlook the most perfect exhibition of art because its very perfection prevents the art from being seen. Theatrical audiences have much to answer for in this respect. There is often a world of acclamation wasted on the worst parts of the play; on those which

require the least talent in the actor; as, for example, in the scene in Richard the Third, when the Duke of Buckingham, after the "bloody and devouring boar" has suffered his true character to break forth in these celebrated words, "Begone, thou troublest me. I'm not the vein," delivers that well known speech, in the termination of which he wishes the world "to see this tyrant tumbling from his throne." The representative of the disappointed duke always at this crisis braces himself up into a genuine theatrical attitude, clenches his fist, lets all his voice out, and invariably makes his exit in a little clap of thunder. We are not censuring the actor, but the audience, for being seduced into that applause by noise and rant, which they too often withhold from a becoming expression, a classical attitude, or a graceful reading. For our part we think it time for the public to put themselves a little upon their dignity, and exert their reason in detecting the best passages of a piece, and the genuine excellencies of the performer on which to bestow their plaudits. Indeed, we scarcely remember to have heard any speech noticed by the house for its intrinsic eloquence. The most finished sentence in the Sketch Book would flow silently along, unless pointed with some vile pun, made conspicuous by a mock-heroic, hacknied sentiment, or appealing directly to the pit with a local allusion. During the period of the Greek mania, a poet, who luckily happened to combine true genius with good sense and knowledge of the world, was requested to compose a prologue. It was written throughout with a chaste yet fervid beauty, such as literary men would admire in the closet; but it would have been a complete failure on the stage, had not the author ingeniously managed to round it off with an unexpected apostrophe to the Greeks, which so electrified the audience that we thought they never would have done shouting. We are justly exposed to the same remarks respecting music. Let the singer exercise his lungs, legs, and arms lustily—come up to the stage lights, and treat the admirers of this divine art to a full measure of shakes, quavers, and the like, and although the melody will be actually ruined thereby, he will move some to tears, and nearly all to acclamation. An actor of real talent has another dangerous rival in our favor. Showy scenery and new dresses, which may be admired without any learning or effort of thought, come in for a large portion of praise; and a speech, which has cost perhaps some hours labor, is eclipsed by a handsome moon, an old bridge in the back ground, or a sky, which, from the admiration it excites, one would imagine altogether better than that hung over us by nature. A grocer's sign, in the farce, will set the house in a roar, when Falstaff's wit has failed. An executioner with his sleeves tucked up, the supernumeraries hitting each other over the head with wooden javelins, make the house tremble to the foundation; while the impressive gleamings of Richard's conscience in the tent, and the fine philosophy of Hamlet over the skull of "poor Yorick," are listened to with a sort of patient resignation. We remember a performer of much grace and intelligence who gained more credit for shaking his left leg in the dying-scene of a tragedy than for any of his preceding admirable delineations of passion. As long as the lovers of the drama suffer themselves to be so deceived, the stage will continue to be a bad school of elocution, and it will be censure against a public speaker to say that his manner is "theatrical."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AN HONEST FACE.—One day when the Caliph Omar was sitting in council with the companions of the Prophet, and great men of his time, two young men, appeared before him, leading a third, whose beauty attracted general attention. Omar gave them a sign to approach, and one of the two, who held the third, spoke to the following effect:—

"We are two brothers, whose happiness it was to have a father, who, for his virtues, was esteemed by the whole tribe. He was in the habit of walking in his garden to enjoy the air, and this young man killed him there. We have apprehended him, and brought him hither for the purpose of receiving from you the right of retaliation."—"Answer to this," said Omar to the young man, who stood before him with the greatest calmness, retaining a placid and guiltless countenance; and he proceeded with great natural eloquence to defend himself thus:—

"They are right: yet hear me, commander of the faithful. I belong to a Bedouin family, who wander about the desert. One of our young and finest camels approached the wall of the city, to crop the tender branches of a tree that hung over it; an old man appeared above the wall and rolled down a huge stone, which crushed my young camel,—he sunk down beside me dead. In my rage I seized the stone, and flung it back towards the wall, where it struck the old man who had killed my camel. The blow was mortal, I sought to save myself by flight, but these two young persons apprehended, and have brought me before you."—"Thou hast confessed thy crime," said Omar, "the punishment of retaliation awaits thee."—"I am ready to endure it," replied the young man, "but I have a younger brother, whom our father on his death-bed particularly recommended to my care. The property, which by inheritance, falls to him, lies buried in a spot known to none but myself. If you cause me to be put to death before I have delivered it to him, you will hereafter, O commander of the faithful, have to answer for the loss of his inheritance before God. Grant me but three days to do this business." When Omar had reflected for a moment, he said: "But who will be responsible for your return?" The young man pointed to Abizar, one of the members of the council, who, with no other security than the confidence which the physiognomy of the young man inspired him with, consented to become his guarantee.

The third day was almost at an end, and the Bedouin came not yet. The two brothers began to demand with a loud voice the blood of the man who had taken upon himself to answer for the murderer's return. The companions of the prophet opposed it: but the severe Omar pronounced sentence, that the life of Abizar

should be taken if the young man returned not before the setting of the sun. At that very moment he re-appeared, breathless with haste, and in profuse perspiration. "I have," said he, "put my brother's money in safety, pardon me if the excessive heat has retarded me more than I expected." "Commander of the faithful," said Abizar, "I have been security for this youth without having known anything of him, and inspired with confidence in him solely through his honest countenance—behold him here! Let us no more say there is neither truth nor honor upon earth."

All were astonished at the upright conduct of the youth, and the two brothers, who were equally affected, withdrew their accusation, and declared they pardoned him. Severe as Omar was, he accepted their pardon with great pleasure, and congratulated himself that there was so much truth and honor under his government, and among the Bedouins.—*New Arabian Nights*.

SIDDONIANA.—When Mrs. Siddons visited Dr. Johnson, he paid her two or three very elegant compliments. When she retired, he said to Dr. Glover, "Sir, she is a prodigiously fine woman." "Yes," replied Dr. Glover, "but don't you think she is much finer on the stage, when she is adorned by art?" "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "on the stage art does not adorn her; nature adorns her there, and art glorifies her."

"Mrs. Siddons," said Lord Byron, "was the beau ideal of acting; Miss O'Neil I would not go to see for fear of weakening the impression made by the queen of tragedians. When I read *Lady Macbeth's* part, I have Mrs. Siddons before me; and imagination even supplies her voice, whose tones were superhuman, and power over the heart supernatural."

Sir Joshua Reynolds never marked his name on his pictures, except in the instance of Mrs. Siddons's portrait as the Tragic Muse, when he wrote his name upon the hem of her garment. When Mrs. Siddons first saw the picture in its finished state, she went near to examine the pattern of this, which appeared to be a curious classic embroidery, such being, at that time, much in fashion, and she then perceived it contained his name; when making the remark to Sir Joshua, who was present, he very politely said, "I could not lose the honor this opportunity offered to me for my name going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

"At Calais," says Kelly, in his *Reminiscences*, "we went to Dessein's, made an excellent dinner, and passed the night there. We took our route the next morning for Lisle, and got to dinner at St. Omer. At the hotel where we dined the landlady told us that Madame la grand actrice Anglaise Siddons had just dined, and quitted the house not a quarter of an hour before our arrival. I asked the landlady what she thought of Mrs. Siddons? She said she 'thought her a fine woman, and thought she made it her study to appear like a Frenchwoman; but,' added the landlady, 'she has yet much to learn before she arrives at the dignity and grace of one.' After this speech I could find nothing palatable in her house."

Mrs. Siddons was less taciturn in private society than is generally imagined by those who had frequent opportunities of seeing her. She sung many simple ballads with infinite taste; and, when in very limited society, she introduced a peculiarly dry humor into those amusing trifles. On one occasion, at the house of her late brother, Mr. John Kemble, the writer of this remembers Mrs. Siddons singing Sheridan's ballad of "Billy Taylor," with irresistible drollery.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE EFFECTS OF HABIT.—The path leading down this ravine is, in many places, so precipitous, that we were constantly in danger of slipping and rolling into the depths below, which the assistance of the natives alone prevented. While we were thus borrowing help from others, and grasping every tuft of grass and bough that offered its friendly support, we were overtaken by a group of chubby little children, trudging unconcernedly on, munching a water-melon, and balancing on their heads calabashes of water, which they had brought from the opposite side of the island. They smiled at our helplessness as they passed, and we felt their innocent reproof; but we were still unpractised in such feats, while they from being trained to them, had acquired a footing and a firmness which habit alone can produce.—*Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific*.

SUSCEPTIBILITY.—There is now living in Spalding, England, an old widow lady, upwards of eighty years, who declares she has not shed a tear these fifty years, during which time she has buried three loving husbands.—*London Times*.

LOVE AND EMPIRE.—Lord Whitworth, ambassador to the czar of Russia, had had a personal intimacy with the Czarina Catherine, (the first Catherine, wife of Peter the Great,) at a time when her favors were not purchased nor rewarded at so extravagant a rate as that of a diadem. When he had accommodated the rupture between the court of England and the czar, he was invited to a ball at court, and taken out to dance by the czarina. As they began the minuet, she squeezed him by the hand, and said in a whisper, "Have you forgot little Kate?"—*Walter Scott*.

AN HONEST MAN.—Grose, who was acquainted with Oldys the biographer, says that he was a man of great good nature, honor, and integrity, particularly in his character of a historian. "Nothing," adds he, "I firmly believe, would ever have biased him to insert any fact in his writings he did not believe, or to suppress any he did. Of this delicacy he gave an instance, at a time when he was in great distress. After his publication of the life of Sir Walter Raleigh, some booksellers, thinking his name would sell a piece they were publishing, offered him a considerable sum to father it, which he rejected with the greatest indignation."—*Literary Gazette*.

SINGULAR MODE OF CATCHING DUCKS.—The Karaikees catch a great many ducks with nets, which they let fall over the precipices and cliffs along the sea-coast, where those ducks sit in the cavities of the rocks. As the net falling down frightens them, they fly against it and are caught in the meshes, sometimes twenty at a time.

TALENT FOR WRITING WORSE AND WORSE.—A gentleman returning from the representation of the "Modern Prophets," or from some other of D'Urfey's bad plays, the first night it was acted, said to Dryden, "Was there ever such stuff?" "Sir," replied Dryden, "you don't know my friend Tom so well as I do: I'll answer for him he shall write worse yet."—*Half's Collections*.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

THE REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

FROM AN OLD COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

"I don't choose to say much upon this head,
I'm a plain man and in a single station;
But, oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not ben-pecked you all."

August 4th.—I never saw a woman—that is, I have seen very few women whom I should not tremble to marry—while they who have fastened on my thoughts and softened me into an odd mixture of friendship and admiration, that might be mistaken for love, are innumerable. They have some quality of sweetness; something to dazzle or to soothe; but are deficient in that general combination of virtues and graces, necessary to make them "wife-like." What a misery it must be to be tacked to a companion of whom you get tired, whom it is your duty to love. What comparisons must flash in upon a cooled husband. Preserve me, ye gods!

August 5th.—Last night was calm as Eden. I had been strolling around the city. Eat a cream at Contoit's alone. There were several parties around me; some graceful girls, and one or two children. How perfectly merry they seemed. I stole a glance under a large bonnet, as the face was lifted in the act of speaking. The moonlight was soft yet distinct, like that of a frosted lamp. The features were animated; more, they were perfectly radiant with soul and mind. Her look was one of those that painters, except the rarest masters, never catch. There is a kind of female voice which I cannot hear without yearning to know the speaker. Those tones are among the deadliest of woman's snares. Good eyes, a pretty foot, and such a voice, and Monsieur Bachelor falls into a reverie. The gentleman by her side addressed her by her first name. I remember nothing more fraught with pleasant and endearing associations than this familiar form of speech. There is something pompous and ludicrous to me in all high-sounding titles, and I often smile in directing a letter to "his excellency," or "the general," or my "honorable" correspondents; but Julia, Maria, Fanny, Amelia, how they flow from the lips! What a history of social intercourse, in all the by-paths of life, they betray to the lonely stranger, who listens and envies and says nothing. I was disguising these observations under an air of avidity towards my ice, when the objects of them (who I found were of one family, the children being the offspring of the young couple) arose, the lady leaning confidently on her husband's arm, and each retaining the hand of a child, and retired. I whistled the end of an old ballad, which I presently recognized as the air of "My heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Alice Gray." I thrust my hands into my pocket, called for a glass of brandy and water, and wandered away through the crowd towards this den—my room. Every thing here is in confusion and has a vile odor of cigar smoke. There is an inch of unbroken ashes lying on the candlestick; the maid has put the pitcher on my London "Spectator;" and four pair of boots and my new coat are lying in the corner. The wretch! After all a bachelor is a neglected, worthless sort of a creature. Dear, dear Mary, I wish—I wish she had staid longer in this city. I wonder what dolt she will fling herself away upon? I wonder if she ever thinks of me (where the d—l's my night-cap)? I shall never forget the tone of mirth with which she told me, "Farewell, I shall never see you again!" followed by the instantaneous tremor of her voice, the quivering of that perfect lip, the sudden turning away of her face; and then the captain's shout, "all aboard." What perfect hypocrites women sometimes are on certain subjects. I fear I said too much or too little to Mary. We young fellows sometimes—it's a pity but—heigho! An enormous gape, that threatened to turn me the wrong side out, cut me short, and I fell asleep.

August 6th.—Morning. Raining in a deluge. Let me see. Take up B.'s note to-day. See Murray about Liment's affair. Book-binder, 304 Barrow.

It is astonishing what different moods men are exposed to. We are complete *fac similes* of the weather. Rainy, cloudy, cold, warm, clear, and sunshiny. Spring hopes, winter dreariness; blooming like summer, mellow like autumn. Can it be possible, that it was I who scribbled the nonsense on the last page? I whining about sweet faces, and domestic bliss, and all that? I who have seen Charles Bryon shoot out of his house like a cannon ball discharged by a fiery expression of his wife; and poor Sam Haight begging me to discount a note of five hundred dollars, to pay for Julia's jewels. I who profess independence, and love my friends. I entrapped by a smooth face and a soft hand, a silvery voice and neat foot, to swear off from the club and turn virtuous; to go home at ten and leave off smoking; and to give up the superb luxury of falling in love with all the glorious creations with which nature has crowded the earth, as the stars come out in heaven; and this for one—a single pair of inquiring eyes—with a right to reproach me for floating about with the delicious tides of life at my and their sovereign pleasure? Why I deemed myself more manly, more worldly, more wise. A married man is a victim. He is bound down with a thousand Lilliputian chains. He is burthened with the necessity of thinking for two, perhaps for twenty. He multiplies his responsibilities, his cares, his fears. If unhappy in his connexion, he sneaks through life like a dog with a tin canister tied to his tail. If happy, he resembles one who has built him a beautiful ship, loaded her with all the affections of his soul, and sent her abroad upon an ocean swept continually with fearful hurricanes.

Night. One of the pleasantest adventures I ever met. The day has been varied with heavy showers and dark sultry calms. I was walking in Broadway before a young girl, whose face (I never

pass a female face without criticizing it) was of unusual beauty; an immense black cloud suddenly floated over the city, and a few large drops fell heavily. She stopped, and appeared embarrassed. She was without an umbrella—mine was large and new. I proffered it; she accepted it, with a smile that took away my breath. I accompanied her to the door; it bore the name of my old school-mate and friend, Leigh Ackerman, and this was his wife. I was thunderstruck. What! Ackerman? Leigh Ackerman? Married? and to such a creature! Her graceful invitation was twice repeated before I replied, and then I stumbled into the room like a man in a dream.

My old friend met me with a warm welcome, and after a brief but lively visit, I accepted an invitation to repeat the call often. The husband shook me heartily by the hand, the lady thrilled me with one of the kindest, *dearest* of looks, and I was soon wandering through the streets in a reverie which I broke by running my nose against a pump handle. A fair illustration of the difference between the dreams and the realities of life.

August 12th.—Have seen this fair enchantress frequently since. How perfectly beautiful she is. What a life and fire shoot from her large black eyes. She has the look of a gazelle, and sometimes comes over her features an expression of sadness, a drooping of the long lashes over their orbs of light, a compression of the lips, and a half stifled sigh, as if she were not happy. I see it all. Leigh Ackerman is not the being for her, and she has found it out. He is cold and practical. He is a princely fellow in appearance; but one who knows him may say with the fox to the mask, in the fable, "What a pity," &c. How utterly wasted her fine qualities must be on him. As I was looking down on her glowing face this evening, the thought came across my mind, if fate had made her mine! and as our eyes met, the same thought seemed *felt* by her.

"I had not wandered wild and wide,
With such a creature for my guide,
Both heaven and man might now approve me,
If she had lived, and lived to love me."

What a fool or villain am I. A fool if I am thus wasting my soul on one who cares not for me; a villain if any thing I have said or done has awakened in her bosom a forbidden wish, a vain regret. I have found the husband is not attached to her. He scarcely ever returns home before midnight. She sees no company. And I—she—that is, my treacherous rebellious feet bear me to her door, sometimes against my reason. Why did I not meet her before? The clock strikes twelve. What is she doing now? Sitting pale, melancholy, alone, by a dim light, and the tones of this very bell strikes on her chilled solitary heart like a death-knell, and the startling knock of an intoxicated husband breaks her reverie, wherein her soul wandered back to the pleasantest hopes of her childhood, and then returned to brood among their present desolation. If she were my wife, would it be thus? What a joy to render all the multiplied adventures of life subservient to the gratification of such a being! To ride with her through lovely scenes, to read to her the creations of genius, the intensely wrought stories of Scott, the superb passages of Shakspeare, the melting witcheries of Moore, the classic richness of Pope, the clear exquisite simplicity and wit of Addison, the delicious pathos and irresistible humor of Washington Irving. What a picture rises up in my fancy. How perfectly happy, how vivid? She, with a perfect content overspreading her features, employed at her sewing; the replenished fire glowing in the grate; the wintry wind whistling around the windows; the tortoise cat asleep on the rug, and the tempered light of the lamp making our neatly furnished room as cheerful as our own hearts were amid the commotions of life. I am writing now the loosest reveries that can float through my mind. "Shadows, my lord." It is a happiness to sit and dream thus; yet it is a crime. Is it good or evil to write in this careless disjointed style? Answer, thou prying mortal, whose'er thou art; whose eye, perchance, will detect these midnight thoughts, when I am mouldering, mouldered, gone, and forgotten among human beings. What a night is this! The soft and spotted moon is setting in silence, and a few ragged clouds are lapsing through the heavens. Thou eternal arch of unutterable splendor! imagination, that courses over all things earthly with an almost omnipotent power, tires out and sinks down, baffled in soaring into thy blue expanse. Light, which outspeeds imagination with its wonderful swiftness, even light in its miraculous journey through thee, dies away into nothing, crossing but a speck in thy sphere, comparatively smaller than the point of an insect's sting. How many have looked on thee as I do now, lost in thy infinity? Cesar, from his armies, has marked these very stars; and Tarquin, when he stole through the streets of Rome, cursed thy light; Richard the lion-hearted glanced up at thee from the plains of Palestine; and Mary of Scotland, from her prison case-mement, perchance loved yonder very steady planet, and saw it through her slowly rolling tears; immortal Will Shakspeare stole away from the midnight riot, and fixed his flashing eyes upon thee while he muttered over those inspired sentences which were to be familiar to so many million million lips. And who will be gazing on thee when a hundred years shall have dragged themselves away with their victims; when all, *all* who now live and hope, who strut in pride, or stalk in woe, shall be but as the fantastic images of a half-forgotten dream; who will then be gazing up at you from this thronged city? Vain yearning, to grasp the locked-up secrets of nature. What an insect is man!

HEALTH AND EXERCISE.

He taught them love of toil; toil which does keep
Obstruction from the mind, and quench the blood;
Ease but belongs to us like sleep, and sleep
Like opium is our medicine, not our food.

ORIGINAL CRITICAL NOTICES.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

ALTHOUGH this author ranked next to Shakspeare, the American public, until recently, have been almost unacquainted with his writings. While the effusions of novelists, essayists, poets, &c. are sprinkled often too profusely with the borrowed wealth of the prince of dramatists, the rarity with which they exhibit the pithy gems of Massinger betrays their ignorance of his ample treasury. Yet every man of leisure would find pleasure, and every literary man profit in seeking them with care.

Of the life of Massinger, like that of Shakspeare, little is known. He was born at Salisbury, in the year 1584, and died March seventeenth, 1650, aged fifty-six. "The memorial of his mortality," says Gifford, "is given with a pathetic brevity which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life. March twentieth, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger." It is acknowledged, however, that his family and connections were good, and his literary acquirements are said to have been multifarious and extensive. He was entered at the university of Oxford, where he remained four years, after which, at the age of twenty-two, he set out for London, and, probably, driven by his necessities, dedicated himself to the service of the stage.

"The theatre, when Massinger first took up his abode in the metropolis, must have presented attractions of all others the most calculated to excite the interest, and inspire the imagination of a young man of sensibility, taste, and education, like our poet. No art ever attained a more rapid maturity than the dramatic art in England. The people had, indeed, been long accustomed to a species of exhibition, called 'Miracles or Mysteries,' founded on sacred subjects, and performed by the ministers of religion themselves, on the holy festivals, in or near the churches, and designed to instruct the ignorant in the leading facts of sacred history." From the occasional introduction of allegorical characters, such as Faith, Death, Hope, or Sin, into these religious dramas, representations of another kind, called 'Moralities,' had by degrees arisen, of which the plots were more artificial, regular, and connected, and which were entirely formed of such personifications: but the first rough draught of a regular tragedy and comedy—Lord Sackville's *Gorboduc*, and Still's *Gammer Gurton's Needle*—were not produced till within the latter half of the sixteenth century, and little more than twenty years before the stage acquired its highest splendor in the productions of Shakspeare.

"About the end of the sixteenth century, the attention of the public began to be more generally directed to the drama; and it throve most admirably beneath the cheering beams of popular favor. The theatrical performances which in the early part of Elizabeth's reign had been exhibited on temporary stages erected in such halls or apartments as the actors could procure, or, more generally, in the yards of the larger inns, while the spectators surveyed them from the surrounding windows and galleries, began to find more convenient and permanent habitations. About the year 1569, a regular play-house, under the appropriate name of 'The Theatre,' was erected. It is supposed to have stood somewhere in Blackfriars; and, three years after the commencement of this establishment, the queen, yielding to her own inclination for such amusements, and disregarding the remonstrance of the Puritans, granted license and authority to the servants of the earl of Leicester (for the recreation of her loving subjects, as for her own solace and pleasure when she should think good to see them) to exercise their occupation throughout the whole realm of England. From this time the number of theatres increased with the increasing demands of the people. Various noblemen had their respective companies of performers, who were associated as their servants, and acted under their protection; and when Massinger left Oxford, and commenced dramatic author, there were no less than seven principal theatres open in the metropolis.

"With respect to the interior arrangements, there were very few points of difference between our modern theatres and those of the days of Massinger. The price of admission, indeed, was considerably cheaper: to the boxes the entrance was a shilling; to the pit and galleries only sixpence. Sixpence also was the price paid for stools upon the stage; and these seats, as we learn from Decker's *Gull's Hornbook*, were particularly affected by the wits and critics of the time. The conduct of the audience was less restrained by the sense of public decorum, and smoking tobacco, playing at cards, eating and drinking, were generally prevalent among them. The hours of performance were also earlier; the play commencing at one o'clock. During the representation a flag was unfurled at the top of the theatre; and the stage according to the universal practice of the age, was strewn with rushes; but, in all other respects, the theatre of Elizabeth and James's days seem to have borne a perfect resemblance to our own. They had their pit, where the inferior class of spectators, the *groundlings*, vented their clamorous censure or approbation; they had their boxes—rooms, as they were called—to which the right of exclusive admission was engaged by the night, for the more affluent portion of the audience; and there were again the galleries, or *scaffoldings* above the boxes, for those who were content to purchase less commodious situations at a cheaper rate. On the stage in the same manner, the appointments appear to have been nearly of the same description as at present. The curtain divided the audience from the actors, which, at the third sounding, not indeed of the *bell*, but of the *trumpet*, was drawn for the commencement of the performance."

Only splendid talents could have prevented our poet, young, poor, and friendless, from being totally eclipsed by the host of geniuses that then thronged the arena to fame. Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shirley were dazzling the world with their wonderful displays of intellect and imagination. Among such a galaxy, his rays streamed forth with a brilliancy surpassed only by the lustre of that radiant star,

"Of whose true-fixed, and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."

He produced two or three plays every year, until the number amounted to thirty-seven, of which sixteen, with the fragment of another, are alone extant. "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," is highly dramatic, and is familiar to most of our readers. The annual income of this great man has been estimated at fifty pounds, which, without forgetting the additional value of money at that time, must have formed but an inadequate means of support. As a picture of the melancholy mingling up of life's disagreeable realities with the sweet splendid visions among which genius delights to wander, we extract the following letters:

"To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, esquire, these.

"MR. HINCHLOW.—You understand our unfortunate extremity, and I do not think you so void of christianity but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as we request now of you, rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is xl. more, at least, to be received of you for the play. We desire you to lend us vt. of that, which shall be allowed to you; without which, we cannot be payed, nor I play any more till this be dispatched. It will lose you xxl. ere the end of the next weeke, besides the hindrance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of need. We have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises, and alwayes acknowledgement to be ever your most thankful and loving friends,
NAT. FIELD."

*Indulgences were granted to those who attended the representation of them.
†Gorboduc appeared in 1562; Gammer Gurton, in 1566.

"The money shall be abated out of the money remains for the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours."
ROB. DABORNE.

"I have ever found you a true loving friend to me, and in so small a suite, it being honest, I hope you will not fail us."
PHILIP MASSINGER.

Indorsed.

"Received by me, Robert Davison, of Mr. Hinchlow, for the use of Mr. Daborne, Mr. Feeld, Mr. Massinger, the sum of vi.
ROB. DAVISON."

Massinger is represented as a man of singular modesty, gentleness, candor, and affability, beloved sincerely by all who had any knowledge of his character and talents. We have flung together these few facts respecting his career, that the reader unacquainted with his compositions, of whom there are a vast number, may form some idea of the author of the few brief passages given below. We are not disposed to follow him through all the intricacies of his plots, which, without a reverence to the judgment of superior critics, who have advocated a different opinion, are frequently not without certain glaring improbabilities, although they often become strongly interesting. But we propose to give merely a few specimens of the fine beauty of the expressions which are scattered through his pages. It is for these, more than any other peculiarity that we delight in the old dramatists. Their plays are made to read as well as to see; and, apart from all the aid of light, scenery, and dresses, and the contagious excitement which acts upon a man who alone is cool and philosophic, and renders him in a crowd susceptible to enthusiasm and passion, there are to be found in Massinger and his contemporaries, truths flashing as diamonds, and set in superb language. When there is neither a superfluity nor a deficiency of words, the idea is displayed in bold relief, like carved work on a temple. We deem the distinction between the ancient and modern writers to be connected with this depth and force of expression, of which we find so many perfect illustrations in Shakspeare and Massinger. Our writers are rich, elegant, melodious, full of delightful conceits, and ingenious refinements; their thoughts come to the reader arrayed in dainty apparel, and blazing with a superfluity of embellishments. But our author and his kindred spirits give their conceptions in a homely garment, and with few preliminary flourishes. You read along with them till suddenly there stands boldly up before you a thought, perfect in itself, and perfectly seen, like a statue, so sparingly draped as to display the full proportions of its limbs; and when its features are once beheld, they cling in the memory like reality. You lay down the page and pass to the ordinary duties of life, forgetting the companion of your closet till some person or occurrence in the transactions around you calls up the recollection of what you at first deem your own actual experience, but which, at length, you trace to the quiet page which beguiled you in your leisure hour. Let us instance a few of these from our old poet. In the "Virgin-Martyr," Antoninus exclaims:

Anton.—Oh, I am lost for ever! lost, Macrinus!
The anchor of the wretched, hope, forsakes me,
And with one blast of fortune all my light
Of happiness is put out.

Several noble passages occur in the following dialogue between Dorothea, Macrinus, and Angelo, from the same play.

Dor. My trusty Angelo, with that curious eye
Of thine, which ever waits upon my business,
I prithee watch those my still-negligent servants,
That they perform my will, in what's enjoined them
To the good of others. Be careful, my dear boy.

Ang. Yes, my sweetest mistress. [Exit.]
Dor. Now, sir, you may go on.

Mac. I then must study
A new arithmetic, to sum up the virtues
Which Antoninus gracefully become.
There is in him so much man, so much goodness,
So much of honor and of all things else,
Which make our being excellent, that from his store
He can enough lend others; yet, much taken from him,
The want shall be as little, as when seas
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the pooriness
Of needy rivers.

Dor. Sir, he is more indebted
To you for praise, than you to him that owes it.
Mac. If queens, viewing his presents paid to the whiteness
Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious
But to be parted in their numerous shares;
This be counts nothing: could you see main armies
Make battles in the quarrel of his valor,
That 'tis the best, the truest; this were nothing:
The greatness of his state, his father's voice,
And arm, aving Caesars, he ne'er boasts of!
The sunbeams which the emperor throws upon him
Shine there but as in water, and gild him
Not with one spot of pride; no, dearest beauty,
All these, heaped up together in one scale,
Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you,
Being put into the other.

Dor. Could gold buy you
To speak thus for a friend, you, sir, are worthy
Of more than I will number: and this your language
Hath power to win upon another woman,
Top of whose heart the feathers of this world
Are gaily stuck; but all which first you named,
And now this last, his love, to me are nothing.

Mac. You make me a sad messenger—but himself.
Enter ANTONINUS.
Being come in person, shall, I hope, hear from you
Music more pleasing.

Anton. Has your ear, Macrinus,
Heard none, then?

Mac. None I like.
Anton. But can there be
In such a noble casket, wherein lie
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty
A life that's prostrated beneath your feet?

Dor. I am guilty of a shame I yet ne'er knew,
Thus to hold parley with you; pray sir, pardon. [Going.]

Anton. Good sweetness, you now have it, and shall go:
Be but so merciful, before your wounding me
With such a mortal weapon as farewell,
To let me murmur to your virgin ear,
What I was loath to lay on any tongue
But this mine own.

Dor. If one immodest accent
Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.

And again, what a fine illustration of a dying martyr's spirit.

Artemia. Are you so brave, sir?
Set forward to his triumph, and let those two
Go cursing along with him.

Dorothea. No, but pitying,
For my part, I that you love ten times more
By torturing me, that I dare your tortures:
Through all the army of my sins, I have even
Labor'd to break, and cope with death to the face;
The visage of a hangman frights not me;
The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up
To an eternal habitation.

Theophilus. Caesar's imperial daughter, hear me speak:
Let not this christian thing in this her pageantry
Of pride, deriding both our gods and Caesar,
Build to herself a kingdom in her death,
Going laughing from us: no; her bitterest torment
Shall be to feel her constancy beaten down;
The bravery of her resolution lie
Batter'd, by argument, into such pieces,
That she again in penitence shall creep
To kiss the pavements of our paynim gods.

Artemia. How to be done?
Theophilus. I'll send my daughters to her,
And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax;
Else split at me, let me be made your slave,
And meet no Roman's but a villain's grave.
Artemia. Thy prisoner let her be, then; and Sapritius,
Your son and that, be yours: death shall be sent
To him that suffers them, by voice or letters,
To greet each other. Rattle her estate;
Christians to beggary brought grow desperate.

Dorothea. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed.
Angelo. O! my admired mistress, quench not out
The holy fire within you, though temptations
Shower down upon you: Clasp thine armor on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars,
Thy head wear sunbeams, and thy feet touch stars. [Exeunt.]

Theophilus sends his daughters, who, instead of converting Dorothea to paganism, are themselves induced by her arguments to adopt the true religion. Before their father's face, they spit at the image of Jove. Theophilus exclaims aghast at their action,

Theophilus. I am blasted:
And, as my feet were rooted here, I find
I have no motion; I would I had no sight, too!
Or if my eyes can serve to any use,
Give me, thou injured power, a sea of tears,
To expiate this madness in my daughters:
For, being themselves, they would have trembled at
So blasphemous a deed in any other:
For my sake, hold awhile thy dreadful thunder,
And give me patience to demand a reason
For this accursed act.

A description of a beautiful boy:

A thousand blessings danced upon his eyes,
A smooth-faced glorious thing.

Antoninus mourning for the approaching death of his mistress.

Antoninus. Then with her dies
The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman!
Set me down, friend, that, ere the iron hand
Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once
Take my last leave both of this light and her:
For, she being gone, the glorious sun himself
To me's Cimmerian darkness.

Theophilus at length himself repents, and thus reveals his conversion to the emperor, Dioclesian, after the execution of Dorothea:

Dioclesian. For I profess he is not Caesar's friend,
That sheds a tear for any torture that
A christian suffers. Welcome, my best servant,
My careful, zealous provost! thou hast told
To satisfy my will, though in extremes:
I love thee for't; thou art firm rock, no chattering.
Prithee deliver, and for my sake do it,
Without excess of bitterness, or scoffs,
Before my brother and these kings, how took
The christian her death?

Theophilus. And such a presence,
Though every private head in this large room
Were circled round with an imperial crown,
Her story will deserve, it is so full
Of excellence and wonder.

Dioclesian. Ha! how is this?

Theophilus. O! mark it, therefore, and with that attention,
As you would hear an embassy from heaven
By a winged legate; for the truth deliver'd,
Both how, and what, this blessed virgin suffer'd
And Dorothea but hereafter named,
You will rise up with reverence, and no more,
As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember
What the christian'd Spartan ladies were
Which lying Greece so boasts of. Your own matrons,
Your Roman dames, whose figures you yet keep
As holy relics in her history
Will find a second urn: Gracchus' Cornelia,
Faullian that in death desired to follow
Her husband Seneca, nor Brutus' Portia,
That swallowed burning coals to overtake him,
Though all their several worths were given to one,
With this is to be mention'd.

Macrinus. Is he mad?

Dioclesian. Why, they did die, Theophilus, and boldly,
This did no more.

Theophilus. They out of desperation,
Or for vain glory of an after-name,
Parted with life: this had not murtherous sons,
As the rash Gracchi were; nor was this saint
A dotting mother, as Cornelia was.
This lost no husband, in whose overthrow
Her wealth and honor sunk; no fear of want
Did make her being tedious; but, aiming
At an immortal crown, and in His cause
Who only can bestow it; who sent down
Legions of ministering angels to bear up
Her spotless soul to heaven, who entertain'd it
With choice celestial music, equal to
The motion of the spheres; she, uncompe'll'd,
Changed this life for a better. My lord Sapritius,
You were present at her death; did you e'er hear
Such ravishing sounds?

Sapritius. Yet you said then 't was witchcraft,
And devilish illusions.

Theophilus. I then heard it
With sinful ears, and belch'd out blasphemous words
Against his deity, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him.

Dioclesian. Why, dost thou now?

Or dar'st thou, in our hearing—

Theophilus. Were my voice
As loud as is His thunder, to be heard
Through all the world, all potentates on earth
Ready to burst with rage, should they but hear it;
Though hell, to aid their malice, lent her furies,
Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly:
I am a christian; and the powers you worship,
But dreams of fools and madmen.

Macrinus. Lay hands on him.

Dioclesian. Thou twice a child! for dotting age so makes thee.
Thou couldst not else, thy pilgrimage of life
Being almost pass'd through, in this last moment
Destroy what'er thou hast done good or great—

Thy youth did promise much; and, grown a man,
Thou mad'st it good, and with increase of years,
Thy actions still better'd; as the sun,
Thou didst rise gloriously, kept'st a constant course
In all thy journey; and now, in the evening,
When thou shouldst pass with honor to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a meteor?

This is a kind of writing which bears many readings. We are sorely tempted to prolong the article with a few of the massive ornaments of intellect and fancy which decorate the "Grand Duke of Florence," but our extracts have already extended too far. We shall be amply satisfied if even one among our growing literati be induced by our brief observations to snatch a few hours from some fashionable authors for the study of "William Massinger, the stranger."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Introductions to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets; designed principally for the use of young persons at school and college. By Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq. M.A. late fellow of King's college, Cambridge. Part I.—Containing, 1st. General Introduction. 2d. Homer. One vol. 12mo. p. 239. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. 1831.

THESE sketches are not by the celebrated poet Coleridge, but they will not disappoint the expectations of those who take them up with that impression. They are elegantly written comments upon the works of the leading poet of the world, equally calculated to please the classical and instruct the unlearned. Our author well observes of the wonderful genius of Homer, that he

"Always seems to write in good spirits, and he rarely fails to put his readers in good spirits also. To do this is a prerogative of genius in all times; but it is especially so of the genius of primitive or heroic poetry. In Homer head and heart speak and are spoken to together. Morbid peculiarities of thought or temper have no place in him. He is as wide and general as the air we breathe and the earth upon which we tread, and his vivacious spirit animates, like a Proteus, a thousand different forms of intellectual production—the life-preserving principle in them all. He is as the mighty strength of his own deep-flowing ocean—

"Whence all the rivers, all the seas have birth,
And every fountain, every well on earth."

The true lover of poetry, although not versed in the dead languages, will find himself irresistibly led on to a perusal of the translations, which the finest scholars of our own have left of their great idol, and the "study of the classic poets" will probably be the means of diffusing a knowledge at least of the English versions among many. It contains several displays of fine composition. Read the following enthusiastic eulogy of the ancient tongues, as an example:

"I think all the great masters of the ancient literatures had this one natural advantage over all who, in modern times, have attempted to tread in their footsteps in the struggle for immortality. The Greek and the Roman caught, each from his mother's lips, a language which gave them heroic mastery in the contest, without any labor of their own. We may even now hear them challenging posterity in charmed accents, and daunting our rivalry with armor of celestial temper.

"I am not one who has grown old in literary retirement, devoted to classical studies with an exclusiveness which might lead to an overweening estimate of these two noble languages. Few, I will not say evil, were the days allowed to me for such pursuits; and I was constrained, still young and an unripe scholar, to forego them for the duties of an active and laborious profession. They are now amusements only, however, delightful and improving. Far am I from assuming to understand all their riches, all their beauty, or all their power; yet I can profoundly feel their immeasurable superiority to all we call modern; and I would fain think that there are many even among my young readers who can now, or will hereafter, sympathize with the expression of my ardent admiration.

"Greek—the shrine of the genius of the old world; as universal as our race, as individual as our ourselves; of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the complication and the distinctness of nature herself; to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing was excluded; speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English; with words like pictures, with words like the gossamer film of the summer; at once the variety and picturesqueness of Homer, the gloom and the intensity of Æschylus; not compressed to the by Thucydides, not fathomed to the bottom by Plato, not sounding, closest with all its thunders, nor lit up with all its ardors even under the Promethean touch of Demosthenes! And Latin—the voice of empire and of war, of law and of the state; inferior to its half-parent and rival in the embodying of passion, and in the distinguishing of thought, but equal to it in sustaining the measured march of history, and superior to it in the indignant declamation of moral satire; stamped with the mark of an imperial and despotizing republic; rigid in its construction, parsimonious in its synonyms; reluctantly yielding to the flowery yoke of Horace, although opening glimpses of Greek-like splendor in the occasional inspirations of Lucretius; proved, indeed, to the uttermost by Cicero, and by him found wanting; yet majestic in its bareness, impressive in its conciseness; the true language of history, instinct with the spirit of nations, and not with the passions of individuals; breathing the maxims of the world, and not the tenets of the schools; one and uniform in its air and spirit, whether touched by the stern and haughty Sallust, by the open and discursive Livy, by the reserved and thoughtful Tacitus.

"These inestimable advantages, which no modern skill can wholly counterpoise, are known and felt by the scholar alone. He has not failed, in the sweet and silent studies of his youth, to drink deep at those sacred fountains of all that is just and beautiful in human language. The thoughts and the words of the master-spirits of Greece and Rome are inseparably blended in his memory; a sense of their marvellous harmonies, their exquisite fitness, their consummate polish, has sunken for ever in his heart, and thence throws out light and fragrant upon the gloom and the annoyances of his maturer years. No avocations of professional labor will make him abandon their wholesome study; in the midst of a thousand cares he will find an hour to recur to his boyish lessons—to re-peruse them in the pleasurable consciousness of old associations and in the clearness of mainly judgment, and to apply them to himself and to

the world with superior profit. The more extended his sphere of learning in the literature of modern Europe, the more deeply, though the more wisely, will be reverence that of classical antiquity: and in declining age, when the appetite for magazines and reviews, and the ten-times repeated trash of the day, has failed, he will retire, as it were, within a circle of schoolfellow friends, and end his studies, as he began them, with his Homer, his Horace, and his Shakspeare.

"But after all, the characteristic merit of the poetry of the Iliad, is the important and interesting subject for consideration; and as to this, there is a vagueness in the general language of scholars which may perhaps be traced to the influence of the showy treatise of Longinus. From that has come the indiscriminate and often absurd use of the terms Sublime and Sublimity, by which a really appropriate criticism is almost rendered impossible. Where things are different, names should be different also. Poetical Sublimity seems specifically to consist in an expression of the vast, the obscure or the terrible: of this the Apocalypse, the fearful vision of Eliphaz the Temanite, and the 18th Psalm, v. 7—17, are grand examples in each kind. But every splendid burst of the imagination is not sublime in this sense; it may be noble or pathetic; it may be beautiful, or it may be simply delightful. Unless we thus distinguish, we shall find ourselves calling by the same name things unlike or even opposite to each other, and a vivid apprehension of the character of works of the intellect will be impracticable. There are indeed very few long poems in which sublimity is so predominant as to be characteristic; and it may be added, with great truth, that the most sublime productions of the human genius are not the most pleasing; for nothing will permanently captivate the heart of man which is above the sphere of his affections, and beyond the reach of his senses, and no poet was ever universally loved, who did not oft, Antæus-like, renew his flagging strength by gentle restings on the bosom of his mother earth. Homer and Shakspeare, compared with Milton, are illustrations of this truth. Homer was universally popular wherever Greek was spoken; Shakspeare is so now wherever English is known. Zoilus was a monster and a by-word, and no one would think it worth while to reason with an Englishman who should profess not to like Shakspeare. But out of the admirers of the Paradise Lost, what is the proportion of those who receive pleasure from it, or have even read that divine poem through? The truth is, that there are not many passages in the Iliad which can be properly called sublime: the grandest of those few beyond comparison is the description of the universal horror and tumult attending on the Battle of the Gods; whilst the real characteristics of the poem are truth, good sense, rapidity and variety, bodied forth into shape by a vivid imagination, and borne on the musical wings of an inimitable versification. It is the rare union and the harmonious operation of those inestimable qualities which make one of the longest poems known the most delightful and the most instructive; for who that has read the Iliad in youth, in manhood, or in old age, will deny it to be the Muses' purest and sweetest stream—one while foaming in fury, and at another sleeping in sunshine, and again running a steady and a cheerful course—here gliding between bare and even banks, there over-arched by forest trees, or islanded with flowers which lie, like the water-lilies, on the bosom of the current? Where has an earthly muse ever spoken such words of fire, or when has verse ever rolled on in such unbroken and resistless power as in those two wonderful rhapsodies in which Hector bursts through the gates of the Greek fortifications, and at last fights his way to the stern of Ajax' ship? Where is there a pathos so deep and tender as in the interview between Hector and Andromache, or in the lamentations of Andromache and Helen over the corpse of the departed hero? Where is there a picture so vivid and real as that of Achilles struggling in the surges of Scamander, or a pause of such profound calm as while we listen to the speeches by night in the tent of Pelides, or gaze, one by one, on the marvels of his Vulcanian shield."

Remains of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin, compiled by Francis Griffin: with a biographical memoir of the deceased, by the Rev. John McVicker, D. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy, etc. in Columbia College. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 456, 466. New-York: G. & C. H. Carvill; T. & J. Swords; E. Bliss; and O. Halstead. 1831.

This will prove a book of no ordinary attraction to the man of taste. It contains rich specimens of the diversified labors of a mind early imbued with the love of letters. A very cursory perusal of any one of the parts of which the work is composed will satisfy the reader that the prevailing cast of the author's mind was strictly classical, and that however much he may have delighted to disport through the fields of general literature, his choicest hours were spent in rifling the sweets of the ancient classics.

The Remains consist of "fugitive poems," "a tour through Italy and Switzerland," "extracts of a tour through France, England, and Scotland," "extracts from lectures on Roman, Italian, and English literature," and three dissertations on theological subjects.

Of the fugitive poems "The Fall of Greece," written at the age of sixteen, is a fair specimen. It is given in Latin of great classical purity, and polished versification. As an example of the *onomatopæia*, or of the sound corresponding with the sense, the verse

"Per Marathonæ sonat trux sanguineumque flagellum,"

will bear a comparison with some of the boasted specimens of the ancient poets.

The following apostrophe to Greece, from the same poem, rendered into English at page 103, is conceived in the spirit of poetry:

"Nature herself admired thy pencil's art,
That charmed the fancy while it touched the heart,
Apelles taught the canvas how to move,
The canvas taught Apelles how to love,
Thy chisel, too, could form and beauty give
To the dull rock, and made it breathe and live."

And again:

"Ah Greece! thy splendor all has passed away
Like the bright glow that lights the parting day;
Or as a brilliant star that glides the skies,
Then heading earthward shoots, and fades and dies."

His "Lines on leaving Italy," show that the seeds of fancy richly sown, with cultivation, might have secured to him no inconsiderable niche in the temple of Parnassus. The second stanza possesses the true poetic feeling and imagery:

"Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Parent of fruits, alas! no more of men!"

Where springs the olive e'en from mountains bare,
The yellow harvest loads the scarce tilled plain,
Spontaneous shoots the vine in rich festoon
From tree to tree depending, and the flowers
Wreath with their chaplets, sweet though fading soon
E'en fallen columns and decaying towers.

It would, however, be injustice to the deceased to rest his fame upon the overflowings of an exuberant fancy done into verse. He dallied with the muse, listened to her fascinations, and for the moment partook of her inspiration; but it passed away, and left open to his ambition the less hazardous, but not less enduring monument of literary distinction. It is in the rich stores of classical knowledge, in the refinements of taste, in the calm and voluptuous feeling called forth in the contemplation of the works of nature and art, in graphic description, in the sublimity of mountain scenery, in the enthusiasm conceived in the Florentine gallery, in the absorbing raptures of the Vatican, mingled and relieved by reflection sometimes moral, sometimes literary, always pure and elevated, that we are to seek for proofs of the literary claims of this excellent young man.

For what purpose Mr. Griffin commenced his travels, his letters do not inform us. It is, however, manifest, from the course he pursued, his object was to perfect a taste already more than half formed, upon the finest models of antiquity, and that the instruction might be enduring, to commit to paper the lessons as he received them, possibly without a view to their ultimate publication.

The tour through Italy occupies a large space, consisting chiefly of descriptions of mountain and rural scenery, and of the exquisite productions of art in architecture, sculpture, and painting. Mr. Griffin dates the commencement of his travels from Lyons in January 1829; whence he crosses the Alps by Mount Cenis; visits Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice, and Milan; re-crosses the Alps by the way of the Simplon and Chamouni, passes through Switzerland into France, and thence to England. Of this tour the principal points have stood prominent among travellers from time immemorial, a difficulty with which modern tourists who observe, to write, have to contend. The mountain scenery, the rural landscape, the remains of art—all have been anticipated—and yet such is the creative power of genius, so potently does she wave her wand when roused by the actual touch of objects embalmed in the pages of the poets, and hallowed by classical recollections, that the descriptions burst upon us with all the charms of novelty. It is the same Italy, but it is Italy viewed with a classic eye, presenting all the freshness and attraction of the *Æneid*. It is the same Rome, but it is Rome in its ruins, restored to its classical magnificence, and presented to the imagination, grand in its fall. Every object is not described, but every thing that is, wears the stamp of originality. Unlike Daru, Eustace, Forsyth, Craven, Simond, *cum multis aliis*, who had preoccupied the same route, our author always selects what he knew to be interesting, and what at times he felt to be inspiring. Of these he disposes with a conception so vivid, a coloring so rich, there is such a glow of feeling, so much of the heart about his style and manner, that we venture to predict his tour through Italy will be a favorite with the man of taste, and relished by every reader.

At the threshold of his tour, Mr. Griffin encounters the Alps by the way of Mount Cenis, where we meet with sketches of Alpine scenery well adapted to prepare the mind of the reader for scenes differing somewhat from those that await the footsteps of the every day tourist.

"I had previously observed," says he, "that the sun shone out upon the mountains in the rear, and when I reached the bridge which crossed the Arque, just at the turning point, I perceived that the same burst of sunshine lighted up the heights beyond; while in my immediate vicinity the deep blue tints of which I have before spoken, shrouded the sides of the tremendous eminences which frowned above me. Standing thus in gloom, I looked with absorbing admiration on the double illuminated vista which opened on either hand. At first I had no eye except for the general grandeur of the scene, but by degrees details pressed themselves on my attention; the windings of the valley, the varied surface of the heights, the brawling of the stream, the ruined towers perched like eagles' nests upon the summits of inaccessible and isolated crags, the trees sparkling with ice, the apparently fantastic distribution of the lights and shades, all too upon a scale of grandeur extensive as the boundaries of vision, left nothing further to be desired or imagined."

His disappointment on arriving at the summit of the Alps, where he expected to enjoy a view of Italy with a luxury of feeling resembling Hannibal's, will be readily felt by the classical reader.

The description of the scenery, as viewed from the bridge of the Po, the *fluvium rex Eridanus* of the poet is peculiarly happy.

"Starting at six o'clock, we soon arrived at the bridge of the Po, and I looked of course for the mountains. My hope of seeing them was but small, as day had only just begun to break. However, far in the horizon, opposed to the coming sun, I perceived a faint red which served to mark their outline. While the rest of the world was still buried in night, they were privileged to catch the beams of day. By and by their color warmed into a rich roseate hue, which contrasted beautifully with the violet tint of the mist that lay in darkness at their feet. As morning advanced, a red hot glow succeeded, and the vast amphitheatre of Piedmont was in its whole western section lighted up with an ineffable and overwhelming radiance. Meantime the eastern horizon was not unworthy of attention. The golden hues of an Italian sky formed a magnificent background, against which were relieved the towers of the Superga, and the picturesque outline of the neighboring hills. Scarcely had I time to contemplate this part of the scene and turn towards the mountains, before their aspect was again changed. The mist had fallen like a curtain at their feet, and the precarious tints of dawn had ripened into a twilight gray. The mountains themselves in their whole vast extent now seemed a wall of fire. I am using no figure of rhetoric, and wish to be understood literally. Iron in the

furnace could not have glowed with an intenser red than did those stupendous masses in the rays of the morning. Never did I witness a scene of such transcendent and overwhelming magnificence. A wall of fire, seeming almost as extensive as half the circumference of earth, its battlements and pyramids and towers shooting upwards into heaven, as if preparing to inflame those elevated regions, and above, and still beyond, new spires catching the same fiery radiance, the bases of the mountains clothed in vapor, the valley pervaded with the gray mist of twilight, the distant town relieved against the brilliant back ground, the majestic river, the rich eastern sky, composed a landscape which brought the tears into my eyes, and closing my lips in silence, precluded even the ordinary expressions of delight."

With equal felicity the narrative is relieved as often as scenes from nature of sufficient interest are presented. Those which in the hands of less gifted travellers become tame and tiresome by reason of their generality and sameness, coming from him, are always interesting. He seizes with ardor, groups with judgment, defines with boldness, and fills in the outlines with such a susceptibility to the charms of the scene, that he can hardly fail to delight.

Among the most spirited scenes will be found the view from the site of the ancient Roman capital, from the Colosseum by moonlight, and those beheld from different points, with great variety of light, shade, and distance, in the vicinity of Naples.

His sensible and chaste observations on the top of Vesuvius, a hacknied subject, strike us the more that most travellers, awed and confounded by the grandeur of the scene, are apt to break out here into swollen and unmeaning description.

"Arrived at the top," he observes, "you are indeed rewarded for all your fatigue. Directly beneath your feet yawns a horrid gulf, three or four hundred feet in depth, and upwards of a mile in circumference, occupying the whole summit of the mountain, except a narrow border, generally not more than four feet wide. The sides of the gulf in many places precipitous, and steep in all. Below is seen the surface of the crater, in part black with cooled lava, and covered in part with liquid fire, and sending forth smoke and flame from every crevice. In the midst arises a low cone, formed of ejected matter, upon whose summit open the very jaws of the subterranean abyss of fire. From thence issue clouds rolling upon clouds of sulphurous smoke, mingling from time to time with flashing flames, and at every burst of the volcano pierced by a thousand fragments of shivered rocks. The loud breathing of the fire is borne across the crater, seeming the fierce pantings of some chained monster; the sharp sound of the crackling flames pierces the ear, as if, assuming another form, sound had become material; while the tremendous roar of explosions succeeding each other at every instant fills the organs, and almost confounds the soul. Forcibly abstracting my attention from this fearful gulf, and turning once more towards a world which I almost seemed to have left forever behind me, a scene burst upon my view which I could not deem less than elysian. Far in the west the setting sun yet shed a parting smile upon the landscape, communicating a still softer, still more tranquil beauty. That golden atmosphere, those purple mountains, richer far in hue than northern climes can furnish or their inhabitants imagine, those glorious islands, those lofty promontories, that ample bay, that beautiful city, those long lines of villages, I never shall forget as they appeared at sunset from the summit of Vesuvius."

Of his conception of the grand in nature, and his powers of description rising in sublimity with his subject, his passage over Mount Blanc affords numerous examples; one of which, as he approaches Chamouni, we cannot refrain from introducing.

"It is in vain that I endeavor to convey in language the splendor of that scene, which yet memory and imagination will preserve to me, I trust, forever. Upon a level with my eye through an opening in the mountains, which exhibited, behind, the pure blue sky festooned by fleecy roseate clouds, the retiring sun poured his rays onward, mingling their flood with a diverging cone of mist, converting it into a semblance of celestial glory. Opposite, upon the mountains, long stripes of radiance traversed the snow, the ice, the dark-brown rocks, various according to the surface upon which they fell, yet in all alike deep, rich, and glowing. Here and there a summit raised above the clouds, caught the roseate tint, and shone like a rich jewel on the breast of heaven. Once, and once only, the patriarch of the Alps doffed his bonnet for a moment, as if in salutation to the departing God of day. His hoary head partook of the bright suffusion which surrounded it, a crown indeed of glory and supremacy."

But much as we appreciate his powers in portraying the beauties and sublimities of nature, we think he ranks still higher when he encounters the wonders of art. It is here we witness that patient examination, that intensity of thought, that tact for selecting and grouping in which the picturesque consists, that graphic delineation which stamps an identity on every object as distinct from every other, and that purity and richness of expression, to which the mere bird of passage, commonly designated a tourist, can have no pretensions.

It is surprising with what zest he dwells upon the exquisite specimens of art that fell in his way. He feasts his eye with all the ecstasy of an artist. With what amazement he contemplates the magnificent remains of Roman architecture! How he hangs with rapture over a picture, and is absolutely entranced in the presence of a statue! These emotions he breathes into his descriptions, imparting to them life and beauty. Criticism, which for the most part is but a harsh and disgusting operation, falls from his pen in colors as soft and fascinating as the picture he contemplates; and where we expected a dry detail, or a tiresome sameness, we are animated, delighted, transported. It is impossible, we should think, for any one of even ordinary pretensions to taste to accompany him to the Florentine gallery, the Vatican, or the classic ground in the vicinity of Naples, the prolific scene of the episode of the sixth book of the *Æneid*, and not experience a voluptuousness of feeling, which the potent spell of genius can alone excite; while he seems to content himself with the humble character of a guide to his reader into the repositories of the arts, he waves the wand of the enchanter, and conjures up, in quick succession, sculpture after sculpture, painting

after painting, with a fidelity of description so exquisite that you seem to feel the statue breathe, and to converse with the picture.

It is in the Vatican, however, amid the magnificent ruins of Rome, where the remains of art have been congregated from every spot on earth sacred to classical reflection; and where the productions of the pencil and chisel, comparatively of modern date, have acquired unrivalled perfection, that our author evinces an undeniable claim to literary eminence. And what a sublime moral spectacle does he here present! A young man of fortune, in the heyday of youth, learned, beautiful, and accomplished, in the very vortex of fashionable life, is found voluntarily secluding himself, and breathlessly in pursuit of the novel, the grand, the beautiful; tracing with ecstasy the groundwork of early classical associations; abstracted by day, entranced by night, in the painful search after the remnants of antiquity, of the sites of villas long since swept from existence, of amphitheatres, temples, and palaces, of which scarce a vestige remains; and examining, with a devouring enthusiasm, the divine works of Praxiteles, Cleomines, Canova, Titian, Michael Angelo, and Raphael!

In the progress of his work, after a studious investigation of the most distinguished sites and remains of ancient Rome, he approaches and enters the Vatican with an expression of diffidence and pensive feeling, at once the test and the inseparable companion of genius. This is followed by a vigorous description of St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel, and immediately we are introduced to the frescoes of Michael Angelo, one of which the "Universal Judgment," is thus graphically described:

"In the centre of the group, attended by the shrinking mother of mercy, seated on one side, a little in the rear, stands the Judge of all the earth. In form colossal, in limbs herculean, in expression and in attitude terribly sublime; he has pronounced the condemning sentence, 'depart from me, ye cursed!' One hand is lifted above his head, the palm outward; the other is opposite to his breast, in the same repellant manner. In the energy of avenging justice he has made one step forward, and his limbs still rest in that expressive attitude. A frown is seated on his brow, from which even the spectator is glad to veil his eyes. What then must be the horror of that wretched crew against whom it is directed; and who are plunging downward headlong on the left, with angels hurling thunderbolts in their rear! They fall in every variety of posture, and cling together in the miserable sympathy of a common torment. One terrible group I shall never forget. It is that of a man descending, in a sitting posture; one fellow-sufferer embracing his body, another his knees, and a third hanging by his feet. He himself covering one eye with his hand, expresses in his cowering head, his shrinking muscles, his swollen eyes, his crouching form, that precise state of mind described in scripture when the wicked, driven by remorse and fear, shall call upon the rocks and mountains to cover them from the wrath of the Omnipotent. On the right hand of the Saviour, in this second region of the picture, is seen the ascension of the just; some mounting boldly and swiftly upward; some, of feeble powers, assisted by the angels; and others, of still smaller pretensions, impeded by the fiends who claim them as their property, and endeavor to drag them from the grasp of their celestial guardians. Here a single figure, with uplifted hands and eyes, hails with holy transport the glory that awaits him; and there a delightful group, composed of a whole family, ascends in harmony and participated joy. The other side of the third region of the picture exhibits the flames of hell, and devils assembled on the brink. The principal group, however, is the boat of the infernal ferryman, which has just touched the shore. In one end stands the gigantic fiend, brandishing his oar, and driving out his victims. As they rush affrighted from its terrible sweep, they find a band of devils waiting eagerly at the other end to receive them. They shrink backward in double terror, but the relentless fiends drag them by force over the boat's side, and plunge with them from sight. This is a scene of strenuous action, of terrible emotion, in which the genius of the painter seemed to revel. The hideous deformity, the monstrous shapes, the apish faces of his devils, deformed as they are with hellish malice, or distorted with horrid fiendish glee, while they border on the ludicrous, are yet in unison with the other features of the piece, and contribute to its overpowering sublimity."

Passing over the almost numberless sculptures and paintings that people this vast world of art, we select the glowing sketch of the "Transfiguration," by Raphael: observing that it often happens to our author, as to Timanthes in the picture of Iphigenia, who, the passion being exhausted, painted Agamemnon covering up his head in his garment, thus kindling and leaving to the imagination the excess of emotion which colors were unable to express.

"To Raphael the difficulties of the subject seem to have proved only an excitement. He shows us the platform of the mount; he places here the three chosen disciples, James hiding his face against the very earth, Peter not knowing what he says or does, with countenance turned upward, but eyes closed per force, and John falling backward from his knees, and veiling with one hand his downward countenance from the intolerable glory. Above, in majesty divine, with garments white as snow, surrounded by a light from heaven, their master floats in air, as if it were, indeed, his element, calm, self-supported, motionless, with eyes upraised towards his native seat, the bosom of his Father and his God. Never was the divinity of our Lord so exhibited in his mortal flesh as on the mount of the transfiguration; never was it so bodied forth to the eyes of all men as by the pencil of Raphael. The prophets, who on each side suspended in mid air, regard him with adoring love, are worthy companions of his glory. Below the mount is represented another action, which, however different, was yet contemporaneous with this. The evangelist St. Mark informs us that, during the absence of our Lord, a youth possessed of a dumb and deaf spirit was brought to the disciples, and that they could not heal him. This is the history represented in the lower part of the picture, with a force and truth never to be surpassed. On one side is placed the unhappy demoniac, attended by his family and fiends; he, appealing to the mercy of the disciples by his distorted swollen eyes, his convulsed countenance, his stiffened limbs; and they, by the strongest expressions of features and of gestures, expressions stronger than words themselves, the ordinary currents of human thought. Between him and the disciples kneels a female figure, her back to-

wards the spectator, her profile, however, fully exhibited by the direction of her head as she looks on the apostles, who points with both her hands to the poor sufferer, expressing in her attitudes, her look, the contraction of her form and face, the utmost earnestness of agonized entreaty. The nine disciples exhibit, on the other hand, surprise, compassion, and embarrassment, that they are not themselves capable of healing him. Some of them point upward to the mountain, whither their master has ascended, and seem to promise relief on his return. In this picture are indeed assembled the most sublime conceptions of the supernatural, with the most affecting and forcible delineations of the natural: the Lord in glory, the disciples in perplexity, the demoniac in convulsions, his friends in agonized entreaty. This is not all: the composition is most significant, the design is perfect, the invention original, the relief magical, the coloring harmonious, the expression varied, but always true to nature and to the imagination. Everything, in fact, is appropriate to the greatest picture of the greatest master of the art; of one who, uniting many excellencies, carried, notwithstanding, the greater part of them to their highest degree of perfection."

As a specimen of the author's descriptive powers in sculpture, we add the "Laocoon," by Polydorus:

"The third cabinet contains the well-known group of the Laocoon. With his right hand raised high in air, grasping with tremendous force one of his serpent enemies, and with the left holding by the throat the other monster, who has already fixed his fangs in the side of his victim, the priest of Apollo and of Neptune offers a sublime spectacle of effort and of suffering. The convulsive exertion of every muscle is apparent throughout his whole frame, even in its extremities. The very foot takes part in the mortal struggle. The anguish of physical pain is no less visible in the swollen veins, the contracted bowels, the heaving chest, and the flesh actually shrinking from the serpents' bite. To observe, however, all the elements of agony combined, look at the expressive head, stretched backward in the strong and universal effort which pervades his frame, it expresses in its knit brow, its sunken cheek, and its despairing mouth, the extremity of pain, the convulsive effort to escape, the deprecating anguish which wrings the father's heart for his sons, enveloped with him in the serpent's folds, and crying out for aid to him, their natural protector. The effect would be too horrible had not the sculptor subdued and softened and elevated the traits of the father's countenance with a lofty resolution, a sublime endurance, a supernatural dignity, which divert the attention in some measure from his sufferings. The poet has made him bellow like a bull brought to the sacrifice. The sculptor has consulted better the true principles of the sublime, in his own art at least; and though the mouth is open, it is not open wide enough to cry aloud. The younger of his sons, whose life's blood the serpent is now drinking, has cast himself back, one arm thrown up into the air, stiffened even to the fingers; and his face half fainting, half convulsive. The other son, involved in the voluminous folds, but not otherwise personally suffering, has the harder lot of beholding the agony of his brother and his father. He looks on distracted between his fears for himself and his yearnings of pity for them."

Not the least interesting portion of the tour consists of the visit to Herculaneum and Pompeii. Of the ruins and excavations of both a picture is here presented, possessing much originality, but we regret our limits will not permit us to indulge in further extracts.

We could dwell much longer upon the beauties of the tour through Italy; it presents so well a mind wedded to literature, bending its energies to increase its treasures. In how short a space does this ardent spirit traverse a land of boundless classical incident, the *magna parens frugum virumque*, and exhaust its vast repositories!

Characteristic as these scenes are of the pure and contemplative spirit that wrote them, they are not less distinguishable by the reflections with which they are thickly interspersed. These are introduced with a certain scholarlike freshness, certain exquisite tints, derived from an intimate acquaintance with the ancient classics, which cannot but fascinate the intelligent reader. Such are the reflections upon Rousseau, with an imagination susceptible almost to insanity, and an eloquence soaring almost to inspiration. Such the happy allusion to Hannibal at Lake Trasymenus, the theatre of his glory. In the same spirit he notices the site of the ancient forum, Pompey's pillar, and Cæsar's assassination; and dwells upon the villas of Cicero, and the ruins of Pompeii; and in such a spirit does he indulge at Cumæ, when, hurried on by the force of his classical associations, he offers himself, a hazardous experiment, the companion of Æneas to make a second descent, distributes the cake to Cerberus, lops off the golden bough, converses with Anchises, witnesses the disdain of Dido, is petrified with the horrors of the damned, and shares in the joys of the well-imagined scenes of Elysium.

Before taking leave of Italy, some may object to a too great profusion of painting and sculpture, while others may possibly think that the rapturous emotions he manifests in the presence of the fine arts, and the classical allusions with which his descriptions are profusely intermixed, are not strictly in keeping with the sacred character of the tourist. But, however the first objection might apply to a mere catalogue of busts and pictures, accompanied with common-place remarks, it can have no application to a judicious selection of the best pieces by the first masters, described in a style chaste and spirited. Indeed nothing can so well establish the author's reputation as a man of taste, and a critical acquaintance with the technical language of the arts themselves, as the fact of his never resorting to generality or sameness. The description of each piece forms a perfect sketch, as distinct from every other as the painting or sculpture of which he treats. To the other objection we oppose the character and purpose of the tour. It was intended as an excursion into the realms of taste, and is prosecuted in the spirit of a man of letters. He expatiates freely in the contemplation of beauties, for which it appears he had a peculiar relish, and indulges in the enlightened criticism of one who, although a clergyman, did not believe that the powers of taste graciously implanted in the human mind should be suffered to languish, the victims of cynical austerity.

After Mr. Griffin's departure from Italy, if we except his passage across the Alps, by the way of the Simplon, and his sublime description of Alpine scenery, we perceive nothing very remarkable. His observations on the scenery of Great Britain, its manners, wealth, population, and literature, are still interesting, but tame and spiritless, compared with similar topics on the continent. Of his extracts here, the best are the visit to Windsor, the scenery of Cumberland, the interview with Southey, and the literary party at Murray's.

Of his lectures delivered in Columbia college, shortly after his return to his native country, it would be unfeeling to speak with critical severity. They furnish a specimen of literary labor almost incredible. What must have been the industry of the man, and maturity of the mind, that with the notice of a few weeks could compose sufficient matter to keep pace with a class of ambitious young men, skilled to cope in criticism on every topic within the range of ancient and modern literature? Yet this he accomplished, and so well that it has been judged, and not without reason, the publicity of these labors must contribute to his literary reputation. The plan has nothing novel to recommend it, unless it be the prominence given to the literature of modern Italy. The lectures can hardly be regarded in any other light, than as strongly marked, and vigorous outlines, hastily sketched, and to be filled up in the interval of literary leisure. So far as the plan has been developed, it is confined almost exclusively to poetic literature. The subjects are treated in a manner evincing all the vigor, but without the high polish of his Italian sketches. We cannot but remark, in conclusion, that the department for which he was chosen was one peculiarly adapted to his taste and acquisitions, where he had just time to unfold enough to satisfy the world of the vast stores of literary knowledge he had acquired, how well he was qualified to fill the station to which he appeared destined, and the loss the public has sustained in his premature death.

Philip Augustus; or the Brothers in arms. By the author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," "de l'Orme." 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 256, 243. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

This romance forms the ninth and tenth numbers of the Library of Select Novels. The author has been termed a successful imitator of Scott. If he is not an imitator, he certainly belongs to the same school, and has been an attentive admirer. Philip Augustus brings before us the same gorgeous scenes of chivalry—knights, kings, and ladies as pass across the stage in Ivanhoe. The descriptions are clear and elegant. The dialogue easy, natural, and sometimes pointed, and a kind of subdued feeling runs through his better scenes, which betrays both modesty and benevolence in the writer.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1831.

The Boston American Traveller.—We mentioned some time since a quarrelsome print, called the Boston American Traveller, which cherishes a rankling malice against us, worthy of a rattlesnake, from the mere fact of our having refused the conductor's request to exchange, which we did in consequence of his continual plagiarisms from this journal. A friend told us, the other day, that he had been induced to stop taking this profligate libeller in consequence of its coarse and disgusting abuse of the Mirror. We notice this with extreme reluctance. The public can feel little interest in our private broils, or rather our private annoyances from obscure and querulous scribblers, who, from their profession, are better acquainted with the use of calumny and ribaldry than ourselves. But positive untruths should be contradicted, however contemptible may be their manufacturers. We really regret to see any personal hatred showing its cloven foot in the columns of a public press. Does the Boston Traveller think the public blind and deaf, that he thus openly and unblushingly makes vulgar invective a vehicle for the dissemination of glaring falsehoods? If he has any assertion to offer concerning this periodical, in the fair spirit of criticism, we will listen to him with civility; and, if possible, improve by his suggestions; but such scurrility as his, is like stones flung up in the air, which fall on the heads of those who send them. The only way he injures us is by biasing the minds of a few of our intelligent countrymen in that quarter of the world, so fortunate as to be enlightened by the Boston Traveller itself, and who may never have read the Mirror. In this way even the unprincipled assertions of the meanest paper are not without some effect, and thus, to gratify a petty vengeance, for an unintentional affront, this man shamelessly, occupying the station of a guardian of the public morals and a supporter of the religion of gentleness and truth, unjustly wounds our interest among those who are unwary enough to trust him, and perhaps keeps from us some dozen or two subscribers at the expense of truth and his own reputation. Such persons, who break away from the bounds of justice, courtesy, and moderation, are like wild beasts. They prowl over the literary garden with a kind of savage desperation, tearing indiscriminately whatever they lay hold of. The worst of it is, there is no way of caging or muzzling them, as their power to hurt is by no means equal to their inclinations. When you meet one of these *roarers*, good reader, just observe how he goes on, and pity the fate of your poor editor, who sometimes has two or three such voracious monsters at him at once. You need not be frightened, however, as they are insignificant creatures, more worthy of contempt than anger.

Opera.—We have received a communication upon this subject signed "Violoncello," which want of room compels us to omit till next week.

BEETHOVEN'S CELEBRATED GRAND WALTZ, FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

MISCELLANY.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson*.

DEFECTION.

I'll sit me down and weep;
All things have cast me from them but the earth:
The evening comes, and every little flower
Droops now as well as I.—*Beaumont*.

The vexation and sickness, the sweetness of life, the flattery of hope, and the commendation of friends, make men depend upon physicians, with all their defects.—*Bacon*.

MERIT AND DEMERIT.—Actions are said to have merit or demerit, according to the nature and degree of the moral quality they bear. Actions that express good-will to mankind in the highest degree, have the highest merit. Actions that proceed from malice, and give examples of mischiefs done without inducement or provocation, are of the highest demerit. We express our sense of demerit in the different degrees of crimes, offences, and faults. A crime is an injury done from malice, jealousy, revenge, avarice, or some other passion that sets mankind at variance. An offence is a wrong done in the gratification of some passion in its own nature inconsistent with amity. A fault is a wrong done from inattention or ignorance.—*Moral Philosophy*.

A scene in which there were no accessions of good to be gained, or, what is equivalent, no apparent evils to be removed, would be a scene of inaction adverse to the nature of man. In other words, a being that perceived no evil, or had no want, could have no principle of activity. The enjoyments of men are observed to depend, not on the measure of external accommodations, but on the part they act; not on their safety, but on the degree of courage they possess; not on what they gain for themselves or others, but on the degree of ardor and affection they exert.—*Ibid*.

I told you I read the book with great pleasure, which may be accounted for from its own merit: but perhaps it pleased me the more, because you had travelled the same road before me. You know there is such a pleasure as this, which would want great explanation to some folks, being, perhaps, a mystery to those whose hearts are a mere muscle, and serve only for the purposes of an even circulation.

A courtesy may be a trifle, and yet the omission of it a great matter. It may show the temper of a man's mind to a painful excess, and warrant the most benignant wisdom, in thinking him ill qualified to pretend to an equality of rank with it, much less a superiority.

CHILDREN.—No man can tell but he that loves

his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

RICH FOOLS.—It is but fair that he who has no ideas should have something in their stead.—*Hazlitt*.

Self-love exaggerates our virtues.—*Goethe*.

PARTING WITH MONEY.—My brother-in-law is giving up his fortune, in so far as this is in his power, to the community of Herrnhuth. He reckons, that by doing so, he is advancing the salvation of his soul. Had he sacrificed a slender portion of his revenue, he might have rendered many people happy, might have made for them and for himself a heaven upon earth. Our sacrifices are but rarely of an active kind. We, as it were, let go what we give away. It is not from resolution, but despair, that we renounce our property.—*Meister*.

VALUE OF CONJECTURES.—Conjectures, like parcels of unknown ore, are sold but at low rates. If they prove some rich metal, the buyer is a great gainer; if base, no loser, for he pays for it accordingly.

EVIL OF CREDIT.—A boy at a crossing having

begged for something of a gentleman, the latter told him he would give him something as he came back. The boy replied, "Your honor would be surprised if you knew the money I lose by giving credit in that way."

A GOOD ESTATE.—according to Solon—is one which is got without injustice, kept without distrust, and spent without repentance.

RAPHAELLESQUE.

And next to her sat sober Modesty,
Holding her hand upon her gentle heart.

CHOICE OF A COMPANION.

A drop of rain fell on a glowing iron;
It hissed and was no more.
Another fell into a fragrant flower;
And glitter'd long as dew.
A third dropp'd just within a muscle shell,
And there became a pearl.
Son, fancy not that friendship with the bad,
With the indifferent, or with the good,
Can be all one to thee.

AFFECTED PLAINNESS IN WEALTH.

Lowly without, but lined with costly pride.

Large scope of pleasure drowns us like a flood;
To rest in little, is our greatest good.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,
To whom all communications must be addressed. No
subscriptions received for a less term than one year.

J. Seymour, printer, John-street.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

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VOL. IX.

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No. 16.

CURIOUS DISCOVERIES.

An account of what appeared on opening the coffin of King Charles the First, in the vault of King Henry VIII. in St. George's chapel, Windsor, on the first of April, 1813.* By Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., M.D., G.C.H. President of the College of Physicians. With a faithful representation of the countenance of the king at that time.



It is stated by Lord Clarendon, in his history of the rebellion, that the body of King Charles I., though known to be interred in St. George's chapel, at Windsor, could not be found, when searched for there, some years afterwards.† It seems, by the historian's account, to have been the wish and the intention of King Charles II. after his restoration, to take up his father's corpse, and to re-inter it in Westminster Abbey, with those royal honors which had been denied it under the government of the regicides. The most careful search was made for the body by several people, amongst whom were some of those noble persons, whose

faithful attachment had led them to pay their last tribute of respect to their unfortunate master, by attending him to the grave. Yet such had been the injury done to the chapel, such were the mutilations it had undergone, during the period of the usurpation, that no marks were left by which the exact place of burial of the king could be ascertained.‡

There is some difficulty in reconciling this account with the information which has reached us, since the death of Lord Clarendon, particularly with that of Mr. Ashmole, and more especially with that most interesting narrative of Mr. Herbert, given in the "Athenæ Oxonienses." Mr. Herbert had been a groom of the bed-chamber, and a faithful companion of the king in all circumstances, from the time he left the Isle of Wight, until his death—was employed to convey his body to Windsor, and to fix upon a proper place for his interment there, and was an eye-witness to that interment in the vault of King Henry VIII.

Were it allowable to hazard a conjecture, after Lord Clarendon's depreciation of all conjectures on the subject, one might suppose, that it was deemed imprudent by the ministers of King Charles II. that his majesty should indulge his pious inclinations to re-inter his father at a period when those ill-judged effusions of loyalty, which had been manifested by taking out of their graves and hanging up the bodies of some of the most active members of the court, which had condemned and executed the king, might, in the event of another triumph of the republicans, have subjected the body of the monarch to similar indignity. But the fact is, King Charles I. was buried in the vault of King Henry VIII.,§ situated precisely where Mr. Herbert has described it;|| and an accident has served to elucidate a point in history, which the great authority of Lord Clarendon had involved in some obscurity.

On completing the mausoleum, which his late majesty has built in the tomb-house, as it is called, it was necessary to form a passage to it from under the choir of St. George's chapel. In constructing this passage, an aperture was made accidentally in one of the walls of the vault of King Henry VIII. through which the workmen were enabled

to see, not only the two coffins, which were supposed to contain the bodies of King Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour, but a third also, covered with a black pall which, from Mr. Herbert's narrative, might fairly be presumed to hold the remains of King Charles I.

On representing the circumstance to the Prince Regent, his royal highness perceived at once, that a doubtful point in history might be cleared up by opening this vault, and accordingly his royal highness ordered an examination to be made of the fit convenient opportunity. This was done on the first of April 1813, the day after the funeral of the Duchess of Brunswick, in the presence of his royal highness himself, who guaranteed thereby the most respectful care and attention to the remains of the dead during the inquiry. His royal highness was accompanied by his royal highness the Duke of Cumberland, Count Munster, the Dean of Windsor, Benjamin Charles Stevenson, Esq., and Sir Henry Hallford.

The vault is covered by an arch, half a brick in thickness, is seven feet two inches in width, nine feet six inches in length, and four feet ten inches in height, and is situated in the centre of the choir, opposite the eleventh knight's stall, on the sovereign's side.

On removing the pall, a plain leaden coffin, with no appearance of ever having been inclosed in wood, and bearing an inscription, "King Charles, 1648," in large legible characters, on a scroll of lead encircling it, immediately presented itself to view. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body carefully wrapped up in cere-cloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous or greasy matter, mixed with resin, as it seemed, had been melted, so as to exclude, as effectually as possible, the external air. The coffin was completely full; and from the tenacity of the cere-cloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cere-cloth was easy; and when it came off, a correct impression of the features to which it had been applied, was observed in the unctuous substance. At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin of it was dark and discolored. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cere-cloth, was found entire.

It was difficult at this moment to withhold a declaration that, notwithstanding its disfigurement, the countenance did bear a strong resemblance to the coins, the busts, and especially to the pictures of King Charles I., by Vandyke, by which it had been made familiar to us. It is true, that the minds of the spectators of this interesting sight were well prepared to receive this impression; but it is also certain that such a facility of belief had been occasioned by the simplicity and truth of Mr. Herbert's narrative, every part of which had been confirmed by the investigation, so far as it had advanced; and it will not be denied that the shape of the face, the forehead, an eye, and the beard, are the most important features by which resemblance is determined.

When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and, without any difficulty, was taken up and held to view. It was quite wet, and gave a greenish-red tinge to paper and to linen, which touched it.* The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance; the pores of the skin being more distinct, as they usually are when soaked in moisture; and the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and, in appearance, nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark-brown color. That of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king.

On holding up the head to examine the place of separation from

* I have not asserted this liquid to be blood, because I had not an opportunity of being sure that it was so, and I wish to record facts only, and not opinions. I believe it, however, to have been blood in which the head rested. It gave to writing paper, and to a white handkerchief, such a color as blood which has been kept for a length of time generally leaves behind it. Nobody present had a doubt of its being blood, and it appears from Mr. Herbert's narrative, that the king was embalmed immediately after decapitation. It is probable, therefore, that the large blood-vessels continued to empty themselves for some time afterwards. I am aware that some of the softer parts of the human body, and particularly the brain, undergo, in the course of time, a decomposition, and will melt. A liquid, therefore, might be found after long interment, where solids only had been buried; but the weight of the head, in this instance, gave no suspicion that the brain had lost its substance; and no moisture appeared in any other part of the coffin, as far as we could see, excepting at the back part of the head and neck.

the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even, an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow,* inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles the First.

After this examination of the head, which served every purpose in view, and without examining the body below the neck, it was immediately restored to its situation, the coffin was soldered up again, and the vault closed.

Neither of the other coffins had any inscription upon them. The larger one, supposed on good grounds to contain the remains of King Henry VIII. measured six feet ten inches in length, and had been inclosed in an elm one of two inches in thickness; but this was decayed, and lay in small fragments near it. The leaden coffin appeared to have been beaten in by violence about the middle, and a considerable opening in that part of it exposed a mere skeleton of the king. Some beard remained upon the chin, but there was nothing to discriminate the personage contained in it.

The smaller coffin, understood to be that of Queen Jane Seymour, was not touched; mere curiosity not being considered by the prince regent as a sufficient motive for disturbing these remains.

On examining the vault with some attention, it was found that the wall at the west end had, at some period or other, been partly pulled down and repaired again, not by regular masonry, but by fragments of stones and bricks put rudely and hastily together without cement.

From Lord Clarendon's account, as well as from Mr. Herbert's narrative of the interment of King Charles, it is to be inferred that the ceremony was a very hasty one, performed in the presence of the governor, who had refused to allow the service, according to the book of common prayer, to be used on the occasion;† and had, probably, scarcely admitted the time necessary for a decent deposit of the body. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the coffin of King Henry VIII. had been injured by a precipitate introduction of the coffin of King Charles; and that the governor was not under the influence of feelings, in those times, which gave him any concern about royal remains, or the vault which contained them.

It may be right to add, that a very small mahogany coffin, covered with crimson velvet, containing the body of an infant, had been laid upon the pall which covered king Charles. This is known to have been a still-born child of the Princess George of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

TRIALS OF A POET.

"I do desire we may be better strangers."—Shakespeare.

I HAD passed the afternoon with a very amiable cousin, who was to embark for Europe the next morning. Just as I was leaving the house she handed me a beautiful little scrap-book, containing, among memoranda of laces and new novels, and many an extract on love and beauty, some few original pieces by her most intimate friends.

"Come, coz," said the affectionate girl, as she gave it me, "you must favor me with a keepsake from your lady of Helicon. Don't say no, for I'll not be denied. I'll carry it with me as an amulet, and who knows but it may shield me from sea-sickness."

There's no gallantry in arguing with a pretty woman; nor is there any use, for she always begins with what logicians call "begging the question," and ends with a positive command. I took the book, and

* "The fatal stroke was given by a disguised person."—Herbert.

† "It was committed to four of those servants who had been by them appointed to wait upon him during his imprisonment, that they should convey the body to Windsor, which they did. And it was, that night, placed in that chamber which had usually been his bed-chamber; the next morning it was carried into the great hall, where it remained till the lords came, who arrived there in the afternoon, and immediately went to Colonel Whitecoat, the governor of the castle, and showed the order they had from the parliament to be present at the burial, which he admitted; but when they desired that his majesty might be buried according to the form of the common prayer book, the bishop of London being present with them to officiate, he positively and roughly refused to consent to it; and said, 'it was not lawful that the common prayer book was put down, and he would not suffer it to be used in that garison where he commanded; nor could all the reasons, persuasions, and exhortations, prevail with him to suffer it.'—Clarendon.

"The king's body was then brought from his bed-chamber down into St. George's hall, whence, after a little stay, it was with a slow and solemn pace (much sorrow in most faces being then discernible) carried by gentlemen of quality in mourning. The noblemen in mourning also held up the pall; and the governor, with several gentlemen, officers, and attendants came after. It was then observed that at such time as the king's body was brought out from St. George's hall, the sky was serene and clear; but presently it began to snow, and the snow fell so fast that by the time the corpse came to the west end of the royal chapel, the black velvet pall was all white, (the color of innocence) being thick covered over with snow. The body being by the bearers set down near the place of burial, the bishop of London stood ready, with the service-book in his hands, to have performed his last duty to the king his master, according to the order and form of burial of the dead set forth in the book of common prayer, which the lords likewise desired; but it would not be suffered by Colonel Whitecoat, the governor of the castle, by reason of the directory to which (he said) he and others were to be conformable. Thus went the white king to his grave, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and twenty-second year and tenth month of his reign."—Herbert.

* Extracted from Sir H. Hallford's "Essays and Orations," just published.

† "The confusion they had at that time observed to be in that church, and the small alterations which were begun to be made towards decency, so totally perplexed their memories, that they could not satisfy themselves in what place or part of the church the royal body was interred; yet where any occurred upon this or that place, they caused the ground to be opened at a good distance, and, upon such inquiries, found no cause to believe that they were near the place; and, upon their giving this account to the king, the thought of that remove was laid aside; and the reason communicated to very few, for the better discountenancing farther inquiry."—Clarendon.

‡ Pope, alluding to the doubts which were entertained in his day as to the place of the king's interment, invokes the muse to

"Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obscure the place and uninscribed the stone."

Windsor Forest, v. 319.

§ "Then they went into the church to make choice of a place for burial. But when they entered into it, which they had been so well acquainted with, they found it so altered and transformed, all inscriptions, and those landmarks pulled down, by which all men knew every particular place in that church, and such a dismal mutation over the whole, that they knew not where they were; nor was there one old officer that had belonged to it, or knew where our prince had used to be interred. At last there was a fellow of the town who undertook to tell them the place where, he said, 'there was a vault in which King Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour were interred.' As near that place as could conveniently be, they caused the grave to be made. There the king's body was laid, without any words, or other ceremonies, than the tears and sighs of the few beholders. Upon the coffin was a plate of silver fixed, with these words only, 'King Charles, 1648.' When the coffin was put in, the black velvet pall that had covered it was thrown over it, and then the earth thrown in; which the governor staid to see perfectly done, and then took the keys of the church."—Clarendon.

|| Mr. Herbert, whose account furnishes the clue to our inquiry, retired immediately after his majesty's death, into Yorkshire, and lived to the beginning of the next century. His papers were not published till some time after his death.

scarcely had I gained the street before I unluckily met the most quizzical friend that ever played the deuce with one's equanimity.

"Ah, Hal," he exclaimed, "how d'ye do? Are you for the Park to-night? Cinderella, you know."

"Not to-night," I returned, showing him the canto.

"Ha, ha! in for it, eh? A sonnet to my dulcinea's fan? Well, bon soir, and success to your lucubrations. I sincerely hope they may not be disturbed."

I thought I spied a "lurking devil in his eye," as he uttered the last words.

It was too early for tea, accordingly I strolled to the Battery. It was just such an evening as would lead a man of romantic feelings to wish for the power once displayed by Israel's chieftain "in the valley of Ajalon," that he might arrest the moon in her starry course, and luxuriate at will amid the softened beauty and effulgence of night. So perfect was the fascination of the scene, that I lingered on the promenade till the evening was considerably advanced before I retired to my lodgings; indeed by the time I was fairly seated for my task it was nine. "Lines to ——" A long pause succeeded, during which in struggling for a rhyme I nearly annihilated my left eyebrow. The fates, or rather the muses, seemed unpropitious. The fact is, I loved my fair cousin too sincerely to attempt flattery, yet, of course, nothing else but the sentimental would do on the occasion. I rose, threw up the window, and looked towards the moon imploringly. I re-seated myself, whistled *Di Tanti* with a striking expression, and commenced:

There are tears for every passion,
In its weakness or its power,
But none so dear as those that mark
Affection's parting hour;
And such, sweet one, to-morrow
Shall weeping friendship shed,
When the lingering clasp is loosened,
And the faltering farewell said.

Yet peaceful be thy sleep to-night,
And bright its passing dreams,
As the blended radiance of the skies,
That round thy casement beams;
For thy father's heart is near thee,
And thy mother's sleepless eye,
And many a prayer for thee ascends
On many a midnight sigh.

At this crisis of my inspiration I was interrupted by a loud careless knock at my chamber door.

"Whom have we here?" said I to myself with a scowl. "It can't be —; no, that's not a gentleman's summons."

By the way, you can always tell a well-bred gentleman by his rap; there is an air of ease and delicacy about it, which a coarse mind and rude hand can never imitate. It is altogether above the philosophy of a plebeian. I should like to hear Brummel touch a knocker. But this is irrelevant.

"Busy," cried I, in a tone of the most decided impatience, "very busy!"

"Whoever it be," thought I, "I'll cut him for this once." At that instant the door opened, and in stalked a tall, sun-burnt, hard-featured being, apparently about twenty-five, dressed in homespun blue, with steel buttons, a white bell-crowned hat, and round-toed shoes. He came forward and bade me good evening, with a most provoking assurance, and presenting me a billet, threw himself familiarly into a chair, as he said,

"Maybe you wouldn't like to read that, if I may be so bold?"

I took it and read as follows:

"To all whom it may concern: this is to certify that the bearer, Elihu Tuttle, is the son of Deacon Elathan Tuttle, of Bethlehem; and that he is a stirring, intelligent, and trust-worthy young man. N. B. He has taught school in our town several winters!"

"Deacon JOHN BABCOCK, } *Selectmen of B.—*
"ELIPHALET MUDGE, }

"And pray what does this concern me?" said I, returning him his recommendatory credentials.

"Why, pretty considerable," he replied, with a significant twitch of the left eye, "if you know a thing or two."

"Well, sir, will you please let me know to what I am indebted for the favor of this visit—and that briefly, for I am very much hurried this evening."

"He that is hurried is worried," observed he, dryly; "now, as for number one, I'm never in a hurry."

"Most unquestionably, or your business had been made known before this."

"The world was not made in a minute, you know," and hereupon the fellow gave a prodigious yawn.

"Now," repeated I. "I should like to know *why* you are here?"

"To seek my fortune, to be sure. I came from up Sound, hearin' there was fine chances for business hands in York; but 'twas all talk and no cider, as they say. I have been hither and yon—looking about all over, and though I'm real bunkum at figures, and all kinds of dickerin', not a single storekeeper will hire me. But to-night, as I was speirin' round as usual, I met a spruce, clever-looking fellow, and says I, don't you want a clerk? He didn't answer right away, but looked pretty deuced queer at me. At last says he, 'I can tell you who does,' and he sent me here; and, says he, 'stick to him, (meaning you,) for he has advertised for a salesman. Don't be discouraged if he tells you he don't want you, for he does; so stick to him;' and I mean to."

He then threw one leg over the table, and began jerking his foot up and down, as though his very life depended on the movement.

"Advertised—salesman—looked queer," and I mused. "Ah, I have it—that foolish quizz, that vexatious friend of mine, has dispatched this interrogation to me from sheer mischief, because he knew that I wished to be particularly *alone* this evening;" and I

could not but laugh at the joke, though my patience was well nigh exhausted. While this thought was passing through my mind the perpetual motion kept drumming on the table to the half-whistled, half-hissed tune of Yankee doodle, accompanied on the floor by his other foot.

"You don't want to employ such a chap as I, then?"

"And what the d—l should I employ you about," interrupted I, with a terrible hitch in my chair, and a forlorn glance at my waiting task.

"Perhaps you don't want a salesman, since you've advertised for one—likely!"

"Really, sir, I am not a merchant, and do not stand in need of your services."

I turned away, and endeavored to proceed with my writing, but it was an impossibility; for that everlasting whistling kept ringing in my ears, nor was there any cessation to the bobbing of that abominable foot; so I dashed down my pen, and strode to the window. Hereupon Mr. Tuttle quietly bent forward across the table, and taking up the manuscript, with a crony-like familiarity, and a "You write verses, I guess," he commenced reading. My lip quivered, and I felt a decided contractile disposition among the members of my right hand. But measuring my slight figure with his sinewy frame, I concluded it safest not to proceed to extremities; and as for calling the watch and raising a mob, it was out of the question, so I paced the room in a very impatient mood.

"Will this fellow never leave me," muttered I, as I paused for the fiftieth time, and scowled at the barbarian, who at that moment was leisurely examining my watch, which he had taken up, and opened to its inmost recesses. He partly overheard me, and looked up. Our eyes met, and for once he stopped drumming. If ever I longed for the power of the basilisk it was then. I am positive I should have looked him into annihilation.

"If I'm in your way I ask pardon; but you may as well tell me you want me first as last, Mister, Mis-t-e-r—what might I call your name, if I may be so bold?"

"Bored—my name is Bored, just now," said I through my clenched teeth.

"Queer name that. Aint you akin to the Bordes of Quinepang?"

My tongue was a dead letter; I could not speak for my life; passion was absolutely choking me.

"Well, as I was saying," continued the horriker, a little struck by the forlorn expression of my countenance, "if I'm in your way I ask pardon; I'll move round a little. Dickens take me though, if the queer-looking fellow didn't tell me you'd be glad to see me, and that I should suit you to a T. If he's sent me on a fool's errand, by the Lord Harry, if I don't darken his peepers if ever I set eye on him again."

After this explosion Mr. Tuttle fell into a brown study, and taking a pen he began writing his name, and making sundry flourishes on the very sheet—the rose-colored sheet—immortalized by the unfinished lines to my cousin. This was too outrageous, but what could I do? I tore off my stock, for fear of suffocation. At this moment the ogre looked up, as though a new idea had occurred to him.

"May be; Mister, you're playing a carlecue to get me cheaper, by falling into the sulks, and pretending you don't want me; but you're mistaken in your chap, I tell you. I won't take a fourpens-appany less than a hundred dollars a-year and my victuals. Just think of my experience—two years was I in Deacon Babcock's store, and three years I've peddled here and there from Dan to Barsheba, just as it happened, besides teaching school and being in the supercargo line pretty considerably. You wouldn't like to hear how I got to windward of an old fellow up in 'Sopus one time? I was going along, you know, full chisel I tell ye, with my trunk-full of curiosities, when I meets a brother peddler coming out of a rich old Dutchman's lane. 'Well, Li,' says he, 'it's no use for you to go in there, the old man is as cross as Belzebub, and the gals are most 'mazen shy too. There's no speculation in there, Li.' 'Not as you know on,' says I, and in I goes. There sat the old boy, smoking. 'Good morning, neighbor,' says I, and d—l a word did he answer. But I was not to be cowed in a giffin, so says I, 'Any trade to-day, friend?' 'No, not wid a tarnation Yankee.' 'Well,' says I, 'spose you've no objection to my resting a minute, while I show the gals a thing or two that's pretty slick?' No answer. Down I sets, and all the Dutchesses looked wild, I tell you, to see what a squad of curiosities I had. By and by I contrives to drop a real cute tobacco-box close side the old man. I was busy showing the curiosities, and did not seem to mind the box. By and by he picks it up, looks at it, opens and shuts it, and the like. Thinks I, you're hooked, jist as slick as grease, though I didn't seem to mind him. Last says he, 'What may you ax for dis ting?' 'Fourpens-appany,' says I, 'and its pretty cheap too, I should guess, considering.' 'It ish mine, den,' says he, and he laughed in his sleeve, but I said nothing. Thinks I, you're hooked, Mister. Pretty soon I sold him a jack-knife, exactly after the fourpens-appany order. There was no more play-offs about the old Dutchman; he was wide awake to trade, and so was the gals and the old woman. I knew what was what, so I sold moderate for awhile, then raised little by little gradually, and when I left the house I was nine dollars and a pistareen better off than when I went in, with a buss from a rosy cheek, and my breakfast into the bargain! I call that trading, Mr. Bored. Now you needn't think to get me for less than I told you; I've been too long in the trading line to be out-Charleyed."

"Mr. Tuttle, I've not the remotest wish to employ you," said I, as soon as I recovered the use of my tongue. So far from it, sir, I assure you (and I threw the door open as I said it) that nothing could

afford me greater relief than the prospect of never seeing you again. I do desire we may be better strangers, and that speedily."

At this crisis a fulminating cigar, of enormous size, given him, doubtless, by my quizzical friend, and which he had lighted while recounting his bargaining with the honest Dutchman, exploded like a pistol, just as he had poised himself on the hinder legs of his chair, with both feet mounted on the table. Over he went, and over went the table, with all its paraphernalia of books, portfolio, candles, &c. &c. A solitary lamp, burning on the mantel, escaped the general inversion, and shed a sort of twilight over the disastrous scene. One glance at the rising visage of the revolutionist told me he was shockingly frightened, and a happy thought struck me.

"Villain!" shouted I, "do you mean to shoot and rob me in my own chamber? Murder! Watch!"

Before he had fairly recovered his feet I snatched up a half-charged fowling-piece, which stood near, and bringing it to an angle of forty-five, discharged it into the ceiling. But I might have spared my ears the shock of the reverberation, for a heavy sound at the foot of the stairs informed me that the intruder was "stirring" in that neighborhood; and stepping to the window I caught a moonlight glimpse of a man with a white bell-crowned hat, as he shot like a ghost round an opposite corner of the street, with a brace of watchmen at his heels. I breathed freer, I revived, and recollecting my scattered thoughts as well as I could, I succeeded in fulfilling my cousin's request before morning.

I have met with many vexations in life—tight shoes, tight gaiters, and bad watches—have been disappointed in love, in friendship, and in my tailor—have been duped, dunned, cross-questioned by a quibbling lawyer—have been jilted in assignments, ridiculed by a flirt, eyed through a quizzing-glass by a cross-eyed dandy, and publicly collared by Hays, ('twas by mistake, gentle reader)—in a word, I have been bored with a long sermon by a dull preacher, bored with yesterday's news and last year's anecdotes, bored in the city and the country, by day and night, bored by friends, by strangers, and bored by my own good company, but never in my life before have my feelings been so outraged as they were by Mr. Elihu Tuttle, of Bethlehem!

P.

THE FINE ARTS.

SACRED MUSIC.

It is much to be lamented that the same impetus does not exist in pressing forward the improvement of sacred music which evidently has taken possession of the drama. We complain of managers who get up operas imperfectly—we feel the most minute deficiency in that department, and call for the reinstatement of those *desiderati* which a growing taste for the art, and a progressing knowledge of the compositions of eminent composers teach us to appreciate. This taste is becoming so predominant, that it will soon dictate to managers, albeit up to the present writing this species of personage has been in the habit of dictating to the public, and often most wrongfully. Why then is the noble school of sacred music to be a secondary consideration? That it does not keep pace with the drama, is not less true than deplorable, and that the class of persons who compose the audiences, and preside as judges of that which is placed before them are less critical than those which are found in our theatres, is also certain. It follows then, that until the managers of theatres can be induced to extend their exertions to the productions of the sacred works of great masters, as in Europe, that class of compositions will inevitably be thrust into the back ground, and we shall not hold that station in contending with our European brethren in one branch of the art which we have possessed ourselves of in the other. In this untoward state of things, we have to congratulate our readers upon having a society admirably calculated to further the ends of sacred music, and to give us the chance of hearing the compositions of the great masters who have enrolled themselves under that banner to advantage—we refer to the New-York Sacred Music Society. This institution consists of a numerous assemblage of persons of taste and talent. Their choral department is extremely powerful, well directed, and efficient in all points—their performances are marked by good taste and a desire to give the best works in the best manner. Their liberality is praiseworthy in engaging the first singers in the country. The only complaint we make, and we confess it to be a selfish one, is that their performances take place seldom, consequently the good impressions which they are certain to produce, if not eradicated, become partially obliterated. Excitement, that idol of the profession, dies away, and each succeeding performance appears the first. At the present moment the society is employed in getting up Handel's "Messiah" complete—with the instrumental additions of Mozart. Mr. Horn, in giving a well patronized musical entertainment at Niblo's garden, previously to his departure for England, advertised the overture to the Messiah with Mozart's additional accompaniments, which Mr. Horn himself composed and wrote the evening before! Now, although the overture to the Messiah was played infamously, and Mr. Horn's accompaniments were but apologies for those of Mozart, the assembled multitude, and the *patrons* in particular, appeared perfectly content. We can take upon ourselves to assure our amateur readers that the Messiah, as about to be performed, will have the benefit of the assistance of Mozart in the orchestral arrangements, and bids fair to establish the character of the society which is undertaking to produce it.

AN OLD WHITE HEAD.

There they doe finde that godly aged sire,
With snowy locks adowne his shoulders shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.—*Spenser.*

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SOME years ago, a young man with the exterior of a gentleman, but with a mind narrowed by early association with the vulgar, and subsequently unenlarged by education, was introduced to one of our most respectable families, whose only guardian was a woman, and that woman a widow. He had discovered—the sly and the selfish are quick in making discoveries of this nature—that a considerable amount of property would fall to the daughter, and her beauty and virtue elevated her far above her companions, yet her fortune was the principal object of his desire. His visits, few at first, became gradually more and more frequent, till at last the roof of her parent was a home to him in every thing but the name; morning, noon, and evening, found him regular in his appearance. He ingratiated himself with the mother by the most respectful attentions, and beguiled the unsuspecting girl into a belief that all his leisure hours were devoted to her alone. But it has since been discovered that at the very time he was so assiduous in his visits to this injured family, there were half a dozen others to whom he was no less regular in his attention. It appears that the gentleman was engaged in a pretty extensive speculation among the hearts, or rather the houses of his female acquaintance; for the moment he heard of one whose pecuniary prospects were rather considerable, he, if not dismissed by some prudent parent, would leave no means unemployed to gain admission to the object of his mercenary predilection, and every endearing expression he could devise, was dealt out most unsparingly. Year followed year, and yet his attachment was apparently strengthening with the lapse of seasons. One evening, about the close of autumn, she was seated at the window where they had often spent many a happy hour together, when he suddenly appeared with features of well-dissembled sorrow, telling her that business would require his presence for several weeks in the country. During his absence he begged she would confine herself to the circle of her home, that at his return, that solemn ceremony would take place, to which all his desires for the last three years had been tending, and that he should not know one happy hour till the spring should restore him to her society. They parted with mutual vows of eternal fidelity. Alas, by him how have these sacred asseverations been violated! How has the name of his Maker been turned to a mockery! She beguiled the hours of separation by turning over and over again, the written but worthless evidences of his fondness, and anxiously counting the days as they lessened toward the period of his promised return. Weeks became months, and yet she waited in vain. He never returned!—He had gone away with the deliberate intention of making that peaceful home the abode of the most dismal disappointment; of deceiving that affectionate mother who had received and cherished him like a child; of trampling on the hopes of an innocent girl, who had lavished on him the whole wealth of her earliest affection, and who had met nothing but the meanest of treachery in return. Too soon was the disgraceful secret discovered. He had married another! She had wasted the dearest feelings of her soul, the best and brightest years of her youth, upon a villain. The blow was so sudden that it almost shattered her senses; but a pure heart and a strong mind have given her power to struggle successfully with her fondness for one who was never worthy the confidence he has so cruelly abused.

It appears that he contrived to creep into the good graces of a man of large wealth but of doubtful reputation, and cheated his poor daughter into wedlock. Whether she will be contented with him, is one of those questions that time must answer. But he who could win the affections of an amiable girl, and, after years of the most endearing intercourse abandon her for no other reason than because she was not as rich as another, is quite too mean and miserly to afford much chance of happiness to any woman who has discernment enough to detect his motives, and spirit enough to despise them.

My object, gentlemen, in writing to you is to affix the stigma of public reprobation upon a crime which it is often in the power of a cold-blooded and selfish man to commit with impunity. Some may say that the injured party has open to her the tribunals of justice; but such as these forget that a delicate woman, whose affection has been wounded, would rather suffer agony than obtrude her sorrows and humiliations on the world. Besides, should she even so far overcome the modesty of her nature as to seek pecuniary redress from a jury for her wrong, what money (unless she be as vile and avaricious as him whom she censures,) can recompense her for the sickness of the heart which attends the disappointment of her affections, for the jibes and sneers of the crowds who attend such trials, for the anguish of having all those little evidences of love, which a sensitive female shrinks even from betraying to the eye of private friendship, broadly emblazoned before the public, making her a theme of curiosity and derision. No, gentlemen. I deem the custom of applying to courts of justice for damages in cases of a breach of promise of marriage, to be one which has already been carried too far. I have several times witnessed a charming woman in these places, asserting her claims to a man, or asking a good round sum as a substitute; but I must add I have always regarded each one as undergoing a species of degradation, the willingness to pass through which afforded me a secret conviction that the defendant had already found her unworthy to be a wife. But he who cruelly occupies several years of a young confiding girl's life, giving herself and friends every assurance to believe that he will soon claim her as a lawful bride, and thereby perhaps causing her to lose many other advantageous offers, should not go free. His penalty should exist in the reprobation of the community. He should be shunned

by other females, who ought to make common cause with every one of their sex thus abused. Yet I am ashamed to add, that the moral sense upon this subject is not generally acute, nor the distinctions between right and wrong clearly defined. If a man is discovered to be a coward, there is no end to his mortifications. Every common quarrel flings it in his teeth, and his rank in society is immediately lowered; but although he may have thus slighted a girl whose love he had gained by long and assiduous attentions, merely from feelings of avarice, he yet is regarded with respect, and no one has sufficient dignity of moral character to refuse his acquaintance. I hope these few words of mine, though imperfectly written, for I am not an author by profession, or, as Shakspeare says, "I am no orator as Brutus is," will not be thrown away upon the object who called them forth, should they ever meet his eye. Let him know that there is at least one who looks on his base conduct with abhorrence and detestation, and who firmly believes that as he has already perpetrated a cruel and a cowardly action from the love of riches, he would, when in want of money, be equally ready to commit the meanest offence in the criminal code, but that he is prevented by fear.

JUSTICE.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

IN a late number of the *Tatler*, a daily paper published in London, we find the annexed poem, with the accompanying commendatory notice. The extreme modesty of these lines is somewhat impaired by the fact that the correspondent of the *Tatler* stole them from Mr. Bryant, the author of *Thanatopsis*.—*Eds. N. Y. Mir.*

From the *English Tatler*.

Thanks to H. We have always observed that when this correspondent offers us anything worth acceptance, it is sure to be modestly put.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR.

Gather him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay,
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior's scattered bones away.
Pay the deep reverence taught of old,
The homage of man's heart to death;
Nor trifle even with the mould
Once quickened by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath hallowed every part:
That remnant of a martial brow,
Those ribs that held a mighty heart,
That strong arm—Ah! 'tis strengthless now:
Spare them—each mouldering fragment spare
Of God's own image; let them rest
Till not a trace shall speak of where
The awful likeness was impressed.

For he was fresher from the hand
That formed of earth the human face,
And to the elements did stand
In nearer kindred than our race.
In many a flood to madness tost,
In many a storm has been his path,
He hid him not from heat or frost,
But met them, and defied their wrath.

Then were they kind—the forest here,
Rivers and stiller waters, paid
A tribute to the net and spear
Of the red ruler of the shade.
Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
Roots in the shaded mould below;
The stars looked forth to teach his way,
The still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race! but they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generation sleep.
Their fountains stoke our thirst at noon,
Upon their hills our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon,
Ah, let us spare at least their graves!

While on this subject we add another piece from the same pen, which has been much admired.

AUTUMN.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere—
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the summer leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying wind, and to the rabbit's tread!
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours—
The rain is falling where they be, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again!

The wind-flower and the violet they perished long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died amid the summer's glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen!

And now, when comes a calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more!

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom, that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief!
Yet not unmet it was, that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful should perish with the flowers!

ANECDOTES OF RUSSIA.

In Russia, literature may be said to be in its infancy; the censorship is so severe, that I scarcely can mention a single foreign work which is entitled to be admitted, with the exception of a bible or a dictionary. The newspapers undergo the most rigid examinations;

and should any article on religion or government be therein, if the paper is allowed to be circulated, it will be crossed with red and black lines in about one thousand directions. The English who resided in Moscow some years ago subscribed for a weekly paper, which they calculated would cost less, and give as much news as they would require. Out of the fifty-two papers which arrived in Moscow for the year, only eight were allowed to be circulated; in the second year they received ten, and very wisely gave up the concern, as a losing one, on the commencement of the third. They would as soon admit an importation of carriages free of the tariff, as admit Clarke or Cox; and certainly his satanic majesty would have an equal chance with Ancelet, Rae Wilson, Jones, or Chantreau. A late traveller thought his work would be admitted in consequence of the flattering manner in which he spoke of Russia, its sovereign, the nobles, and the Neva water; but he is and was mistaken: there is one unlucky and very old anecdote of the Emperor Paul, and these few lines were sufficient to prohibit the circulation of the flattering work. In point of fact I do not know one work on Russia which is admitted. Even poor Green, who some years back wrote a modest and innocent work, entitled "Green's Journal from London to St. Petersburg," is not admissible, although, poor soul, he has most truly mentioned the palaces and the price of meat in the capital. I do not deny that it is possible, in spite of the censor and the police, sometimes to purchase "Travels in Russia." I bought Chantreau in the Gostinoy Dvor myself; but it was wisely and carefully concealed from public view, and was only exhibited when the exorbitant vender found I would not purchase any of the trash he offered. Sir Walter Scott's novels, although very generally read in Russia, are not allowed to be circulated; but, in Russia, bribes and smuggling are on a magnificent scale, and, consequently, with a little care and perseverance, prohibited books may be procured.

To this rigid censorship, and to the air of Siberia, may be attributed the cramped genius of Pouchkin, and the almost silent Mickiewicz: the one has inhabited distant parts of the empire much against his consent, and the latter, a Pole by birth, is somewhat very closely resembling a prisoner in Petersburg or Moscow. Of the former, it is impossible to speak too highly; he has all the vivacity, all the imagination, and all the originality of some of the greatest poets; he is styled by the Russians the Byron of Russia, and is by them believed the greatest poet in existence. To the unfortunate, barbarous country in which he was born, may be attributed the little, the very little knowledge even of his name in more civilized nations; and who, in the name of Allah, would go through the fatigues of learning the Russian language, which out of Russia is never heard, even for the gratification of reading this great poet in his own language? All translations are faint copies of original pictures; and those who have read some of the translations of Shakspeare into French, even by Voltaire, may know the truth of this assertion; but my readers are perhaps not prepared to believe that a Russian poet has translated several of the tragedies of the bard of Avon, and is allowed (by his countrymen) to have surpassed the original. I confess, when I heard this, all my national vanity exhibited itself in a trice; and in spite of the guarded manner in which I had conducted myself, this last communication from the Anacron of Russia was received with a "poh!" which quite startled my northern friend.

Mr. Bowring, in the Russian Anthology, has given translations of the principal Russian poets, in very good English verse, and has not translated, as Lord Byron said was Mr. Hoole's practice, "with a crab-stick." The poets are satisfied with the production, as far as they can understand it; and many gentlemen who have arrogated to themselves the distinguished title of "poet," are pleased to be enrolled in the same work with some very creditable Russian rhymers; but, in general, the Russian poetry is sad trash, merely little songs, and not half so good as the generality of English ballads. There are exceptions—Devzhavin, Boydanovitch, and a thousand other hard names, unknown or forgotten in every other country but Russia. Of the present date are Zhukovsky, Pouchkin, Batinshkof, and a Pole, now a Russian prisoner, Adam Mickiewicz, Wrasemki. The minor songsters are not worth mentioning; but the partial Russian historian, and author of reams of bad poetry, Karamsin, is entitled to a place: he is a pretty flatterer in either prose or verse.

It will be seen by a study of Russian poetry, that the German school has been followed in preference to the rest; so closely followed, indeed, that one might be mistaken for the other. Look at Zhukovsky's "Svetlina," it is nearly, in some parts, word for word, "Leonora;" it ends differently, and begins differently, but the vision is nearly the same, and the ideas decidedly borrowed: it certainly does not merit the eulogiums bestowed upon it by Granville, or Ancelet—the latter translated it into French prose.

Pouchkin is entitled to all praise; and it is much to be regretted that no English author has translated his works. Kasloff, a blind poet, and an enthusiastic admirer of Lord Byron, undertook to translate one of Pouchkin's poems into English verse, and to dedicate it to his lordship. Kasloff told me he had forwarded some of the translations to him, but had not received an answer: the fact is, Byron died about this period, and poor Kasloff's poetry has met the same fate. He was anxious I should see some of the poem, and he forwarded to me the following lines, a pretty fair specimen of the style, measure, and beauty of the original; and when it is considered that Kasloff taught himself English, is as blind as a bat, and his lower extremities paralyzed, it is quite wonderful how his head could have produced any thing half so correct. I give the verses, without the slightest alteration, as sent to me in Kasloff's hand-writing:

"But where is she, Zarena bright,
The star of love, the harem's light?
Alas! she lingers, weeps alone,
Her sweetest dream for e'er is gone:
To her what wretchedness belongs!
No jocund tales, no playful songs.
Like the young pain, whose tender bloom
Was blighted by the tempest's gloom,
So stood that fair and lovely maid,
Ere yet forsaken or betrayed.
Yet still in beauty who can be,
Poor Georg! an slave, compared to thee?
That forehead beamed divinely fair,
As sparkling through the raven hair;
Those eyes, so lovely and so bright,
Are clear as day, and dark as night;
What voice so fondly could impart
The bashful wish of woman's heart?
What form could yield such magic bliss,
Or lips bestow a warmer kiss?
The man who sigh'd within those arms,
How could he dream of others' charms?"

FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

TO A CITY PIGEON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Stroop to my window, thou beautiful dove!
Thy daily visits have touch'd my love.
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat,
And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
And forsake the wood with its freshen'd leaves?
Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?
How canst thou bear
This noise of people—this sultry air?

Thou alone of the feather'd race
Dost look unscarred on the human face;
Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
Dost love with man in his haunts to be;
And the "gentle dove"
Has become a name for trust and love.

It is no light chance. Thou art kept apart,
Wisely by Him who has tamed thy heart,
To stir the love for the bright and fair
That else were seal'd in the crowded air;
I sometimes dream
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come then, ever, when daylight leaves
The page I read, to my humble eaves,
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
And murmur thy low sweet music out,
I hear and see
Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee!

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A QUIET MAN.

BY THE SAME.

I WENT to college with but one very decided aversion—the smell of a sick room. With a sanguine temperament and high health, I had once been "laid up" for a winter with a lame knee, and the odors of a physician's appliances, never particularly agreeable, had become associated in my mind with confinement and pain and everything repulsive. I loved the open air with an eccentric affection. Sleeping under a tree, or encamping for the night in the shaft of a quarry, on my mineralizing excursions, were incidents I exulted in. To awake at any time and snuff the morning air gave me a thrill like a release from imprisonment. I lived out of doors.

Accident made me a nurse. My most intimate friend fell ill, and with the caprice of a boy, would submit to no government but mine. I was under the necessity of administering all his medicines, and watching with him, and performing for him the thousand kind offices which the sick demand. He lay in my room a month, and one by one, I insensibly overcame my aversions. The smell of ether and the close air and the sight of disgusting medicines had become at least endurable. The day he got out I was at a loss. Strange as it seemed to me, worn out, and weary, and impatient of it all as I had become, I wished him back again, making the same nervous complaints, and calling upon me for the same recurring services, and querulously refusing every other watcher. From this time I have had an unhealthy passion for scenes of this description. Like all other passions, too, it has sated itself with one degree of misery after another, till now nothing satisfies it but the deepest—death or wild insanity—whatever tries the sufferer most, and demands in the spectator most of sympathy and nerve. I think my heart was never hard, and I am sure that, instead of becoming indifferent to distress, it grows more sensibly alive by every repetition to sympathy and pity—but there is an excitement in the high-wrought circumstances which accompany sickness, which feeds in me a spring of curiosity, which, I cannot but think, is one of the deepest-seated cravings of my nature. Men are nowhere without disguise but in a sick room. The character is nowhere else so tried, the weaknesses so uncovered, the fine godlike under-traits, which it is the way of the world to cover and keep down—disinterestedness and courage, and patience—nowhere else so irresistibly developed. I could never be deceived in a man I had nursed in sickness.

In a body of five or six hundred young men, many of them new to the climate, opportunities were not wanting to indulge such passion to its extent, and I soon became a desirable attendant from my skill and knowledge of the offices so necessary to the patient. I learned a thousand little assiduities, and studied the slight but refreshing changes of position, and could dispose a pillow skilfully, and graduate the light pleasantly to the eye, and relieve, by many an unseen wile, the terrible monotony and weariness of disease. I had in my memory, too, stores of poetry and romance, and no one can tell, who has not been so attended, how grateful it is to a mind weary with feeding on itself, and crowded upon with sickening images, to be stolen away by a winning narration to the land of faery, and have the self-sated sympathies diverted to the light and shadow of the beautiful changes in a tale. How often have I, by a touching story, drawn tears which I knew had in them more healing than medicine! It is easy, for the heart is tender in sickness; and no one can tell how pleasant it is, for, tears when the eyes are hot, and the brain iron-bound, as it seems to be, with the dryness of fever, exceed the freshness of water.

In the pursuit of such a passion I have naturally met with many distressing scenes, not only in sick rooms, but in all places where human nature is brought into extremity. There is here and there one in my memory, the singularity of which may possibly excuse the painfulness of narration.

I sat one cold night in January, watching with a senior who was insane. He was otherwise in perfect bodily health, but had been confined now a week with a periodical madness to which he was subject, and which was hereditary in his family. He was a man of powerful muscular frame, gentlemanly, and full of spirit; and, with the passionate gesture and the wild energy of expression in his dark eyes and fine countenance when the fit was on him, he was the handsomest creature I ever looked upon.

It was two o'clock in the morning. The moon shone bright out of doors, and the late noises in the college rooms had all ceased, and the night was as still as death. I was reading the Book of Martyrs. The chapel clock startled me as it struck two, and I rose from a harrowing description of impalement, and walked to the window to collect my nerves. The clear sparkling snow lay like fairy-work over the beautiful common, and the trees, laden with the feathery crystals, looked like motionless phantoms in the moonlight. I could see down into the town, and far along the streets on either side of the common, and there was not a figure to darken the white sidewalks, and I listened till my ear was pained with silence, and could not hear even a dog's bark. I turned from the window with an undefined feeling of dread, and looking at my patient, replenished the fire, and sat down again to my book. I had read perhaps half a page, when he rose suddenly in the bed, and pushing the long hair from his eyes, looked at me steadily. I thought he was dreaming. His mouth had a fixed curl of hatred, and the whole expression of his face was terrible. I sat still, and looked him fixedly in the eye. His fingers were working like a man's who is feeling for a weapon, and he was drawing his feet almost imperceptibly under him, as if preparing for a spring. The unearthly fiendishness of his look at this moment is indescribable. The glare of the bright fire on his face, his tangled hair, his white night-dress, and the utter malignity of his set teeth and frowning brows, might have shaken stronger nerves than mine. I was convinced that the least motion on my part would be followed by an instantaneous spring; and in the hope of looking him down with the steadiness of my gaze, I sat as motionless as a statue, with my eyes still fixed upon him. The three or four minutes thus occupied gave me time to collect myself. I was slender, and by no means remarkable for my personal activity, and in the event of a struggle I knew I stood but little chance. I thought of shouting for assistance, but even if I had been heard by the sound sleepers in the rooms about me, such noises are too common in college to excite anything but a curse on the rioter. I thought I would speak to him. In a quiet and pleasant tone I called him by his name, and asked him what he was going to do?

"Kill you!" was the brief answer.

"For what?"

"Because," said he, speaking with his teeth shut as he rose upon one knee, and grasped the pillow firmly, "I have found you alone, and I know you!"

The next moment he sprang into the middle of the floor, and with a stealthy and rapid tread, like a tiger's, glided to the door, and locked it. I did not move from my position, except to place my feet in an attitude to rise instantly. He approached slowly, putting down one foot firmly after the other, as if to be certain that the floor was strong, until he stood close before me. The light-stand was between us, holding two candles and the large quarto from which I had been reading. I still kept my eyes on him without moving a muscle, and once or twice he quailed under my gaze, and looked aside. I was beginning to hope he would abandon his intention, when, with a single motion of his arm, he swept away the stand, and sprang upon me. The violence of the shock overthrew me, and we fell to the floor. His knees were upon my breast and his fingers at my throat in an instant. For a minute I struggled hard to throw him off, but with his powerful frame he sat as firmly as a rock, choking me nearly to strangulation with the closeness of his grasp. As a last hope I attempted to shout. Exhausted as I was, my feeble "help!" was scarce louder than a whisper, and I felt my eyes flash, and the blood crowd into my head with a terrible sense of suffocation. In the agony of the struggle I threw out my hand into the fire near which I had fallen, and, with an instinctive desperation, seized a handful of burning coals, and held them for a minute to his side. They burned through the night-dress instantly, and he sprang to his feet with a curse, leaving me on the floor with scarce the power to move a limb. The next moment the tutor, who had been disturbed by the noise of my fall, burst into the room, and with a singular habit of obedience, the madman slunk to his bed, and covering up his head lay as quiet as a child till morning.

It is the custom in some parts of New-England to watch by the dead night and day till interment. I was once called upon for this service. A young girl whom I had known died in my neighborhood, and I was requested to sit up for the night in an adjoining room with two female relatives of the deceased. It was my office to go into the room frequently where the corpse lay, and attend to the lights which were burning at the foot of the bed; and with this occupation and reading aloud, the night passed without much weariness till twelve. About that time my companions, two stout country girls, fell asleep. I threw aside my book, and walked from one room to the other, looking out sometimes upon the night, and sometimes stopping to gaze on the ghastly features of the corpse. There was no moon, but the stars looked near and bright, and the absolute silence and the sweet spiciness of the air combined with the solemnity of my vigil in giving the night almost a supernatural beauty. I began to feel a kind of pleasure in the powerful contrast of the scene. I turned from the still and deathly face lying in its revolting fixedness before me, to look out upon the starry and living splendor of the night, and breathe the life-giving moisture of the wind, and inhale the delicious scents of the flowers; and when the

strange feeling of saturation and insufficiency which accompanies natural beauty came upon me, I returned, with a pleasure I could not understand, to peruse once more the rigid features of the corpse, and muse on the terrible nature of death.

It requires intense thought to believe death real. To look upon human lips formed and colored like our own, and wearing their familiar expression, and comprehend fully that they never will stir again—to gaze on eyelids, softly and naturally closed, and believe that they will never again lift from the eye—to peruse a forehead marked with character and thought, the hair parted on it as if with its own volition and taste, and know that the curious organs beneath it will never work more—these are convictions as difficult as they are painful to the mind, and such as are rarely attained by the ordinary gazers on the dead.

And it seems to me that it is not the pain of dying, nor the dread of corruption, nor any of the common horrors of death that make it most terrible. These are circumstances, fearful, it is true, but such as the courage of a strong heart may meet. But it is that nature will survive—that our friends will live on without us—that the stars will sparkle and revolve, and the flowers come in their seasons, and the ambitious and the pleasure-loving seek fame and pleasure—and not a star's ray be interrupted, nor a leaf fall, nor a human foot slacken in its pursuit because we are not with them. It is this leaving us behind—this thrusting away and forgetting us, like broken instruments, that touches us. To me, at least, death would lose half its terrors with this thought. If I could escape it in any way, my happiness would be tenfold. If my spirit would pass into a flower and consciously live on—if I could become a voice and speak my own name, at ever so distant periods, to my friends—even if an urn containing my ashes might lie in a familiar place, and be a pleasant ornament in the house of some one who had loved me, I should be more content. I love this world, and its scenes, and its people, too well to pass willingly away. I know not whither. The thought of a disembodied and spiritual life apart from the tangible objects I have grown to, and the delightful affections I have given and won, is, with all its mystery and beauty, delightful. I would live forever where I am, if it were mine to choose. There is not an evil except death that appals or sickens me. The daylight, and the air, and the interchange of social life, and simple health, are blessings enough, and give me but these, and mankind as they are, and such as the world is abused, I will take it for my portion while it endures.

With such thoughts passing in my mind, I walked away from the corpse to a window in the adjoining room. It opened on a flower-garden, and with my mind excited to the highest pitch, I stood breathing the scented air, and gazing intently on the stars. A sudden noise from the room in which the body lay startled me. It seemed to me like the struggle of animals or the beating of wings. Totally unable as I was in the rapid reflection of the moment to imagine the cause, my courage half failed me. I was about waking my companions, who slept soundly in their chairs, when the thought of their probable fright and uselessness deterred me; and summoning my resolution, I entered the room. Everything was as I left it, but the noise was still there. The corpse lay unmoved, and the candles burnt clear; and though the noise was loud, in the confusion of my senses I stood doubting from what quarter it came. It grew louder, and my hair seemed absolutely to creep. Still louder—and then a plunge—and the fire-board was dashed down, and a large white cat sprang into the room, and was on the corpse in an instant. I had heard of the demoniacal appetite these animals have for the flesh of the dead; but, though it flashed upon me immediately, it was a minute at least before I had sufficient strength to move. She had buried her claws deeply in the cheek and breast, and her white face was smeared with the blood when I seized her. She did not seem to be aware of my approach, and I had grasped her round the throat with both my hands before she took the least notice of me. Her claws were fastened in the sheet, and fearing to pull her off too roughly, I tried to choke her on the spot. The moment my fingers tightened, she sprang out of my hands with a suddenness for which I was not at all prepared, and flew into my face with the fury of a hyena. I succeeded after some struggling in seizing her again, and throwing her to the floor. I held her down with my feet till she struggled. A wild beast could not have shown a more desperate ferocity. My two fellow watchers, strangely enough, slept through it all. I went to the well, without waking them, and washed the blood from my hands; and composing the sheet as decently as I could over the desecrated body, I resumed my walk and my excited thoughts till morning.

I once had a friend who could never sleep at the full of the moon. If it was a clear night he would draw the shutters, and stop every crevice in the windows to exclude the light, and pace the floor with a most troubled face till daylight. Sometimes it would seem too much to bear, and he would go out and ride furiously for hours, or row his skiff over the lake as if his life depended on his swiftness. While we were students together, I once made a christmas visit with him at his father's, a wealthy landholder on one of the western lakes. The full of the moon came round, and it was as cold as mid-winter. It was fine sleighing, but the broad waters about us had frozen completely over since the fall of the snow, and had been safely crossed by adventurous passengers.

As I lay one night, wakeful with some uneasy thoughts, I heard my friend's voice in the next room, talking passionately with himself. A moment after he came muttering into my chamber, and, evidently supposing me asleep, took down his skates, which hung in the closet, and left the house. I dressed myself hastily, and took my own skates, and descending to the shore-edge, found him as I expected, upon the ice. He turned his head as I stopped, but, accustomed to my presence at such times, he did not speak. As I fas-

tened the last buckle around my ankle, he sprang upon his feet, and with the long safety-rod in his hand, (carried always in that part of the country as a security against the holes in the ice,) he shot away down the lake like the wind. We were both tall men and excellent skaters. The ice had frozen in a dead calm, and was without a flaw for miles along the shore; and with a strong westerly breeze directly on our backs, we skimmed it like birds. For the first mile or two I was occupied with the simple exhilaration of the exercise. The extreme polish of the ice sent us forward with very slight exertion at great speed, and it seemed to me as if we shot over the long shadows from the shore with a superhuman swiftness. We kept down, following the curve of the bank, where the water, from the shelter of the land, had frozen smoothest, till I saw by some marks familiar to me that we were ten miles from home. Still my companion led on. His strength seemed unabated, and leaning forward eagerly, he threw out his limbs in long and powerful strides, speaking not a word, nor even turning his head when we passed, as we did occasionally, the glare of a hunter's fire. I began to grow fatigued, but at the same time my interest in the adventure assumed a wildness which I tried in vain to shake off. The extreme rapidity of our motion, the dim haze of the moonlight, the partial distinctness of the naked trees on shore, and, when we crossed a longer shadow than usual, the transparency of the ice, reflecting every star as distinctly as a mirror far beneath us, all combined with the knowledge that I was following one who was wild with a mysterious fear, in exciting and bewildering my imagination. I could not speak to him. My heart rose in my throat at the effort. Another hour we skated on before the wind in silence. My limbs began to grow stiff, and obeyed mechanically and painfully the impulse of motion. Hill after hill went by, and I began to see more rarely the objects with which I had become familiar in my summer excursions. We were getting beyond the point of my most adventurous voyages. The shore grew bolder and wilder, and the fires of the hunters occurred more rarely, and still my companion's speed was unslackened. With my greatest efforts I could not overtake him. He was a better skater than I, and with an instinctive quickness, he instantly apprehended my intention, and sprang on with increased velocity at the attempt. My eyes began to grow dizzy. I have an indistinct remembrance of skating on and on, long after I ceased to feel or notice anything but the necessity for following the figure before me, and I remember nothing more till I was awakened by a rough shake in broad daylight. The embers of a large fire were glowing round a stump near me, my friend lay soundly asleep with his head across my body, and through a break in the trees I could see the broad icy bosom of the lake, stretching away in the clear light of the morning, with a look of almost interminable distance to the opposite shore. It was with some difficulty that I could stir. With the help of the hospitable hunter who had granted my friend's request for a shelter by his fire, I gained my feet, and after a walk of three or four miles to a farm-house, procured a sleigh, in which, after a cold drive of forty miles, we reached home at noon.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

RELICS AND SOUVENIRS.

"Let but the commons hear this testament,
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue."—*Anthony.*

THE doctrine of associations will in a measure explain why an object indifferent in itself may be invested with an extraordinary value, by the fact that it once belonged to some celebrated or beloved place or person. Sceptical and phlegmatic individuals sometimes affect to ridicule this idea; but that the generality of mankind collect such relics with eager avidity and guard them with care, proves the principle from which they derive their importance to be founded in nature. I have often been amused by displays of these imaginary treasures in my circle of acquaintance. Some of them are indeed extremely interesting. A lady, the other evening, indulged me with the sight of a lock taken by herself from the skull of Major Andre at the time of the removal of his remains to Westminster Abbey, by order of the British government. I gazed at it with warm emotions, which were somewhat chilled by an impertinent fellow who remarked that he did not believe the hair had ever belonged to Major Andre any more than to Colonel Pluck, for that the place where the unfortunate young man's bones had been deposited was doubtful. Thus the fine delight rising in my mind made a ludicrous figure by the insinuation, that we were wasting our sorrow upon the remnant of some common clown. As the sentiments connected with this subject are among the most refined gratifications of which the mind is capable, so they are frequently derided by the coarse-minded. It is a sad thing for sensitive persons to fall into the hands of such rough reasoners, for it is a difficult matter to prove the identity of this species of property; and it is truly laughable, it must be confessed, to see a great fellow with tears in his eyes gazing on an old ragged handkerchief which some wag has palmed upon him as the *quondam* possession of Byron, or a literary old lady boasting of the extra relish of her snuff, erroneously believing that the box is made of a part of Shakespeare's mulberry-tree. It would be a curious subject of amusement, if one could possess some unerring method of testing the truth of the innumerable articles of this kind afloat about society. For although no one values them more highly than myself, when once proven to have sprung from so great an origin, teeming as they do with such a variety of powerful and delicious associations, yet

my interest in such exhibitions is often crossed with certain misgivings, which greatly interfere with my pleasure. An esteemed lady sometime ago showed me a tolerably large package which, after the opening of envelopes almost as numerous as the grave-digger's waistcoats in Hamlet, disclosed a single hair of Napoleon, which she cherished as a token of that wonderful man, and could never look at it without strange emotion. I feigned an excess of admiration, being too polite to express my true opinion; but if Napoleon ever wore half the hair handed about as his, he must have had the head of a lion, and Sampson was a fool to him, and I have no doubt there have been canes, snuff-boxes, inkstands, &c. cut out of the aforesaid mulberry-tree sufficient to have built a seventy-four. I have myself seen several swords avouched to have been worn by Columbus at the time of his landing in America; and being once sojourning in a retired village in one of the southern states, imagine my surprise at finding a worthy man coining money, as the expression is, by showing Pompey's head to the wondering natives. My astonishment was somewhat heightened by the fact that I had left another head of the same hero in the Philadelphia museum. Addison, in his tragedy of Cato, has the line, "Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow," but if it could look down upon the proceedings of the southern museums, I think he would not repeat the assertion.

In this country we are not so rich in these mementos, which may be termed wealth for the mind. Our stock consists mostly of revolutionary relics, of which those emanating from Washington are probably the most valuable. This great and good man, by his wonderful virtue and strength of mind, has shed a lustre not only on his country and human nature, but upon the smallest trifle which appertained to his person or property. How illustrative is this of his fame. A book he has read, would now bear a high price. His very garments are distributed "as a rich legacy" to his friends and relatives. His hat is exhibited in the medical college at Charleston as one of its greatest curiosities, and even a leaf torn from his grave is impressed with the invisible enchantment of his greatness, and arrests the eye, and awakens the imagination of all who behold it. In Great Britain there must be an immense field for the researches of the antiquary. So vast a population has there been compressed within so small a space, such numbers of splendid geniuses in literature, politics, and war, have mingled in the exciting scenes of her history and laid their bones in her soil, that a collection might be there formed which, at least in this country, every one would flock to see. For although nature decrees that the brightest genius must perish soon and pass away, yet the inanimate objects which he has loved during his existence, do not fade so suddenly away, but often come into the possession of such as do not appreciate them. Distance and time give them value. How carelessly would those who dwell in the house with Shakespeare or Milton have destroyed the bits of manuscript which they threw aside, and yet one of them at the present day would be an ornament for the palaces of the greatest among men. A friend of mine has fairly conceived a passion for collecting relics. His bureau was the furniture of a great poet, his cane of a celebrated statesman. He has a looking-glass which once belonged to Jefferson, and an inkstand which he declares Byron used in the composition of one of his best poems. A visit to his chamber is delightful, for at every step you are struck with some agreeable astonishment. You are sitting where Washington once sat. You stir the fire with a poker that has been handled by Dr. Franklin. You take up an edition of Campbell or Rogers, and he tells you the marks were made by the authors, and you prick your finger against a spur worn by Wellington at the battle of Waterloo. It is dangerous to destroy even the most insignificant piece of his paper, for ten chances to one it will turn out to be an original scrap of the Waverley novels or of the declaration of independence. I am told he carries this propensity so far that an imprudent man of celebrity having ventured alone into his presence, he whipped out a pair of scissors and cut off a few inches of his coat-tail by way of a memento. The other day I flung into the fire an old broken stick, which he snatched out with signs of horror, informing me that I had nearly ruined a fragment of one of Captain Parry's boats wrecked in the Polar seas. I cannot but esteem these little conceits not only innocent, but in some degree commendable. They are generally found in dispositions the most amiable and affectionate, and are a pure source of harmless pleasure.

If mementos of individuals who are nothing more to us than they are to all the world, may be so valuable, with what a superior interest must we regard objects which forcibly recall to mind departed relatives and friends. However I may be inclined to smile at the enthusiasm sometimes elicited in one by the relic of a person he never saw, I entertain a kind of sacred respect for emotions, no matter by what aroused, which spring from the recollection of those beings who once mingled familiarly in our everyday occurrences of life, but who are now either absent or dead. There is something beautiful in this clinging of our lacerated affections to every fragment of the wrecked object. It is a pledge of the original excellence of our natures, and conveys an impressive lesson to the sceptic and the misanthrope. What this quality is by which we are attracted towards each other with such delightful and irresistible influence, I cannot attempt to define, but it is directly at variance with selfish impulses. It allures the soul on to noble sacrifices and lofty undertakings, and is a fountain of pleasure in the barren path of the afflicted. It is wonderful with what deep sources of delight nature has invested us, and when wretchedness darkens and howls about us like a tempest, and drives our thoughts tremblingly to the inward world of our own bosoms, how clearly and refreshingly these flow to our lips like sweet cool streams to the thirsty pilgrim. Paradoxical as it may appear, I have thought the great secret of actual happiness was to be found only in the gloomiest passages of anguish,

and then only do we learn to truly know ourselves, to read aright the universe, to comprehend what exquisite pains nature has taken to form it and us. The child of prosperity lives and dies without suspecting what a creature of wonder he is. He is full of secret qualities; under the flowery and sunshiny garden of his heart are gems and medicines hidden from his perception. He only sees the surface; but the unfortunate look deeper, test their capacities to endure with a proud though mournful triumph, and discover their latent energies with a delightful surprise. The reveller at the feast drains goblets of the rarest wines, but knows not half the rapture with which the weary laborer poises the "moss-covered bucket" at the well, and drinks its dripping coolness; and he who has never parted with a dear friend, is ignorant of that secret and undefinable joy which diffuses itself through all the soul, while cherishing even the veriest trifle associated with recollections of the distant or the dead. My mind was attracted to this subject by the overlooking, during the late heavy rains, of several old drawers, containing many of these reminiscences. The present external world was so dark and dismal, that I was glad to seize the occasion presented by a pretty extensive collection of keepsakes, to fly back to past times. In the course of this task I was by turns soothed and stung with agreeable and painful recollections. Everything I touched was a history. I sat like an enchanter in the midst of spells. Each one was impressed with an invisible but potent quality to conjure up the scenes and persons of years fled away. Here was a ringlet of soft auburn from a lovely girl now in her grave; here a ring placed on my finger by one whom I only met to part from; here a heap of letters from my father, received at school; a beautiful needlecase, worked by the very fingers of some one I know of—God bless her—whom I shall never see again; and here a chain given me by Fred. F—, a being whose heart is as sound as his head is clear, and whose long absence has never impaired the friendship which bound us to each other in boyhood, when we roved through the woods together, with guns on our shoulders, or paddled our leaky boat across the noble Hudson. While engaged in reverie, thus excited by these and many others of the like, the beating of the rain against the window, and the sound of the tempest as it swept by, mingled with the low crackling of the coals in the grate, formed a kind of lulling music, which came over me with a drowsy pleasure. Leaning my forehead down upon the silken gift of her who, peradventure, has already forgotten what she gave, I fell asleep, and found myself roving through those scenes which in my life have afforded me the greatest satisfaction. With a dream-like indistinctness I was not confined to any particular spot, but sometimes even while rambling along the streets of this city, on turning a corner, I came into a full view of Trenton Falls; and thence, by a sudden wind in the path, I lingered among the softened summer loveliness of the Elysian fields. Everybody whom I had ever loved seemed thronging about me, particularly all whose presents I had been handling. Those who in reality had never met were here knit together in the most agreeable friendship. Some rambled through the woods and gathered fruits; some leaped into a fairy boat, and floated out gently into a glassy stream, blending their voices together in the most delicious music. My parents whispered in my ear words of love and virtue. Then Bonaparte stalked in, bending under a huge load of hair, followed by Columbus with swords stuck through every part of his dress. Washington came in covered with hats, and Pompey with a head under each arm, besides that which he carried on his shoulders. While I was laughing at these oddities, a sudden gust of wind rattled the windows so violently in their casements that it awoke me. As I gathered together my mournful treasury, I could not but smile at the power possessed by these inanimate objects over the mind, in deepening its memories and keeping vividly alive the impressions which might otherwise be entirely washed away by the ceaseless waves of time.

SEDLAY.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Autobiography of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. One vol. 12mo. p. 221. Philadelphia: Carey and Lea. 1831.

THIS is the third number of the Cabinet Library, and to inform the reader that it is a volume fraught with interest, that it sheds a light upon the private life of one of the most esteemed and extraordinary geniuses of the age, and that it admits us behind the scenes of those beautiful dramas which have charmed all civilized nations, would be altogether superfluous trouble. The mingled modesty, talent, and excellent good sense of this wonderful man require no comment. We are almost amused with the quiet simplicity and unaffected diffidence with which this author mentions himself and his productions.

"I enjoyed a moderate degree of business for my standing, and the friendship of more than one person of consideration efficiently disposed to aid my views in life. The private fortune, also, which I might expect, and finally inherited, from my family, did not, indeed, amount to affluence, but placed me considerably beyond all apprehension of want. I mention these particulars merely because they are true. Many better men than myself have owed their rise from indigence and obscurity to their own talents, which were, doubtless, much more adequate to the task of raising them than any which I possess. Although it would be absurd and ungracious in me to deny that I owe to literature many marks of distinction to which I could not otherwise have aspired, and particularly that of securing the acquaintance, and even the friendship, of many remarkable persons of the age, to whom I might not otherwise have made my way; it would, on the other hand, be ridiculous to affect gratitude to the public favor, either for my position in society, or the means of supporting it with decency, matters which had been otherwise secured under the usual chances of human affairs. Thus much I have thought it necessary to say upon a subject which is, after all, of very little consequence to any one but myself."

Apart from the interest with which we regard every incident connected with the life of Scott, we find scattered profusely over these pages sentences evidently fresh from the experience of a strong-minded man, and which are intrinsically valuable as specimens from an excellent essayist. For example:

"When a friend, whose judgment I respect, has decided, and upon good advice told me, that a manuscript was worth nothing, or at least possessed no redeeming qualities sufficient to atone for its defects, I have generally cast it aside; but I am little in the custom of paying attention to minute criticism, or of offering such to any friend who may do me the honor to consult me. I am convinced that, in general, in removing errors even of a trivial or venial kind, the character of originality is lost, which, upon the whole, may be, that which is most valuable in the production."*****

"Lewis had announced a collection, first intended to bear the title of 'Tales of Terror,' and afterwards 'Tales of Wonder,' which last was finally adopted. As this was to be a collection of tales turning on the preternatural, there were risks in the plan of which the ingenious editor was not aware. The supernatural, though appealing to certain powerful emotions very widely sown among the human race, is, nevertheless, a spring which is peculiarly apt to lose its elasticity by being too much pressed on, and a collection of ghost stories is not more likely to be terrible, than a collection of jests to be merry or entertaining."

And also in correcting errors printed in "Medwin's Conversations of Byron," he says,

"There are some parts of this passage extremely mistaken and exaggerated, as generally attends any attempt to record what passes in casual conversation, which resembles, in difficulty, the experiments of the old chemists for fixing quicksilver."

We conclude this article by copying a letter from Monk Lewis to Scott, which will be found amusing to all, and particularly instructive to our young rhymsters.

"Supposed 1799.

"Thank you for your revised 'Glenfinlas.' I grumble, but say no more on this subject, although I hope you will not be so inflexible on that of your other ballads; for I do not despair of convincing you in time, that a bad rhyme is, in fact, no rhyme at all. You desired me to point out my objections, leaving you at liberty to make use of them or not; and so have at 'Frederic and Alice.' Stanza 1st, 'hies' and 'joys' are not rhymes; the 1st stanza ends with 'joys'; the 2d begins with 'joying.' In the 4th, there is too sudden a change of tenses, 'flows' and 'rose.' 6th, 7th, and 8th, I like much. 9th, Does not 'ring his ears' sound ludicrous in yours? The first idea that presents itself is, that his ears were pulled; but even the ringing of the ears does not please. 12th, 'Shower' and 'roar,' not rhymes. 'Soil' and 'aisle,' in the 13th, are not much better; but 'head' and 'descried' are execrable. In the 14th, 'bar' and 'stair' are ditto; and 'groping' is a nasty word. Vide Johnson, 'He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.' In the 15th, you change your metre, which has always an unpleasant effect; and 'safe' and 'receive' rhyme just about as well as Scott and Lewis would. 16th, 'within' and 'strain' are not rhymes. 17th, 'hear' and 'air,' not rhymes. 18th, two metres are mixed; the same objection to the third line of the 19th. Observe, that, in the Ballad, I do not always object to a variation of metre; but then it ought to increase the melody, whereas, in my opinion, in these instances, it is diminished.

"THE CHASE.—12th, The 2d line reads very harshly; and 'choir' and 'lore,' are not rhymes. 13th, 'Rides' and 'side' are not rhymes. 30th, 'Pour' and 'obscure,' are not rhymes. 40th, 'Spreads' and 'inroads' are not rhymes. 46th, 'Rends' and 'ascend' are not rhymes.

"WILLIAM AND HELEN.—In order that I may bring it nearer the original title, pray introduce, in the first stanza, the name of Ellenora, instead of Ellen. 'Crusade' and 'sped,' not rhymes in the 2d. 3d, 'Mode' and 'shed' are not rhymes; and if they were, come too close to the rhymes in the 2d. In the 4th, 'Joy' and 'victory' are not rhymes. 7th, The first line wants a verb, otherwise is not intelligible. 13th, 'Grace' and 'bliss' are not rhymes. 14th, 'Bale' and 'hell' are not rhymes. 16th, 'Vain' and 'fruitless' is tautology; and as a verb is wanted, the line will run better thus, 'And vain is every prayer.' 19th, Is not 'to her' absolutely necessary in the 4th line? 20th, 'Grace' and 'bliss,' not rhymes. 21st, 'Bale' and 'hell,' not rhymes. 22d, I do not like the word 'spent.' 23d, 'O'er' and 'star' are vile rhymes. 25th, A verb is wanted in the 4th line; better thus, 'Then whispers thus a voice.' 28th, Is not, 'is't thou, my love?' better than 'My love! my love!' 31st, If 'wight' means, as I conjecture, 'enchanted,' does not this let the cat out of the bag? Ought not the spur to be sharp rather than bright? In the 4th line, 'Stay' and 'day' jingle together; would it not be better, 'I must be gone ere day?' 32d, 'Steed' and 'bed' are not rhymes. 34th, 'Bride' and 'bed,' not rhymes. 35th, 'Seal' and 'await,' not rhymes. 39th, 'Keep hold' and 'sit fast' seem to my ear vulgar and prosaic. 40th, The 4th line is defective in point of English, and, indeed, I do not quite understand the meaning. 43d, 'Arose' and 'pursues' are not rhymes. 45th, I am not pleased with the epithet 'savage'; and the latter part of the stanza is, to me, unintelligible. 49th, Is it not closer to the original in line 3d to say, 'Swift ride the dead?' 50th, Does the rain 'whistle?' 55th, line 3d, Does it express, 'Is Helen afraid of them?' 49th, 'Door' and 'flower' do not rhyme together. 60th, 'Scared' and 'heard' are not rhymes. 63d, 'Bone' and 'skelton,' not rhymes. 64th, The last line sounds ludicrous; one fancies the heroine coming down with a plump, and sprawling upon her back. I have now finished my severe examination, and pointed out every objection which I think can be suggested."

Knowledge for the People: or the plain why and because. By John Timbs. 13mo. No. 1. p. 72. Boston: Lilly & Wart. 1831.

Nothing is more difficult than to compose a treatise on natural philosophy so as to render it actually intelligible to an unlearned reader. There is a kind of aristocracy in science, as in everything else, and a vanity or a habit which unconsciously induce scholars, even when professing to teach, to lock up their *arcana* in technical terms so that an indifferent auditory may listen to a lecture with their ears wide open, and yet go home rather bewildered than enlightened by what they have heard. The fault of such writers is that they suppose their pupils have a fair understanding of all other scientific sub-

jects but that one under consideration. In this little treatise, "*illustrans commodam vitam*," we discover additional cause of censure. We do not assert that Mr. Timbs himself is ignorant of the proper reply to his own interrogations, and that he is more at home in his "*whys*" than in his "*because's*;" but we do say that in many instances either from carelessness, or some other cause, he appears to find it much easier to ask questions than to answer them. Here is the first query and reply in the book, for an example.

"Why are coke and charcoal fires free from smoke?"

"Because the moisture has been previously dissipated; this moisture producing the smoke of coal fires."

Many will understand this thoroughly, but it will be only those who understood it before. He should inform the unlearned *how* moisture produces the smoke.

"Why does a fire burn briskly and clearly in cold weather?"

"The air being more dense, affords more nourishment to the fire."

This is saying literally nothing. The nature of this nourishment and the decomposition of the air should have been explained. They who were acquainted with this do not need Mr. Timbs's assistance.

"Why do we stick a pin in a rushlight to extinguish it?"

"Because the pin conducts away so much heat that the tallow will not melt, or rise in the wick."

We should answer, because the person had a hair-lip and could not find an extinguisher.

"Why is a decanter of cold water, when brought into a warm room, speedily covered with dew?"

"Because the temperature of the decanter is lower than that of the air immediately around it. The dew may be wiped off again and again, but will be constantly reproduced till the temperatures are equal. Upon this principle, the most convenient sort of hygrometer, or instrument for measuring the quantity of vapor in the atmosphere, is constructed."

This is just half defined. He does not ground his elucidation upon the fact, simple enough perhaps to him, but not to all his readers, that heat always holds water in solution, and that in the act of restoring an equilibrium between the air and the water in the decanter, the heat passes through the glass, but the moisture cannot, and therefore remains on the exterior surface.

Every one remembers the jest sometimes related of Dr. Franklin, that he asked some of his sage friends why a pail half full of water with a fish in it, was no heavier than the same without the fish; and after they puzzled their brains upon the matter, the doctor suggested that before they proceeded any further in their researches, they had better ascertain if the fact were really true. We are reminded of this by the first following answer.

"Why does the spout of a kettle emit a thick cloud or vapor?"

"Because the steam from the water is then cooled according to its distance from the spout; whereas steam is so transparent as hardly to be seen near the mouth."*****

"Why is the shadow of a hand held between a candle and the wall, gigantic?"

"Because the light-giving surface is then smaller than the opaque body, and the shadow is consequently larger than the body."

It is but justice to add that there are several interesting facts scattered through the book, which in some measure redeem the inadvertencies.

The Little Merchants. A Story for Children. By Maria Edgeworth. 1 vol. 18mo. p. 78. New-York. Published for the trade. Franklin Press Office. 1831.

This appears to be a deserving little child's book, and is from an author whose name is an ample recommendation. Among such numerous juvenile publications as solicit the notice of parents and teachers, they sometimes are perplexed in making a selection. This is cheap, embellished with several pictures, and is instructive, simple, and clear. Take the annexed as a specimen.

"We must now give those of our young English readers, who may not be acquainted with the ancient city of Herculaneum, some idea of it. None can be ignorant that near Naples is the celebrated volcanic mountain of Vesuvius. That from time to time there happen violent eruptions from this mountain, that is to say, flames and immense clouds of smoke issue from different openings, mouths, or craters, as they are called, but more especially from the summit of the mountain, which is distinguished by the name of the crater. A rumbling, and afterwards a roaring noise is heard within, and prodigious quantities of stones, and minerals burnt into masses, (scoriae) are thrown out of the crater, sometimes to a great distance. The hot ashes from Mount Vesuvius have often been seen upon the roofs of the houses of Naples, from which it is six miles distant.

"Streams of lava run down the sides of the mountain during the time of an eruption, destroying every thing in their way, and overwhelm the houses and vineyards which are in the neighborhood. About seventeen hundred years ago, during the reign of the Roman emperor Titus, there happened a terrible eruption of Mount Vesuvius; and a large city called Herculaneum, which was situated at about four miles' distance from the volcano, was overwhelmed by the streams of lava, which poured into it, filled up the streets, and quickly covered over the tops of the houses, so that the whole was no more visible. It remained for many years buried. The lava which covered it became in time fit for vegetation, plants grew there, a new soil was formed, and a new town called Portici was built over the place where Herculaneum formerly stood. The little village of Resina is also situated near the spot. About fifty years ago, in a poor man's garden at Resina, a hole in a well about thirty feet below the surface of the earth was observed. Some persons had the curiosity to enter into this hole, and after creeping under ground for some time they came to the foundations of houses.

"They found, at length, the entrance into the town, which during the reign of Titus, was buried under lava. It was about eighty-eight Neapolitan palms (a palm contains near nine inches) below the top of the pit. The workmen, as they cleared the passages, marked their way with chalk, when they came to any turning, lest they should lose themselves. They branched out in many directions, and lying across them, the workmen often found large pieces of timber,

beams, and rafters; some broken in the fall, others entire. These beams and rafters are burned quite black, and look like charcoal, except those that were found in moist places, which have more the color of rotten wood, and which are like a soft paste, into which you might run your hand. The walls of the houses slant, some one way, some another, and some are upright. Several magnificent buildings of brick, faced with marble of different colors, are partly seen, where the workmen have cleared away the earth and lava, with which they were encrusted.

"Columns of red and white marble, and flights of marble steps, are seen in different places. And out of the ruins of the palaces some very fine statues and pictures have been dug. Foreigners who visit Naples are extremely curious to see this subterraneous city, and are desirous to carry with them into their own country some proofs of their having examined this wonderful place."

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

"That it should come to this."

Nor many weeks ago, we learned that a vocalist named Anderson, was about soliciting the favor of a New-York audience. Next it was mentioned around carelessly that he had arrived, and was presently to appear. Then a rumor that he had quarreled with somebody, came over us, mingled up with items of the negro insurrection, news from Europe, and other shifting topics of conversation. After a few days a friend observed casually that Mr. Anderson had been beaten in a broil, and then we believe the theatrical advertisements announced that his *debut* was postponed. One of the papers ascribed it to *indisposition*, printing the word thus in italics. By and by Mr. Anderson's *indisposition* was so far overcome that he was announced. It was whispered that he had been expressing himself on board the ship, even before he had seen our shores, very freely against this nation, and that he would probably be hissed. The opera of Guy Mannering, selected for the occasion, was commenced to a house consisting mostly of males. Although no adept in these matters, we could perceive pretty decisive symptoms of—to use the favorite phrase of the day—a row. We hate rows. There is an inconvenience, especially to sedentary, peaceable, quiet persons, in being tumbled head over heels out of the second tier, or in having a few large bottles, relieved by occasional sprinklings of turnips, potatoes, and eggs, which have seen their best days, directed by facetious gentlemen at a distance against that part of the system upon which we editors place a great dependence as one of our principal means of support, *id est*—the head. Besides, on such occasions, there is "no hand on high to shield the brave," and as for verbal remonstrances, they do not always meet that respectful attention, or produce those immediate consequences which, we moralists feel, a smart, sensible observation deserves. It was not, therefore, without certain misgivings, that we found ourselves in a conspicuous situation in the "Old Drury," amidst sundry whoops, yells, whistles, and other rational expressions of sentiment known by the name of *cat-calls*, which might be construed into harbingers of a tolerably tempestuous entertainment. "Coming events cast their shadows before." We found that a kind of subterranean fire had been slowly burning under the smooth surface of our community, and that then a few flashes gleamed out as precursors of a volcanic eruption. After the sweet duet of "Now hope, now fear," in which Bertram sings behind the scenes, a neat-looking little gentleman sprang on the stage—and that was Anderson.

"At which the universal host up sent A shout!"

that shook the building to its base. This was persevered in, the opera was finished in *pantomime*, and there was much vociferous talking in the oyster-cellars, bar-rooms, and other public places adjacent to the theatre. If Mr. Anderson had been that night admitted to a private interview with General Jackson, he might have said to him, as Aboleno did to the doge, "this room now contains the two greatest men in Venice." We do not know who was benefited by it then but the retailers of brandy-and-water, and cigars, who might have slyly urged on an excitement so prolific to them of pecuniary profit.

Here it was an even race between Anderson and the republic, and although a few desperate democrats ventured a word on the side of the nation, Anderson was evidently the favorite, and bets ran two to one. A little peaceable Frenchman came near being tarred and feathered for answering to the name of Anderson in Chatham-square, and we were awakened about two o'clock in the morning by a stentorian cry of "The friends of Anderson meet in this street." It was now clearly evident that many were indignant that the deficiencies of the first theatre in the United States should be violated for the sake of a private brawl, while others swore they had rather see

"The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,"

than bear the insolence of a bullying foreigner, or suffer him to be crammed down the throat of the public. On Friday the rejected player appealed to their generosity in a manner which we must say we deemed sufficient to atone for his fault. We will go, we thought, on his next appearance, to witness the grateful sight of reconciliation. We did go; but as for the reconciliation, that was not the order of the day. Multitudes filled the house and blocked up all the avenues and the street, and collected in the Park. Shouts "rent heaven's conclave." From a simple subject of jesting the matter began to assume a very serious and interesting aspect. We were quietly seated where we could take a survey of the proceedings. The first thing we saw was a man stepping from the pit into the boxes—the second, a large and heavy bottle of water hurled with startling violence from the third tier upon the stage. A gentleman behind us observed "No mistake!" We said nothing, but could

not but reflect that if he or any one else had been where the missile alighted, it would have been a very great mistake. Thus

"Two truths were told
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme."

At this crisis Mr. Anderson's popularity was below par. Had we been his thirty-seventh cousin, we should have disclaimed the relationship. Several gentlemen who raised their voices in his favor were the next moment observed making their way in a pretty straight line out of the front door, apparently in some haste, not even stopping to receive checks. Every shout in the interior was echoed by acclamations from the throng without, and a bulletin was established in the second story window to report progress to those in the street. He who has stood beneath a heavily laden apple-tree when some lusty swain above was shaking the branches, can comprehend the unpleasant situation of the performers at this period, except that the fruit hailed down on them consisted of oranges, penknives, turnips, keys, apples, potatoes, and eggs. Their dilemma was partially increased by the evident impropriety of coming before the audience with their heads covered. We remarked in particular that our inestimable actor, Mr. Placide, was for some time greatly perplexed between the contradictory suggestions of politeness and prudence. The sudden visitation, however, of an overgrown turnip turned the scale in favor of the latter. He took the liberty therefore to respectfully appropriate his "bonnet to its right use." It was a display of nature that warmed our hearts towards him. It was flinging himself upon the generosity of the public. Such heads as his are not as "plenty as blackberries." We trust his brow will be thinly clothed with locks of the purest silver before it is engaged in such a similar discussion. Mr. Simpson came forward, and after standing for some fifteen or twenty minutes, as one would pause almost deafened at the foot of Niagara Falls, listening to the din and discord, the roar and thunder of the clashing torrent, the noise subsided for a moment like a brief interval in the howling of the storm, as if the very winds and waves were exhausted with their paroxysms of fury. He seized the opportunity to announce that Mr. Anderson should be withdrawn, which few words again lashed the tumult to such a tremendous height, that we were reminded of an anecdote related by Plutarch of a shout so loud by the Romans on some occasion of triumph, that a flock of crows which happened to be flying over at the time, fell dead to the earth. As for us we felt ourselves before the omnipotence of the people. And this is the public, to whom we indite essays and paragraphs—whom we call "dear," "good," and "gentle." Henceforth shall we be respectful in our periods. Our blood runs cold to think how often we have been familiar with so powerful and gigantic a creature without knowing what we were about. How we have played with its beard, and like the keeper in the tower of London, put our head into its mouth. Think, reader, in confidence, what we have escaped.

The audience having denied a hearing to Mr. Anderson, we are in doubt whether he can legitimately come under this department. We have certainly nothing to say respecting his professional merit, for although we attended the theatre in order to judge of his vocal abilities, he was the only one of many thousands whose vocal abilities we did not hear. He might almost as well, therefore, come under the head of the fine arts, horrible accidents, or obituary notices of distinguished individuals. Among so many clashing opinions and reports, it is difficult to see our way clearly through. Many believe that he has not had fair play, and that blasting the interest of a stranger in our land, without affording him any opportunity to confess, contradict, apologize, or explain, is not consistent with the spirit of our laws, nor our boastings of the freedom of opinion among us. Others declare that the people are their own masters, and may refuse to receive an actor without being held responsible to any one, that there are influences about the theatre unfriendly to the country, and defying the wishes of the audience, and that the present crisis is only an opportunity for expressing a previously existing feeling upon the subject which should convey a useful lesson to all concerned. One party imagine that nothing can be more absurd than the notice taken of a play-actor's private opinions or quarrels, and are sarcastic upon the sovereign majesty of the people for driving away a poor devil of a foreigner for speaking his mind; for, say they, such exercises of inquisitorial power sink the character of the country more than all the idle talk of ignorant travelers, while their opponents reply that a becoming civility in one who lives on public favor is at least to be expected, and that as we did not invite the gentleman here, and have not inflicted upon him any personal injury, we have the same right to send him from the stage as that possessed by each one of us to hand an intrusive and disagreeable visitor out of our own house. To debate this question at present would only have a tendency to prolong an excitement, extraordinary in the highest degree, when we consider the insignificance of its origin, and which all must wish subdued. That a paltry broil between two persons should fling the city into an uproar, seems almost incredible, but thus the merest casual occurrences sometimes swell up into monstrous events, and the destinies of kingdoms, like those of theatres, are swayed by "trifles light as air." Charles the First lost his head (which may be found on our first page!) in consequence of an order to prevent the flight to America of the then obscure Oliver Cromwell, and it is said that the revolution in the Romish church was produced by the denial of the privilege to sell indulgences to Martin Luther.

To control the favor of a multitude by talking and writing is impossible. The press can excite a popular commotion, but not quell it when once aroused. Efforts made to soothe it are like the sprinkling of water upon a conflagration, which only causes the blaze to burst up more fiercely. The spirit of the human mind resembles the rest of nature's elements. Fire, water, air, when either of them

are fairly awakened, will have their course, and at length gradually subside. The sea will roll and rage, and dash to pieces, and sweep away indiscriminately whatever opposes its current. A large crowd, assembled upon a question which has elated their passions, must be submitted to. We are certain, however, that Messrs. Simpson and Barry have the friendly feelings even of the violent opposers of Mr. Anderson. Indeed the manly and respectful appeal of Mr. Simpson, on Saturday evening, when the fury was at its height, was received with deep applause, and the recollection of the long and unwearied assiduity with which this gentleman has labored for the public, and his uniformly amiable and excellent character, evidently pervaded every bosom.

We should draw up a longer narrative of this affair, were we not convinced that the natural good sense of our fellow-citizens will incline them to perceive that the subject has already been rendered too important. It is not of sufficient dignity to excite the feelings of an enlightened community, and their over-flowing passions will, we trust, fall back quietly into their old channel.

On Monday evening the house was filled by gentlemen, who seemed to have attended in the cause of good order and decency. The appearance of each performer was greeted with a hearty welcome. It was apparent that the reaction which always follows such excesses in well regulated communities, had already taken place. Master Burke played Paul Pry without much force as a whole, but charmingly in points. This boy has a strong hold on the affections of the public. It was beautiful the other evening to see his bright unshadowed face smiling cheerfully and fearlessly amid the dark tumult, and the discordant elements hushed down into silence and attention before his sweet boy's look and the tones of his admirable music. It was like some gay spirit, calming by its melody a monstrous and savage beast. We regret to say, that a concourse of several thousand persons assembled before the theatre. They were, after a most unnecessary and unpardonable delay, partially dispersed by the police, headed by the mayor. For ourselves we are constrained to add, that whatever may be the right of an audience who have paid their money, to evince any opinion within the walls of the theatre, these riots are a deep stigma on the character of the city; and the perfect impunity with which they have been perpetrated, reflects a discredit upon the authorities of the town.

The popular opera of Cinderella returned to the stage Mrs. Austin and Mr. Jones. We have only room at present to observe that the *prima donna* was received with great enthusiasm, and the *Tyrolienne air*, and *finale* were rapturously encored. The New-York drama now resembles a fine country lately swept by a tremendous tempest. The thunders are rumbling in the distance—the broken clouds are scudding over the heavens—the swollen streams are "tumbling along their golden sands," and a few fragments of branches, and here and there a tree uprooted, betray the track of the departed storm; but the air is purer and healthier, and the world fresher and greener. Nature in all her works resumes her old operations. The birds are singing in the forests, and the flowers again bursting from their washed beds.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1831.

Editor's Study.—We were sitting in our little secluded study the other morning, ruminating upon the most appropriate form of addressing you, our trusty reader, upon the vicissitudes of the past week, and had just dipped our pen in the ink, shaken off the superfluous drop, and darted the ebon point towards the paper with the impulse of an idea, when a knock, sudden, startling, and almost impertinent, caused us to lift our eyes. Rap—rap—rap. Come in! and the intruder stood before us. We do hate to be interrupted while we are writing. It sweeps over our placid temper like a breeze across a mirror-lake, covering it with innumerable ill-natured little ripples. It is too bad to crush the birth of a young thought—to startle away the timid bird-like visit of a new fancy—to break away the images of a faintly rising dream. No one but a writer can conceive the irreparable nature of such an interruption. You cannot calculate how much you have lost, dear reader, by these ill-timed intruders. Ideas on such occasions are like the sweet fairies dancing on a green, who dissolve into thin air entirely, the very moment chanticleer opens his brazen throat in "salutation to the morn." With a frown like a thunder-cloud, therefore, and an inward ejaculation not necessary to repeat, we gazed at the evil spirit, who has to answer this week for all our stupidity. He was a forlorn and dismal looking creature, and, by the blessing of charity, we had no sooner looked on him than the clouds melted from our brow, the ripples of our temper smoothed away again into the usual unruffled tranquillity, and the ejaculation which had bounded up from our heart before we were aware, softened into a downright, sincere, and rather sentimental "poor fellow." He walked with a steady pace to a chair, and seated himself with a gentlemanly grace and dignity which were broadly contradicted by the nature of his apparel. His hat was slouchy, and had evidently been brushed to death. It was one of those sort of things which the dainty would never lift but on compulsion, and then exclusively with the extreme tips of the thumb and finger. It was an antique. It might have been dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum. The elbows of his coat were a history, an ancient history, revealing much of his private life and circumstances, and with utter poverty written on every seam. Upon the subject of his nether integuments, we do—we shall—we must remain silent. To have addressed such a specimen of humanity in any other tone than that of kindness, would have been the part of a Polyphemus, and in-

compatible with the known benevolence of an editor. We therefore spoke with our most courteous and insinuating air. He handed us a paper in silence, with a slight and momentary glow over his rigid, ghastly features, and a bashful casting down of the eyes. We opened it. It was poetry—smooth, fair, love-breathing poetry. Our very soul bowed in respect and commiseration for this piteous being, who from the struggling anguish and humiliation of such a station, could feel, and love, and write verses. And this fellow now has arisen at early morn, and gone out to smell the flowers, and see the sun rise; and he has lingered at night beneath the moon, and brooded over his destiny. What crowds of practical curses must have broken in upon his meditations; what debts, duns, and bailiffs; what enraged landladies, supercilious clerks, and saucy bar-keepers; what disappointed schemes, vain yearnings, gloomy despondencies—poor, poor fellow. The verses shall be printed, we exclaimed, even before we had read them. The man of rags and rhymes reached out his arm and grasped our hand. He knew by intuition we had been thinking of his bailiffs and landladies. His lip slightly quivered, and a glassiness came to his fine hazel eyes, that might have been moisture or not, for ere we had time to conclude our observations, he drew himself up and with a smile that showed a perfect set of teeth, and in a low pleasant voice, said "It is my only enjoyment," shook us cordially by the hand, and was gone in a moment. Come, kind reader, let us see what he has been about.

THE DISMISSED.

"I suppose she was right in rejecting my suit,
But why did she kick me down stairs?"
Hallick's Discarded.

The wing of my spirit is broken,
My day-star of hope has declined;
For a month not a word have I spoken,
That's either polite or refined.
My mind's like the sky in bad weather,
When mist-clouds around us are curl'd;
And, viewing myself altogether,
I'm the veriest wretch in the world.

I wander about like a vagrant,
I spend half my time in the street;
My conduct's improper and flagrant,
For I quarrel with all that I meet.
My dress too is wholly neglected,
My hat I pull over my brow,
And I look like a fellow suspected
Of wishing to kick up a row.

At home I'm an object of horror
To boarder, and waiter, and maid;
But my landlady views me with sorrow,
When she thinks of the bill that's unpaid.
Abroad my acquaintances flout me,
The ladies cry, "bless us, look there!"
And the little boys cluster about me,
And sensible citizens stare.

One says "he's a victim to Cupid,"
Another "his conduct's too bad,"
A third "he is awfully stupid,"
A fourth "he is perfectly mad."
And then I am watched like a bandit,
My friends with me all are at strife—
By heaven, no longer I'll stand it,
But quick put an end to my life!

I've thought of the means—yet I shudder
At dagger, or ratsbane, or rope;
At drawing with lancet my blood, or
At razor without any soap.
Suppose I should fall in a duel,
And thus leave the stage with *ecclat*;
But to die with a bullet is cruel,
Besides 'twould be breaking the law.

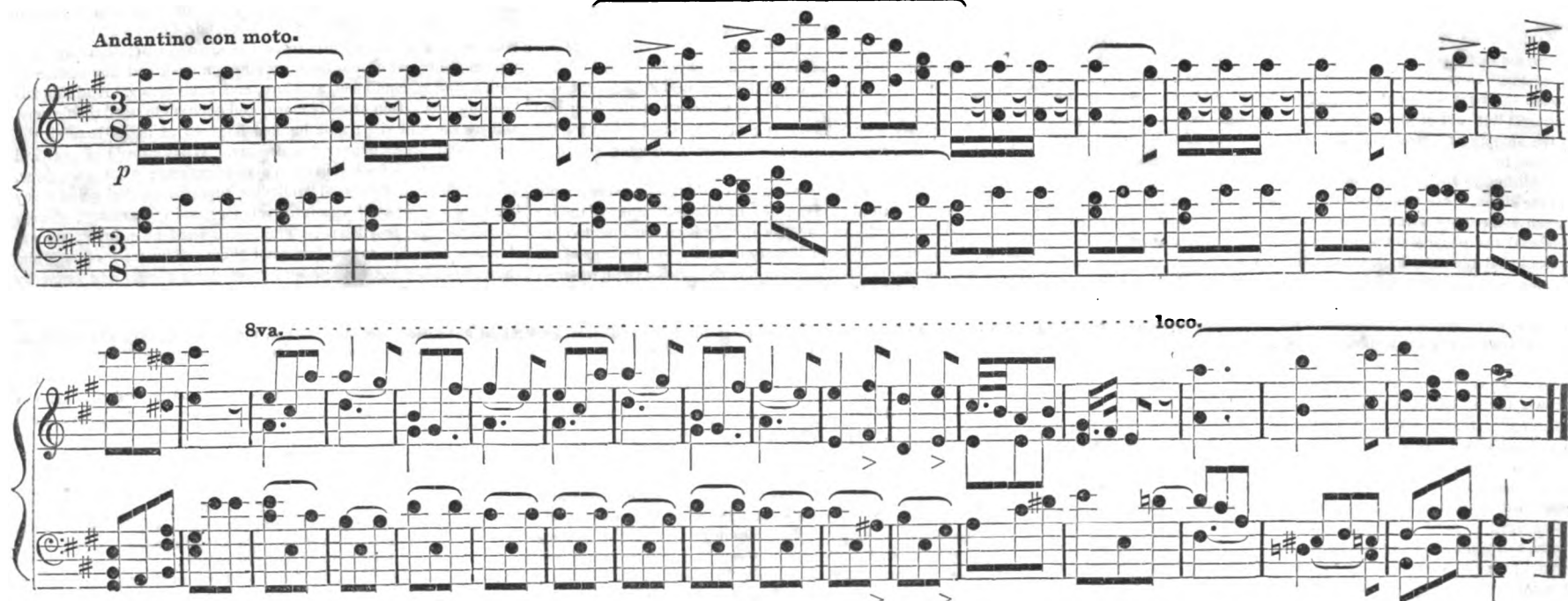
Yet one way remains—to the river
I'll fly from the goadings of care—
But *drown*?—oh the thought makes me shiver—
A terrible death, I declare.
Ah no! I'll once more see my Kitty,
And parry her cruel disdain,
Beseech her to take me in pity,
And never dismiss me again.

In another page, we have copied some of Mr. Bryant's lines. A volume of such poetry would certainly grace the literature of this country in the eyes of foreigners as well as of ourselves, who, by the way, study our own poets much less than they deserve. There are hundreds among us better acquainted with the "Pleasures of Hope" and of "Memory," with "Rokeby" and the "Lady of the Lake," than with the "Ages," "Thanatopsis," "To a Waterfowl," and "Green River;" and yet, at least to those familiar with these rich and genuine creations of the poet, we need not expatiate upon their rare beauty, their simplicity, their vigor, their fidelity to nature, their fresh, still feeling and philosophy. These are conspicuous qualities in his productions, and will touch every heart and please every understanding.

Strangers in the city, at present, find ample occupation for all tastes. Great crowds have been attracted by the varied exhibition of the American Institute, held at Masonic-hall. It consisted of innumerable rich and elegant articles manufactured by the mechanics of this city and the neighboring towns. The Hon. Mr. Everett delivered the annual address on Friday evening, at St. Matthew's church. A vast multitude thronged to hear this eloquent and classic orator, and their anticipations appeared to be fully realized. The wits are all making naughty remarks about Monsieur Chabert, the "fire king," who holds his salamander banquet at Clinton-hall, swallows poisons, goes into heated ovens, and plays with the fiercest of the elements as familiarly as Jove did with lightning. His feats, it is said, make the inhabitants of this terrestrial globe open their eyes, and people do say—but that's a secret.

SHAWL DANCE,

PERFORMED BY MADEMOISELLE TAGLIONI, IN THE BALLET OF LA BAYADERE—COMPOSED BY AUBER.



MISCELLANY.

CURIOUS CEREMONIES.—In the evening the Governor (of Yakutsk) waited on me, and invited me to accompany him to a house, to see a ceremony performed, previously to a wedding that was to take place the next day. We repaired to the house, where we found a large party of gentlemen and ladies assembled. The bride and her attendants occupied one end of the room near a large table, on which were placed fruits, cakes, wines, &c. Tea and coffee were then served. Afterwards I was called to look at a procession from an opposite building or store, called in this country an *anbar* where every sort of provisions, effects, &c., are kept. I saw several low four-wheeled vehicles, each drawn by a single ox, loaded with furniture, clothing, &c. &c., for the new-married couple. Lights were carried before them, and a number of young girls, assembled near the door of the *anbar*, sang in concert, as each vehicle was loaded with the effects of the bride. This ended, the party returned to the house, when dancing commenced, and was kept up with spirit the whole night.—Before quitting the house, the parents of the young bridegroom requested me to come the following morning, and witness the ceremony of his taking leave of them, previously to his going to church. At twelve o'clock, on the twenty-second, we attended at his father's house, where a number of the friends of the bridegroom were collected: several large tables were laid for dinner, and at the principal one, near the images, which in a Russian house are always at the eastern corner of the room, sat the bridegroom and his attendants. A female relative, representing the bride, was placed in the chair on the left hand of the bridegroom; and the father and mother sat at the opposite side of the table. Three dishes of cold meat were placed before the principal attendant, and wine and watsky being at the same time handed round, he cut a large cross on the first one, placing it aside; then the second, then the third, in the same way; and at the cutting of each, wine and watsky were handed round to the company, who rose, and drank to the wedding party. Nothing was eaten, this being merely a ceremony to prepare the feast for the young couple when they should return from church. After this the bridegroom went round to the opposite side of the table, holding the image of the Virgin in his hand, and crossed himself on his knees, and bowed his head three times to the ground, before his father, who, when he rose, took the image from him, kissed him, and crossed him with it on his head. The same homage was paid to his mother, on which she delivered the image to another person, who preceded the bridegroom and his party to the church, where they met the bride and her attendants; and the couple were then led to the altar, and united in the holy lands of wedlock, by the Protopope, or Chief of the Clergy. The ceremony resembles the catholic church, except that, towards the close, the priest places a hy-

menial crown on the heads of the man and woman, and they walk three times round a table, where lie the cross and the bible. This part of the proceeding is regarded as binding them in strict allegiance to each other during the rest of their lives. There are also two rings used, which are exchanged, between the man and the woman, during the ceremony. The whole party now returned to the house of the bridegroom's father, where a repast was prepared for them, resembling all large entertainments of this sort. The healths of the principal persons of the place were drunk, and followed by a salute of three guns after each toast. The evening was crowned with an illumination and a ball, at which, as a stranger, I had the honor of leading off the bride.—*Dobell's Travels.*

POWERS OF THE FLEA.—The great agility and strength of this insect are exceedingly remarkable, it being able to leap further in proportion to its own length than, perhaps, any other creature that has not wings to help it; and its strength is so well known, and so extraordinary in the same proportion, that several curious artists, whose dexterity has been shown in the making curiosities of an uncommon and surprising smallness, have employed this little animal to assist in exhibiting their works, and proving the nicety and lightness of them. Dr. Power says he saw among Tradescant's rarities, a golden chain of three hundred links, though not above an inch long, that was both fastened to and drawn away by a flea. Moutet some time before this, mentions such another, of a finger's length, made by one Mark, an Englishman, whereto a flea was fastened by a collar of a most exquisite minuteness, with a lock and key adapted to it. This chain the flea dragged after him with ease, the flea, chain, lock and key, not exceeding altogether the weight of a single grain. He adds further, that he had been informed by people of undoubted credit, that a coach made of gold, with all its furniture of the same metal, had a flea chained to it, which drew it along without the least difficulty; thereby testifying at the same time the dexterity of the workman, and the strength of this little creature. Nor is there any room to doubt the truth of these accounts; for one Boverick, a watchmaker in the Strand, has lately made and shown to vast numbers of people, not only a chaise having four wheels and all its proper apparatus, together with a man sitting therein, the whole formed of ivory, and drawn along by a flea; but likewise a landau that opens and shuts by springs, with six horses harnessed thereto, a coachman sitting on the box, with a dog between his legs, four people in the landau, two footmen behind it, and a postilion riding one of the fore-horses. This equipage a flea is fastened to, and pulls very easily along. He has also made a chain of brass, about two inches in length, containing two hundred links, with a hook at one end, and a padlock and key at the other; all which together weigh less than the third part of a grain. Here the flea is made use of to draw the chain,

which it does very nimbly, and with as little trouble as can be well imagined. Fleas thus employed are preserved alive and vigorous, by putting them upon the arm, or the back of the hand, to feed, once or twice a day.—*Micrographia Restaurata.*

AN ESTATE NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY.—The following story used to be told by King George the First. About the year 1615, there was a nobleman in Germany, whose daughter was courted by a young lord. When he had made such progress as is usual by the interposition of friends, the old lord had a conference with him, asking him, how he intended, if he married his daughter, to maintain her? He replied, equal to her quality. To which the father replied, that was no answer to his question; he desired to know, what he had to maintain her with? To which the young lord then answered, he hoped that was no question, for his inheritance was as public as his name. The old lord owned his possessions to be great; but still asked him if he had nothing more secure than land, wherewith to maintain his daughter? The question was strange, but ended in this; that the father of the young lady gave his positive resolve, never to marry his daughter, though his heir, who would have two such great estates, but to a man that had a manual trade by which he might subsist, if drove from his country. The young lord was master of none at present, but rather than lose his mistress, he requested only a year's time, in which he promised to acquire one: in order to do which, he got a basket-maker, the most ingenious he could meet with, and in six months became master of his trade of basket-making, with far greater improvements than even his teacher himself; and as a proof of his ingenuity, and extraordinary proficiency in so short a time, he brought to his young lady a piece of workmanship of his own performance, being a white twig basket, which, for many years after, became a general fashion among the ladies, by the name of *dressing-baskets*, brought to England from Holland and Germany.

To complete the singularity of this relation, it happened some years after this nobleman's marriage, that he and his father-in-law, sharing in the misfortunes of the wars of the Palatinate, were driven naked out of their estates; and in Holland, for some years, did this young lord maintain both his father-in-law and his own family, by making baskets of white twigs, to such an unparalleled excellency as none could attain: and it is from this young German lord the Hollanders derive those curiosities, which are still made in the United Provinces of twig-work.—*Dictionary of Commerce.*

INDUSTRY OF GREAT PAINTERS.—There cannot be a greater contradiction to the common prejudice, that "genius is naturally a truant and a vagabond," than the astonishing, and (on this hypothesis) unaccountable number of *chef-d'œuvres* left behind them by the old masters. The stream of their invention supplies the taste of successive generations, like a river. They furnished a hundred

galleries, and preclude competition, not more by the excellence than by the number of their performances. Take Raphael and Rubens alone. There are works of theirs in single collections, enough to occupy a long and laborious life, and yet their works are spread through all the collections of Europe. They seem to have cost them no more labor than if they "had drawn in their breath and puffed it forth again." But we know that they made drawings, studies, sketches, of all the principal of these, with the care and caution of the merest tyros in the art; and they remain equal proofs of their capacity and diligence. The Cartoons of Raphael alone might have employed many years, and made a life of illustrious labor, though they look as if they had been struck off at a blow, and are not a tenth part of what he produced in his short but bright career. Titian and Michael Angelo lived longer, but they worked as hard and did as well. Shall we bring in competition with examples like these, some trashy caricaturist or idle dauber, who has no sense of the infinite resources of nature or art, nor consequently any power to employ himself upon them for any length of time or to any purpose, to prove that genius and regular industry are incompatible qualities? In my opinion, the very superiority of the works of the great painters (instead of being a bar to) accounts for their multiplicity. Success prompts to exertion; and habit facilitates success. It is idle to suppose we can exhaust nature; and the more we employ our own faculties, the more we strengthen them, and enrich our stores of observation and invention. The more we do, the more we can do.

ANECDOTE OF D'AUBIGNÉ.—We find in the memoirs of D'Aubigné, an anecdote that is worthy of notice. In a battle that was fought during the wars of Henry the Fourth, D'Aubigné had a personal combat with a captain of the name of Dubourg. During the heat of the action, D'Aubigné perceived that an arquebusade had set fire to a bracelet formed of his mistress's hair, which he wore on his arm; without thinking of the advantage he gave his adversary, he instantly employed himself in extinguishing the fire, and preserving this precious bracelet, which was dearer to him than liberty or life. Captain Dubourg sympathized with and respected the sentiment, suspended his attack, inclined the point of his sword, and began to trace on the sand a globe surmounted with a cross.—*Memoirs of Madame de Genlis.*

GENUINE LOVE SCENE.—"Beloved of my heart, light of my eyes!" said she, embracing him; "know'st thou the proverb which says, that man is worth what he holds in his hands? Put thy hands then in mine that I may possess the greatest treasure in the world." Nureddin gave her both his hands, and she covered them with her kisses. While they were thus engaged, the stars began to glisten in the firmament, and the breath of heaven arose in the breeze of night.—*New Arabian Nights.*

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POPULAR TALES.

MY COUSIN LUCY AND THE VILLAGE TEACHER.

BY JAMES HALL.

It has been well said, that memory never loses an impression that has once been made upon it. The lines may be obscured for a time, as an inscription is defaced by rust, but they are never obliterated; they may be buried under a crowd of other recollections, but there are times when these roll away, as the mist rises from the valley, and the whole picture stands disclosed, in its original integrity. Impressions made in childhood are the most vivid; years may pass, and other remembrances be gathered in, but those that lie deepest are longest retained, and most fondly cherished. Other events touch the heart and pass off without leaving a trace, but these strike in, engraft themselves, and become a part of our nature. Such, at least, has been my experience. I have lived a busy, and I trust not an useless life; I have seen much of the world; my feelings and passions have been excited, and my attention powerfully fixed, by events of deep interest; but none stand recorded in the same bold, indelible characters which mark some of the remembrances of my childhood.

Not far from my father's residence there was a school-house. It was a small log building, such as we often see in new countries, and stood in a grove, on an eminence near the road. Whether chance, or taste, or convenience, dictated the choice of the spot, I cannot tell; but it always struck me as being not only well adapted to its purpose, but remarkably picturesque. The grove contained not more than an acre or two of ground, but the trees were large spreading oaks, that I have seldom seen surpassed in size or beauty; for every observer of nature will agree with me, that trees, even of the same species, differ in appearance as widely as human beings. In every grove the vegetation has some distinguishing characteristic, just as all the inhabitants of a village have some trait in common. The trees are stunted, or luxuriant, spreading or tall, majestic or beautiful; or else they are vulgar, common-place trees, as devoid of interest as the unmeaning people whom we meet with every day. I never see a great oak standing by the road-side without observing its peculiarities. Some are round and portly, some tall and spindling; some aspire, and others grovel; one has a gracefully rounded outline, and another a rugged, irregular shape. Here you may behold one waving its head with a courtly bend, and there you may see another tossing its great arms up and down like some angular, long-limbed, gigantic booby. Trees, too, have their diseases, their accidents, and their adventures. They are torn by the wind, shattered by the lightning, and nipped by the frost; and while some of them have in their youth the aspect of sallow and dyspeptic invalids, others flourish in a green old age; and whether standing singly in the field, or crowded together in the forest, whether embraced by ivy, clothed with moss, or hung with mistletoe, they always attract attention, by the peculiarities which they derive from these and other incidents.

Our school-house oaks were of the majestic kind. They had braved the elements for at least a century, and seemed to be still in the vigor of life. Their great, dark trunks were covered with moss, and their immense branches interlocking far above the ground, shadows it with a canopy, that not a sunbeam could penetrate. The soil was trodden hard and smooth by the school-boys, and covered with a short green sward, over which the wind swept so freely as to carry away all the fallen leaves.

Here we played, and wrestled, and ran races; here, in hot weather, the master, forsaking the school-house, disposed his noisy pupils in groups among the trees; here the rustic orator harangued his patriotic fellow-citizens on the anniversary of independence; and here the itinerant preacher addressed the neighbors on the sabbath. On occasions like the latter, our grove became as gay as a parterre. The bonnets, and ribbons, and calicoes were as numerous and many colored as the flowers of the field. The farmers and their families generally came to the preaching on horseback; and it was a fortunate animal that bore a lighter burden than two adults and a brace of children. The young women rode behind their brothers or sweethearts, or in default of such attendants, mounted sociably in pairs, the best rider taking the saddle and holding the reins, as smart girls are always willing enough to do. It was a goodly sight to see the horses hitched to the trees in every direction, showing off their sleek hides and well-combed manes to the best advantage; and decked with new saddles, and gaudy saddle-cloths, and fine riding skirts, that were never exposed to the weather or the eye, except on Sundays and holidays. Then the people, before the sermon began, sitting in groups, or strolling in little companies, looked so gay and so happy, that Sunday seemed to be to them not merely a day of rest, but of thanksgiving and enjoyment. When they collected round the preacher, sitting silent and motionless, with their heads uncovered, and thrown back in devout attention, the scene acquired a graver and deeper interest. I have never witnessed

that spectacle on a calm, sunny day, without a sensation of thrilling pleasure; and often as I have seen it, the impression that it made continued ever fresh and beautiful. There was a mingled cheerfulness and solemnity in this sight, that attached itself to the spot, and I have afterwards felt in the midst of my studies or sports on school-days a soothing calmness creeping over me, a feeling that the place was hallowed, like that which we experience when strolling in a graveyard, or lingering in the aisle of a church.

My memory clings to this spot, as the scene of the most vivid pains and pleasures of my childhood. I pass over the detail of all the sufferings that I endured from the brutality of ignorant and tyrannical teachers; perhaps I was more sensitive than other children; but be that as it may, it is certain that although I was fond of learning, and docile in my disposition, I imbibed, very early in life, a cordial hatred for the whole race of schoolmasters. But I loved my books and my companions; I loved to play at ball, and run races; and I loved the school-house grove, with its tall oaks and verdant lawn. I used to linger on a neighboring hill, to look on that graceful swell, and those fine trees, and to wonder why I thought the landscape so attractive. Those who recollect their sensations on first entering a theatre, or reading a novel, can form some idea of my feelings. That first play, and first novel, remain through life impressed upon the imagination, as standards with which all similar objects are compared; and it was thus that the most interesting spot that attracted my young fancy, became to me the *beau idéal* of rural and romantic beauty.

There was another charm connected with this spot, the secret of which I will now disclose to the reader, although for many years I hardly dared acknowledge it to myself. My cousin Lucy was my school companion, and I never think of that green hill without seeing her slender form, gliding among its shades, with the same calm blue eye, and meek countenance, and soft smile, that she wore when we were children. I hardly know why I loved Lucy better than any body else, for she was several years my senior, and never was my playfellow. I romped and laughed with the other girls, and played them all sorts of tricks; but I never hid her bonnet, or pinned her sleeve to that of her next neighbor. From her childhood she was sedate and womanly; her deportment was always delicate and dignified; there was a something about her that repelled familiarity, while the winning softness of her manners invited love and respect. When I came near to Lucy I was no longer a wild, mischievous boy, but was elevated into a better and more rational being, by the desire that I felt to please and serve her.

We had a succession of schoolmasters, the most of whom were illiterate men, who remained with us but a few months. At last there came one of higher pretensions than the rest. He was a young man of liberal education, who brought with him the highest testimonials of his character and attainments. He strolled into the neighborhood on foot, and so great was his modesty that it was some time before anybody discovered his acquirements, or suspected the object of his visit. At length he proposed, with some diffidence, to fill the vacant situation of teacher; and, having produced his credentials, was readily admitted to that thankless office. He was altogether a different man from any of his predecessors. His temper was even, his heart kind, his manners easy, and he had the rare talent of commanding respect and communicating knowledge, without the appearance of an effort. He was as bashful as a girl, and as artless as a being as ever lived. Everybody liked him; his good sense, his cheerfulness, his inoffensive manners, and industrious habits, made him the favorite of young and old.

It was customary in those days for the schoolmaster to board with his patrons, each one entertaining him for a week at a time, in rotation; an arrangement which, while it divided the burden of his subsistence equally, enabled the whole neighborhood to become personally acquainted with the pedagogue. When the latter happened to be a dull, prosing dog, scantily supplied with good manners and good fellowship, the week of his reception wore heavily away, the table was less plentifully spread than usual, and the whiskey jug was sure to have suffered some disaster on the day previous to his arrival. The head of the family indulged himself on such occasions in liberal remarks upon the idleness and effeminacy of learning; and the good wife by frequent allusions to the scarcity of provisions, and the high price of schooling, gave the unfortunate teacher to understand that he was considered as a mere incubus upon the body politic, a Mr. Nobody, who was only tolerated, and fed, and allowed to sit in the chimney-corner, for the purpose of keeping the children out of mischief. But if the schoolmaster was a pleasant fellow, one who read the newspapers, and played the fiddle, and told a good story, the week of his visitation brought holiday times and high doings to the farmer's hospitable fireside. Then the good man heard the news, the girls heard the violin, and the mistress of the house found a patient auditor to the recital of all the misadventures which had befallen the family within the scope of her memory.

Then the boys wore their holiday clothes every day, the hospitable board groaned under a load of good things, and the cheerful family enjoyed seven long days of good humor and good eating.

Of all schoolmasters Mr. Alexis, the gentleman above alluded to, was the most popular one that ever darkened the door of a farmhouse. In his time the "schoolmaster's week" was a week of festival. He not only read the news, and played the fiddle, but could sing a good song, and recite the veracious biography of a hundred real ghosts. He could explain all the hard words in the Testament, all the outlandish names in the newspapers, and all the strange hieroglyphics which are mischievously set down in the almanac, to puzzle the brains of simple country folks. Then he was affable and talkative; with all this he was good-humored, and, what perhaps was more effective than all the rest, he was good-looking. With such qualifications he was always a welcome visitor, and I can well remember the stir that his coming occasioned in my father's house. On the preceding Saturday there was an universal scrubbing; the floors, the windows, the chairs, the pewter plates, the milk pails, and the children, were all scrubbed. The dimity curtains, that lay snugly packed away in the great press, sprinkled with lavender and rose leaves, were now brought forth, and hung over the parlor windows; and the snow-white counterpanes, that were kept for great occasions, were ostentatiously spread upon the beds. The yard was swept, and the great weeds that had been suffered to grow unmolested, were plucked up; and the whole menagerie, out-houses, tenements, and appurtenances, made to look as fine and as smart as the nature of the case would admit. Then such baking, and brewing, and cooking! The great oven teemed with huge loaves and rich pastry; yielding forth from its vast mouth puddings, and pies, and tarts, enough to have foundered a whole board of aldermen. The fatted calf was killed, the brightest ornaments of the pig-sty and poultry-yard were devoted to the knife, and the best blood of the farm was freely spilled to furnish forth delicate viands, with which to pamper the appetite of that important and popular character, the schoolmaster.

I am often singular in my opinions, for I do not consider myself bound to believe anything, merely because everybody else believes it. As to the schoolmaster I disliked him from the very first; and when everybody else praised him I was silent. I had an inherent antipathy against all pedagogues. I viewed them as our natural enemies, a race created to scourge and terrify children; and for the person in question I entertained a special and particular aversion. This was the more singular as I was by nature confiding and placable, and never indulged a malignant feeling towards any other human being. He treated me with kindness, instructed me with unwearied patience, and I verily believe would have found the road to my heart, had I not suspected that he was searching out the way that led to my cousin Lucy's. I was always jealous of her, because the disparity of our ages placed her at a distance which almost extinguished hope, and because she always treated me as a boy and a relation, and either never did, or never would see that I cherished feelings towards her infinitely more tender than any that the mere ties of consanguinity could have awakened. A boy in love becomes cunning beyond his years. Unable to enter the lists as a candidate, and obliged to look on in silence, he becomes the secret and vigilant enemy of his unconscious rival. I was continually watching the schoolmaster and my cousin Lucy; and not a glance, nor a blush, nor a touch of the hand escaped my jealous eye. An indifferent observer would have seen nothing in their intercourse to excite the slightest suspicion; an enamored boy, who had loved devotedly from the first dawn of intelligence, read volumes of meaning in every act and look. The conduct of both of them was perfectly delicate and unexceptionable. There was not the least approach to gallantry on his part, not an inviting or an encouraging glance on hers; but I could mark the softened tone of his voice, and the involuntary reverence of his manner, when he addressed her. I could detect the brightening of his eye when she spoke, and the courteous bow with which he replied to any question from her, so different from the commonplace civility with which he treated his other female pupils. He often walked home with her, but never without other company, for she was always surrounded by children, one or two of whom she held by the hand, as if to prevent the possibility of a *tête-à-tête*. Perhaps she never had a thought that there was any particular meaning in his attentions; but there is an instinct in female delicacy, and although it might never have occurred to Lucy that her teacher had opportunities beyond other men, which required that she should place a careful watch over her affections, nature regulated her conduct. I was often with them; they conversed without constraint, and never spoke of love, or courtship, or marriage. But he pointed out to her the finest traits of the landscape, gathered for her the choicest flowers, and discoursed of poetry; sometimes reciting the most beautiful passages, in so eloquent a tone that I could have knocked him down, and was ready to quarrel with Lucy, for

the apparent interest with which she listened. Often did I wish that he was a thousand miles off, or that I was a schoolmaster.

It would be too tedious to set down all the mischievous pranks that I played our teacher, in revenge for his supposed attachment to my cousin. Though fond of learning, I obstinately persisted in a resolution to owe nothing to his teaching; and more than once disgraced him and myself by wilful blunders, at our public examinations. I incited the biggest boys into conspiracies against his peace and dignity. Once when he was going to a tea-party at my uncle's, a little better dressed than usual, a troop of us scampered past him as he was crossing a miry brook, and, pretending not to observe him, splashed a shower of mud and water over his holiday suit. We sent him one day into a large company with a grotesque figure chalked on his back; and on another occasion scorched off his eyebrows by exploding gunpowder under his nose, while he was intently engaged in working a problem in algebra. None of these persecutions ever ruffled his temper; and when my mother, who could not believe that the fault was mine, reproached him with the slowness of my progress, he mildly told her that the greatest geniuses were often dull boys at school, and that I would no doubt make a shining man.

At length the term of the schoolmaster's engagement expired, and my heart bounded with joy when I heard that he was going to quit the country. I was at my uncle's on the morning of his departure, when he called to take leave of the family. Lucy was in the garden, and Alexis went there to look for her. Young as I was, I could readily comprehend that a latent passion would be most apt to betray itself in a parting interview; and that of all places in the world, a garden is the fittest to excite tender feelings in the bosom of young lovers. In a moment a thousand thoughts flashed through my mind—in another moment love and jealousy prompted me to observe a meeting which my foreboding heart told me would be fraught with more than usual interest. It was a mean act, but jealousy is always mean. I was too young, too much in love, and too angry to reflect; and if I had reflected, who could have thought it improper to witness anything which could possibly take place between two such perfect beings as my cousin Lucy and the schoolmaster?

I crept secretly to the garden, and from the covert of a thick hedge saw Alexis approach my cousin. He took her hand, and told her that he had come to bid her farewell; that he had bade adieu to all his other friends, and had deferred calling upon her until the last, because to part with her was more painful than all the rest. There was a touching softness in his voice, and a corresponding melancholy clouded his features. "What a canting rascal," said I to myself; "I'm afraid Lucy will never be able to stand it."

He then dropped her hand, and began to pluck twigs from a peach-tree, while Lucy was industriously engaged in demolishing a great rose. At last he said, "There is one subject—" Lucy stooped down, and began to pull the weeds from a tulip-bud. The schoolmaster stopped, and looked embarrassed.

"Silly fellow!" said I exultingly, "why does he not kneel down, and lay his hand upon his heart?" I took courage when I saw his trepidation, believing that he would never be able to tell his love, or that Lucy would discard so clumsy a lover.

"Miss Lucy—" said the schoolmaster.

"Sir!" said Miss Lucy.

"What a canting villain!" said I.

Mr. Alexis looked round, as if fearful of observation.

"He looks as if he were stealing," said I; "and well he may, the vile pedagogue!"

Alexis sighed, threw down his eyes, and resumed, "There is one subject, Miss Lucy, upon which I have long wished—" He looked up, but Lucy was several paces off, twining the delicate vines of a honeysuckle through the lattices of the summer-house.

"She will never have him!" said I, in an ecstasy; "I know she would never have a whining, canting, pitiful schoolmaster!"

Alexis followed Lucy to the summer-house, and remarked that "the honeysuckles were very fragrant."

"Very!" said my cousin.

"He has dropped the subject," thought I; "dear Lucy! how well she managed him! Ah! these schoolmasters know not how to make love; if I were there I could show him how!" I breathed freely, and thought it was all over.

Alexis stood by the side of Lucy; he leaned towards her, and spoke in a low voice. What he said I know not, but the words were potent, for Lucy turned her head from him, and I saw that her face was covered with blushes, redder than the coral flowers that hung around her.

I thought she was angry. "If he has dared to insult my cousin," said I, "how proudly will I avenge her quarrel!" I looked again, and could scarcely believe my eyes! Lucy's head was reclining upon the shoulder of Alexis, and one arm was thrown gently around her! I thought their lips met!

I could stay no longer. I fled from the hateful scene, burning with rage and jealousy, and deeply mortified at my own meanness, in having become the voluntary and secret witness of that which should have been sacred from every eye.

In a few days after this occurrence I left my native country. I had long been destined for the sea, and having now received a midshipman's warrant in the navy, set out for the sea-board. After I had bade adieu to all my other friends, I went to take leave of Lucy; for I, too, felt that this was the most painful of my separations; the parting with her seemed like breaking the last and tenderest tie that bound me to the land of my birth. She had always treated me with the affection of a sister, and never did her manner seem so tender as at this moment. When I left her father's house she followed me across the little lawn before the door, and as I threw the reins over

my horse's neck, and lingered to repeat my adieu, she put a paper into my hand. Her eyes were filled with tears, and my own were not dry.

I was some miles on my way from home before my emotion subsided sufficiently to permit me to read Lucy's note. In this she disclosed to me her engagement with Alexis; she said it had been approved by her parents, and that the marriage would take place whenever he should be established in a profession, for which he was preparing himself. She spoke of the fair prospects that smiled before her, in an union with one so amiable and highly-gifted. She said that she made this disclosure because I was her nearest and dearest relative, after her parents, and was on the eve of so long an absence, that the separation seemed to be almost final. More she said, which I need not repeat; it was all kind and sisterly, and I vowed that I would always love my cousin Lucy, whether she married the schoolmaster or not.

Her note had one good effect, which harsher measures would have failed to produce. Her generous confidence subdued me; and as I reflected upon it, in my cooler moments, I determined to smother my ill-fated passion, and to love Lucy only in manner and form as her cousin lawfully might. I resolved, moreover, to forego all my vengeance against Alexis, and to think of him with kindness.

In a few days I embarked. We had a brilliant cruise. The war with Great Britain was just declared, and the ocean swarmed with our enemies. We were frequently engaged, and generally successful. The novelty and excitement of this life soon caused a wonderful revolution in my feelings. I was no longer a romantic boy, brooding over a hopeless passion, with the single object of my adoration continually before my eyes. My heart had set up other idols; it had now ample sea-room, and, like our gallant vessel, rode gaily over the sparkling ocean of life. I learned to think of Lucy as the destined bride of another; yet I thought of her as a lovely and a hallowed being, and sometimes pronounced her name with the reverence with which a devout catholic utters that of his tutelary saint. Often when our ship lay becalmed, when the clear moonlight was spread over the ocean, when the waves were at rest, and everything was still, I would lie for hours upon the deck, thinking of the school-house, and its beautiful grove, and my fair cousin. Then I would think of the honors that awaited me—of the time when I should be numbered among the heroes of my country; and would sigh to reflect that the lovely flower which so proudly I would have twined among my laurels would be blushing unseen in the lowly cottage of a country schoolmaster.

During my first cruise, which lasted nearly two years, I was so fortunate as to distinguish myself on several occasions. But I panted for higher honors; and on our return to port, finding a fine frigate on the point of sailing, I solicited permission to join her, and being considered as an efficient officer, my request was granted, and I sailed on another cruise, without setting my foot on shore. This act of devotedness to my profession raised me in the eyes of my commander, who afforded me every opportunity of acquiring distinction. I now rose rapidly. When at sea I was engaged in every hazardous enterprise, and when in foreign ports my superior introduced me into the best society. Among the exotic beauties whom I beheld, I saw none so beautiful as Lucy, but many who were more polished; perhaps my taste became vitiated, for although I still cherished the memory of her unpretending graces, I learned to admire the more dazzling charms of others, and to indulge the thought that I might at some future day adore another in her stead.

After a long cruise, in which many dangerous exploits were attempted, and some of them brilliantly accomplished, we were homeward bound, when we fell in with a fine frigate of the enemy. Both ships were soon cleared for action, and after a bloody engagement we succeeded in capturing our foe. I was now acting as a lieutenant, and having the good fortune to be stationed on the spar-deck, immediately under the eye of my commander, received his compliments for my conduct.

We came into port triumphantly. Public honors of the highest character were awarded to us. Dinners and balls were given, and the population of a great city vied in the expression of their patriotic gratitude; while the newspapers throughout the whole continent were filled with our praises. I was promoted to a lieutenancy, and had the gratification of seeing my name emblazoned in the public prints, with those of my distinguished superiors. In these proud moments I did not forget my fair cousin; entirely as I had resigned her, and cordially as I wished her happiness, I sighed to think of her obscure and lonely fate. With a partner so bright, so gentle, and so dear, to share my laurels, I should have been supremely happy; and I could not but marvel at the capricious decree of fortune, which had doomed one, who might have shone as the bride of a naval hero, to drag out her existence in the vulgar lot of wife to a country pedagogue.

I had written to my parents on my arrival; but a round of entertainments, given in honor of our victory, prevented me from visiting them. One evening, as I strolled through the streets with a friend, we passed a spacious church, into which crowds of fashionable people were hurrying with apparent eagerness.

"Let us go in here," said my companion, "and hear the fashionable preacher, one who has turned the heads of the whole town, and is more talked of than Commodore Perry or General Scott. He is a new man, who has eclipsed all his contemporaries by his eloquence, while his learning and modesty win universal esteem."

We entered the church, and I looked round upon the novel exhibition, as upon some fairy scene. It was long since I had sat in the bosom of a worshipping congregation; and how different was this from the rustic assemblage that I had been accustomed to see, gathered

in pious silence under the school-house oaks! Here was a splendid edifice, ornamented with gilding, decorated with rich hangings, and lighted with brilliant chandeliers, whose intense effulgence awakened in my unpractised heart a thrilling sensation of excitement. But the audience, how gay, how gorgeous, how beautiful! Those to whom such scenes are familiar can form but a faint idea of the impression made by a fair and fashionable crowd upon the mind of one accustomed only to rustic assemblages, or to the hardy multitudes who fill the camp or crowd the quarter-deck. Here were gems, and plumes, and silks, and glowing cheeks, and sparkling eyes; but there was also a simple elegance in the attire, a sedateness in the demeanor, and above all a devout humility reigning throughout this thrilling scene, that added to it a solemn grandeur, which exceeds my powers of description. My heart was elevated as I gazed on that rich, and silent, and motionless picture; and I felt how the omnipotent influence of religion can quell the happy, and soothe the wretched, and win the gay, and calm down all the tumultuous passions of human nature, as oil poured upon the waves reduces them to a placid surface.

At length the preacher arose, and every eye was turned towards him. I looked up, and what was my surprise at beholding Alexis! I could not be mistaken, for there he stood in the same simple attire, with the same humble aspect, and the same benignant smile, that were so familiarly impressed upon my recollection. His manner had all its former mildness, and his voice its accustomed melody; there was only a little more of fullness and compass in the one, and a slight tinge of self-confidence added to the other. His sermon was eloquent and able; the language was clear, classical, and simple, the manner of its delivery calm and unassuming. His voice was never strained, and seldom elevated above its ordinary pitch; it swelled and softened upon the ear, without the slightest effort on the part of the speaker, without the least violence to the sense of the hearer. There was no labor of the body; the arm was never extended, the hand only was raised occasionally from the cushion. The whole manner of the speaker was mild and persuasive; his argument was acute, close, and powerful, without any attempt to adorn it with the graces of composition, or to win applause by the arts of oratory; yet such was the effect produced by the delicate choice of harmonious words, their symmetrical arrangement and chaste delivery, together with the apostolic earnestness, and an air of pious conviction that breathed throughout, that all felt and acknowledged that the speaker had opened a new vein of genuine eloquence.

The deep silence that prevailed during the sermon, and the subdued murmur of applause that ran in whispers through the congregation when the service was over, attested the powerful effect of the discourse. As the people dispersed I endeavored to make my way to Mr. Alexis, but the crowd was so great as to prevent me from reaching the pulpit until he had disappeared; and as it was late I returned to my lodgings, determined to seek him on the following day. I now saw that Lucy was not wedded to obscurity and indigence, and gave her full credit for having discovered a man of genius and feeling in the despised schoolmaster, who had been so long the object of my contempt and aversion. I took shame to myself for having presumed to institute comparisons between Alexis and myself; and felt humble in acknowledging that my ephemeral honors would be soon forgotten, while his useful career and splendid powers would sustain for him a brilliant reputation during his existence, and earn a name, which his countrymen would cherish with gratitude when he should be no more. One thing flattered my pride and consoled my prejudices: I learned that Mr. Alexis had long since abandoned his former vocation, and that my cousin had not, after all, married a schoolmaster.

On the following morning early Mr. Alexis anticipated my visit, by calling to see me. We met cordially; and on the day after were jogging sociably together towards my native place. I found Lucy a proud and happy wife. They had built a neat cottage on the school-house hill, in the midst of that beautiful grove, which they carefully preserved in memory of former days; and I now found that I had not been singular in my admiration of its sylvan graces. The school-house had been removed; and a large plain meeting-house, on a neighboring eminence, is occupied by a numerous congregation, under the ministry of Alexis. Loved and honored by his former pupils, the worthy pastor is surrounded by them, who look up to him with gratitude as the teacher of their youth, and with reverence as the guide of their maturity; while the happy Lucy, in the society of her early friends and chosen partner, enjoys the sweetest fruits of innocence and virtue. Here they live in contentment and honor; and when I witnessed their placid lives, their pious labors, their active benevolence, and simple virtues, I scarcely knew which to love and admire most, my fair and gentle cousin Lucy, or my ancient rival, but now my very reverend and much honored cousin, "the schoolmaster."

The Token for 1832.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

PRISON SCENES.

THE heavy portals closed on me. I heard the rattling of chains and the step of the turnkey retreating. The dampness and gloom of the dismal walls curdled my very soul. I was a prisoner, thrust in among thieves, pirates, murderers, and brutal wretches of every description. The tenderness of a woman stole into my heart, and I sat down on a broken bench in a shadowy nook, and covering my face with my hands, suffered the large hot tears to swell up and gush out freely. As the night advanced, the keeper came to me. He was a huge man, with the look of a brute. Every vile bad passion seemed to have added an expression to his scoundrel face. His eyes were small and of a greenish gray, a pointed hooked nose, enormous whis-

kers, and bilious sallow complexion, were set off with a frown, which constant bullying among the wretches under his charge had deepened into a permanent scowl of cruelty and hatred. He had the most disagreeable voice I ever heard. It resembled the discordant cry of a savage bird of prey, and always made me shudder. His salutation was suited to his appearance.

"Here, clear out from there," he said with a shove. "It's bed time."

The blood mounted into my temples, with a passion that was painful. I raised my arm to strike, when he cut me on the head with a whalebone whip, and screamed out for a guard, who grasped me with an iron hand by the shoulder, and almost lifted me from my feet. Loading me with every epithet of insult, the keeper struck me again with his stick, while the soldier held me with the strength of a giant, and the next moment I found myself lying at full-length on the stone floor of a narrow cell, in which I perceived I was locked for the night. A faint light shone in through a grated window, and discovered two straw beds, the only furniture, on one of which sat another figure. He was motionless as a statue, and in the confusion of the moment I scarcely knew whether it was an apparition conjured up by my excited fancy, or a figure hewn out of granite, or a human being and wretched prisoner like myself. I looked at him with a fearful interest. He was of a colossal size. An expression of fixed and stern despair was in his rough and savage face; and seated on the pavement his cheek and temple rested on the outspread palm of his brawny hand. He did not even look at me, although the manner in which I was hurled into the apartment was sufficiently abrupt to have at least excited the notice of any ordinary person. There was a dead silence for a minute, during which he sat gazing steadily at the narrow piece of sky visible through the small barred window. There was something in his attitude and aspect that made my blood cold, and sent it back from the swollen veins of my forehead, and deadened the fury which had burned in my heart.

"Who are you?" I exclaimed, in a whisper so low that I scarcely knew whether it was more than my own thought, but it sounded distinctly through the deep hush of the dungeon, and he slowly turned his large fierce eyes upon mine. As he moved, too, there was a rattling of chains; and I perceived that he was heavily fettered by manacles, which were fastened by massive iron rings close to his ankles and wrists.

"I am Lopez, senior," said he, with a foreign accent, and in a voice full of melody.

I actually started, and lay with my head drawn back as far as possible against the rough stone wall, and a feeling of horror vibrated through every nerve of my body. He was a pirate, of noted ferocity, who had committed more monstrous murders than men could enumerate. He was a by-word around the winter fire of thousands of families, and his name used to check the smile of the sailor's wife, and make the merry faces of his children turn white with awe. I remembered to have heard that this terrible ruffian had been captured, and was waiting the punishment of death in the prison of N—; but in the hurry and anguish of my own sudden calamity I had forgotten it. I was not likely to forget it again.

I began soon to distinguish his features more accurately as my eye graduated itself to the dim light, and I perceived a smile slowly break out upon the shadows of his face, betraying a line of white teeth, contrasted finely with the sable curl on his lip, and his deeply expressive eyes lighted up for a moment. He really looked beautiful. A picture of him, with that proud deliberate smile, the black soft hair curled closely upon his broad clear forehead, and the collar falling back from his athletic throat and chest, might have passed for the hero of many a romance, which steals the sweet eyes of the enamored girl from her midnight slumber.

"Boy," he said, with a rich Spanish accent, and in the same mellow tone, which touched me like a rebuke for its gentleness, "what, are you, too, afraid? I will not hurt you. I will never hurt any one again. Let us be friends. Here is my hand."

I reached out mine, and he shook it with feeling.

"And how long have you been here, Lopez?" I asked, in some measure recovering my natural mood.

"Two months."

"And how long—" I stopped.

"You are a stranger here—no?" he inquired.

"Yes," I answered; "I never was here before."

"Then I know what you want," said he. "You want to know when I shall die?"

I shuddered, and nodded my head.

"To-morrow morning," said he, with an indescribable expression, and a kind of ashy paleness settling over his features, yet in a voice remarkably firm. "I must be dragged out to-morrow like a beast before my fellow-beings, and to-morrow night you will be sitting here alone—and where shall I be? Oh God! Oh God!"

The barrier of his feelings seemed to have been no longer strong enough to contain them, but to break away on a sudden, and he shook with an agitation so tremendous, that I thought his existence would end at once. Presently he recovered. It was wonderful to see him force himself back into an air of resolute calmness, and dash away the tears from his lashes.

I had always experienced a feverish curiosity respecting the effect upon the mind of a brave villain of immediate death, and began in conversation with this wretched individual to realize a fearful pleasure. He was strangely hardened upon the subject of his crimes, which he confessed freely, and in that respect only differed from other people. We have a false idea, many of us, that a murderer or professed pirate is an intrinsic monster; but I found this unfortunate being only a man—gifted with many of man's best attributes,

compassion, courage, perseverance, generosity, and even delicacy of sentiment. He was only a man, who had committed monstrous deeds, with the same qualities as ourselves, but led away into dark places by sophistry and passion. I name this distinction that the innocent and high-minded, in perusing the history of such a creature, may not look upon it as something with which they themselves can have no relation, but rather as a career into which they may be plunged unless ever watchful to shun the most trifling deviations from principle, and avoid cruelty or impetuosity in ordinary affairs.

As the weary hours of the night rolled on, I spoke these sentiments to the condemned pirate, and won so on his confidence that he told me I was the only being who had ever treated him with kindness since his boyhood.

"Had you possessed parents," said I, "to train you up in the proper course?"

"It was my father's cruelty," interrupted he, "that made me what I am. When once guilty, I despaired of forgiveness from man or heaven, and went on desperately shedding blood; but my father drove me from my home by a blow. A blow," he repeated with a fierce glance, as if he even yet writhed beneath it, "and I was a villain from that moment. I shall think of that to-morrow, when strangling before the thousands. I will tell you," he said, "how I was blasted when I was a boy. I was not tame and crouching, like other boys, but nature had filled me with unmanageable feelings. When any one made me angry, I lost my self-command; when they were kind to me, I never forgot it. I could not sleep for gratitude. My father was a cruel man; he never loved me, and I should have left him before but for a girl. I was only a boy, and we loved each other. One night I had been sitting with her, we had mutually promised to be faithful, and I left her with such a full happiness that I scarcely heard the stern question of my father, 'Where have you been so late, senior?' Instead of repeating it, he struck me. I dashed away like a wild deer. It happened that the very day before I had been strongly persuaded to embark as sailor on board a ship bound for the West Indies. I flew to the friend who had made me the offer, and accepted it. We were to sail the next day but one. My heart failed me afterwards, and I went back to my dwelling in the night. It was a cloudy and blustering evening. I looked in at the window, and saw my mother and sisters: they were weeping—weeping for me—and Rosa was there too; and several times she turned her large clear blue tearful eyes full upon the window where I stood. My soul relented, and I was about to rush in when the door opened, and my father entered with his erect form, and cold, stern, cruel look. The sight of him brought back all the tumult of my bosom. I stamped my foot and clenched my fist, then cast one last look upon my aged mother, my affectionate sisters, and dear Rosa. I never saw them more. They are ignorant of my fate. Perhaps to-morrow, when I am struggling in the last agonies, they will be smiling. They have forgotten me. Oh that to-morrow were past!"

I asked him if he did not repent of his crimes since committed.

"No," he answered, with the look of a demon—"No: I glory in them. Man has hunted me, and fortune too. I have never known friendship nor kindness; and now they have taken me as others would a monster, and will put me to death. I have no regret for any crime except one, and that, I confess, haunts me, and always has haunted me. When I was in the Caribbean sea, I commanded a piratical brig, and we boarded and took a merchantman well loaded with specie. We murdered all the crew, cut them to pieces, or shot them down just where they happened to be. The deck was slippery with blood. They were all massacred."

"Monster!" exclaimed I—"Execrable monster!"

"Nay," he continued, with a hoarse horrid laugh, "that was nothing. It is no more to me at this moment than if they had been so many adders, and I had crushed their venomous heads with my heel. But—"

He paused, drooped the lids over his eyes, and drew his breath in between his half closed lips, as if recalling to memory some horror which stung him acutely to the nerve. I was almost frightened to be thus alone, at midnight, in a dungeon with a being capable of such atrocious deeds. I thought his desperation might next induce him to grasp my throat with those giant hands, and from the very wantonness of the madness that seemed creeping over him, add one more victim to the bloody catalogue.

"Do not go on," I exclaimed, shrinking from him as far as I could. He seized my arm with startling energy. The chains upon his limbs rattled and clashed.

"But I will go on." His voice had now altered to a scream—shrill and piercing. "I must go on, boy. You must hear it. It has been locked up in the core of my heart for years, like a living coal, burning and burning and burning; and if I do not reveal it to you, I shall never reveal it; for to-morrow, you know, I am to take the leap—ha, ha, ha—short time for story-telling, my friend; but I will tell you—and I would tell you," he added, with an oath that made my head swim, as his dilated eyes glared with terrible ferocity—"I would tell you, though I knew it would bring these accursed walls tumbling down about our ears. What! you are frightened, my poor fellow. Well, come," he said, relaxing his grasp and patting me on the shoulder affectionately, "why should I injure you? Why should I rush into the presence of an already offended God, with my hands reeking and smoking with the blood of the only one who ever looked on me with pity, or said a gentle word to me, since I turned away from those blue eyes of Rosa's, for ever and ever. Rosa," he repeated, musingly—"Rosa—why may not this be all a dream? Why may I not wake presently and find that same sweet face bending over me, and feel the soft kind hand on my

lot forehead, and hear that beloved voice instead of the clank of chains, and open my eyes to the graceful drapery of curtains, and gaze on the soft June sky through the window, and feel these hideous dungeon walls melting away from around me, as the fumes of slumber pass off."

He resumed the attitude in which he sat when I entered, and remained long without speaking. I even began to feel sleepy. For several nights I had been a watcher; and so I stretched myself down upon the thin straw, and wished, like my companion, that this might be all a dream. He soon followed my example, and by his silence I thought him

"As fast locked up in sleep, as guiltless labor,
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones."

After some time he started up and paced the narrow room with a desperate impatience, sometimes uttering such a groan that my eyes were filled with tears of compassion. He saw them as our eyes met, and I perceived that he himself was again weeping; he came to me softly, and taking my hand, kissed it, and said—

"If you wish God to bless you in your last extremity, hear me speak this secret. I will be gentle. I wish to unload my conscience. It is the only act of my life that I never could remember without trembling. I told you of the merchantman—the murder of the crew. Mother and child, husband and wife, were struck that day in each other's arms, and went down into the still sea. The bubbling water, stained with gore, told that the flood was finishing what the axe, the bullet, and the knife had half performed. But of all these, there was one—a young girl of such a remarkable loveliness, that her perfect face touched me—even me whose red fingers were but just unlocked from the blood wet hair of her father. The old gentleman was game—I half liked him, for he showed fight to the end, and fired at me with a pistol for putting my hand under his girl's chin. Ha, ha, ha—he'd have got over that squeamishness if he'd lived a little longer; but that could not be. The girl prayed so hard for life on any terms, that I could not resist, and we spared her. I could not but think how many throned kings, how many dukes and lords would have given their eyes almost, to have had those lips to touch; and to sit still and make those delicious blue eyes look up into their face for protection on any terms as they did in mine. I saved her for several weeks; but we found it necessary to put into shore, and the crew began to grumble, and I thought myself that we stood a chance of a rope should any one fall afoul of us with this tender thing on board. So one morning—" (his face grew deadly pale) "the creature was standing with me near the gangway. She seemed to have clung to me through the whole of it, and called me her preserver—and I stood with her here talking as I might have done to Rosa herself, had I grown up in virtue and honor, and been a happy and proud husband of so much love and beauty. She had not the slightest suspicion of my purpose, and when I drew out the cutlass, she took the glittering blade in her fingers, played with the jewels on the handle, and even with a kind of sweet sportiveness fitted it to my thigh, and said 'I looked the soldier well.' I should have spared her at all risks, but I knew my men, and they were exchanging signs together, and the mate, who was a devil incarnate, came twice up to me with a gruff shout—'We're nearly ashore, captain!' I never shuddered at any thing before. My heart sickened, my eyes were wet, and my hand trembled. She inquired, in a voice of tenderness that could not have been assumed, if I was unwell. I put my lips to hers and kissed her with an agony, and then the flashing cutlass descended on her curled head, and I was covered with her blood. She screamed!" Here his voice faltered—his face grew paler and paler, resembling the pallid countenance of a corpse—"she clung to the shrouds—I seized her sweet form in my arms and threw her over. Still she clung with a convulsive tenacity, and—and—"

I covered my ears to shut out the conclusion, but could not.

"She gave me one look as I cut off her hands, one of which lay bleeding on the deck. The body fell with a heavy splash into the smooth clear water. Her lovely head, with its beautiful tresses, lingered a moment on the surface—then the ripples died away quietly in extending circles. I heard her voice never again, except when the scream startled me from my midnight slumber. I have told my secret. To-morrow, at sunrise—"

He started up wildly and gazed from the window. The stars were paling their beams, and a faint light beamed from the horizon, growing every instant broader and clearer. Then the fiery streaks shot up and glanced far along the reddening arch. My companion shook his head, and calmed his manner; then he stooped, and laid his ear to the floor; a minute after the door opened, officers of justice and clergymen entered. A man gave him a white dress, which he put on in silence. His face was absolutely yellow, and a streak of white upon his upper lip betrayed his agitation; but he was firm and proud in his demeanor. He shook me once by the hand, closed his eyes a moment, and then motioned them to lead the way. There was a bustle in the prison. I sat watching the fantastic clouds burning in the east, till the dazzling rim of the sun peered above the line, as it slowly lifted its vast circumference into full view. A kind stranger in an hour brought me a riband, which he said Lopez had desired should be handed me, after all was over, with his last farewell. I cannot express the strange thoughts with which I looked on this token of friendship.

SEDLEY.

CONCERT.—We perceive that Madame Brichta intends giving a concert on Thursday evening next, at the City hotel. The orchestra is to be strengthened by auxiliaries from the French opera. The entertainment will no doubt be attractive, and we trust that this appeal to the liberality of the public will be successful.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

FROM AN AMERICAN IN LONDON,

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

London, September 6th, 1831.

GENTLEMEN—I have been at a phrenological gallery—a collection most industriously and ingeniously made, till it has become a marvel—a specimen of the effect of perseverance, and a place to dream strange dreams in. Its owner, too, Mr. De Ville, is an original—he is a tradesman in the Strand, but a rich one, and he rides his hobby magnificently, and has built up a reputation on this whim, till he has made himself *recherché* at great tables, is consulted upon the education of young geniuses, and sought for as an oracle in cases of *lunatico inquirendo*. He deserves to be modelled in plaster and placed on high among the assembly he has convened; for I assure you there are more worse heads among them than better, and that on some of the fairest shelves. He has earned his celebrity well, sparing neither money nor pains, nor cool assurance; but if you have a head remarkable for coronet or mitre, or for a triangular shape, so that it looks like a cocked-hat when you have none on, or if you are a good specimen of hydrocephalus, or a poet, or a statesman, or a fool, he lets you know no rest till you are modelled and set among your class on his shelf in plaster; only if you are mad, he lets you die first, for much experience has proved that in that case there is no hope of taking you alive. And when you arrive at this haven, where you must be, what a choice of neighborhood! Are you a pugilist?—there are Crib, Spring, Mendoza, Gully, Batavian Sam, and the Game Chicken—whose jowl will you put your cheek by? They are not dangerous, taken without their fists. Are you a bishop?—there is an equal choice, though I cannot call names so readily; or what you will, there is a place for you and a row of fit companions, stony-featured fellows, "lifelike but lifeless," where like Sardanapalus, you may find such sympathy

"as if they
Had lost the half of death to come to you,
And you the half of life to sit by them."

There is a long row of heads remarkable for nothing but the very great or very small development of some organ; each one in its succession exemplified in each of its extremes, associated as I have known people at dinner parties, where every man is as unlike its next neighbor as possible, and where no two can blend their opposition into any thing harmonious any more than can these lumps of plaster. And there is another set, to which each individual subject has furnished two or three casts at different times of his life and stages of his character. First perhaps he was avaricious, griping and mean; one that would "grind the faces of the poor," and "circumvent God;" a wretch that doted upon halfpence. You need not tell me so—can I not see it? His organs of acquisitiveness are puffed out like watches—they are deformities, positive wens; and then his benevolence—his unseen benevolence—its place is represented by a trench, a deep channel—what a stream of charity would that be that should fill it! Yet look again—'tis full! That next cast is the same individual, but taken four years later, and *quantum mutatus!* The mountains and hills are brought low, the valleys are exalted; and when this cast was taken, was not the whole man changed? Indeed he was—this is no dream nor fiction—the unclean spirit was gone out of him—he was liberal, and humane, and affectionate; and every eye that saw him blessed him. But opposite there is crime; a collection of deadly looking fellows, moulded in prisons, some of them with the expressions yet upon their features, of the stinging hunger that drove them into deeds which they were called to expiate before it was appeased. Cadaverous and ghastly, their sunk cheeks and hollow eyes suit well with the paleness of the plaster. Look at them, for they are not all devil. Here is one who was educated for this end. He was qualified for much of good or evil. He had

"All the energy which should have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled."

but he was elaborately prepared for a victim to temptation, blindfolded assiduously and led on to disappointment, and shaken out suddenly upon a world so inhospitable that he found his first harbor in a dungeon that opened on a grave. "Hath this man sinned, or his father?" Read his history or examine his head; their evidence is the same. But pass on—here is that that shall reconcile us to the law. It is a foreign criminal; a villain priest, who insinuated himself into a family under the mask of religion, and attempted to enrich himself by getting them disinherited; failing in that he forged a will, and then committed a murder to make it available, and another to be rid of an accomplice; and thus far he went on securely, and might have rested in possession of the reward he had labored for; but over caution led him one step further. He attempted another murder of one whom he thought suspected him, and failed in the attempt, and his whole train was blown up in the investigation it gave rise to. But this man was wary and calculating—mathematical even—his head shows it, and he possessed the talent; and worldly wise to that degree, that with a soul capable of all these things he lived in honor and respect until he did them; and self-possessed, so that no look or word betrayed him, and hardened so that though the damning proofs of his guilt were multiplied into tenfold certainty, he faced them all, asserted his innocence meekly, but inflexibly, and died with the air of a martyr. Cruelty, avarice, caution, tenacity of purpose, (I spare you the technicalities) such are the phenomena of this head, and so well do its developments correspond to the use the wearer made of it. Pass on—the next class are well placed next. They are the casts of lunatics. Here is a fellow that died for love—a fond fool, that adored the beau ideal and went about in search of it;

that strayed to and fro through the earth seeking for such a resting place (for his heart) as never did and never will exist, and wandered and no end of wandering found. And here is his counterpart—a saucy wench, that refused half a dozen good offers, some of them half a dozen times. There is nothing amiable about her head; but I love her better dead than I ever should have thought to do while she lived. She is a very rare and valuable specimen. And here is a religious madman, a starved anchorite, one that worshipped the "All Giver," by refusing his gifts; by living in cynic independence, scorning the name of enjoyment. And here is a row of fanatics in the same sort, in less and less degrees, but all of them were mad. And now their contrast is an atheist, who lost himself in speculations upon the possibility of a world without a presiding intelligence, till his own brain became the type of it. Here is an old bachelor, who lived only for his own narrow views of enjoyment, and fancied that because one and one make two in the arithmetic, it should be the same in a household; an inert brute that never took the pains to learn even the true theory of selfishness. Here he is—the outside of his head is moulded faithfully, and the inside I doubt not equally well represented.

But enough. Suffice it for the present to add, that I came to this strange place a scoffer, and came out of it a convert, almost if not quite altogether, to the doctrines of its master. And let me advise all those who are in the habit of exercising their wit at the expense of phrenologists, to improve it by an acquaintance with some of them, for though no doubt much that is visionary has been advanced on this subject; much also that is curious and useful has been discovered and demonstrated. Yours, truly,

FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

BARON VON RAFFLEOFF, THE PEDLER.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I SHOULD like Lebanon better, if the Hudson had thought proper to roll through its broad valley, and if mine host of the inn had not lodged me in the bath-house. One gets tired of pacing those rectangular piazzas, and gazing on the foliage of the great hills, heaving their everlastingly green summits up to the sky, as if there were no other color in nature. The only *décennuyé* hour I spent there was in learning to make hair rings of the old gaberlunzie who drives that trade at the well.

Saratoga is more tolerable, because it does not pretend to scenery, and therefore you do not fret yourself about it; because, if you are not disposed to stifle in the bachelor's wing at Congress-hall, you may lodge like a luxurious hermit at the Pavilion; because the four hotels draw each their own kind of company, and you may choose between them; because the lake is within an unbroken trot; and because Mr. Drake is the prince of hotel-keepers, and makes rare juleps. I do not like to live on a sand bank, however, and the stage-runners have a pestilential habit of thrusting their cards at you, if you but button your coat or shake hands with a friend on the piazza. Besides, I never drink water, and a man is nothing at Saratoga who cannot bolt seven tumblers before breakfast.

But Ballston—quiet, exclusive, *insouciant* "Sans Souci!"—with its cool halls and its aside parlors—its pretty village and its bubbling wells—its nice rooms and its learned bar-keeper—"in! satcharine!" he would say, as he added the last lump to the arrack punches! glorious Ballston! quiet as the caverns of Trophonius, and yet social as a pic-nic by a stream—how little are you prized by many, and how lovingly are you haunted by the few!

A summer or two since, I was set down by Messrs. "Rice and Baker" (fresh cattle and new coaches all the way—the driver periled his salvation on it) under the broad elms of Sans Souci. A bath and a brief toilet left me just time, before dinner, to bespeak my pale sherry and send up my card to my *fidus Achates*, Tom Lascelles, who had preceded me by a day or two. Hunger is an incurious animal, and under cover of Lascelles, who had given me a seat between himself and a deaf gentleman, I played my fork through the succulent courses in silence. We were at last fairly down to the mahogany, and I commenced my observations. There were some three hundred well-dressed people at the tables, most of them, of course, like the razor-grinder, with, "no story to tell," and all too busy, (the old with their wine and politics, and the young with their fate-almonds and flirtation) to mind a brace of modest bachelors, though they leveled their glasses at them never so inquisitively.

I think the pleasantest hour in the twenty-four is the one which follows the removal of the cloth from the dinner-table. It is particularly true at a watering-place. You must, of course, have an agreeable woman on one side, a friend to listen to your "asides" on the other, no duenna within earshot, and no popular dish near enough to trouble you—but these are circumstances within the compass of good generalship, and it is your own fault if you are not so situated. I say, the first hour after the cloth is removed, because, though you sit longer, the ladies do not, and a gentleman party without them (unless they are choice spirits and a little less promiscuous than society is apt to be at the springs) is one of those horrors from which heaven send us a good deliverance! Before that period, there is no pleasure beyond that of eating, for no civilized person ever converses during that operation. But, with the cloth, all materiality passes away. The rich odors of the wines pervade the hall, the senses are all at repose, the mind is tranquil and fruitful, and a sentiment of conscious grace and self-satisfaction is felt by every one who is capable of such a feeling. If you would deepen the color of a flirtation, that is your time. If you would dazzle a new acquaintance, you will never be more felicitous. If you would conciliate the Hesperian dragon, (*Anglice*, your mistress's aunt) if you would conquer an aversion, if you would

improvise, or theorize, or do any desperate thing—this is *la bonne heure*—the gods are propitious.

My inquiries were very general, and Tom answered them with great particularity. The characters of my story, however, are the only ones of the three hundred who would at all interest the reader.

A pale, singular looking girl, with high cheek bones, and prominent blue eyes, struck me particularly. She sat leaning upon the table, and watching the fate of a written almond which the fellow next her, in whiskers, had just dropped into her glass. Her mouth had that expression of slight scorn about it which is so captivating in a woman, and her dress and the arrangement of her hair, without being negligent, a graceful carelessness of style infinitely becoming. I think for an ugly woman, as she certainly would be called, she excited my curiosity more than any one I had ever met.

An elderly man, with a foreign air, sat just opposite us, talking to no one, and having nothing in his grave features which could be construed as an encouragement to conversation. His nose was long and slightly purpled, and he drank his claret from a large, singularly formed glass of his own, in quantities which would have accounted for even a deeper tinge. I had met him before at different watering-places, but never had learned more of his history than was comprised in the "Lord C—" entered by his servant upon the book. His habits were singular but unobtrusive; and though he was naturally the subject of much curiosity, his grave and respectable demeanor always repressed impertinence. For several weeks he had appeared at Sans Souci regularly on the first of July, and disappeared regularly on the thirtieth, had worn always a broad-rimmed hat, with a round air-hole in the crown, and promenaded in fair weather and foul, his habitual number of hours upon the piazza. The greatest mystery about him, however, was his familiar acquaintance with all the diplomatic characters and distinguished foreigners who arrived, and the uniform silence they preserved with respect to his rank and character. Notwithstanding his severe gravity, I had liked him from the first time we had met, and thought I could detect beneath his repulsive manners a natural and suppressed kindness of disposition. By slight courtesies I had, the year before, so far won upon him, that on alternate days we exchanged the compliment of taking wine together, and on meeting me now, again he acknowledged the acquaintance by a slight bow, and something which was meant for a smile.

We left the table early, and as I passed out, I observed a young man standing outside the window, and looking earnestly through a crevice of the blind, in the direction of the interesting German. He was a pedler, Tom informed me, who, from a practice of getting up a raffle every morning for his jewelry, and a certain amusing dignity he sometimes assumed, was called Baron Von Raffleoff. He had entertained them since his arrival by singing troubadour songs to his guitar, which he did with great skill and sweetness, and by the passionate manner in which, sometimes, in a fit of enthusiasm, he addressed his song to the fair Meeta, who was his most attentive listener.

In a day or two, we had made the acquaintance of all the visitors who were worth knowing, and fell into the usual routine of occupation and amusement. Breakfast at nine, a drive to Saratoga or the Lake in the morning, and perhaps a pic-nic dinner at Barhydt's, a dance at evening, or a ramble by moonlight to the wells, made up, with the usual *agremens* of such places, the day's history. Added to this, Lascelles, who was a wit of the first water, and a scribbler of any velocity, published, with the assistance of those who were disposed, a daily manuscript Gazette of half a sheet, in which the bores were quizzed, the assuming epigrammatized, and incidents, arrivals, and departures formally recorded. It was by no means the least amusing circumstance of the day, and I commend the experiment to all bachelor annuals who would avoid the foul fiend and get fame for bad verses.

Among so many belles, there were some, of course, who were beautiful, and some who were agreeable but not beautiful; and I have in my eye (my mind's eye) at this moment, a head whose toes would "fire another Troy," and a figure and step, with the voice they moved to, and the laughing figure they bore, that would stay any gentleman angel from Paradise. But Meeta—my own interesting, though not beautiful Meeta—with all the deep-hearted enthusiasm of her nation sleeping in her melancholy eyes, and a voice that would fill with feeling like a reed, or murmur if she was happy in the clouded cadences of water—strange, visionary, glorious Meeta—I preferred her then, as now in my reminiscences I prefer her, infinitely to them all. I scorn to deny, however, that sometimes in the dance her tall proportions contrasted awkwardly with the gliding graces of the lighter-framed houri about her; and I have detected a skulking suffusion in my cheek when some critical glass from the "wall-flowers" was bent superciliously upon her angular *chassé*—but a tone, or a look, or better still, a golden thought whispered in my ear, has revived my admiration, and enveloped her rude figure with the lightness and floating grace of a Hebe. There was something so new and startling about her—she had such a way of sending the fire into her immense "lamping" eyes, and her way of thinking was so gloriously fresh and peculiar, that talking with her was a constant surprise. The king in the story need never have offered gold for a new sensation with such a woman in his kingdom.

I had been at Ballston a week, and had become exceedingly interested in Meeta. We rode and rambled together, she taught me German and I taught her billiards, we discoursed and satirized and sentimentalized, talked of every thing dreamed of in philosophy—but strangely enough, whatever the theme with which we began, we were sure to fall at last into speculations upon the pedler and his accomplishments. The interest, to my surprise, too, seemed to be mutual, for we encountered him at every turn in the road, and I met his eye fixed upon me from some window or door—dancing

or promenading—whenever and wherever I was in company with my air friend. Even at Barhydt's, when we had paddled off in a canoe, to float away a hot afternoon under the cool shelter of the wood upon the western side of the little lake, the pedler's voice, singing one of his richest ballads, came out over the water, and presently his figure appeared among the trees, and he stood, thinking himself unseen, and watched us till we went ashore. I was a little captivated with the romance of the circumstance, and as we drove loiteringly home at sunset, I indulged myself with a famous castle in the air, apparently much more to my own amusement than that of my fair companion, who leaned over the side of the tilbury, absorbed in her own thoughts, and scarce paying me the attention even of an encouraging monosyllable.

There was no dance that evening, and the pedler, as usual when there was nothing else to be done, was called in to sing. Meeta had been walking up and down the long hall hanging upon my arm, and as she seated herself upon the sofa, he took his station opposite, where the light of the chandelier fell upon his face, and struck at once into one of his most passionate songs. The excitement of it seemed to transform him. His head rose gradually from its usual drooping position, his lips curved into an expression of mingled scorn and tenderness, and at passages of his verse he struck his foot violently on the floor, and threw his hand over the strings with an energy that I supposed common only to the excitable frame of the improvisatore. He stood a moment when the song was closed, and then, without bowing to the company, or assuming his general modest demeanor, as usual, he threw his guitar with a haughty gesture over his arm, and strided out of the room.

There was a general silence for a minute, and every eye was fixed on the door through which he had passed. Pride, in one of an inferior station, however, is not a quality likely to meet with much favor in such an atmosphere, and the severe remarks made in our hearing upon his conduct were fast bringing a cloud over the changeable features of Meeta, when I broke in upon her reflections with some expressions of admiration at his fine pride, which seemed to give her a satisfaction scarcely warranted, as I thought, by the importance of the subject. There is a convenient vanity in our nature, which disposes readily of these doubtful cases, and soon forgetting my wonder, I grew eloquent upon an impromptu theory of the effect of musical talent in ennobling the character, and when we parted for the night, I went to my room with a feeling of self-complacency much more elevated than usual.

I found Tom seated at my table with his claret and sandwiches, laughing, in the full tide of composition, over a new-born epigram. It was two hours to midnight, and I sat down and commenced a sonnet to Meeta, for the morning's Gazette. I hammered upon it, *crassa Minerva*, till near twelve, and was just vexing out the last limping Alexandrine, when a rapid and spirited air upon a guitar from the court beneath arrested my attention. The next moment a blind creaked upon its hinge, and looking out I saw a handkerchief shaken through the opening, and heard the sweetest of the German diminutives of endearment which I had learned the day before, addressed to the musician. An earnest conversation followed, and at last, after a few words in a more passionate tone from the gentleman, the lady disappeared, as I presumed, to join him below. Lascelles was too busily occupied to attend to what he supposed was only an ordinary serenade, and leaving the room without question, I gained the outer door just in time to catch a glimpse of a white dress passing out before me. The length of the winding staircase had given me time to reflect, and I stood a minute with my hand on the lock, doubting, even if my suspicions were correct, the honor and propriety of intruding. Jealousy and wounded vanity, however, soon overcame all scruples, and stepping out upon the colonnade, I saw before me, in the broad moonlight—Meeta and the pedler!

It seemed to me as if the night had grown suddenly sultry. I wondered how I could have been so cool the last two hours. My sonnet, perhaps, (ahem!)—hang the sonnet! I was glad I had not finished it! my sonnet must have absorbed my attention. Well—what should I do? knock down the pedler, or go to bed—or give Meeta a specimen of heroics? I was turning up my wristband, with an indefinite determination for something, I did not know what, when a heavy hand, without any warning of approach, was laid upon my shoulder.

"You had better not," said Lord H—, as I turned suddenly round, and met his steady eye, which even in the deep shadow of his broad hat, had an expression perfectly legible.

"And why not, sir," I replied, preparing to follow the lovers, "is he not a puppy of a pedler, and—"

"No, sir!" (how very positive a voice sounds by moonlight!) "No, sir,"—he is not a pedler, and if I do not mistake him, he is no puppy. But if you must follow them, with your leave I'll bear you company." And slipping his arm very coolly through mine, he walked me off in the direction they had taken.

"And pray, sir," said I, when we were fairly in the shadows upon the dark side of the street, "what interest have you in this romance?"

"None—except the desire to see two very true lovers happy. I was struck with the appearance of the pedler on his first arrival, and his various accomplishments soon convinced me that he was masquerading. I observed his attention to the movements of your fair friend, and in one of my unseasonable rambles overheard a conversation in German, like the one which first startled you to-night. I found an opportunity the next day to take him aside, and he told me what I now think proper to tell you, that he was a forbidden lover of Meeta's from the Rhine—a gentleman German student,

who has had the romance to follow his mistress to this country, and after a year's wanderings as a pedler, has found her accidentally here. She is travelling with her uncle, who does not know him personally; and to-night, if you do not mar the plot, I think it probable he will persuade her to elope with him—a measure I should not recommend if I had not studied his character, and did not believe it for their mutual happiness."

Here was a thunderbolt! I saw through the matter. Her preference for my society had arisen from my innocent admiration of her lover! I was but the stalking-horse after all! Well—if I ever trust symptoms more—

We had arrived at the end of the street, and Meeta and her friend were entering the covered alcove of the South wells. We approached, and overheard him pleading eloquently with her to abandon her uncle. She hesitated long, but at length consented.

"And yet," said the baron, checking himself in the midst of his raptures, "I have no horses, and we cannot get away at this time of the night."

I flatter myself I stepped out very dramatically from behind the large elm that flings its shadow over the spring.

"Don't let that fret you, my dear baron! my friend Lascelles' horse Tempest is a fourteen-miler, and will put you in Albany before daylight, without whip. I will take the responsibility of Tom's anger, and harness him myself in five minutes."

I have an idea that Lord C— is the wandering jew. There is strong proof that he has been Julius Caesar, Napoleon, and Charles the Tenth, and I have contrived a pretty theory, (remind me to tell it to you,) proving that he will appear next in Portugal, and after crucifying Don Miguel, will cross over into Spain, and revive the glory of the Abencerrages.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 117.

I AM fond of a walk through the woods in autumn. The time and scene arouse a throng of unworldly, pleasant thoughts, which never visit the mind without strengthening and refreshing it. I make it a point to take a ramble of this kind just after the first frost, when the dying branches begin to change color, and the leaves to fall. The delights of the scene are so universally acknowledged, that scarcely an essayist or poet has ever existed without composing something upon the subject. Indeed falling leaves and fading forests have been so much handled by scribblers, both good and bad, that, like the moon and some other objects I could name, one is almost ashamed to have any thing to say about them. The other day, while reading the works of a great poet, I found so many recurrences to them and similar images, that I inwardly resolved never to resort to them for any assistance, in the course of my humble writings, however hard pushed I may be for a comparison, and to beware of stars, breezes, brooks, and birds, as if they were so many basilisks. If my lady's cheeks are ever so red, and her lips ever so ripe and pouting, I will not hint a word about roses or cherries; and I shall disclaim all acquaintance with alabaster, swans and new-fallen snow, in attempting to give the reader an idea of the beauty of her neck. These refinements in language must have been exceedingly interesting when discovered by the first writers, for they present resemblances between the moral and material world wonderfully striking and beautiful; but all their changes, in every imaginable combination, have been rung in the ears of readers for so many thousand years, that I have at times thought literature nearly at an end, the regions of thought and poetry exhausted, and that an original writer would be an absolute miracle. Not only have we to complain that language itself has been utterly used up, but that all the realms of imagination have been explored and appropriated by millions of *litterati*, swarming like locusts. I have no doubt the very subject which I am now bewailing has been bewailed by some disconsolate person hundreds of years ago. I do not see how mankind are to be rescued from this dilemma but by a general deluge, or an inroad from some savage hordes, who shall burn our libraries as they did that of Rome.

There is a friend of mine who somehow or other detected me in the act of inclosing one of my letters to the editors of the Mirror; and knowing my habits and modes of thinking, accused me so violently of the authorship of these numbers, that I was at length obliged to plead guilty. He, however, complimented me very highly upon their merit; and that I might be convinced of the sincerity of this praise, handed me several manuscripts of his own, requesting me to correct and criticize just as I pleased. He has read enough to catch the slang of poetry without getting sick of it, and he has no idea but that everybody relishes a good round simile as well as himself; although, in fact, it resembles the cast-off clothes of a gentleman, worn only by the lower orders. When I tell him such a sentiment is very fine, but he had better erase it, he lays me down such a host of noble writers who have used the same thought, that I dare not say any thing further against it. It is the easiest thing in the world, consequently, for him to compose. He has all his materials ready-made, and only troubles himself to put them together on the particular subject which engages his attention. All his heroes' eyes flash fire, and his heroines are formed like sylphs, nymphs, and angels. Their voices are like music, except some are silken and some silver. When any young girl loses her lover, his treachery strikes her with lightning, of course; and if she does not recover soon she turns into a flower, with a worm in the bud, or a dove shot under the wing. Every hope that is not realized scatters his pages with withered leaves. I had quite a warm discussion

with him respecting a rainbow, with which he persisted in ornamenting one of his communications, and I only succeeded in taking it down by promising to let in a little frozen brook, and a bird with a broken pinion to represent a youth whose mistress had rejected him. He had no sooner established them in their places than he astounded me by the introduction of a thunderbolt, by means of which he informed the reader what an effect the news of her subsequent marriage had on her lover. This latter article, indeed, is a peculiar favorite, and flies about his compositions at such a rate that one would think him *Jupiter Omnipotens* himself.

My friend the other afternoon just left me as the sun was setting. I had been slashing one of his essays all to pieces. It made my heart bleed to see the neatly written pages scarred over as if one of his favorite bolts had fallen on it. I had demolished whole gardens of flowers, and drawn my pen across two or three temples, handed out several painters and sculptors, and extinguished an incredible quantity of moonlight, which breaks in upon him at all hours of the day and night. He was hurt. I saw his face darken, and he spoke in an under tone. It is a cruel pain to a youthful writer to see his fine gifts broken to pieces and swept off as trash. He went out and shut the door. I pitied him from my soul.

I was seated in my still room, away up in the attic of a high hotel. I wish, dear reader, you could peep in upon me here sometimes, and see how quietly and uniformly time, which works such miracles and overturns kingdoms like ninepins abroad, passes over me. There have been no revolutions here, except, peradventure, a gift from some passing friend may lie on my table, or a choice book added to my slender library. There is, I confess, a new high-backed, elbow rocking-chair, with a luxurious cushion, in which I sit in the twilight, swaying myself to its dreamy motion, and indulge in reveries upon life.

There are no other alterations, and I still live in complete solitude amid the noises of the town, almost as much alone as if I were in a desert. The evening came on gradually, and the light from the window grew fainter, and the distinct glow of the coals in the grate filled the room with grotesque shapes and shadows. I heard the carts thundering homeward, far beneath my window, and a burst of music from a company of soldiers, and the voices of the idle thoughtless boys mingled with the din. There is a fine gratification in this consciousness of being in the midst of a mighty city, and yet perfectly withdrawn, like Robinson Crusoe in his cave, revelling in his utter solitude, yet within reach of so many invaluable blessings which he had not. Firelight reveries for me, over the thoughts of all other seasons. I hate lamps and candles. Besides, the glare and the smoke and making my eyes ache, they put to flight pleasant reflections. I leaned back in my chair with an indolent ease, and fixed my eyes on the magnified outline of a table reflected on the white wall. Presently it seemed to change shape, till in its stead gleamed a lucid brightness, which spread out into the mirror, by the side of which stood the Genius, with his finger on his lips. He motioned me to look in the glass in silence. It showed Broadway full of belles and beaux, and crowds of all kinds, which passed before me like the scene of a moving panorama. At first I recognised many familiar faces, but gradually they became less frequent, till at length every thing assumed a new aspect. New countenances and forms, new buildings, new dresses, new vehicles: the last relic of the present time which I could distinguish was the City-hall, a blackened and broken mass of ruins, which soon gave place to a temple so lofty and magnificent, that I started back with wonder and delight. At length we seemed to stand before this superb palace, and by one more change we discovered the interior. It was decorated with a splendor of which before I had never even conceived, and a description of which to the present generation would appear swollen and absurd. Every surrounding person and object corresponded with the idea that I was indulged with a sight of some future period in the history of our country. The walls displayed tablets, a few of which I could read. One was erected to the memory of a warlike president, who had beaten back the king of Oregon; another to a mighty statesman who in the year two thousand had cut a canal through the isthmus of Darien; a third to a philosopher, who in the year two thousand three hundred and thirty-one had ascertained the cause of magnetic attraction, and established a communication with the inhabitants of the moon; and another to celebrate the science of the chemist who discovered the machine by which an army of twelve millions of men may be destroyed in a moment; how storms might be raised or quelled, and the ocean navigated at all times with perfect safety. After glancing over these inscriptions, I proceeded to examine the vast assembly of sages convened around me, and was interrupted in observing the extreme singularity of their garments, by the voice of an aged man, whose words seemed so exactly to fall in with the subject which had that evening engaged my attention, that I listened with admiration. I perceived that this was a meeting of learned men and philosophers, and the speaker was addressing them on the subject of literature. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could understand him, and I concluded at first that he was actually uttering some language to me unknown; but my companion set me right, stating that it was English, only corrected in its pronunciation and forms of speech by the lexicographers who had preceded him. With the aid of the Genius, I understood the substance of the oration to be this:

"I have to communicate a plan for the redemption of our literature from utter destruction. The faults and difficulties that surround young writers have induced me to this step, and I have drawn up a list of words, similes, sentences, and sentiments, which have been so utterly worn out that they have ceased to convey their original meaning. This complaint began several hundred years

ago; and in a periodical work entitled the New-York Mirror, the only copy extant of which is preserved as a curiosity in the Museum of Antiquities, some writer favored its readers with an ingenious essay upon the subject, which exactly pointed out the danger to which we were exposed, of seeing all the finest sentiments of the poets in the possession of the vulgar for the emergencies of common life. Real poets, and other authors of excellence now, are no longer distinguished for their embellishments, but for their total destitution of them. All the similes that nature affords are occupied." He here went on to read a long list of those, which, in his time, were to be recorded as common-place. The turns of the expressions were different, but the meaning was much the same as those of our own day. Among them were all those hacknied figures which many of the rhymsters and scribblers of our time drag into their descriptions. There was a great quantity of ivy, with the tendrils twining around oaks and old ruins, shipwrecks, volcanos, earthquakes, torrents, streams overflowing their banks, and lions roaring in the woods; lips made of rubies, eyes full of April showers, whirlpools, falling leaves, naked branches, gloomy clouds, deserts, and the like. "Is it possible, I thought, that authors can have gone on so long in the old way?" He then proceeded to read a composition of a popular author, and afterwards to take it to pieces, tracing the expressions to some one who had flourished before, and he proposed that the academy of which he was a member should fix upon measures to exclude all such tiresome efforts of imagination from the poet's aid.

"The world, master student," said the Genius, "will be going on in pretty much the same manner after the rolling away of a thousand years as at present. There will always be a large number of candidates for the honors of literature, who but circulate the sentiments and phrases of others, like merchants, that instead of cultivating the earth themselves, only carry about its fruits from one country to another. The idea of the academicians to whom you have just listened, that the evil may be partially rectified by fixing a stigma upon the style of common authors, is not without its worth. And you yourself, my friend, may take the hint, and strike out from your lucubrations all those superfluous and silly attempts at imagery, which fatigue and disgust every intelligent reader. Think what an ordeal your productions would go through in the year three thousand, in the hands of the academy who should undertake to seek in them for images which had ever been appropriated by those who have gone before you."

As I was shuddering at the thoughts of all the rosy cheeks and pearly teeth of which I had been guilty, the scene suddenly changed, and I appeared haunted with the ghosts of my old essays, which, with the indistinctness of a dream, seemed to have been metamorphosed into persons, and to torment me with the repetition of numerous shameful common places, and instances of carelessness, in consequence of which they told me they were doomed to much unpleasant treatment, and, in the end, to be drowned in the river Lethe. I had produced nothing but what here flitted before me with its phantom form and uttered its complaint. One told me it was near the most delicious reward which a composition could aspire to, in the tear of a hardened worldly man, but that in consequence of a pair of wings suddenly appearing, the sinner fell a laughing. Another informed me that a beautiful girl had been in the act of cherishing it as her favorite, but was prevented by a line which she had heard the day before from the lips of a footman. And a third declared, with tears in his eyes, that he had been admitted into the first of company, and had even sat side by side with Washington Irving, Walter Scott, and Lord Byron, but had been ejected by the master, who found upon him certain ornaments which he himself had flung away in his early youth. I begged them to inform me if any of them had ever succeeded better, but they all shook their heads in a mournful way, pointed to the sluggish, heavy stream, whose muddy waters could scarcely be discerned through the murky shadows, then glided towards it with considerable speed, and disappeared one after another in its waves. I reached out my arms to hold the last, when a sudden noise caused the whole scene to vanish. I found myself alone. The twilight had deepened into a stronger gloom, the stars were glimmering through the window, and a large dictionary, which I always keep by me on the table, had just fallen upon the floor. I was not sure whether the whole had not been a silly dream; but I shall, nevertheless, be careful hereafter how I deal in figures of speech. If the ideas and phrases not justly their own, could haunt our writers in a visible form, some authors would have a precious train. I think the profession of scribblers would thin down wonderfully, and that there would be a great fall in the price of labor among tinkers, blacksmiths, and other honest tradesmen. F.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

We have but little space this week for the theatres. Cinderella at the Park, with Abon Hassan and Burke. The *finale* and *Tyrolienne*, by Mrs. Austin, continue to receive an enthusiastic *encore*. She gave "Even as the sun," also the other evening twice with great effect. Burke is going through his old characters. The American theatre has an attraction of increasing strength in Miss Clifton, who deserves a larger notice than we have now time or room to bestow upon her. Several splendid dramas have been produced at this establishment. The French opera at the Chatham is fashionable, and deserves to be so. They performed "*La Muette de Portici*," and the "*Marriage of Figaro*," with much applause, and to excellent houses.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Ladies' Magazine, and Literary Gazette, edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. Vol. IV.—October—No. X. Boston: Marsh, Capen & Lyon. Published monthly.

We have several times endeavored to attract towards this deserving journal, the attention of such as are not familiar with its pages. The female portion of the public should support it as a duty, which a short acquaintance would render very agreeable, and as a work really calculated to benefit them—of a character uniformly intelligent and exclusively original, and one through which, besides the effusions of the editress herself, the contributions of several pleasant writers are given to the world; it possesses a claim upon general patronage not the less strong because urged with modesty. We should by no means recommend a bad publication from gallantry to a lady; but when we find one of decidedly superior merit, conducted by female talent and perseverance, we cannot be too distinct in the expression of our wishes for its success. From the number before us we copy the following article as a more substantial proof of its excellence than empty commendation.

PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATIONS.

"Sketches of the inauguration of the presidents of our republic have been kindly furnished for our magazine by a distinguished lady of Washington city, who is well acquainted with the manner in which the ceremonies have been conducted since congress assembled at the present seat of government. Of course, no political speculations or opinions mingle with them—they are simply descriptions of the *fête*, and its effects on the feelings, manners and opinions of those engaged in the ceremonies—in short, a lady's view of the pageantries of government.

"We feel sure our readers will be highly gratified with the articles. The two now given are neither so new nor so interesting as those which will follow, because in these instances the writer was obliged to recur to the history of events, and depend on the recollections of others; in the succeeding ones she gives her own impressions, mingled with those pictures of social life where woman is privileged to preside, and which therefore she can so finely describe. It was the lack of this social information by the writer which has made the notice of President Adams so meagre—there was but little public display on the occasion of his induction into office, the violence of parties making it expedient that the ceremonies should be conducted as quietly as possible.

WASHINGTON—1789.

"Few remain who were actors in the interesting scenes of the inauguration of our first president. That generation has passed away. The aspiring hopes—the deep laid schemes—the agitating feelings of the participants in the events of that period passed into the bosoms of those who succeeded them on the theatre of life. Yet, the passions remain—swaying with equal force the purposes and desires of each successive generation.

"Crowds still throng the steps and follow with their plaudits the favorite of the day. But never again in our country, will any individual be hailed with acclamations so heartfelt and sincere, as those that welcomed Washington, when he landed on the shores of New-York.

"His whole journey from Mount Vernon to the seat of government was one continued triumph—not such triumphs as attend kings and heroes, returning from the conquest of nations, whose laurels are steeped in blood. No, it was the triumph of virtue, crowned with the civic wreath; moistened with the tears, not of widows and orphans, but of grateful hearts, exulting in the presence of the defender of their rights—the savior of their country.

"At Elizabethtown, in Jersey, the president was met by a committee of congress, and attended over the bay in an elegant barge of thirteen oars, rowed by thirteen pilots.

"The display of boats," observes Washington, in his diary, "which attended and joined on this occasion, some with vocal, others with instrumental music on board—the decorations of the shipping—the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people, which rent the sky, as I passed along, filled my mind with sensations as painful (contemplating the reverse of this scene which may be the case after all my endeavors to do good) as they were pleasing."

"The multitude was immense—the enthusiasm was boundless, that awaited him on his landing. The place of his debarkation was ornamented with all the insignia of patriotism and national glory. Here he was received by the governor of New-York with military honors, and conducted through the immense concourse of people, to the house fitted up for his reception. In fact, the thronging crowds that shouted his welcome, left no space for him to move, until a way was opened by his military escort, who formed a line on the pavement, to keep off the otherwise irresistible multitude, who pressed forward to catch a glance of their beloved Washington. Throughout the day, friends succeeded friends, to lavish on him every demonstration of regard. In the evening, foreign ministers and other persons of distinction made him congratulatory visits. At night a general illumination took place; and this day, the twenty-third of April, was closed in a blaze of light.

"In congress, it was resolved, that the inauguration should take place on the thirtieth of April—that the oath of office should be administered to him in an open gallery or balcony adjoining the hall of the senate—after which, that the vice president and members of the senate—the speaker and members of the house of representatives, should accompany him to St. Paul's chapel, to hear divine service, performed by the chaplain of congress.

"In the morning of the day appointed for this purpose, the clergy of the different denominations, assembled their congregations in their respective places of worship, and offered up public prayers for the people and president of the United States.

"About noon, a procession, followed by a multitude of citizens, moved from the president's house to the old federal hall, in Wall-street; the troops formed a line on each side of the way, as they came near the hall, through which Washington, accompanied by Adams, (vice-president) passed into the senate chamber. Immediately after, accompanied by the members of both houses of congress, he went into the gallery, fronting on Broad-street; and before them and thousands of his fellow-citizens, took the oath of office, which was administered by the chancellor of New-York. An awful silence prevailed among the spectators during this part of the ceremony—it was a sublime moment! In another, the solemn silence was succeeded by the roar of artillery, and the acclamations of thousands, as the chancellor with a loud voice, proclaimed George Washington president of the United States!

"The president bowed respectfully to the people, and then returned to the senate chamber, and addressed both houses of congress, there assembled.

"Efforts had been made by some of the members of the cabinet, and other friends, to introduce many courtly forms into the ceremony of the inauguration, and afterwards into the social intercourse between the president and his fellow citizens. These he uniformly resisted, and in some cases where they were carried into effect, it was without his knowledge. For instance—at the first public ball that took place after the inauguration, the arrangements that were made by a committee of gentlemen and Mrs. Knox, were so discordant with his views, as to render the whole evening most irksome and unpleasant to him. A sofa, raised several steps at the head of the room, was the seat assigned for him and Mrs. Washington.

"The gentlemen were required to wear their hair in bags, and to dance in their swords; each one was to lead his partner to the foot of the sofa, make a low obeisance to the president and his lady, and when the dance was done, again to bring his partner to the foot of the sofa, to make new obeisances, and then retire to their chairs. These ceremonies, it is believed by his desire, were never repeated.

"For more than three weeks after his assumption of office, he resisted the proposition of having levees. At last he found the absolute necessity of having some designated day and hour to receive company, as his time, otherwise, would be utterly consumed by the crowds calling on the chief magistrate.

"In a letter to Mr. Jefferson, he explains this necessity, and expresses some fears, lest this ceremony should be imputed to improper motives, adding, 'It is impossible to please every body—I therefore adopted that line of conduct which embraced public advantage with private convenience, and which in my judgment was unexceptionable in itself. These visits are optional. Between the hours of three and four every Tuesday, I am prepared to receive them.'

"A porter shows the company into the room, and they retire from it when they choose, and without ceremony. Visitors at their first entrance, salute me, and I them, and as many as I can talk to, I do.

"What pomp there is in all this, I am unable to discover; perhaps it consists in not sitting: to this two reasons are opposed; first, it is unusual; secondly, because I have no room large enough to contain a third of the chairs which would be necessary. It is supposed that ostentation or the form of courts gave rise to this custom, I boldly affirm that no supposition was ever more erroneous; for were I to indulge my inclinations, every moment that I could withdraw from the fatigues of my station, should be spent in retirement. Similar to the above, but of a more familiar and sociable kind are the visits every Friday to Mrs. Washington, where I always am."

"Such was the origin of levees and drawing-rooms, observed during the administrations of Washington and Adams, but discontinued by Mr. Jefferson. He had but two public days for the reception of company—the fourth of July and the first of January. The original plan is probably the best, as it preserves a decency and dignity of manner, which it has been found impossible to maintain in the heterogeneous crowds that collect together on these rare occasions.

"At the first levee, Colonel Humphreys had the arrangement of ceremonies, according to which an ante-chamber and presence-chamber were provided. When the door at his inner room was opened, Colonel Humphreys appeared, calling out in a loud voice, 'The President of the United States!' The president was much displeased with this form, and never allowed it to be repeated, but had the company introduced as they arrived in the room where he stood to receive them. On the opening of each session of congress, the president always went, as it was called, *in state*, to deliver his speech—that is, he was preceded by the marshal, constables, each with their white staffs, and accompanied by the heads of departments. On these occasions he always wore his sword—Mr. Adams observed the same forms—but no president since. Mr. Jefferson, instead of going himself, sent a written message by his private secretary to congress, and his example has been followed ever since by successive presidents.

"Washington's farewell was far more affecting and interesting than his inaugural address. He could not have bequeathed a more valuable legacy to his country; it cannot be too often perused, too deeply studied.

"After having assigned his reasons for retiring from public life, he says, 'Here perhaps I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no motive to bias his counsels.'

"The warnings of a parting friend!—parted from our sight, but not from our hearts, is the father of his country!—May his solemn warnings not be given in vain, but may that union which he calls the palladium of our political safety, be watched over with the jealous anxiety which he so emphatically recommends, and the advice he has given in his parting moment, be acted on by the present, and deeply impressed on the minds of the rising generation."

ADAMS—1797.

"The animosity of party spirit raged with such violence at the period of this patriot's coming into the presidency, that his inauguration was not hailed with the enthusiasm, nor accompanied by those popular demonstrations of respect which attended that of his idolized predecessor. The whole nation was divided between two hostile and conflicting parties; who, while under the dominion of the *spirit* that these dissensions engendered, were too much blinded by prejudice to do justice to each other. 'This spirit of party,' however, as Washington in his farewell address describes it, 'unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments; more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed, but in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.' And, as he adds, in another passage, 'It is itself, a frightful despotism; and leads at length

to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual, and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

"May experience avert such a catastrophe, and by the proofs which it exhibits of the existence of equal virtue and patriotism in the opposing parties, introduce that mildness and toleration into political differences, which it has into those of religion.

"But perhaps it is only from posterity that impartial justice can be expected. Yes, time with its lenient and healing influence, will allay the virulence, and rectify the prejudices of party spirit, and the good and great men, who have been reviled and calumniated by their inflamed and interested contemporaries, will then be unanimously applauded and venerated—then the light clouds which obscured their fame will have passed away, and their real worth shine forth in all its brightness.

"Mr. Adams on his journey from Massachusetts to Philadelphia received but few of those marks of popular favor that attended Washington's progress from his home to the seat of government—but neither was he annoyed by any open manifestation of the hostile feelings of the opposing party.

"On the fourth of March, 1797, John Adams took the oath of office. Washington attended him on this occasion, and much admiration was expressed at the complacency and delight he manifested at seeing his friend clothed with the authority with which he had himself been invested.

"Mr. Adams retained the forms of social intercourse which his predecessor had adopted, and received all who visited him, with a cordiality equalled only by the dignity of his manner. During the last year of his presidency, the seat of government was removed to Washington—but the short term of his residence prevented his knowing, or being known intimately by the citizens, or his having any opportunity to evince his good disposition to the infant metropolis."

Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his shipwreck, and consequent discovery of certain islands in the Caribbean Sea: with a detail of many extraordinary and highly interesting events in his life, from the year 1733 to 1749, as written in his own diary. Edited by Miss Jane Porter. Three volumes 12 mo. pp. 239. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

The agreeable simplicity and straight-forward style of telling a story possessed by this writer, will render his work exceedingly popular. It reminds one of Robinson Crusoe in the variety and interest of the incidents. Perhaps we could not explain the impression it made on us better than the intelligent editor has done it in the subjoined extract from her preface:

"The manuscript papers, or rather manuscript books, constituting the diary from which the following narrative is taken, were put into my hands by the representative of their much-respected writer, merely as a curious specimen of old-fashioned times, the perusal of which might amuse me. On reading the manuscripts I found not only amusement, which may be called the least worthy effect of any written production, but a deep and affecting interest;—such as a man might feel while listening, at his own comfortable fireside, to the strange adventures and hairbreadth escapes of some dear and long absent friend, just returned to his kinsfolk and neighbors, after a widely wandering and checkered travel in distant lands.

"Thus impressed, I ventured to recommend the publication of Sir Edward Seaward's diary to its owner. He smiled, and objected, saying, 'he should expect the spirit of the worthy knight would haunt him to his dying day, did he make such an exposition of family history, and of the unpretending abilities, as an author, of the journalist himself, who had evidently penned it for no other eyes than those of his kindred.'

"But this delicacy was afterward persuaded to the desired point, by the judgment of a person whom he held in the highest respect, and by the very arguments which my friend had used as objections; namely, the unpretending simplicity of the relation, the family events described in it, as well as those of an extraordinary or more general nature; also its sound and truly British principles, religious and moral. The style is certainly homely, but not that of an ignorant man; the diary being kept in the common diction of genteel persons in those times, respectably educated, but without aiming at the elegance of a man of letters."

Sir Edward Seaward was born in the year 1710 or 1711, and died in 1774. There is an absolute want of affectation and carelessness of effect in these pages, strongly contrasted with the character of most other narratives. With what a plain brevity he relates his first voyage to Virginia:

"One morning, as my father and I were talking over my future prospects in life, I received a letter from my uncle, in which he stated that he wanted me to go to Virginia in one of his vessels as supercargo. I was delighted with the proposal; to which my dear father made no objection, as he might hope soon to see me again. In a few days I took leave of our friends at the parsonage, and of my own family. At parting, my father gave me his blessing and my mother's Bible; and with these much valued gifts, I left the village of my education and nativity.

"My uncle received me kindly, and took much pains to instruct me in the business which he had appointed me to manage. I was delighted with every thing connected with my preparation for the voyage, and I sailed on the fifth of April, 1733, in the Mary brig, for America, with an assortment of goods.

"We arrived in the Chesapeake bay on the second of June, which was considered a good passage, and on the following day proceeded up the river to Baltimore."

On his return, he describes a visit to his home with a sententiousness and feeling worthy of Osian.

After negotiating a treaty of matrimony with a young girl, the adventurer and his wife set off again from their native village in the following manner:

"On the morrow we took an affectionate leave of our dear friends: our feelings were deep and various; there was little said at parting, but much expressed by that natural language, which the overflowing heart never fails to manifest. My aunt and uncle first stepped into the coach that was to convey us; I then handed in my dear Eliza; she had scarcely taken her seat, when an unexpected volunteer

sprung in after her. 'Who are you?' cried my uncle. 'Ah, poor Fidele,' said Eliza, 'I had overlooked you in taking leave of my friends.' She patted him kindly, and was handing him out to the servant, when the dog (a beautiful little spaniel of king Charles's breed) turned back his head, to look once more on his favorite mistress, and whined so piteously, that my uncle, who observed it, exclaimed, 'No, no!' and stretching himself forward, so as to be heard by the group without, 'let the little fellow go with her; he has a warm heart towards her, and a good one too. Dogs never change, though men sometimes do: no allusion to you, Ned.' 'Take him, Eliza,' they all said, and I more emphatically than all the rest. I was affected in witnessing the attachment of this dumb creature, to the one to whom I myself was so devotedly attached."

We have only space for one more extract, describing the shipwreck of the humble little party:

"I now endeavored to console my wife, whose strength of mind and kindness of heart bestowed reciprocal consolations on myself. 'God will preserve us, my honored love,' said she; 'I feel that we are safe, notwithstanding this dreadful hurricane: but,' added she, pressing my hand and moving it to her lips, 'if we should be drowned, we shall die together, and we shall not be separated: we shall meet where we can part no more.' Her feelings now overpowered her, and she fell on my neck and wept. I kissed away the tears from her eyes, saying, 'We will trust in the Almighty.'

"I wanted to go on deck, but was not able to effect it; the companion door would not move, and the sea was dashing over the quarter deck. I, however, got the people there to open one of the side doors a little, and I peeped out. The wind howled horribly, and the sea was all in a foam: the brig was running before the wind, sometimes on one point of the compass, sometimes on another, just as the gale happened to chop round, which it sometimes did, and then the sea broke over the brig while she was veering to the wind. Two of the hands and the yawl had been washed overboard.

We continued to be driven by the storm for eight or ten hours. I cannot tell in what direction, but about two or three o'clock in the morning they called out, 'Breakers, breakers! land! breakers!' I was below with my wife in the cabin. Being no seaman, I could do no good on deck; but, hearing this, I got up the ladder to the companion door. All was again fast down, and they could not open it; in fact, all hands were too much absorbed by the awfulness of their situation. In a few minutes the vessel struck, and we, who were below, were thrown violently on the cabin floor. The poor dog, our faithful Fidele, howled mournfully as he was driven to the further end of the cabin: this, at such a moment, had a powerful effect on us. 'We are indeed lost,' said my wife, as she recovered a little from the fall she had just received. I did not now wait to console her by my words; I renewed my efforts to force the companion door, and get upon deck; but it was perfect darkness where we were, and I could not find any thing to add to my own ineffectual strength, nor could I make any one on deck attend to me; they could not hear me from the noise made by the howling of the wind and the breaking of the sea; yet I sometimes heard them, and could discover that they were cutting away the wreck of the mainmast, which lay over the side—making ready to get the long-boat over the gunwale, to escape, if possible, from the perishing vessel. I now became frantic; I knocked with my hands, and billoped with all my power, but to no purpose. By accident I stumbled over an empty stone bottle at the foot of the ladder, with the bottom of which I struck the companion door so violently that I succeeded in arresting the attention of the captain. He unbolted it, telling me at the same time, 'We are all lost!' but that the men were trying to launch the long-boat, our only chance; for, although it was likely she would swamp in the breakers, it was quite certain the brig would go to pieces in a few minutes; and if Mrs. Seaward and I chose to go, we must be up in a second, for 'look there!' said he; crying out at the same time, 'another shove, lads, and she's all our own!'

The long-boat was launched, and I returned down the ladder with all speed. The brig was lying on her starboard side, the sea breaking over her bow and forechains; but, from the position of a rocky island to windward, she was pretty quiet abast, and to leeward, so that a boat might live under her lee; and I expected the captain would wait for us there a little. The moment I rejoined my dear wife, I urged her instantly to accompany me to the deck, telling her our situation. 'No!' said she, 'I will not stir, and you will not stir; they must all perish; a boat cannot endure this storm. Let us trust in God, Edward,' continued she, 'and if we die, we die together.' 'It is done,' I replied, 'we will not stir.' 'Then tell them so,' cried she hastily; 'and if you can lay your hand on the bread-bag in your way, it may be useful to them, if they survive this hour.' I hastened to ascend, at which moment the brig seemed to right, and I was struck back by a column of water rushing down the companion, followed by the shutting of its doors. The brig had swung off the point of the reef, and the sea then broke over the main chains, the vessel being upright. I now easily succeeded in getting on deck, but no boat was to be seen; yet now and then I thought I heard the voices of the miserable crew at some distance on the brig's quarter; and sometimes I fancied I saw them, when the strong lightning's glare lighted up every thing around for an instant, leaving the immediate darkness greater. The brig soon took the ground again, on a reef within, and heeled over as before, which threw me down the ladder; the companion doors fortunately slamming to after me, as the sea instantly broke over the vessel fore and aft. My ever kind wife hastened to my assistance, but was herself thrown to the other side of the cabin. I was not hurt, so that in a little time I reached the place where she lay, and we crawled up together to windward, where we endeavored to secure ourselves. More than an hour passed away with us thus, in dismal darkness below; but we enjoyed the light of God's presence, offering up prayer to him, in short but emphatical ejaculations, and he heard us: we felt the influence of his peace, and were resigned to his will.

"Our situation was awful; in all human probability, within one short hour we should be engulfed by an overwhelming sea. With arms folded round each other, we sat, endeavoring to keep our position, and so remained till the heaving motion of the vessel gradually subsided, and at length became scarcely perceptible; but she continued to lay over, nearly on her beam ends. I now again thought it right to reach the deck, and as the ladder had been lashed to its situation, it was not displaced, notwithstanding all the shocks the vessel had sustained. On ascending the ladder, I pushed open the lee half of the companion door, when a gleam of joy rushed upon

me, on perceiving that the day had dawned, and that the water to leeward was quite smooth. The brig now lying on the innermost part of the reef, I discovered high land ahead and astern, and a fine sandy beach abreast of us, little more than a mile off. I hastened below to my dear wife, into the dark cabin, exclaiming, 'Come to me, my love; come on deck; it is daylight!' Without a word, she made her way to me, and ascended the ladder. On emerging from darkness into light, her feelings overcame her, and she poured forth her heart to God. After a few moments of abstraction, she crept down to the lee gunwale of the quarter deck: 'Where is the boat and our poor companions?' she exclaimed; 'I do not see them.' They were lost."

We confess, in these volumes we have found a kind of fascination for which we often look vainly in more polished, presuming, and popular writers.

The Token: A Christmas and New Year's Present. Edited by S. G. Goodrich. 18 mo. pp. 392. Boston: Gray & Bowen. New-York: C. Peabody & Co. 1832.

We close this volume with the feeling of a judge presiding at the trial of a fair woman, and compelled to pass upon her a sentence for which she reproaches him with a pair of pretty blue eyes. The embellishments do not deserve the praise bestowed upon them in the preface. With the exception of two or three, they are bad copies of pictures already old. There are soft touches in the plate "Will he bite," but the lady's head and the little dog's leg are intolerable. The "Young Artist" is a lack-a-daisical subject, without the slightest interest to any body, but is, in many respects, well finished by the engraver. The "Toilette" is a coarse copy of a very beautiful, but saucy original, and if introduced into the Token at all, should have been executed with much more care. "Apprehension" is another picture not worth the pains bestowed upon it. The "Fresher" is not among the best from the same hand. It wants distinctness. The "Escape" is indifferently good. "Carnival at Potosi," passable, but not particularly fine. "Byron" is not equal to the same subject in the Atlantic Souvenir. We do not admire "The Lute" at all; and the opening of the "Sixth Seal" is beyond the skill of the engraver, and we are not surprised, therefore, to find it rather a failure. There may be marks of a master hand in many of these plates, but they do not appear finished, and the selection is in bad taste. We turn with pleasure to the redeeming features. The "Lesbia," is rather neatly executed; but, with reverence to the preface, it is not by any means equal to the "Equinoctial Storm." This last plate is by Hatch and Smillie. The figures are admirable, and the head of Sir Arthur Wardour exquisite. The extreme finish of the features, and the distinct expression of awe and horror flung into such a miniature face, we may safely prefer before any thing in the book. The "Fairy Isle," by George B. Ellis, is another beautiful subject, and beautifully done—perhaps a little too black. The "Dead Soldier," and "Invisible Serenade," by J. W. Cheney, are pretty; and the "Peasant Boy," by O. Pelton, a graceful and natural figure, and face, and quite creditable to the engraver. The "Presentation" is pretty, but is it intended for a tomb?

We have one observation to make which may go far to give this volume a general circulation, although not on the score of its embellishments. It is, that it contains several contributions of unusual power. There is a class of writers at the west, who, though not widely known, are sending forth very superior compositions to the world. Our brethren of the Atlantic states must look to themselves, or they will be outshone. At the head of these, or at least in a high rank among them, stand Timothy Flint, and the author of the article on our first page. We have excluded two or three columns of editorial and other matter to make room for it, because it is beautiful, and the writer of it should be known and respected. A graceful and agreeable style is made the vehicle for conveying simple but eloquent and natural truths. It is full of moral force and poetry. We think if Dr. Channing should descend from his pedestal to write a story of common life, it would be something of this sort. Among the other names of repute are the author of "A Year in Spain;" Grenville Mellen, an able writer both of poetry and prose; Mrs. Sigourney, who has a charming talent for verses; Willis G. Clarke, who, when he pleases, can strike off a stanza with the best of them; Miss Sedgwick, Mr. Pierpont, and several others, whose simple names stamp the letter-press as valuable and interesting. The binding is costly and elegant, and the vignette (we had nearly forgotten) by Gallaudet, is rich and soft.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1831.

Fugitive Pieces.—For some time past a number of pieces by Mr. Willis, have been floating about in the newspapers without any name, and in an imperfect state. These have been collected, and will occasionally be published in the Mirror, revised and corrected by the author. This arrangement will, of course, be but temporary, and is made in compliance with the request of numerous persons desirous of preserving them in these pages.

Willis's Poems.—The poem delivered before Brown University, by Mr. Willis, is just issued by the Messrs. Harper, in a beautiful printed octavo, with several other pieces by the same writer. They are for sale at this office. Among the collection are the "Dying Alchymist," "Parrhasius," the "Wife's Appeal," the "Healing of the daughter of Jairus," the "Leper," "To a City Pigeon," and "Tired of Play." The publishers deserve great credit for the unusual pains bestowed upon the typography of this volume.

ARE YOU ANGRY, MOTHER!

SUNG BY MISS STEPHENS—POETRY BY G. SOANE—MUSIC BY H. R. BISHOP.

Andantino.

Are you an-gry, mo-ther? mo-ther? No! no

no! no no! Should I sad and pee-vish grow? No! no no! no no! When I see our sky so bright, And our fields so

warm with light, Mo-ther! oh, I feel as I had wings, And the heart with-in me sings; Then, it may be, I'm too gay, But for-give me, mo-ther, pray.

P *espress.*

mf *P* *dol.* *Calando.* *3*

Be not an-gry, mo-ther, mo-ther, with your boy, One cross look will mar his joy! Be not an-gry, mo-ther, with your boy.

dol.

SECOND VERSE.

Is it my fault, mother, that my heart
Sometimes plays too wild a part?
Oh when I have tried to be
Grave as age could fancy me,
Stepping with a solemn pace,
Looking with a sober face,
Still my heart is wildly gay,
Spite of all I do or say.
Be not angry, &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES TO THE SOUL.

BY W. P. PALMER.

"Thou soul, that art the eternity of thought!"
MYSTERIOUS power! where is thy Delphic home?
In the dim chambers of the haunted brain?
Or dost thou, like a restless naiad, roam
The deep meanderings of the purple vein?
Ceaselessly coursing in thy still career
Life's crimson river in its mazy round:
Or art thou found
Cradled within the heart's impassioned sphere,
Rocked by its solemn pulses whose quick beat,
Like a weird death-watch at a dying ear,
Is chronicling the moments few and fleet
Thy earthly span that bound?
And what art thou, invisible
And unimagined form,
Wrapped in this dark material shroud,
Like lightning in the muffling cloud
Of midnight's sullen storm?
Thy presence makes me what I am;
Thy being is my own;
And though thou liv'st in every sense,
Thou art to all unknown.

Frail nursling of the dust, and yet
With reason's glory crowned,
Man measures earth's stupendous globe,
And ocean's dark profound:
His search hath solved the mystic tides
In their alternate course,
And sunward traced the wizard winds
Up to their burning source:
Yea, his far ken hath read the skies
With all their starry mysteries
That o'er us nightly burn;
Hath marked the planet's fiery ring,
And fixed the shadowy years that bring
The comet's wild return.
Yet, spirit, vain his curious zeal
Thy lore or laws to find;
Reason, with all her powers rebuked,
Gropes impotent and blind.
Art thou a portion of the clay
That forms thy dark abode,
Or art thou an embodied ray
Flashed from the mind of God?
Hath the grave walls thou canst not break,
To mock the martyr's trust?
Shall the worm waste thee as 'twill waste
Thy fellow of the dust?
No; though awhile to earthliness
Bound by a brittle tie,

Germ of life's immortality,
It is not thine to die!
This truth, so fraught with joyousness,
So thrilling and sublime,
Defied the grasp of hoary seer,
In the far olden time;
Though oft with burning hopes he sought,
Borne on the lightning-wings of thought,
To scale the stygian towers
That held him from thy doubtful fate,
Then died with bosom desolate
As spring without her flowers.
But we, upon whose lampless prison
The resurrection's star hath risen,
To gladden and illumine,
Sure of thy god-like destiny,
Can pierce with bright exulting eye
The grave's primeval gloom.
Then fear not thou, whose being's hope
May match the cherubim's,
Though this dark web of sordid flesh
Awhile its glory dims;
For if on earth's illusive scene
Thou manfully dost tread
To nothingness temptation's wiles
Along thy pathway spread;
True to thy better nature, true
To virtue's stern behests,

And to that warning oracle
Shrined in all human breasts;
Thou'st all to hope and nought to fear
From that which men call fortune here,
Or chance, or fate adverse,
Comes it with death's imperious stress,
Ingratitude, or friendlessness,
Or slander's smothered curse.
Since even in thy loneliest hour
Faith whispers of the glorious dower
That waits thy dread remove—
Cycles of unimagined years
Unknown alike to change or tears,
Mid scenes where all is love.
Therefore bear nobly up, my soul,
Against all power of ill,
And with unblenching fortitude
Thy destiny fulfill:
So when thy freeing hour shall come,
As come it doth to all,
And death for thee shall kindly break
Corruption's ghastly thrall;
Thou, like some captive bird of heaven,
Thy bands of earthly durance riven,
With balcyon wing shall rise,
From all the fiends that haunt thee here—
Sin, sorrow, scorn, and doubt, and fear,
Up to thy paradise!

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANN.) SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, THE NEW FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, CORNER OF NASSAU AND ANN STREETS. [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

Vol. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1831.

No. 18.

FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

MINUTE PHILOSOPHIES.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"But something whispers to my heart,
That, as we downward tend,
Lycoris, life requires an art
To which our souls must bend,
A skill to balance and supply."—Wordsworth.

As I was returning a day or two since, some time after the dinner hour, from a prolonged forenoon ramble, I met, at the skirts of the city, a wealthy citizen starting for a drive. The morning had been the divinest one of all October, rich, clear, and balmy, but at noon the east wind had blown up from the bay, and at four o'clock the air would have poisoned the spirits of an alderman. The absurdity of the thing struck me. Those superb greys had stood for six hours of heaven's most glorious sunshine in the stall, and now, for the simple reason that his counting-house was closed, their master was going out, under that leaden sky, and with that odious atmosphere about him, to enjoy nature. I could not help thinking how little he knew how to live; and, as I dropped my curtains and sat down alone over my olives and sherry, the vein of speculation which the occurrence had awakened breathed itself out freely.

The principal sources of everyday happiness are too obvious to need a place in a chapter of after-dinner philosophy. Occupation and a clear conscience, the very truant in the fields will tell you, are craving necessities. But when these are secured, there are lighter matters, which, to the sensitive and educated at least, are to happiness what foliage is to the tree. They are refinements which add to the beauty of life without diminishing its strength, and as they spring only from the better use of our common gifts, they are neither costly nor rare. I have learned secrets under the roof of a poor man which would add to the luxury of the rich. The blessings of a cheerful fancy and a quick eye come from nature, and the trailing of a vine may develop them as well as the curtaining of a king's chamber. It is surprising how much there is in a little simple management to change the color of the mind! We are all subject more than we are aware to slight and unregarded influences, and if my theme seem to the reader unworthy of its place and title, I appeal to his indulgence for a suspended opinion and a trial of its easy rules.

Riding is so stimulating a pleasure, that, to talk of any management in its indulgence, seems superfluous. Yet we are in motion and repose equally liable to the caprices of feeling, and perhaps the gayer the mood the deeper the shade cast on it by untoward circumstances. The time of riding should never be regular. It then becomes a habit, and habits, though sometimes comfortable, never amount to positive pleasure. I would ride when nature prompted—when the shower was past, or the air balmy, or the sky beautiful—when ever and wherever the significant finger of desire pointed. Oh, to leap into the saddle when the west wind blows freshly, and gallop off into its very eye, with an undrawn rein, careless how far or whither; or to surprise your sister over her books, when the sun breaks through after a storm, and drive away under the white clouds, through light and shadow, while the trees are wet and the earth damp and spicy; or in the clear sunny afternoons of autumn, with a pleasant friend on the seat beside you, and the glorious splendor of the foliage flushing in the sunshine, to dream over the thousand airy castles that are stirred by such shifting beauty—these are pleasures indeed, and such as he who rides regularly after his dinner knows as little of as the dray-horse of the exultation of the courier.

There is a great deal in the choice of a companion. If he is an indifferent acquaintance, or an indiscriminate talker, or has a coarse eye for beauty, or is insensible to the delicacies of sensation or thought—if he is sensual, or stupid, or practical constitutionally—he will never do. He must be a man who can detect a rare color in a leaf, or appreciate a rich passage of scenery, or admire a grand outline in a cloud. He must have accurate and fine senses, and a heart, noble at least by nature, and subject still to her direct impulses. He must be a lover of the beautiful in whatever shape it comes, and, above all, he must have read and thought like a scholar, if not like a poet. He will then ride by your side without crossing your humor—if talkative he will talk well, and if silent you are content, for you know that the same grandeur or beauty which has wrought the silence in your own thoughts has given a color to his. Avoid a sickly sentimentalist. A punster is intolerable.

There is much in the manner of driving. I like a capricious rein—now fast through a hollow, and now loiteringly in the edge of a wood, or by the bank of a river. There is a singular delight in quickening your speed in the animation of a climax, and in coming down gently to a walk with a digression of feeling, or a sudden sadness. Who would walk his horse over a turnpike? Who would trot him by the slope to Jamaica Lake, or the green lane thence to Brookline?

Another important item is the management of light. A small

room well lighted is much more imposing than a larger one lighted ill. Cross-lights are painful to the eye, and they destroy, besides, the cool and picturesque shadows of the furniture and figures. I would have a room always partially darkened. There is a repose in the twilight dimness of a drawing-room, which affects one with the proper gentleness of the place. Your out-of-door humor is too rude, and the secluded light subdues it fitly as you enter. I like curtains—heavy crimson curtains. There is a magnificence in their large folds which nothing else equals, and the *couleur de rose* gives every thing a beautiful tint as the light streams through them. Plants tastefully arranged are pretty. Flowers are always beautiful. I would have my room like a painter's—one curtain partly drawn. A double shadow has a nervous look. The effect of a proper disposal of light upon the feelings is by most people surprisingly neglected. I have no doubt, that, as an habitual thing, it materially affects the character. The disposition for study and thought is certainly dependent on it in no slight degree. What is more contemplative than the twilight of a deep alcove in a library? What more awakens thought than the dim interior of an old church, with its massive and shadowy pillars?

There may be fine luxury in furniture. A centre table has a look of comfort, and a suspended stained lamp throws a mellow depth into the features. Descending light is always the finest. I would have two or three sofas, broad and with loose cushions, and chairs of every description. There is a drawing-room I sometimes haunt which gives me always an oriental feeling. The chairs are of different and curious fashions, made to humor every possible weariness. A spice-lamp burns in the corner, and the pictures are colored of a pleasant tone, and the light is deliciously subdued and dreamy. Beauty looks better there than any where else. You might live an age in such a place without a turbulent thought. I do not like to see a room too neat. There is a nakedness in it. A dozen of your fine old authors should lie on the table, and the last print. I rather like the French fashion of a *bonbonnière*, though that is, perhaps, an extravagance. A coal fire is convenient, and more in keeping with the repose of a drawing-room. Your wood fire has an annoying glare, and needs a troublesome attention. I do not object to it at a country tavern, where the host looks to it.

I have an extravagant friend who, at certain seasons of the year, becomes economical, for the sake of a new sensation. He says the contrast is quite exciting. There is the root of much philosophy in his odd humor. The appetites must be managed, or they lose their fine edge, and it is as true of conversation and reading, as of eating and living luxuriously. The man who eats till his taste palls, destroys his afternoon. It is difficult to break in upon an indulgence that youth and health have safely strengthened into habit. But in this as in most other things, *c'est premier pas qui coûte*, and there is a keen enjoyment in rising from the table with the morning nerve renewed and vigorous.

There is a management of one's own familiar intercourse which is more neglected, and, at the same time, more important to happiness than every other. It is particularly a pity that this is not oftener understood by newly married people. As far as my own observation goes, I have rarely failed to detect, far too early for my dream, signs of ill-disguised and disappointed weariness. It was not the re-action of excitement, not the return to the quiet ways of home, but a new manner, a forgetful indifference—believing itself concealed, and yet betrayed continually by unconscious and irrepressible symptoms. I believed it resulted always from the same causes—partly that they saw each other too much, and partly that when the form of etiquette was removed, they forgot to retain its invaluable essence—an assiduous and minute disinterestedness. It seems nonsense to lovers, but absence is the secret of respect, and therefore of affection. Love is divine, but its flame is too faint for the household lamp. It must be burned only for incense, and, even then, trimmed skilfully. It is wonderful how a slight neglect, or a glimpse of a weakness, or a chance defect of knowledge, dims its new glory. Lovers, married or single, should have separate pursuits. They should meet to respect each other for new and distinct acquisitions. It is the weakness of human affections that they are founded on pride, and waste with over much familiarity. I would be absent in the day-time from the woman I loved if I knew the secret of the emerald table, and had the knowledge of a seer. What a beautiful passage in a bachelor's dream it is—the coming home at night, waited for and welcomed with a woman's welcome! And then to sit down by the evening lamp, and, with a mind unexhausted by the intercourse of the day, to yield to the fascinating freedom of conversation, and clothe the rising thoughts of affection in fresh and unhacknied language! How richly the treasures of the mind seem—not doled out, counter by counter, as the visible thought coins them, but heaped upon the mutual altar in lavish and unhesitating profusion. And how a fine thought assumes beauty and power—not traced up through all its petty courses, till its dignity is

lost by association, but flashing full-grown and suddenly on the sense! The gifts of no one mind are equal to the constant draught of a life-time; and, even if they were, there is no one taste which could always relish them. It is a humiliating thought that immortal mind must be husbanded like material treasure.

There is a remark of Godwin's, which, in rather too strong language, contains a valuable truth. He says, "A judicious and limited voluptuousness is necessary to the cultivation of the mind, to the polishing of the manners, to the refining of the sentiment, and to the development of the understanding; and a woman deficient in this respect may be of use in the government of our families, but cannot add to the enjoyment, nor fix the partiality of a man of taste." Since the days of St. Leon, the word by which the author conveyed his meaning has grown into disrepute; but the remark is still one of keen and observant discrimination. It refers to that susceptibility to delicate attentions, that fine sense of the nameless and exquisite tendernesses of manner and thought, which constitute, in the minds of its possessors, the deepest under-current of life—the felt and treasured, but unseen and inexpressible richness of affection. It is rarely found in the characters of men, but it outweighs, when it is, all grosser qualities—for its very possession implies a generous nature, purity, fine affections, and a heart open to all the sunshine and meaning of the universe. It belongs more to the nature of woman, but, indispensable as it is to her character, it is, oftener than any thing else, wanting. And, without it, what is she? What is love to a being of such dull sense that she hears only its common and audible language, and sees nothing but what it brings to her feet to be eaten, and worn, and looked upon. What is woman, if the impassioned language of the eye, or the deepened fulness of the tone, or the tenderness of a slight attention, are things unnoticed and of no value—one who answers you when you speak, smiles when you tell her she is grave, assents simply to the expression of your enthusiasm, but has no dream beyond—no suspicion that she has not felt and reciprocated your feelings as fully as you could expect or desire. It is a matter too little looked to. Sensitive and ardent men too often marry with a blindfold admiration of mere goodness or loveliness. The abandon of matrimony soon dissipates the gay dream, and they find themselves suddenly unsheltered—linked indissolubly with affections strangely different from their own, and lavishing their only treasure on those who can neither appreciate nor return it. The after-life of such men is a stifling solitude of feeling. Their avenues of enjoyment are their manifold sympathies, and when these are shut up and neglected, the heart is dark, and they have nothing to do, thenceforward, but to forget.

There are many who, possessed of the capacity for the more elevated affections, waste and lose it by a careless, and often unconscious, neglect. It is not a plant to grow untended. The breath of indifference, or a rude touch, may destroy forever its delicate texture. To drop the figure, there is a daily attention to the slight courtesies of life, and an artifice in detecting the passing shadows of feeling, which alone can preserve through life the freshness of passion. The easy surprises of pleasure, an earnest cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes, the habitual respect to opinions, the polite abstinence from personal topics in the company of others, the assiduous and unwavering attention to her comfort at home and abroad, and, above all, the absolute preservation, in private, of those proprieties of conversation and manner which are sacred before the world, are some of the thousand secrets of that rare happiness which age and habit alike fail to impair or diminish.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Memoir of Sebastian Cabot: with a Review of the History of Maritime Discovery. Illustrated by Documents from the Rolls, now first published. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. One vol. 8vo. 1831.

Much information will be found in this volume, which embraces an interesting period of history, and will find many gratified readers. We are getting rich in books of history and biography, and there is, perhaps, no department of literature which can more deservedly command the attention of the scholar. We present one extract:

"The real character of Henry the seventh seems to have been that of a thrifty, calculating, *man of business*. Caring little about the niceties of the point of honor, he was inclined to submit to many slights, and some injustice, rather than go to war, which he shunned as the same prudent personage would, in private life, have deprecated a lawsuit, as a remedy involving, necessarily, much trouble and expense, and being, at last, of uncertain issue. He often obtained by negotiation what a more proud and impetuous spirit would have vindicated by the sword. But wherever the obvious interests of the country or of his own coffers were concerned, he was sturdy, persevering, fearless. The influence of his reign on the commercial history of England has never been adequately appreciated, because no one, since the time of Bacon, has taken up the subject in a temper to do him justice. There is nothing in his character to dazzle or excite, and treaties of commerce are a poor substitute for battles to the light reader or brilliant historian."

An Address delivered on the anniversary of the Philolexian Society of Columbia College, May 15, 1831. By John W. Francis, M. D. New-York: G. & C. & H. Carvill. 1831.

This ably written and interesting discourse opens with a solicitation for indulgent criticism "on the efforts of one long estranged by the duties of professional life from the contemplative studies of the scholar." The precaution is superfluous, as, in addition to the intelligent prefatory observations, the pamphlet furnishes the reader with a condensed and valuable biography of one of the most prominent men in the history of this state, and whose strongest and most appropriate eulogy is the account of his actions. Sir Walter Scott somewhere observes, that he could mention "more than one instance in which literature and society have suffered loss, that jurisprudence might be enriched." The same may be said of the medical profession; and we are gratified to perceive the most distinguished members of either turning aside for a brief period from their rigorous duties to display to the world their thoughts upon general subjects, and give us an idea of what they might have been had their hours been devoted to literary pursuits. With these sentiments we have read and admired Doctor Francis's valuable sketch, and beg the attention of the reader to the following brief

BIOGRAPHY OF CHANCELLOR LIVINGSTON.

"Chancellor Livingston was born in the city of New-York, in 1747, and was educated in King's, now Columbia college, where he was graduated in 1764. ***** He entered upon the study of the law in this city in 1765, under the direction of William Smith, the historian of New-York, at that time an eminent counsellor of law, and subsequently chief justice of Canada. Shortly after having obtained his license in that profession he was appointed recorder of his native city. The trying question of the rights of the British parliament, in which we were unrepresented, to impose exactions on our citizens, then first began to be agitated, and the subject of our memoir as well as his illustrious father were both ejected from their official stations, the latter as one of the justices of the court of oyer and terminer, for adherence to the rights of their countrymen. It was early predicted that these rights could be successfully asserted only by the sword; but, remonstrance after remonstrance, petition after petition was presented to a ministry attentive only to their passions, and heedless of the rights of others. The colonies, separated from one another by a thousand feelings and prejudices, soon exhibited a united resolution to resist these pretensions with manly effort. The official stations of Mr. Livingston and his son did not prevent them from joining with the great body of their countrymen in resisting claims so unjust and oppressive. In the same year the gallant Montgomery, recently connected by marriage to a sister of the chancellor, fell on the plains of Abraham, fighting with the valor of his native, in defence of his adopted country. *****

"The appointment of Chancellor Livingston to the court of France was one of the first acts of the new administration of Jefferson. Napoleon Bonaparte, the youthful conqueror of Italy, was at this time first consul of the French republic. At his court, which rivalled in magnificence and splendor the most august courts of Europe, the chancellor at once conciliated the good feelings of that extraordinary man by the amenity of his manners, and promoted the best interests of his country by persevering and enlightened exertions. During the short-lived peace of Amiens, Paris was visited by the refined and intelligent from every part of the civilized world; and here the chancellor found leisure, amidst the duties of his official station, to cultivate those ornate studies for which that capital furnishes every facility. On the day of a great levee, which assembled at the Tuilleries, says the biographer of Fox, the numerous representatives of nations and strangers from every country, to pay their respects to the first consul of France, now established as the sole head of the government, the American ambassador, Mr. Livingston, plain and simple in manners and dress, represented his republic with propriety and dignity.

"In that important negotiation with the government of France, which resulted in the acquisition of Louisiana, Chancellor Livingston was the prominent and efficient agent. *****

"One other benefit conferred on mankind will, of itself, convey the name of Chancellor Livingston to future ages: his co-operation with Robert Fulton in effecting the successful application of steam navigation, the most important improvement since the invention of printing, and only inferior to it in lasting consequences to mankind. By it the great community of nations is bound together by commercial and social intercourse; the arts of war are made to yield to the profitable pursuits of peace; universal civilization, universal education, and the benign influence of religion conveyed to every land.

"The connexion between Livingston and Fulton, says the late lamented Clinton, 'realized to a great degree the vision of the poet. All former experiments had failed, and the genius of Fulton, aided and fostered by the public spirit and discernment of Livingston, created one of the greatest accommodations for the benefit of mankind. These illustrious men will be considered, through all time, as the benefactors of the world.'

"The leisure hours of Chancellor Livingston were devoted to every variety of science, arts, and literature. The heroic authors of antiquity, Homer and Virgil, Demosthenes and Cicero, were among those which contributed to improve his taste and expand his thought and feeling. His historical researches were various and extensive. All this was not effected without unremitting industry. Every interval of time afforded from the duties and cares of public life was devoted, with scrupulous fidelity, to add to his stores of knowledge. Like the Chancellor D'Aguesseau, in variety of pursuit, he found that relaxation which others seek in pleasure and amusement.

"The style of his oratory was chaste and classical, and of that persuasive kind which the father of poetry ascribes to Nestor. All who were witnesses testify to the mute attention with which he rivetted his auditors. But he chiefly delighted in the pathetic, and often, by his appeals to the sympathies of his hearers, counteracted the most powerful prejudices. His acknowledged integrity and patriotism doubtless added force to all he uttered. Franklin termed him the American Cicero; in him were united all those qualities which, according to that illustrious Roman, are necessary in the perfect orator.

"After a life, every portion of which was devoted to the benefit of his fellow man, he paid the last debt to nature at his seat at Clermont, on the twenty-sixth of February, 1813.

"Thus it appears, from this imperfect tribute, that the late Chancellor Livingston was an active agent in the most momentous events that have influenced the destinies of mankind. Of the congress of 1776, which resolved that these states were free and independent, he was a distinguished member, and belonged to that committee which framed the declaration of our grievances and rights—and which will transmit their names to the latest posterity; of the convention of New-York which formed the constitution of our state—the best devised scheme of polity then known to the world; of a subsequent convention, which ratified the constitution of the United States, devised by the wisdom of Hamilton and Madison. The important actor in a negotiation, which doubled our country in extent, and, I trust, has rendered it forever secure from foreign intrusion; the coadjutor in that noblest of all improvements in mechanics, by which time and space are annihilated—the invention of steam navigation.

"In Mr. Livingston, to the proud character of integrity, honor, and disinterestedness, were added the mild, yet ennobling features of religion. An inquiring believer in its truth, an exemplar of its gentle effects on the character, he daily sought its consolations, and strengthened his pious resolutions in the rich inheritance it promises. He was devoted to the protestant episcopal church, from an enlightened preference of its doctrines and discipline, without hostile feelings to those who trust to other guides in religion than Chillingworth and Hooker.

"At the time of his death he was in the sixty-sixth year of his age. His person was tall and commanding, and of patrician dignity. Gentle and courteous in his manners, pure and upright in his morals. His benefactions to the poor were numerous and unostentatious. In his life without reproach, in death victorious over its terrors."

Museum of Foreign Literature, Science, and Art. No. XXII. New Series. Philadelphia: E. Little. New-York: G. & C. & H. Carvill. October, 1831.

Another number of this well-conducted miscellany is before us. It is an epitome of the English periodicals, placing the American reader in possession of the choicest collections. We should be gratified to see this work prosper, and have several times before expressed an opinion of its merit, which each succeeding month confirms. The best articles which appear in the Edinburgh Review, Blackwood, the Englishman's Magazine, Foreign Quarterly, and indeed the leading journals of Great Britain, are here furnished at a moderate price, and in a convenient form. We present two extracts from its pages:

"THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS.

"MRS. NORTON.

"Fair Mrs. Norton! Beautiful Bhoudist, as Balaam Bulwer baptizes you, whom can we better choose for a beginner of our illustrious literary portraits, when diverging from the inferior sex, our pencil dares to portray the angels of the craft? Passionately enamored, as we avowedly are, of Miss Landon—soul-struck by the wonders of Mrs. Hemans's muse—in no slight degree smitten by Mary Ann Browne—venerating such relics of antiquity as Lady Morgan, or Miss Edgeworth—pitying (which is akin to loving) the misfortunes of Mrs. Heber or Miss—, we yet must take Mrs. Norton, the leader of the female band. She writes long poems—she is a sprig of nobility—and she is the grand-daughter of that right honorable gentleman whose picture is suspended above her head, and whom the ingenuity of our lithographer has contrived to represent rubicund in the nasal feature, even in spite of the want of colors.

"A caricature of this lady appeared in a rival publication, which is commonly called by the name of the *New Monthly*. There her characteristic features were lost in a nonsensical straining after effect. What has a lady, the head of a household, to do with staring at the stars, or any other wondrous body stuck over head? We display her as the modest matron, making tea in the morning for the comfort and convenience of her husband. He does not appear, because we had no notion of wasting a lithograph upon any male creature this month. But there she is, with delicate finger, preparing to concoct that fluid, which, in Ireland and France, is called 'the,' and which the people of England, in obedience to the villanous mincing of the cockneys, dwindle to the name of T.

"Authoresses are liable to many rubs. Mrs. Norton, it would appear by her picture at breakfast, has escaped some. Happy in all the appliances of wealth and fame, there is nothing to alter the beauties of that symmetrical form. And her look, as depicted in the sketch before us, is enough to show that she has not passed the night in any sublimity matters; but in the contemplation of that divine philosophy and sublime poetry which is best indulged in without intrusion. The consequences are upon her countenance. 'Sweet are the sorrows of Rosalie.' She is evidently composing a poem, which no doubt will be as fluent, as clear, as lucid, and as warm as the liquid distilling from the urn.

"Of a life like hers what can be told? Spent in elegant retirement, the grace of her private circle, or blazing forth the ornament of brilliant society; there is no unfeminine display about her which can supply matter for the anecdote monger. We all know that she is Tom Sheridan's daughter—and that she has wooed successfully the muses from her earliest days, beginning with the *Dandies' Ball*, and ending [for the present] with the *Undying One*. If we wished to speak epigrammatically, in the manner of rising young gentlemen in debating societies, we should say that she has married her thoughts to immortal verse, and herself to the honorable Mr. Norton.

"Of her poetry enough has been said in this our magazine, and we hope that she has met that gentle usage at our hands which it becomes us to bestow, and her to receive. We shall be always found ready to attend her whenever she makes another expedition into the realms of prose, as we understand she meditates, or of rhyme, with the due devotion of critical cavaliers. We think that a lady ought to be treated, even by reviewers, with the utmost deference—except she writes politics, which is an enormity equal to wearing breeches. "But we must hasten to an end, conscious that going further would intrude; and, wishing the fair theme of our pen every degree of honor and happiness,

"With all humility we make our bow."

"MRS. SHERWOOD AND RELIGIOUS NOVELISTS.

"Mrs. Sherwood has published oftener than any other female writer who ever lived. *Ninety-three* publications we know of, varying in size from a tract to the present three-volume novel, and in

price from two-pence to twenty-seven shillings. She has issued a perfect shower of tales for all ages, and a complete collection of her works would form a juvenile library. Her popularity has been extensive, but peculiar; many of her productions have reached, and several have passed their tenth edition—some have been translated into very unusual languages; there are few children and young people in the kingdom unacquainted with her writings, and yet her intellectual reputation is considerable. She revolves in an orbit of her own, and is a kind of connecting link between what is technically termed the religious world and the literary world; being evidently unfamiliar with the style of knowledge that circulates in the latter, and declining to recognize many opinions characteristic of the former. She is an avowed champion of fiction, but 'to keep the balance true' invariably makes it the medium of religious instruction. She has frequently done this in a highly judicious and affecting manner, but she has done it best in some of her least ambitious works, which were some of her first. She has a great talent for arranging incidents and describing costume, &c. Into the hearts of children she has great insight; of young people she knows less, and about men and women she knows nothing. Her descriptions of the world are frequently unnatural, and her sketches of character shadowy and unimpressive. Her good people are cardinal virtues with christian and surnames; her bad people are vices with christian and surnames also; and the good and the bad alike make long speeches nearly the same in point of construction, as in Goldsmith's company of players Romeo's coat serves, when turned, for Mercutio. She wants discrimination and variety, and would be improved by a more extensive acquaintance with the books, things, and persons around her. If a landscape be looked at through a blue glass, it will appear blue; and if the hue of the glass be changed to yellow, the landscape is none the nearer appearing natural. Very nearly all the religious novelists, with Mrs. Sherwood at their head, are wanting in truth of portraiture; they put forth opinions, describe situations, dispose events into plots, but they only paint in body color. Their characters are persons, not their persons characters. Their tales are bundles of incidents, bound together by statements of religious sentiment. Even religion itself is seldom treated with adequate dignity, as that mighty agent which, while it works in the heart, works and shows its fruits in perfect accordance with the natural bent of the human being; as capable of mingling with all the powers of the mind, as consisting less in the adoption of a new opinion, than in discerning the amazing scope afforded for the development of a well-known but neglected principle—'Remember thy Creator!' Very many of these religious tales and novels are badly written, even in point of composition; either florid enough to remind one of the French marchioness who fancied prayer acceptable in proportion to the fine words employed, or so bare and meagre, so intellectually 'hunger-bitten,' that one wishes the writer's mind a full meal of English. The higher faculties are rarely brought into action, either in the work of producing or appreciating; thought is passive, and imagination dormant; no new light is shed upon old truths; he who has read eleven of these tales may, if tolerably quick of apprehension, confidently undertake to write the twelfth, nothing being needful but a kaleidoscopic change of incident. Let there be a fair meek woman whose husband is dead; let her fall into a consumption and die, commending her infant to the care of a friend or sister; let the sister or friend be very perfect too, and live in a village; give a long history of every person and thing in the village, frequent episodes concerning dells and dingles near the village, and more than one description of rural festivities held in some of them; have a fair proportion of delightful old women, good children, and stubborn people of middle age; introduce a great many schools, make numerous reflections, let your leading characters have no communication with the world at large, and afford no proof that there exists such a thing as general information; call the orphan infant Emily, let her have dove-like eyes, let her be an angel, let her have a cousin who is an angel also, and let his name be Henry; let them grow up as brother and sister, let them at last find out they are in love, let Henry find out when at college that he is less of an angel than he thought, and let there be unhappiness, catastrophes, and long, very long letters for a hundred pages; let him return to the beautiful village, and his beautiful cousin quite penitent; let the vicar be a combination of the twelve apostles; give the heads of several of his sermons; introduce death-bed scenes, both happy and awful; finally, let Henry take orders, marry, and be the vicar's curate, and with care to make every thing in extremes, everybody very rich or very poor, very good or very bad, very wise or very foolish, very beautiful if good, and very ugly if bad—be assured you have produced a modern religious tale.

"We frankly admit there are several exceptions to this description, but the majority are, in spirit, described by it. Instruction is rarely interwoven with the fabric of the fiction itself, but appended as a fringe, and the young reader cuts it short. In Mrs. Sherwood's 'Lady of the Manor,' seven volumes of tales on confirmation, which a circle of young ladies are represented as assembled to hear, every tale is closed with prayer and discussion, which the young ladies in the book join in, but which the majority of young ladies out of the book will pass over. 'How good it is of the people who write books,' said a little boy to his mother, 'how good it is of them to put moral in large letters, to show you what to skip.' This is a fact; and we suspect that many, not children, are of much the same mind. Unless the delineations of character and circumstance be striking and instructive, no moralizing will make them so. There wants a compromise between the two great parties of writers of fiction, those who systematically introduce religion, and those who systematically avoid it: one should become aware that to introduce it on petty occasions, and to endeavor to ground excitement upon it, is trifling; and the other might learn with advantage that to stop short of introducing it on great occasions is irreverent neglect, a neglect, too, that very often injures the literary value of a work. We should not think very highly of that person's taste who would expunge the conflicts of Andrew Bell from Mr. Galt's 'Lawrie Todd,' or the presbytery scenes from 'Adam Blair,' or Jeannie Deans from the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' or 'Rebecca from 'Ivanhoe'; yet christian principle, either in a state of conflict or triumph, is the main-spring of all. Works of fiction, that aspire to a high rank, must not appeal to ephemeral tastes, but enduring principles; they must anchor in the deep places of the heart if they aspire to any thing beyond amusing for 'the season.' Fiction might and perhaps one day will be made a powerful engine in the amelioration as well as entertainment of society, but it will not be by embodying a sermon in every chapter, still less by making worldliness, however disguised and

painted, the foundation of the reader's interest. Our literature already possesses some tales and novels that, without professing theology, make high appeals to the noblest of our faculties, to the poetry dwelling in our hearts, that are not satisfied to amuse idleness, or find wit for malice, but are upborne by a grave, pure, earnest enthusiasm, upon which satire takes no hold. Fiction of this order

"Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet in the weakest part,
Heroically fashioned."

"May the number be increased!"

"If obliged to state Roxobel is a foolish book, we do not the less recognize Mrs. Sherwood's ability and excellence, and should be sorry to forget the very many instances in which she has done the juvenile state great service. If she had not formerly written so much she would not have written badly now."

The New-England Magazine. No IV. October 1, 1831. By J. T. & E. Buckingham. Boston: Published by Munroe & Francis.

We copy a brief article from the last number of this valuable and interesting publication. It is devoted entirely to original matter, and is destined to attain a high stand among the best magazines of the day.

THE LAST OF THE COCKED HATS.

"We weep at the death of an old friend, and why should we not lament the extinction of a favorite fashion? There is but one reason for tolerating the present shrivelled state of the civic helmets we call hats, and that is the increased security of the sylvan people—the beavers,—whose own furs are as dangerous to them as the poisoned garment was to Hercules.

"O Sam. Rogers, and the Pleasures of Memory! How many sweet and bitter remembrances hang upon the corner of an old cocked hat! What a catenation of murdered joys and mispent happy hours, extends from it, like the long line of kings in Banquo's posterity! That respectable old beaver is a chronicle of the olden time; it is a page in history; it is an anchor in the great sea of time, that drags up drowned antiquity by the locks. It is a monument of the Augustan age of English literature, and of the golden age of morals and politeness. A part of that era Mr. Webster has called the age of Franklin. Out upon that thrifty old curmudgeon, for he represented his country at Paris in a little vile round hat, instead of the broad sky-scraper of his fathers;—and lie upon the pretty French ladies, who wasted so much flattery upon poor Richard in such a hat!

"The head is the principal part of the man, the hat is the main part of the head, and your cocked hat is to the man what the dome is to Saint Peter's, or the capital to the Corinthian column! Alas, for the age of courtesy, which succeeded that of chivalry. Both are passed with the stately politeness of Sir Charles Grandison, and the courtly vivacity of Will Honeycomb!

"The dead but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their hats."

"The cocked hat was indeed the symbol of courtesy; but why lament the emblem when the thing no longer exists? The men who flourished under it lived in a favored time. The present is the age of Brummel and of brass, (for though Brummel is deposed, his principles are in force;) it is the brazen age of impudence and ease, the evil days of Paul Clifford, tight fits, and round hats. But, thank fortune, it is also the age of revolutions, and our modes are now at a stage when every change must be advantageous. I am a republican in sentiment and practice, yet I would fain see the time when every citizen should be so far aristocratic as to cover his bleached or raven locks with a three-cornered hat.

"It is now about four hundred years since hats have covered the heads of all civilized men, and for more than half that term the cocked hat has maintained its civil and military ascendancy; nor is that or virtue yet entirely extinct. There are even now in *aliquo abdito et longinquo rure*, some secluded nooks of New-England, or of the image of New-England, Ohio, (*matre pulchra filia pulchrior*) where the tri-cornered hats come forth at least one day in seven to excite glorious recollections and vain regrets that the present race of hats and heroes is so much inferior to the past. O sorrow! that I must grieve for the good old schoolmaster, whose hat, not whose life, I have depicted. He died lamented by many, but *nullo flebilior* than by me. It was from him, whom I was wont to call Uncle Hugh, that I received all the Latin I have, and which I now delight to render back to its source, by illustrating him and his hat. He clung to that beaver, not with obstinacy, but with tenacity. He would give up any 'time-honored' prejudice, but his hat was a part of his being, a moiety of his heart. 'Bury me,' said he, 'where you will, but let me die, like the great Napoleon, in the cocked hat.' *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*

"I esteem it fortunate that I was educated in a family where ancient modes were not extinct. One of my uncles wore, and, thank heaven, still wears, a queue; not the mean appendage that was in vogue anno domini 1806, the last glimmer of capillary effulgence, before the mass of men became crops, but a real, substantial, pump-handle tie, secured by an eel-skin, and which hangs down beneath his shoulder-blades, leaving a brilliant semi-circle of powder. I remember to have seen a trial, wherein the defendant was mulcted in five hundred dollars and costs, for wilfully and maliciously cutting off the plaintiff's queue. The plaintiff, who was a man of substance as well as feeling, gave his testimony like a person who had been outraged in what he held most sacred—'there where he had garnered up his hair. He wept like a child, or rather like a man, for a less cause would draw tears from a crocodile. The attorney wept too, but, as he was paid for it, the jury were not moved by his sorrows. The injured party appeared in a wig with a magnificent tail-piece, but this was a poor substitute,—it was but a changeling, and the child of his affections was gone.

"He had reason to weep and to refuse to be comforted. What was Alcides himself without his *club*, and what was Sampson without his locks? There is a young Chinese of a pleasing countenance and carriage that attracts much attention in the streets. My heart warmed towards him at first sight, for he has a genuine, unsophisticated queue, that sweeps the ground. It tapers like the streamer of a frigate, and when he walks briskly, it hangs out behind like the tail of a comet. It has been suggested to me, however, that it has been pieced out with silk, as a coachman lengthens his lash with a *snapper*.

"O mores! where shall a man go in these days to ask for hair-powder? the word as well as the thing is obsolete, and the inquirer,

like Rip Van Winkle, would talk of what his hearers had forgotten. As I hope for distinction, by reviewing ancient forms of dress, I believe that there is in this whole city but one pair of shoe-buckles. These are political ones, and are so well known that I need not describe them. The wearer deserves a good epitaph, (may he have it late,) for the brave stand he has made against innovation.

"It rouses my earliest and latest affections, to behold any of these remnants of the ancient days, that remind me of my grandfather's family. Every member of it resisted innovation like a Turk; and they had a chronology of their own. They reckoned time from the remarkable events that marked the fortunes of the family. Thus my own age was computed from the year in which Uncle Hugh lost his great hat in a puff of wind on Long-wharf. Another era was the year in which Jowler was killed on suspicion of worrying sheep. A favorite point of time from which my grandfather measured the succeeding years was when the thief cut open his pocket and attempted his tobacco-box. This was at a commencement in the last century, just as the old gentleman had taken his hands from his pockets to applaud my first and last speech, a discourse upon Absence of Mind. The 'balloon-year' is also often quoted in our annals, and it indicates the time when the whole family, closely packed in the covered wagon, came to the city to see the ascent of a balloon, and went back disappointed. These recollections are to me better than silver or gold, for they recall the forms of those that I shall never see again. When they lived, I neglected to return their kindness, and now, when they are no more, I think of my ingratitude with unavailing regret. But they have all their epitaphs, in which their virtues are not omitted; and over Uncle Hugh is the semblance of a sable three-cornered beaver, and a legend, purporting that he who slumbers below may be well called the Last of the Cocked Hats."

The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald By Thomas Moore. 2 vols. 12mo. New-York: J & J. Harper. 1831.

This work is both a biography and a history. It combines much of the interest of romance with the force of truth. We are heartily tired of novels. The world is deluged with them. Our sympathies for people who never existed and accidents which never occurred, are nearly exhausted, and we are gratified to depend upon the reality of what we read in such a book as Mr. Moore lays before us, and have no restraint on the earnest feelings of interest which the progress of his melancholy story gradually elicits. Even as a romance it would be attractive, but as a history it becomes singularly and mournfully fascinating. It is a brief and simple account of one of the gentlest and most domestic of men, full of affections and tastes almost feminine, and surrounded by a family united together by the closest and most graceful ties of love, drawn away from his pleasant hearth, beautiful wife, and fond relatives, and swallowed up in the whirl and vortex of a dark and fatal revolution. The work sheds a light upon the atrocities perpetrated upon that gallant nation of which the names of both Lord Fitzgerald and his biographer are such brilliant ornaments. The greatest part of the recital is given in the form of letters, at first charming from their playful tenderness and simple nature, and afterwards gathering a fearful interest from the gloomy occasions which brought them forth. As a christian, a soldier, a patriot, a son, husband and brother, an author and a man, this unfortunate and noble victim of oppression shone almost equally conspicuous. Counsellor Sampson and Dr. McNevin, now among the most esteemed of our fellow citizens, and young Emmet, a name which sends a thrill through every American bosom, and which is also associated with the recollection of his respected relations who have made our country their home, are all mentioned in the course of these volumes. It would be superfluous to recommend them to a general perusal. We make room for two brief extracts, one an account of his capture, the succeeding one of his death.

"To return to poor Lord Edward:—as soon as the alarm produced by the soldiers had subsided he ventured to leave his retreat, and resume his place in the back drawing-room, where, Mr. Murphy having invited Neilson to join them, they soon after sat down to dinner. The cloth had not been many minutes removed when Neilson, as if suddenly recollecting something, hurried out of the room and left the house; shortly after which Mr. Murphy, seeing that his guest was not inclined to drink any wine, went down stairs. In a few minutes after, however, returning, he found that his lordship had, in the interim, gone up to his bedroom, and, on following him thither, saw him lying, without his coat, upon the bed. There had now elapsed from the time of Neilson's departure not more than ten minutes, and it is asserted that he had, in going out, left the hall-door open.

"Mr. Murphy had just begun to ask his guest whether he would like some tea, when, hearing a trampling on the stairs, he turned round, and saw Major Swan enter the room. Scarcely had this officer time to mention the object of his visit, when Lord Edward jumped up, as Murphy describes him, 'like a tiger,' from the bed; on seeing which Swan fired a small pocket-pistol at him, but without effect; and then, turning round short upon Murphy, from whom he seemed to apprehend an attack, thrust the pistol violently in his face, saying to a soldier, who just then entered, 'Take that fellow away.' Almost at the same instant Lord Edward struck at Swan with a dagger, which, it now appeared, he had in the bed with him; and immediately after Ryan, armed only with a sword-cane, entered the room.

"In the meantime Major Sirr, who had stopped below to place the pickets round the house, hearing the report of Swan's pistol, hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw, within the room, Lord Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan, the latter down on the floor, weltering in his blood, and both clinging to their powerful adversary, who was now dragging them towards the door. Threatened, as he was, with a fate similar to that of his companions, Sirr had no alternative but to fire, and, aiming his pistol deliberately, he lodged the contents in Lord Edward's right arm, near the shoulder. The wound for a moment staggered him; but, as he again rallied, and was pushing towards the door, Major Sirr called up the soldiers; and so desperate were their captive's struggles, that they found it necessary to lay their firelocks across him, before he could be disarmed or bound so as to prevent further mischief.

"It was during one of these instinctive efforts of courage that the opportunity was, as I understand, taken by a wretched drummer to

give him a wound in the back of the neck, which, though slight, yet, from its position, contributed not a little to aggravate the uneasiness of his last hours. There are also instances mentioned of rudeness, both in language and conduct, which he had to suffer while in this state from some of the minor tools of government, and which, even of such men, it is painful and difficult to believe. But as it is,

"Curs snap at lions in the toils, whose looks
Frighted them being free."

"It being understood that Doctor Adreen, a surgeon of much eminence, was in the neighborhood, messengers were immediately dispatched to fetch him, and his attention was called to the state of the three combatants. The wounds of Major Swan, though numerous, were found not to be severe; but Mr. Ryan was in a situation that gave but little hope of recovery. When, on examining Lord Edward's wound, Adreen pronounced it not to be dangerous, his lordship calmly answered, 'I'm sorry for it.'

"From Thomas-street he was conveyed, in a sedan-chair, open at the top, to the castle, where the papers found upon him—one of them containing the line of advance upon Dublin, from the county of Kildare—were produced and verified. On hearing that he was at the castle, the lord lieutenant sent his private secretary, Mr. Watson, to assure him that orders had been given for every possible attention being shown to him, consistently with the security of his person as a state prisoner.

"By the gentleman who was the bearer of this message I have been favored with the following particulars—as honorable to himself as they cannot but be interesting to others—of the interview which, in consequence, he had with the noble prisoner:

"I found Lord Edward leaning back on a couple of chairs, in the office of the secretary in the war department, his arm extended, and supported by the surgeon, who was dressing his wound. His countenance was pallid, but serene; and when I told him, in a low voice, not to be overheard, my commission from the lord lieutenant, and that I was going to break the intelligence of what had occurred to Lady Edward, asking him, with every assurance of my fidelity and secrecy, whether there was any confidential communication he wished to be made to her ladyship, or whether I could undertake any other personal act of kindness in his service—he answered merely, but collectedly, 'No, no—thank you—nothing, nothing—only break it to her tenderly.' *****

"From Lady Louisa Conolly to William Ogilvie, Esq.

"Dublin, June 4th, 1798.

"MY DEAR MR. OGILVIE—At two o'clock this morning our beloved Edward was at peace; and, as the tender and watchful mercy of God is ever over the afflicted, we have reason to suppose this dissolution took place at the moment that it was fittest it should do so. On Friday night a very great lowness came on, that made those about him consider him much in danger. On Saturday he seemed to have recovered the attack, but on that night was again attacked with spasms, that subsided again yesterday morning; but, in the course of the day, Mrs. Pakenham (from whom I had my constant accounts) thought it best to send an express for me. I came to town, and got leave to go, with my poor dear Henry, to see him.

"Thanks to the great God! our visit was timed to the moment that the wretched situation allowed of. His mind had been agitated for two days, and the feeling was enough gone, not to be overcome by the sight of his brother and me. We had the consolation of seeing and feeling that it was a pleasure to him. I first approached his bed: he looked at me, knew me, kissed me, and said (what will never depart from my ears.) 'It is heaven to me to see you!' and, shortly after, turning to the other side of his bed, he said, 'I can't see you.' I went round, and he soon after kissed my hand, and smiled at me, which I shall never forget, though I saw death in his dear face at the time. I then told him that Henry was come. He said nothing that marked surprise at his being in Ireland, but expressed joy at hearing it, and said, 'Where is he, dear fellow?'

"Henry then took my place, and the two dear brothers frequently embraced each other, to the melting of a heart of stone; and yet God enabled both Henry and myself to remain quite composed. As every one left the room, we told him we only were with him. He said, 'That is very pleasant.' However, he remained silent, and I then brought in the subject of Lady Edward, and told him that I had not left her until I saw her on board; and Henry told him of having met her on the road well. He said, 'And the children too?—She is a charming woman.' and then became silent again. That expression about Lady Edward proved to me his senses were much lulled, and that he did not feel his situation to be what it was; but, thank God! they were enough alive to receive pleasure from seeing his brother and me. Dear Henry, in particular, he looked at continually with an expression of pleasure.

"When we left him, we told him, that as he appeared inclined to sleep, we would wish him a good night, and return in the morning. He said, 'Do, do;' but did not express any uneasiness at our leaving him. We accordingly tore ourselves away, and very shortly after Mr. Garnet (the surgeon that attended him for the two days, upon the departure of Mr. Stone, the officer that had been constantly with him) sent me word that the last convulsions soon came on, and ended at two o'clock, so that we were within two hours and a half before the sad close to a life we prized so dearly. He sometimes said, 'I knew it must come to this, and we must all go;' and then rambled a little about militia, and numbers; but upon my saying to him, 'It agitates you to talk upon these subjects,' he said, 'Well, I won't.'

"I hear that he frequently composed his dear mind with prayer—was vastly devout, and, as late as yesterday evening, got Mr. Garnet, the surgeon, to read in the Bible the death of Christ, the subject picked out by himself, and he seemed much composed by it. In short, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, we have every reason to think that his mind was made up to his situation, and can look to the present happy state with thanks for his release. Such a heart and such a mind may meet his God! The friends that he was entangled with pushed his destruction forward, screening themselves behind his valuable character. God bless you! The ship is just sailing, and Henry puts this into the post at Holyhead. Ever yours, L. C."

A joke which has run through the press about Signor Paganini and pretty Miss Waters, arose in the following manner:—At a dinner at De Bagnis's, whose pupil the young lady is, Paganini was handing her from one room to another, and she, lost in admiration of him, exclaimed "I wish I was your fiddle!" to which the Signor instantly replied, "and I wish I was your beau."

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Pied de-cochon, Sep. 20th, 1831

Sirs—You editors of periodicals and newspapers, are the most meddling, not to say impertinent people in the world. You set up for critics without any taste, and for censors of manners without having any manners yourselves. In short, you meddle with every body's business, and seem to think, because each one of you calls himself *we*, that you speak with the authority of a whole community. For example, in the number of the Mirror for the thirteenth of August last, you took upon yourself to ridicule and find fault with public dinners to persons who have just got into office, or have been just turned out, I suppose because you don't often get an invitation to them, or because you had an indifferent dinner yourself, and envied the delicacies of viands and wines your imagination conjured up on reading the accounts of those praiseworthy republican orgies in different parts of the country. You say you consider them as contrary to good sense and public decorum. Now, sirs, "mark how a plain tale shall put you down." My purpose is to give you a sketch of my own history, from which you will learn how I became a great man solely by eating, and thus comprehend that public dinners may become both useful and praiseworthy.

It is of no consequence where I was born, or how I was brought up. Let posterity look to these matters, and record them in my posthumous biography. I cannot say that I ever performed any act, or even made any speeches worthy of commemoration during the early part of my life. The truth is, I had all the indolence characteristic of a great genius, and my principal vocation was sitting still and seeing other people work. The industrious blockheads of our village predicted I should never come to any good, because I did not choose to degrade the majesty of genius by becoming "a workey." But they did not comprehend the vast energies concealed under this apparent listlessness, nor suspect for a moment that when I seemed to be thinking of nothing, because I said nothing, my brain was heaving with the billows of a lofty ambition to become distinguished for something or other. In this way I grew up in the fear of work and the hope of being able to live without it.

The village in which I am "located," lies somewhere west of the Alleganies, and is a tremendous little hot bed of politics. Of course I became, in due time, a politician, the last resource of idle, ambitious young gentlemen that disdain serving any other master but the sovereign people, who have more humble servants to command them than half-a-dozen bank clerks can count in a week. One day when the whole village was crowded with the throngs of an election for constable, I got up on a horse-block and made a speech. But as the people unfortunately happened to be all sober, it did not tell. However, from that time I began to be pointed out as a rising young man, and soon had a party rallying round me, consisting of the tavern-keeper, the village cobbler, and two or three straggling gentry, who lounged about the place and lived upon their relations. These men admired me exceedingly, and swore day and night, that I was the greatest orator in the world with the exception of Patrick Henry, John Randolph, and Peter Spriggins. This Peter Spriggins was our member of assembly, and had his party too, among the old ladies and their fat husbands. He was jealous of my rising popularity, and did all he could to keep me from getting higher than the horse-block.

For some time he succeeded in depressing the energies of my genius, and I began to have serious thoughts of emigrating into a new settlement, where there were no great men to interfere with me. I made a tour of exploration for that purpose, but without success. Wherever there was a church and a blacksmith-shop, I found at least one great man, and returned disappointed to my native village. In the course of three or four years, I and my friends tried all the most approved methods of making great men—but all would not do. Peter Spriggins was my evil genius, and, as the old knife-grinder of the village metaphorically observed, "always kept my nose to the grindstone." At length my friend Spiggot, the autocrat of all tavern-keepers, hit upon an expedient, which step by step led me on to the height of immortal glory, and which has been the means of raising thousands of others to the same elevation. I am the more particular in insisting on Spiggot being the great father of the system, because divers other distinguished characters have attempted to usurp his honors, and set up a claim to the invention.

"Let us give him a public dinner," quoth Spiggot, at a meeting of his friends, rubbing his hands, and his eyes glistening like two pewter platters. The very idea of a good dinner was exquisite. They rubbed their hands unanimously, and their eyes sparkled as bright as Spiggot's.

"But where is the money to come from?" said I. "No money, no dinner now-a-days."

My friends ceased to rub their hands, and their eyes faded into the semblance of leaden bullets stuck in an old target.

"You don't want any money," quoth Spiggot.

"We can't go upon tick," said I; "nobody will trust us."

"I will!" replied the autocrat Spiggot, his whole person swelling into an indescribable majesty at this sublime announcement which struck us all dumb.

"You!" we exclaimed, when we came to our speech.

"I," again responded the autocrat, with increasing dignity of deportment.

It was then settled that, whenever a decent pretext presented itself, Spiggot should stand in readiness to prepare a famous dinner, which I was to furnish with toasts suitable, or unsuitable to the occasion, just as it might be. All the distinguished partisans of Peter Sprig-

gina, and Peter himself, were to be invited; and all that the disinterested Spiggot stipulated for, was the appointment of receiver of the public monies for the district, whenever I became a great man. All things were settled, and nothing was wanting but some illustrious occasion for commencing the glorious work of eating my way into office, as a mouse doth into a cheese.

But the envious fates, or perhaps the genius of Peter Spriggins seemed determined to postpone, or defeat our project. No opportunity occurred for several months for me to perform any illustrious action, and we began to despair. At length, however, the fates and the genius of my opponent seemed to relent. One day as I was walking in the skirts of the village, I killed an opossum and brought it home in triumph. Spiggot declared that "the hour and the man was come," and we immediately appointed seven committees, each consisting of one member, for we could spare no more, to issue the invitations and prepare the ceremonials, while I went into the woods and cut a stout stick to cudgel my brains for toasts which should not disgrace the occasion. The friends of Peter Spriggins, and the great Peter himself, were invited, and all came on the day appointed, to the number of sixty or seventy; Spiggot was made president, and who had a better right? He was assisted by ten vice-presidents and three recording-secretaries. The dinner was sufficient to immortalize our host, and we had serious thoughts of decreeing him a sauceman of honor. But we had one or two black sheep among us who envied him, and the vote failed in the committee of arrangements.

Peter Spriggins and his friends were stiff, very stiff, at the commencement, and some of our toasts were rather hard of digestion. Peter made wry faces; but down they went at last, I suppose with a mental reservation. But the Spriggins party was evidently ill at ease and disaffected during the first and second courses, which consisted of twelve hams and twelve roasted geese, with apple-sauce, for the first; and sixteen roasted pigs for the second. The pigs and the geese made no impression. The friends of Peter Spriggins and principle stood by him with an inflexible integrity altogether praiseworthy and without parallel. The third course consisted of a barbecued opossum, the very identical one slain by mine own hand. Neither patriotism nor principle could stand against this ocular demonstration of my valor and prowess invincible. One of the staunchest of Spriggins' adherents forthwith came over to our side—"Confusion to all fence-riders who won't go the whole hog," cried he, and the opossum carried the day. The rest all followed their file leader. Spiggot proposed to drink the "hero of the opossum," with three times three, standing; and the sentiment was echoed by the whole company with the exception of Spriggins, and an honest gentleman who was fast asleep at the foot of the table, and whom I marked out for future proscription whenever I got to be a great man. It was in vain that Spriggins gave a counter toast, and made wry faces at the barbecued opossum. Principle triumphed, and from the day of that dinner the career of his glory was at an end. We had a most patriotic time of it; we drank, sang, told stories, talked all at once, choked our enemies with red-hot toasts, and finally all fell asleep and snored lustily. The next day the editor of our village paper, who had been a guest at the dinner, gave a famous account of me, the opossum, and the entertainment, which he truly stated had concluded in "perfect harmony."

A nomination, and an election to the house of assembly, was the consequence of killing the opossum and eating him up; and I have great pleasure in recording that the first step of my public life was one of gratitude, in obtaining for the patriotic Spiggot the appointment I had promised. My next was an act of justice in procuring the dismissal from office of the unprincipled wretch who had either slept or pretended to be asleep while they were toasting me with three times three. Poor Peter Spriggins magnanimously retired from public life, after vainly attempting to work upon the patriotic Spiggot to give him a public "blow out," and trust to his future glories for payment. He afterwards made an eating tour through various parts of the country, from which he, however, returned as lean as Job's turkey, and somewhat out at the elbows.

The career of eating and of honor was now clear before me, and my mouth was open to swallow every thing that came in my way. My trencher feats since my apotheosis at the great festival recorded above, have been prodigious. One public dinner made me a member of a state legislature; twenty a member of congress; and such is the insatiable appetite of my ambition, that if eating of dinners will enable me to do it, I am determined either to reach the summit of power or die of a surfeit. I am fully satisfied that the true method of persuading mankind is not to argue with them, but to set them eating and drinking. It is in this way that I have neutralized the hostility of some of my most bitter enemies, and brought them to be my most ardent partisans. The only man that ever stood out against more than one "jollification," was a splenetic fellow, who being troubled with a dyspepsia, could eat nothing but cold corned beef. He was a hard character to deal with, but I converted him at last by sending him a keg of dyspepsia crackers. He came to my next dinner, ate like a pig, drank like a fish, and became ever after my staunchest supporter.

And yet you, Messrs. Editors, you take upon yourselves to sit in judgment upon great men and great dinners, out of which great men grow just as naturally as the fungus does from the rankness of rotten wood. Now I would ask you, gentlemen, whether you really believe I should ever have risen to be a great man except by eating public dinners? Where would the county get its current supply of great men, except by stall feeding them at public dinners? Why, you might as well expect oxen to be trumpeted forth to the world as fat oxen, without the aid of stuffing, as to expect men to become great, simply by the help of lean study and sallow meditation, which

serve no other purpose than to suck the veins dry and make them fit for nothing but philosophers, scholars, and such like half-starved anatomies.

The reflecting people of these United States are well aware, that there is scarcely on record a fat tyrant. They were all lean rogues, who knew nothing practically of good eating, which causes men not only to become great in size, but great in spirit, genius, and good nature withal. Is it not a standing maxim, every where practically carried into effect, that your alderman, yes, even your assistant alderman, must be judged of by the capacity of his periphery, and demonstrate his fitness for digesting the multifarious statutes of great and small cities, by devouring a certain number of corporation dinners? Is not eating the constituent of greatness every where, and among all animals? How does the valiant lion demonstrate his superiority over the pitiful scampers of the forest? By eating them. How does the wolf establish his claim to a higher rank in the scale of creation than the lamb? By eating him. How does one insect make good his right to domineer over any other insect he pleases? By eating him. In short, you near-sighted, narrow-minded editors, what is the distinguishing characteristic of superiority among all these, but the capacity of eating up one another? I shall exemplify my theory by a fable, and then bid you farewell.

Once upon a time the animal creation, generally, young and old, great and small, from four legs to a thousand, becoming tired of being split up into little separate communities, forever squabbling among each other, met together for the purpose of choosing a king, who should reign over them, and administer justice equally to all. The principal candidates for this high honor, were a lion, a bear, a fox, a wolf, and a jackass. Great dissensions were among the assembly, some preferring the strength of the lion; some the capacity of living without food half the year in the bear, which they justly considered an excellent quality in a king; some rather admiring the cunning of the fox, which among the animals of the forest, is dignified with the name of wisdom; and others the wolf, whose savage ferocity they called courage. As for the jackass, who is represented as having been a beast of great merit, the only ground on which his pretensions were urged by a few obscure partisans, were his long ears, and his skill in music.

The dissensions of the different parties at length rose so high, that there was great reason to fear an immediate rupture, when a rat, who had lived long in the cellar of a common councilman, and arrived at great wisdom by contemplating his example, rose and made a squeak of an hour long, purporting that as there was no probability of their all agreeing upon a candidate, some admiring one quality and some another, he would propose to try them by a standard of which all could judge, and in which they might all agree, namely, their capacity for eating. The whole assembly cried "Hear! hear!" and cheered the old rat with such a good will, that if he had said the word, I believe they would have made him king. But he missed the tide of fortune, and it never rose again.

Agreeably to his proposal, a quantity of tough hard thistles were brought and laid in a heap, it being justly presumed that nothing better could be found to try the capacity of the different candidates for the throne. The first that came to the trial was the lion, who made a deuced snuffing, and scratched and grumbled awhile, then kicked up his heels, consigned the whole assembly to perdition, and scampered away to the woods with his nose bleeding. Next came Sir Bruin, who, after trying his hand, sneaked off, growling as if he had a sore head. Reynard and the wolf were equally unsuccessful, the former excusing himself on account of having robbed a hen-roost, and overeating himself that morning; and the latter on the score of a midnight debauch on a flock of sheep. All eyes were now turned on the ass, as the last hope of the state. He advanced with particular grace, devoured the thistles in a trice without making a single wry face, and concluded with a sonorous bray of triumph, which was echoed by all the assembled universe of wild beasts and tame. He was unanimously elected king; voted a civil list of a million of thistles, and complimented with three beautiful Arabian mares for his wives. He reigned long and happily, and made one of the wisest and best of kings on record, never committing any acts of oppression except when he was hungry, or his subjects curtailed his civil list.

After this illustrious precedent, sirs, will you rail any more against the practice of trying our statesmen at the dinner instead of the council table? Farewell—I wish you a good appetite and better taste.

HELIOGABALUS GUZZLETON GOBBLETON.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

SCENES ON THE MISSISSIPPI,

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. ARMY.

THE EXPEDITION.

THE month of May had nearly closed, when the troops were ordered to be in readiness to move on distant service in the wilderness. It was cheering intelligence, and every heart expanded to its influence. Every countenance wore a smile, and mantled with the glow of secret satisfaction. Feelings of pleasure, which could not be repressed even in the presence of superiors, were vented on all sides, in whispers of mutual congratulation. There is nothing so kindling to a soldier as change, enterprise, and, if I may say it, danger. It may appear unaccountable to some, but let them think deeply, and trace effects to their causes, and they will not be surprised. All men require excitement, and there is none greater than that derived from overcoming peril. The announcement of the orders broke the dull monotony of the garrison, and awakened us to

life and animation. The camp immediately became a scene of active industry. All joined in the hurry of preparation. Arms were inspected, clothing examined, and rations issued; all were engaged in making arrangements for their comfort and efficiency. Here might be seen an old campaigner leisurely packing his knapsack, and arranging in order his clothes and his provisions; there, a new recruit, or a young officer, drawing from its scabbard a sword which had slept in peace since it first came from the hands of the artisan; and, contemplating its glittering blade, seemed to exult in the prospect of an approaching opportunity to try its metal; and there again, an assembled group excited by the news that opened to their view their first military movement, discussing the question of the destination and object of the detachment. We hailed the opportunity of taking the field rather as a trip of pleasure, than a hard and dangerous duty; at least prospective difficulties were forgotten in the general excitement and enthusiasm.

In a few days every preparation had been made. At early dawn the troops paraded. The men were ready and in place. They did not assemble in the brilliant uniforms which usually give such splendor to the dress parades in garrison; but in round jackets, trousers, fatigue caps, knapsacks, and all the appliances necessary for active service on a distant campaign. The companies were mustered separately, with their respective officers, and each one filing off in succession and leaving its ground, took a position on the deck of a fine steamer, which was lying at the public landing. The paddles were soon in motion, and the boat started up the Mississippi.

The season was mild and pleasant. The young spring had just kissed the face of nature and awakened her from the long sleep of winter. The hills were clothed in the fresh budding vegetation; and over the fields Flora had scattered her bright gems in wild and rich profusion.

"Beauty deck'd the hill and dale,
And music breathed through every vale."

The Mississippi is a noble stream. It is the great highway of a mighty nation, wherein are passing the voyagers of many lands. The waters rise and fall periodically, but not regularly. It is not the uniform advancing and receding of the tide, as is perceived in the generality of the rivers flowing into the Atlantic; but a prodigious accumulation of waters at certain periods, as the spring and autumn. They then swell into magnificent force and velocity that awaken a sensation of awful sublimity, and then flow off in the latter part of summer and winter. The river sinks again, leaving exposed the banks on both sides thickly matted by the interlaced roots of stately forests and luxuriant vegetation, disclosing here and there in its bed large sand reefs, and moving sluggishly along as if creeping with difficulty over the bottom. In this way, from the alternately accelerated and retarded velocity of the current, the accumulated and then diminished volume of waters, and from the nature of the soil, which is light and soluble, numerous deposits have taken place, and many of them, rising above the ordinary surface of the water, have become covered with small willows, and acquired the appellation of *tow reeds*. There are also, dotting the face of the river, a great number of large islands, clothed in dense forests of lofty timber which, though sometimes they intercept the view, and seem crowded too much upon each other, are very picturesque, and produce a pleasing variety.

And the landscape!—It was a rich and varied scene, and changing each hour as we advanced! Here for miles the lands on both sides were low and thickly covered with a heavy growth of cotton-wood; there they swelled into undulating waves, and, running back in gentle acclivities, presented an elevated range of beautiful and picturesque highlands; and there, rising into magnificent heights, and jutting forward to the very edge of the river, formed stupendous palisades that frowned in stern grandeur from above, and seemed to mark and define the limits of the neighboring element; and there, again receding in gradual slope, they sunk down and opened into a vast prairie, where the eye roved in uncertainty over the immense and boundless expanse. The whole spectacle was grand and panoramic. There was every moment occurring something of novelty; of beauty, or of magnificence, to kindle new interest, and prompt to pleasing expectation.

And there!—there comes the magnificent Missouri! Furious and impetuous, chafing on his banks, bearing down the proud ornaments of the forest, and sweeping every thing before him in his headlong course, he hurries on to meet and embrace his lovely bride the gentler Mississippi; and now in union joined, they journey on to mingle with the gulf, and sink together in their ocean grave!

It was not long before it was ascertained that the destination of the detachment was Rock Island, to operate against the Sac Indians, who, it was understood, had violated the treaties in which they had ceded to the United States a large body of land lying east of the Mississippi, on and about the mouth of Rock river, and had committed some depredations upon the white settlers in that section of country, which called for redress and the interposition of the authorities of the government. Not a cheek blanched, not a heart quailed at the threatened dangers and ferocities of Indian hostility. A stern smile of conscious ability to redress wrong and vindicate right, sat triumphant upon every face, and every eye was lighted by the deep feeling that burned within the heart.

The sun was hastening down the western steep, and "broadening by degrees just o'er the verge of day," when a long vernal sweep in the river presented in the far distance the first view of Fort Crawford, situated on an elevated rock at the very southern extremity of Rock Island, and rising in all the splendor of battlement and tower, from the very bosom of the waters. There

was something exciting in it, for all expected that enterprise was waiting them there, and preparing for them an opportunity for the exercise of their courage, fortitude, and manly virtues. It seemed long, however, in our anxiety, before we arrived. The shades of night had gathered round us and involved every thing in obscurity before we reached the spot designated for the disembarkation of the troops; and the bustle and stir attending this movement in the dark were exciting enough, and not without some amusing incidents. Every thing went forward in good order, and the canvassed habitations, tenanted by many an ardent spirit, were seen to rise on all sides through the gloom; and, invested as they were, in the doubtful light, with an artificial magnitude, seemed as well defined edifices, springing up by the exercise of some magic influence, and not unlike a well ordered city, with its streets and its active community. It was late before this seemingly mysterious creative power had ceased to operate; but gradually things became quiet, and one after another settled down into repose. The low murmur of conversation became hushed, and night assumed her reign. Nothing was heard except the heavy tread of the sentinel, occasionally interrupted, as his attention was attracted by the deep breathings or unexpressed mutterings of some wearied soldier who had already engaged the savage foe in his dreams, and was struggling in the desperate conflict.

The morning broke upon us and revealed a scene of fortress, flood, and field, where assembled hosts were ready for the work of death. The position occupied by the troops of our brigade was a large plain connected with the fort, and lying under the protection of its guns; and there, it was announced we should remain and wait the result of the Indian council.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

WRITING AN ARTICLE.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

It is a thing that must be done. Two or three printer's men with families, wait for it at a certain time, and lose perhaps half a day's work for want of it. Then their paper is kept back, and the public—the million, the substantial subscribers, who have paid their money, must be supplied, must be instructed, must be amused; and the matter to amuse them must come out of my brain; for, as the Roman said, "I have promised." The necessity of writing when you do not feel like it is a torture, of which the happy inexperienced can form no conception. The unnatural struggle to produce that which is not wearies the brain. It is the vulture at your vitals, or the other fellow in the fable rolling the rock up the hill. I met a fine exemplification of this the other day in my reading, which exactly expresses my ideas:

"We know nothing of a more restless tendency than one of these fine June days—one that begins with a morning damp and a fresh south wind, and gradually clears away in a thin white mist, till the sun shines through at last, genial and luxurious, but not sultry, and every thing looks clear and bright in the transparent atmosphere. We know of nothing which so seduces the very eye and spirit of a man, and stirs in him that gipsy longing, which, spite of disgrace and punishment, made him a truant in his boyhood. There is an expansive rarity in the air of such a day—a something that lifts up the lungs and plays in the nostril with a delicious sensation of freshness and elasticity. The close room grows sadly dull under it. The half-open blind, with its tempting glimpse of the sky, and branch of idle leaves flickering in the sun, has a strange witchery. The poor pursuits of this drowsy world grow passing insignificant; and the scrawled and blotted manuscripts of an editor's table—pleasant anodyne as they are when the wind is in the east—are, at these seasons, but the "diary of an *ennuyé*"—the notched calendar of confinement and unrest. The commendatory sentence stands half completed; the fate of the author under review, with his two volumes, is altogether of less importance than five minutes of the life of that tame pigeon that sits on the eaves washing his white breast in the spout; and the public good will, and the cause of literature, and our own precarious livelihood, all fade into dim shadow, and leave us listening dreamily to the creeping of the sweet south upon our vine, or the far-off rattle of the "hourly" with its freight of happy bowlers and gentlemen of suburban idleness. What is it to us when the sun is shining, and the winds bland and balmy, and the moist roads with their fresh smell of earth tempting us away to the hills—what is it, then, to us, whether a poor-devil author has a flaw in his style, or our own leading article a "local habitation and a name?" Are we to thrust down our heart like a reptile into its cage, and close our shutter to the cheerful light, and our ear to all sounds of out-of-door happiness? Are we to smother our uneasy impulses and chain ourself down to a poor dry thought, that has neither light nor music nor any spell in it, save to the poor necessity of occupation? Shall we forget the turn in the green lane where we are wont to loiter in our drive, and the cool claret of our friend at the Hermitage, and the glorious golden summer sunset in which we bowl away to the city—musing and refreshed! Alas—yes! the heart *must* be thrust back into its cell, and the shutter *must* be closed, and the green lane and the friend that is happier than we (for he is idle) *must* be forgotten, and the dry thought *must* be dragged up like a wilful steer and yoked to its fellow, and the magnificent sunset with all its glorious dreams and forgetful happiness *must* be seen in the pauses of articles, and with the 'bleared een' of painful attention—and all this in June—prodigal June—when the very worm is all day out in the sun, and the birds scarce stop their singing to eat from the gray light to the dewfall! And

for what? Is the *quid pro quo* no misnomer? Is it well to crucify thus the desire? Spirit of the daily press, answer us! Our enemy triumphs monthly that we have written a book—our sometime trumpeter changes his key for a private difference—our sometime friend—our early and ardent friend—whose genius we have loved, whose book we have praised, whose name is mentioned always in our wine—even this idol of our temple of friendship turns upon us with personal abuse, and calls us hard names, as if we could have the heart with our thousand recollections to retort or provoke them! And then the poet whose bad verses we rejected, and the abusive editor at whose demand of 'black mail,' we sent no new number, and the impertinent 'kindred spirit,' of whose incognito friendship we declined the honor—all these come down upon us in their various hebdomadals, and well nigh persuade us, spite of our old aunt's averment and the subscription list in our very eye, that we are no genius, and that our last number is at hand!"

As for me, I was not so resolute. I rose in my darkened room, and left the idle pen upon the table. My head ached. I could not fix my thoughts. It's a wretched thing to be a scribbler. "I will walk for fifteen minutes," said I to myself. "I will take a few breaths of the fresh air;" and even while I was quieting my conscience by repeating the declaration to return in fifteen minutes, I reached the street, like a prisoner stealing away from his cell, and with the equivocal enjoyment of a man who feels that he is doing wrong. Presently the sunshine and the crowd, and the whirling wheels, and the bright faces, and the nodding feathers blazed altogether before me. I knew I should not be worth a *sous* for the rest of the day. The extraordinary influence of the air and of the scene would have excited me to pleasure, but the conviction that I was leaving something undone which I should have to do, hung over me like a shadow; nay, haunted me like a ghost. Sometimes, peradventure, I forgot it in a momentary dream, as some one passed whom I admired, or felt interested in. There is nothing like the multifarious objects of a thronged street to take the mind from itself. There came a little girl with a satchel, and reading her lesson, I suppose, as she walked, and she unconsciously drew so close to me, that I might have kissed her by accident; and then I laughed, and the article was forgotten for a moment. Then an old white-headed blind man, led by a little dog and string, felt his way along. I thrill always to look on a blind man. In every circumstance of life it must be an awful dispensation. My mind always recurs to Milton, and his pathetic and splendid invocation to light:

"Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled."

In Milton's blindness he had some consolation, all the gratification that an elevated soul could derive, from a consciousness of greatness was his. But the wretched beggar, on whom age, and poverty, and disease have set their mark, amid the glow and rejoicing of this noonday splendor, with youth, and beauty, and manly nobleness, and unrepressed mirth around him, tottering timidly and tremblingly, or utterly friendless among his fellow creatures, and perhaps with no other living thing to love than that little faithful dog—his guide. With what a heart must he contemplate the present and the future! And why may he not have feelings, reader, like thine own; and why may he not have had hopes as high, and affections as deep, and a bold spirit, and a mounting ambition? Why, what sweet mother may have bent over that withered and skeleton face, when the polish of youth was on the forehead, and the cheeks and lips were touched with crimson, and those deathlike untenanted sockets shone with the full beauty of nature's most wonderful creation? I am sure we cannot conceive the effect of blindness upon the victim. Closing our eyes for a time, or even losing their use for weeks or months, will give us but a faint realization of it. There must be a wonderful fading away and indistinctness of many ideas. A vague and new impression of what is passing on without in that vast beautiful external world, from which we are as utterly excluded as if we were not in existence. We cannot number what an infinite variety of delights we are perpetually receiving through the vision, and even when we are asleep, the images sealed on the mind in waking hours are there yet, lingering and busy, floating and changing, and blending together in fantastic groups. So forcibly are they stamped upon the brain that when we close our eyes we by no means shut out the objects around us as any one will instantly perceive by the experiment. But by and by the mind of the unfortunate, whose impressions are not renewed, must become a blank. It would be curious to understand the nature of a blind man's dreams, especially one who had been many years, or always in that situation. He cannot behold the shapes and colors of objects. No faces will visit him—he will not be roaming through woods as we do, but still in his dream he will be wandering darkly on, and hearing the great world go on about him. By the way, the sight of this miserable man reminded me of an interesting incident, which, when I was a boy, affected me strongly. My guardian was fond of company, and seldom a month passed without finding some agreeable sojourner at our house, and this taste of his was so exceedingly in unison with the disposition of his excellent wife, that between them both I saw more noble and elegant men and delightful women there than I met abroad. Home was always the very pleasantest place in the world for all of us. Among our visitors was once a young creature, a favorite with every body. The old lady was perfectly fascinated with her, and could not therefore blame her husband for sometimes expressing his own admiration. She was only sixteen. My guardian was fifty, and he was in truth famously fond of pinching her full Hebe cheeks, and I recollect one afternoon he presented her with

such a hearty smack on her lips, that I came to the conclusion that he knew what was what as well as most people. She was beautiful. Indeed, I used to look on her as a curiosity, and in faith she was a pretty little wonder. I was fourteen, and she could see over my head. I should as soon have thought of making love to the evening star, besides (an awkward discovery to love at first sight) she was already engaged to be married. I perceived it in a short time without the aid of a conjurer. Mr. Frank Berkley did not come fixed up so finely for nothing. Leave boys alone. They are devils for finding out such things. Well, I was glad of it. Frank was a noble fellow. Nature and fortune both smiled on him. Many a ball, many a pair of skates, many a ride on horseback, and other kindnesses I had owed to him. I was glad of his happiness and of hers, for she was happy—irrepressibly and perpetually so. There was no cessation to her spirits. She could not sit still five minutes at a time to save one of her perfect set of teeth. She never walked. She danced and darted every where like a bird. I once dared her to look serious with me for a minute, by the watch. I was just old enough to enter into the full beauty of her face as she pretended to compose her features, pressed her lips together with forced gravity, and lifted those superb blue eyes directly to mine. She stood it for three seconds like a statue, when the mouth and eyes betrayed the lurking joy, and we laughed together for nothing under heaven but because we were the two happiest creatures it shone on.

One week from that day she was struck blind. A sudden disease, unskillfully managed by the physicians, fell into her eyes, and quenched their light forever. She bore the awful calamity with patience; and the wonderful gentleness and firm beauty of character which it disclosed, touched every bosom with the tenderest sympathy and compassion. Yet no one ever after saw the slightest trace of that exuberant spirit which had before made her the charm of the house. She would smile sometimes, but it was a smile that used to bring tears into my eyes. Her vigorous health, too, had departed; but her beauty, if possible, was yet more striking. She abandoned every thing like ornament. Her rich soft hair was parted meekly upon her forehead, and her garments were marked by the chastest simplicity; but her endearing helplessness, the low tones of her plaintive voice, the subdued sadness of her pale sweet face, and the sight of those once radiant and laughing eyes, now forever closed and dark, affected me with deeper feelings of commiseration, respect, and love than I ever experienced for any other. She firmly refused the addresses of Frank Berkley, and retired to the house of her parents, some distance in the country. Frank turned out a dissipated, worthless fellow, partly from his inherent wildness, but principally, it was allowed by all, from keen anguish and disappointment in this unhappy girl. Although no murmurs ever escaped her lips, and indeed superficial observers deemed her quite reconciled to her lot, softened as it was by every thing that affection and affluence could invent or purchase, her health gradually failed. She grew thin and silent. Even the flowers which her sisters used to bring her were received with apathy and neglected. She went no more to the window in the summer mornings, to breathe the scented air. She turned away from the book, which some beloved and loving voice was ever ready to read to her; and even music, of which she had been passionately fond, seemed to fall on her ear as if she were indeed a marble statue, which in appearance she so closely resembled. One evening, contrary to her usual wont, she suffered her young sister, a bright, light-hearted, amiable girl, and just such a creature as she herself had been, to read aloud a pathetic story, I think by Grenville Mellen, of the death of a naval officer in the Mediterranean of the yellow fever, and the consequent misery of his wife here. It was a story evidently from a heart familiar with every noble and tender feeling. The affectionate young girl looked up in her sister's face as she came near the conclusion, and was surprised to find tears bursting from her eyes. She had never seen her so affected, and she heard her exclaim, with a tremulous voice, "My heart is broken, dear Julia; you will never read to me again." A few days afterwards a sad procession wound over the field to the little country churchyard, and paid the last ceremonies to one of the gentlest and loveliest of human beings.

MYTHOLOGY.

THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER IN NEW-YORK.

BY S. WOODWORTH.

THE reader need scarcely be told that the name of this month, (like that of September and October) expresses its number, counting from March. The Saxons called it *windy month*, and, we doubt not, with good reason. It is the last month of autumn, and the eleventh of the modern year.

November has been distinguished by many memorable events, a few of which are entitled to be recorded in this article. On the first day of this month, in the year 1755, the city of Lisbon was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake, in which ten thousand human beings perished! On the same day, (ten years afterwards) the stamp act went into operation in America, which was the proximate cause of a political earthquake, whose effects have been felt in almost every section of the globe. Washington's *farewell* general orders to the American armies, were issued on the second, 1783. St. Clair's defeat, by the Indians, occurred on the fourth, 1791. The destructive earthquake in Quito, South America, also happened on the fourth, 1797. The soil of that province underwent such a dreadful agitation, that, notwithstanding the extreme feebleness of the population, nearly forty thousand natives perished; being either

buried beneath the ruins of their own houses, swallowed up by the new-made chasms in the earth, or drowned in the lakes suddenly formed by the commotion.

The battle of Tippecanoe, on the banks of the Wabash, between the American army, under General Harrison, and the Shawnee Indians, under their prophet and the celebrated Tecumseh, was fought on the morning of the seventh, 1811. During the revolutionary war the infamous Colonel John Butler, with a large force of Indians, Tories and British regulars, massacred a great number of helpless women and children at Cherry Valley, on the eleventh, 1778. In the late war, the battle of Williamsburgh, at Chrysler's Field, Upper Canada, occurred on the eleventh, 1813.

A general massacre of the Danes, throughout England, took place on the thirteenth, 1002, by order of king Ethelred. The festival of St. Brice, which fell on a Sunday, the day on which the Danes usually bathed themselves, was selected for this bloody purpose. Neither age nor sex was spared, and among the victims was Gunilda, sister of Sweyn, king of Denmark, who had embraced christianity, and was married to earl Palling. Her husband and children were butchered before her eyes! Sweyn, however, had his revenge; for, in the following year, he invaded England with a numerous army, and spread devastation over the country with fire and sword.

The conflagration of Moscow burst out on the fourteenth of November, 1812. On the sixteenth, 1773, the celebrated tea-party took place in Boston, when three hundred and forty-two chests, containing several thousand weight of the finest tea, were broken open, and their contents thrown into the river. No opposition was made, though surrounded by the king's ships. All was silence and dismay.

The battle of Arcole, between the French and Austrians, commenced on the sixteenth, 1796. The battle of Koutovo, between the French, under Davoust, and the Russians, under Miloradovitch, occurred on the seventeenth, 1812, when the French were defeated with horrid slaughter. Two days afterwards, on the same ground, Marshal Ney's army suffered a similar defeat; and, on the twenty-seventh, the whole French army, under Bonaparte, were totally defeated, at the passage of the Berezina, at the bridge of Vesseloto. No pen can describe the scene of horror and confusion that followed! The French loss was more than ten thousand killed, drowned, frozen, &c., besides thirteen thousand who were taken prisoners by the Russians.

On the eighteenth, 1777, "Philip's Manor," in this state, was burnt by the British and Tories, by order of Governor Tyron, with circumstances of great barbarity! On the twenty-fifth, 1783, the British army finally evacuated New-York, their government having acknowledged our independence by treaty.

The first day of this month, (well known in this city as *quarter-day*), is celebrated in the catholic church as the "Feast of All-Saints," being the festival of those saints to whose individual honor on account of their number, particular days could not conveniently be allotted. The second is called "All Soul's Day," a festival which is still preserved in the almanac and episcopal church calendar. It was formerly observed by prayers for the dead, "in remembrance of whom," (says the author of "Festivals, Games, and Amusements.") "persons, dressed in black, went round the different towns, ringing a loud and dismal-toned bell at the corner of each street, every Sunday evening, during the month; and calling upon the inhabitants to remember the deceased who were suffering the expiatory flame of purgatory, and to join in prayers for the repose of their souls." The eleventh is called *Martinmas*, in honor of the "Great St. Martin, the glory of Gaul," who lived in a rock at Tours, and fed upon nothing but roots, a diet which the observers of his festival have by no means thought proper to imitate. St. Martin was a native of Sabaria, in Pannonia, who, from a soldier, became a convert to christianity at Amiens, and in the year 374 was made bishop of Tours. He founded the monastery of Marmontier, and is regarded as the apostle of Gaul. The twenty-third is called *St. Clement's day*, in honor of Romanus Clement, a father of the church, the companion of St. Paul, and the bishop of Rome.

On the twenty-second, the sun enters the sign *Sagittarius*,

"The glittering archer in the zodiac,
The armed centaur Chiron"—
"He that taught stout Peleus' son the way
How with delight upon the harp to play."

One of the centaurs by the name of Chiron, was famous for his knowledge of music, medicine, and shooting. He instructed mankind in the use of plants and medicinal herbs, and taught the polite arts to the greatest heroes of the age in which he lived, such as Achilles, the son of Peleus, Æsculapius, Hercules, &c. The battle of the Centaurs, with a people called the Lapithæ, is famous in mythological history. Ovid has elegantly described it, and the same subject has employed the pens of Hesiod, Valerius Flaccus, &c. The origin of the contest was a quarrel which took place at the marriage festival of Hippodamia with Pirithous, where these monsters being excited by a cup too much, behaved rudely to the ladies, for which they were promptly and properly chastised on the spot, by the gallant Hercules, Theseus, and the rest of the wedding guests, who compelled them to retreat on a gallop. They fled to Arcadia, where they settled; but in a subsequent contest with them, Hercules accidentally wounded his old preceptor, Chiron, in the knee, with a poisoned arrow. The hero flew to the assistance of his tutor; but as the wound was incurable, and caused him the most excruciating pain, Chiron begged Jupiter to deprive him of immortality. The petition was granted, and he was placed by the god among the constellations, under the name of *Sagittarius*.

November in New-York is distinguished by quarter-day falling on the first, and a military anniversary on the twenty-fifth, the latter

being observed in remembrance of the evacuation of the city by the British troops, in 1783. For many years after this event, the day was celebrated with an enthusiasm little inferior to that exhibited on the fourth of July; "but the patriotic spirit in which it originated, (says a late appendix) has gradually evaporated; until, at length, the return of this anniversary is met with comparative indifference." It is now distinguished by nothing but a "morning salute," by a few gray-headed heroes of the revolution, "the hardy gleanings of many a desperate fight," called the *veteran corps*; and a military parade in the forenoon.

The last day of this month, the thirtieth, is celebrated by the Scots in New-York, in honor of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, who is supposed to have preached the gospel in Scythia. He is said to have suffered martyrdom on a cross of the figure of the letter X, which is called St. Andrew's cross.

This month is also distinguished by that annual visitation of soft, mild, mellow weather, usually denominated "*Indian Summer*;" which, like the placid evening of a well-spent life, affords a favorable opportunity for making preparation to meet the cold and darkness of the period which "shuts the scene." The Park and Battery are covered with the perishing honors of their rifled trees; the groves and forests are "parti-colored;" for it is now

"The evening twilight of the faded year,
When objects all in mellow tints appear;
When feather'd songsters cease their tuneful notes,
And liveried groves appear with yellow tints."

This season is well described in a work now preparing for the press, entitled "The American Farmer's Indian Summer—a poem," by James B. Sheys. The following are the fifth and sixth stanzas:

"And now reveal'd amid the perfect day,
High-towering oaks their changeable purple spread;
Broad-branching elms, in fading yellow, gay,
And graceful maples, with their glossy red,
The beech, the lover's record, rears its head,
(Mid nature's falling pride,) in green array'd;
While, fondly o'er the consecrated dead,
The first to blossom and the last to fade,
The solemn willow droops in many a chain-like braid.

"Such varied glories of the autumn woods,
No other land beneath the sun may boast;
Their tinted leaves bright showering o'er the floods,
Checking the waves, in whirling eddies lost,
And when the fierce north-west, with chilling frost
Sweeps their sward honours down the mountain side,
How like some shoreless sea, sublimely tost,
Their forests vast, in billowy forms divide,
While, on each heaving surge, the blasts, wild-shrieking, ride."

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

MRS. AUSTIN, for her benefit at the Park theatre, presented a delightful musical entertainment, consisting of portions of *Artaxerxes*, the *Tempest*, and *Cinderella*. Of the latter we have already said sufficient. Her *Mandane*, in the former, was extremely effective, and drew from a fashionable house the most lively signs of gratification. The favorite quartetto, "Mild as the moonbeams," was loudly encored, and the song the "Soldier tired of war's alarms," a most difficult piece, was executed with an ease, correctness, and power, only equalled by the repetition, which was instantly called for. The fire and force of her "Monster away," surprised us, characterized, as she is, more by uniform softness and skill than sudden impulses. We are beginning to discover of this lady, that she too often attempts less than she is capable of accomplishing, and tasks her powers to the uttermost only on particular occasions. The thronged audience on this, her benefit night, evidently excited her to an unusual effort, which she has not equalled, we think, at any former period. We may also remark of her that her voice, instead of failing, as is generally the case with vocalists after protracted exertion, gathers strength, flexibility, and sweetness; and on this evening, notwithstanding repeated encores, her singing was clearer and easier as she drew towards the conclusion. Mr. Jones (*Arbaces*) sang "Water parted from the sea" with admirable taste. This gentleman appears to more advantage in proportion as he has much and laborious work to perform. Under an unassuming and modest style, he possesses invaluable resources of voice, taste, and science, which are probably more highly appreciated by artists because frequently eclipsed by the brilliant displays of others less gifted. We must not omit to compliment Mrs. Sharpe upon her execution of the music of *Artaxerxes*. It was chastely and firmly given, and afforded a very creditable example of her ability in a department of the drama quite distinct from that in which she has built up her principal reputation. A rather tedious new farce, called "Old Regimentals," was followed by an act of the *Tempest*—that splendid creation of mind and fancy which, as it is now arranged, presents one of the most refined and delicate of all theatrical exhibitions—the wonderful imagination and splendid language of Shakspeare, set off with delicious music by vocalists of such power as Mrs. Austin and Mr. Jones. We can scarcely conceive any thing more ethereal and calculated to thrill through the senses than that part of the first act when Ariel enters invisible, playing and singing, Ferdinand following to strains of ravishing melody. We are agreeably lost in attempts to imagine what would be our own sensations, thus apparently the sole survivor of an awful shipwreck, cast ashore on this fairy isle, and led about by floating strains,

"Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

Hear the wondering exclamation of Ferdinand:

"Where should this music be? 'Tis the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on the bank,
Weeping again the king, my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,

With its sweet air: thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather! But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again."

And then Ariel's exquisite song:

"Full fathoms five, thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change,
Into something rich and strange."

Mrs. Austin's Ariel was a brilliant master-piece. She never appeared to more advantage, and her acting was finished, impassioned, and beautiful. She is rapidly improving in this particular. "Follow through the sea," was in her best style. Indeed, the lovers of music present will acknowledge the entertainment to have been of a very rare character. "She never told her love," (music from Haydn) by Mr. Jones, was irresistibly sweet and tender. The audience were rather surprised at the unexpected effect which Mr. Thorne gave to Caliban. It was a strikingly original and bold delineation of the character, and one which ought to advance this gentleman greatly in the general estimation. He who has the talent to play either Falstaff or Caliban, has something to be proud of. Miss Hughes has since appeared in Cinderella, in which she "gathered golden opinions" during her last visit to this city. What a fine treat it would be to hear this charming young vocalist with Mrs. Austin. The manager owes this arrangement to the liberality with which opera has been encouraged. Mr. Charles Kean has commenced an engagement. We have not at present room to speak of this chaste and impressive actor's performances as they deserve, but shall do so in our next, when we shall take occasion to mention Mr. Bailey's new tragedy of Waldemar.

The American theatre has been several times filled by the attraction of Miss Clifton's Imogene and Mr. Hamblin's Bertram. This young lady requires a course of gentle and friendly criticism to become a worthy representative of the arduous characters which she is undertaking. Nature has done much for her. Application must do more. Her extreme youth, her commanding person—her finely expressive cast of countenance, are circumstances which instantly prepossess every beholder in her favor. We do not feel ourselves at this moment sufficiently familiar with her late efforts to permit of our speaking with much confidence of the probability of her future success, although our convictions lean that way. We shall hereafter examine her claims to attention with more care. We, however, hope that the general notice she has attracted may not prove misplaced, but rather spur her on to those severe and unremitting studies which alone can ensure permanent fame.

The French company favored the public with numerous operas highly attractive, and, in common with many others, we regret the shortness of their visit.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1831.

Editor's study.—The heavens have opened their flood-gates this morning. The wind rushes by, shaking the windows in their casements, and hurling the big splashing drops against the glass with the fierceness of a human passion. What a deluge! above, one opaque uniform gloom, and in the streets, the swollen streams tumbling along the gutters like mountain brooks, and the hacks with their smoking horses urged rapidly on by the drenched drivers, and the melancholy wet men stepping along among the puddles, and the dripping cloaks, coats, and umbrellas, and the immense omnibuses moving by like houses, and not a woman to be seen except yonder strapping representative of the feminine gender, striding straight through the crowd like a rhinoceros, one arm grasping a huge bundle, the other gathering together her apparel from the inundated pavement, evidently the victim of some sad necessity, or she would not be there. Late last night the sky was all spread over with stars, and the moon had arisen above the houses upon a track of calm transparent blue, and a superb cloud lay by it, and as it gradually changed, crossed it like bars, till the pale orb seemed a sad face gazing through the grate of a prison, and there was a high steeple beneath tipped with the yellow light, and we stood with a friend by a lifted window and admired it. And here's a change, forsooth! That heavy sound of the wind that sweeps by like an ocean surge, beating over the deck of a ship, always reminds us of the sea and those exposed now to its fury. We beheld the ocean once in a hurricane. You need not start away so, my fair reader, we are not going to describe it, although we can even now see those white crested moving mountains approaching from above as if the world were all liquid, and we can feel the light thing in which we were pent up, rising with the motion of a balloon to their impulse, then sinking with the sweep of a bird, then darting upward again, and we clinging to the slant deck. What should we then have given to be sitting thus calmly in a pleasant room with an even pulse, a cheerful mind, and a quire of this smooth blue letter paper waiting quietly on our table to receive our little common-place familiarities with thee, dear reader. Indeed, when we think of earthquakes, cholera morbus, the arm-chair of a dentist, and a ship at sea crowded with passengers in a tempest, we do screw ourselves down into a resignation—a sort of philosophy—nay, even a cheerful pleasure in the editing of this our humble hebdomadal. So do we extend towards thee a hand of right good fellowship, and go on with our task smilingly; notwithstanding that our printer has just left us with the look of a man who did not mean to be imposed upon, declaring that our space in this de-

partment for the present week was not too scanty to admit of our most lengthy lucubrations.

It is a disadvantage of editing a weekly, that all the daily gentry have the first of the news, which, before we gain a chance to animadvert upon it, gets to be too stale even to mention. Most of our readers, therefore, will have perceived the measures recently adopted by the New University for the erection of a suitable edifice in Broadway. We are told, also, that the New-York Sacred Music Society intend to build a hall for their exhibitions, and that these structures will be reared in a style of elegance which will be ornamental to the city.

A strong curiosity, we find, has been excited here respecting the "fire king." Some time ago a report ran through the city that some of his experiments had proved fatal. It is astonishing what a particularity is sometimes given to stories without the slightest foundation in truth. A grave friend imparted to us a circumstantial account of this gentleman's last words and actions—how his preparations had been injured in his voyage—how he told his secret to his physician—how it was worth forty thousand dollars, and that the learned M. D. intended immediately to set off for London to sell it to some of the philosophical societies, and, notwithstanding all this, Monsieur Chabert steps out, a visible contradiction, and goes on eating fire as if nothing had happened. His exhibitions are said to be really wonderful—a hint from him might be valuable to the inhabitants of warm climates. We understand there is also a ventriloquist here of great repute. This faculty, a gentleman of standing in Europe insists, is the common possession of all human beings, and he adds that he could communicate a secret by which each individual could easily practise it with perfect effect. He, however, refuses to reveal the art, for which, in our opinion, he merits the thanks of all discreet, quiet folks. What! make ventriloquists of the million—of your men of wit—of wags—of boys!—forbid it fortune! We should not sleep nor eat. Kittens would mew in our coat pockets, and fire be cried under our beds. We should spend our lives opening drawers, trunks, closets and the like, for birds, rats, calves, and little babies. Innocent gentlemen in the street, who never dreamed of uttering a word, would be knocked down for calling those next them scoundrels. If our friend saluted us with "good morning," we should look behind us, or out in the hall, or on the eaves of the house to see where the voice came from; and if at a table of strangers a person from the other end asked us to cut him a wing of the fowl, we should turn to our friend in the opposite direction and tell him, "none of his jokes!" We trust Mr. Chabert and Mr. Nichols, and all others possessed of these wonderful discoveries, will make the most of them, and not let them out to render the world worse than they are.

A knock at the door—enter boy with a package and exit. Now, should these be decent verses, they will save us trouble. A right fair hand, and sealed with that dainty wax, like the bed of a forest stream with golden sands in the bottom—impressed with a lyre and the words "I reply whenever I am touched." Seals are beautiful things. The best one we ever saw was a plain "God bless you." Let us see what has touched this unknown. Poetry! Moonlight musings!—nothing like an original subject. It's half the battle. The motto too is chosen from ourselves. That's cunning, and an old trick of youthful correspondents. If our heart were not positive marble to flattery, the consequence to the reader would be dire. A crude essay, or a page of common-place verses is sure to be prefaced with "valuable miscellany," or "ably conducted journal." We sometimes put whole heaps of "constant readers" and "old subscribers" into the fire. Here are the lines.

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

"And he has lingered at night beneath the moon, and brooded over his destiny."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

The crowded stars are out upon the sky
With tremulous lustre, and the large, late moon,
Her waning orb above the city walls
Lifts with calm sadness, like a broken heart
That struggles dimly on. The noiseless clouds
Are slowly floating down the azure tide,
Stretching their uncouth and gigantic forms,
Like ocean monsters sleeping in the deep.
Hark! what a pause in nature! Every sound
That lately shook the swarmed streets is quelled.
Business and pleasure, misery and pride,
Have ceased their voices: even avarice sleeps.
The money-dealer's window is locked up,
And the high bank its massive gates hath closed;
The noisy market and the wrangling court,
The sculptured temple with its marble aisle,
And the worn benches of the murmuring school—
It is an interval of peace to all,
And not an echo breaks, and not a form
Moves in the wondrous quiet, and it seems
As if the universal throng of men
Had done their tasks for ever; and the game
Of human life were ended; and the earth
Were left again to roll in silence on,
Forgetting that upon its bosom once
An insect dwelt, who called himself its lord.
How beautifully yonder tapering spire
Rises above the mass of crowded roofs!
How many men with high ambitious souls
Peer thus above their fellows? See! a light
Beams faintly through yon curtain's snowy fold,
And fancy wakes and paints the scene within.
Bent o'er his page perchance the student sits;
Or the pale wife awaits her tyrant's step,
Weeping beside her child; or, it may be,
Some dying maiden on her watcher there
Turns her sick eyes, puts the disorder'd hair
From her damp forehead, and with patience drinks

The loathsome draught, and inly longs to die.
And time will hurry onward, and the pains
Will leave her aching bones, and death will come
And freeze her lips, and close her heavy eyes,
And strike his marble coldness to her heart.
The melancholy moon will walk the sky,
As it does now, and the poor habitant
Of yonder chamber will be borne away
Among the sleepers, and the tears will fall
From the survivors, as affectionate thoughts
Crowd on their souls to view the vacant place
Left in the household circle, and to kiss
The sweet curl stolen from the beloved head
Dark in the dust for ever. What a time
To muse upon the past, to count the tones
Of dear remembered voices; to recall
The lovely absent from their pilgrimage,
And bring the dead from out their quiet graves,
And hold communion with them. I could tell
Stories of death most dismal, for the tomb
Holds kin and friends of mine within its breast,
More than the broad sky shines on. Even now
I linger o'er the memory of one—
A sweet young boy, I knew and loved at school.
He was of wondrous beauty. I was glad
To gaze upon his large and shining eyes,
And hear his pleasant voice, and mark the glow
Crimson his cheeks, and the unbidden tear
Spring to his lashes at a tale of woe.
His lips were fashioned with a girlish beauty,
And made one think of kisses instantly.
Bright August came, that breaks the schoolboy's bond,
Until the moon her course around the earth
Accomplishes again. His parents rode
In a bright chariot for their favorite boy;
There was a sister older than himself,
And with a face like his, but bluer eyes.
More touching with their sudden lifted gaze
And voice more softly passionate, and low,
That made me thrill to listen; and he had
Two gentle elder brothers, and I watched
The parents and the children when they met.
Happy and beautiful, and marked the group
Of radiant faces, with o'erflowing eyes.
Then when they all departed I stole forth
To a ravine deep in the quiet wood,
And wept and wished my lonely heart would break,
For I was poor. I had no sheltered home.
No voices hailed me. I was strange to all.
My blessed mother in her recent grave
Lay yet ununmouldered as she was in life.
And mid the abysses of the ocean floor
My father's bones were lying; and at school
A friend had placed me out of charity;
And no one loved me but this angel boy.
The rolling month went on, and scarce I spoke,
For all my playmates at their free sweet homes
Were chasing joy; my very master, too,
Was forth among the woods, and with his gun
Killed the poor birds. A lonely thing was I.
But I had found an old neglected book,
Full of strange stories, so the month passed on.
Then my tumultuous heart was full of joy,
That I could read no more the quiet page,
But watched for Edward; and his brothers came
Alone and sad, arrayed in sable suits,
And looked with faces pale, and moistened eyes,
Silently on me. When at length I strove,
And asked for Edward, I could see their hearts,
Poor boys, were shaken; and their quivering lips,
Though voiceless, answered me—for he was dead.

We do not think these lines so bad; but we wish our correspondents would turn their attention more to prose. The habit of attempting poetry is useful only to the writer, because it shows him how difficult it is to produce anything new and readable in that way, and, therefore, affords him a kind of standard by which he may measure the immense superiority of those "choice and master spirits" who have succeeded. If they can strike out an undiscovered track in the realms of thought and feeling, or travel those already known with any wonderful grace of demeanor, it may be well to publish; but we fear, especially in our narrow streets, obstructed with hogsheds of molasses and bales of cotton, it will be found at the best a fruitless trade. We have often wished we could follow a fine verse through all its wide journeyings—go with it into the store of the merchant—behind the counter of the tradesman—into the lawyer's office—the doctor's study—to the parlor of the belle, or the quiet and pleasantest of all scenes—the peaceful domestic circle, where the husband reads it over by the cheerful hearth, while the wife listens and is happy—it would be curious then to note down all the contrasted thoughts and exclamations with which it would be received according to the difference of character, taste, or humor. We half suspect the best among the men of rhymes would be startled and shocked at the rude realities which the cherished and delicate offspring of his brain would too often be compelled to encounter. We believe it was Byron who said he never looked at the lining of a trunk without trembling. It seems a pity that all are not poets. We stride over years of the ordinary preliminaries to friendship when brought suddenly in contact with one whose face brightens up at the mention of Shakspeare or Burns. A man who has read those two writers understandingly and feelingly, we ever meet with a more cordial grasp of the hand. There are others ignorant of them, towards whom we are equally attracted; but we know they have the material of admiration in them, and we continually perceive how they would revel in their beauties but that the business of the world has called them away, and made the page of the fine essayist and the true poet but a sealed fountain to them.

We present to our readers a neat and finished specimen of composition in the following ballad by Scott, the music by an amateur who stands closely connected with whatever improvement has been made in that science on this side the Atlantic for the last three years. We have only to call attention to every successful opera at the Park theatre produced within that period, concluding with Cinderella. We did look for Masaniello from the same skilful hands, but the changes of administration which take place in all great governments, whether of states or theatres, alter materially the aspect of affairs.

COUNTY GUY.

AS SUNG BY MRS. SALMON, MRS. AUSTIN, AND MADAME CORNEGO—WORDS BY WALTER SCOTT—MUSIC BY F. H. F. BERKELEY.

Revised by the author, for the New-York Mirror, from the third London edition, and dedicated to the amateurs in this city.

Andante gracioso.

Ah! Coun - ty Guy, the hour is

nigh, The sun has left the lea. The o - range flow'r per-fumes the bow'r, The breeze, the breeze is on the sea.

The lark, his lay, who trill'd all day, Sits hush'd, sits hush'd, his part - ner nigh. Breeze, bird, and flow'r, they know the

hour But where, but where is Coun - ty Guy?

2d—The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear

To beauty shy, at lattice high,
Sings, sings high-born Cavalier,

The star of love, all stars above,
Now reigns, now reigns o'er earth and sky,

And high and low the influence know,
But where, but where is County Guy?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES TO A LADY.

BY JAMES HACK.

OFTEN when my ardent gaze
Revels upon beauty's blaze,
When before my burning eye
Float the raven tresses by,
Rolling on the forehead fair,
Darkening the marble there;
And beneath the silken arches
Love in laughing triumph marches;
Or awhile he seemeth hid
Underneath the snowy lid—

Snowy lid that loves to fall,
Melting on the humid ball—
When mine eyes encounter eyes
Lovely as love's paradise,
While their orbs—his diadems—
Swim in darkness, like the gems
Trembling on the wing of night,
Borrowing a lovelier light
From the deep yet soften'd shade
That upon their blaze is laid—
When upon my ardent glance
Smiles a seraph countenance,
Where all charms are flourishing
Lovers dream and poets sing;
Checks where such envermell glows
As the sun on heaven bestows,

When he bows his head to rest
On the blushing even's breast;
Lips as if enamour'd clinging
To each other's kiss, and tinging
Such ambrosial breath as creepeth
O'er the strings which seraph sweepeth—
When one form such charms adorn,
That there needs but to be worn
Wings as glorious to appear
One of heaven's own blessed sphere—
Then I turn my head aside,
An arising tear to hide.
Lady, dost thou ask me why
Tears should then bedew my eye?
'Tis to think that from its sight
Soon shall pass the vision bright,

Soon the one so dear to see
Shall forget all thoughts of me!
Yet the hope I fain would know,
That it shall not now be so;
That thy friendship yet may spread
Flowers before the path I tread,
Till the grave's corrupting pall
Separates mine eye from all
That it now to gaze on joyeth;
And when death this form destroyeth,
Thou wilt yet the blessing give
In thy memory to live.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,
To whom all communications must be addressed. No
subscriptions received for a less term than one year.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

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No. 19.

POPULAR TALES.

THE FIRST AND SECOND HUSBAND.

CHRISTINE BOISSARD was the daughter of a schoolmaster at Thoulouse. At the early age of fifteen she was married to Bertrand de Rols, himself only one year older than his bride. They had been companions from their infancy, and the innocent attachment of childhood had ripened with their years into feelings which, at the important ages of fifteen and sixteen, were easily mistaken for love.

Christine was very beautiful; it was that kind of beauty which Bacon says is the best—"that which a picture cannot express." It dwelt upon her countenance, it enshrined her person, and seemed to be a perpetual emanation from herself, rather than any union of exquisite proportions either in form or features. The beholder saw she was beautiful, but could not discover in what it consisted. There were those who had a fairer brow than Christine, whose tresses were more luxuriant, in whose eye dwelt the soul's meaning more eloquently, round whose mouth played a more gracious expression of softness, and in whose air there was more of elegance; but in all Thoulouse there could not be found one to vie with her in that loveliness which, touching the heart at the first glance, makes silent worshippers.

The mind of Christine was worthy of such a temple. It had received no soil from the world, and seemed incapable of receiving any. Its stainless purity, like that of the diamond, was inherent. She could not be said to shun evil so much as to be shunned by it. The exceeding simplicity of her character, the frankness and sincerity of her nature, were such, that as she had no thoughts which needed disguise, so were there none that did not lie as open to all the world as to herself.

Similitude may be the basis of friendship, it is not that of love. Christine loved Bertrand de Rols when they went to the altar, and after; and Bertrand loved her—but they did not resemble each other. Bertrand was quick, fiery, impetuous—easily excited, and requiring excitement to break the irksome monotony of domestic life. He was of a moody temper, too; fond of lonely musings, in which it was his delight to summon up fancied scenes of wild enterprise, where there was free scope for a stirring spirit to signalize itself. During the first years of his marriage, these outbursts of a restless nature were few and feeble. The novelty of his situation, the fulness of his happiness as the husband of Christine, and the consciousness of youth and inexperience, were all so many checks upon them; but as he trod the verge of manhood, as the freshness of his felicity wore off and he required something more than even Christine to fill up the measure of his desires, they came thick upon him, flinging distaste upon the serene joys of home, and arraying in gorgeous splendor the visions of his heated imagination.

Christine saw the change, saw he was unhappy, but only wondered he could be so, when she herself was so happy. She would have striven to restore him to his former state, could she have discovered any thing now wanting which he had heretofore possessed—any thing depending upon herself that could open a new source of delight to him; but how was this possible? She had bestowed her whole store of love from the first; she had made him absolute master of her heart, her affections, her every thought, her every wish. Wholly and entirely had she cast her treasures at his feet, and vainly, therefore, did she seek for one that could be added. She was a very beggar in all, except prayers to heaven, and those she breathed in many an hour of unseen sorrow.

"What an inglorious animal is man," said Bertrand to Christine, as they were one evening walking in their little garden, "when his round of life is told in three words—eating, drinking, sleeping! When yesterday was but a type of to-day, and to-day but the mould of to-morrow! I would have each hour the parent of some change; each day a history; each week a thing to wonder at, till the succeeding one cast it into shade by greater miracles. It were nobler, methinks, to fling but a stone the farthest of any twenty that tried, than not to have so much ambition as would bring one within the circle of competitors!"

"Why do these fancies possess you, my dear Bertrand?" replied Christine. "Can you be happier than you have been?"

"Oh, no! not happier than I have been, my beloved; but—"

"Happier than you are," added Christine, filling up the pause, and sighing as she spoke.

"There is a future, Christine, whose voice is troubling my spirit with dreams that would respond aye to that. Nay, do not weep!"

"Should I not weep," interrupted the gentle Christine, "to know you are unhappy—when in that knowledge lies a sad truth which kills my own happiness? I am not what I was to thee, Bertrand, else wouldst thou be what thou wert—what I am still—without a wish unsatisfied."

"Look at yon marble vase, Christine. It takes but little to fill it

to overflowing. Will that same little fill the city's reservoir? The stream of time rolls through one man's life like a gentle river confined within its banks; but through another's, like a heady torrent, widening its channel, and demanding larger space for its increasing waters. Now, if you dam up that torrent's course, or if it encounter some natural impediment that stays its progress, how it chafes and swells, till at last, overbearing all obstacles, it rushes fiercely on amid the havoc of its own wrath."

"Ah me!" exclaimed Christine, who read and trembled at the meaning of this simile.

"Come, come, love," continued Bertrand, kissing her tenderly, "be not sorrowful. I own I long to fling behind me this tame existence, this homely, sluggish idleness, and hunger for the busy world that lies beyond our slothful fire-side; but think not I can find a joy there unless I share it with thee, Christine. It is thou must give its value to my happiness, gather it where I may. The monarch of this little empire—my home! I would, as wisest monarchs do, pour into the lap of my own kingdom the treasures of all others."

It was not long after this conversation that Christine was doomed to know its full import. A slight quarrel arose between Bertrand and his father, who galled him with ill-judged taunts upon languishing away his days, instead of bestirring himself to augment his slender fortune. Bertrand heard these taunts in silence, but they gave his mind (already on the spring, as it were) the single impulse it required to make the leap. The feeling which had long tormented him was, in reality, nothing more than the impatient desire for adventures—the wish to roam from place to place, without any fixed plan or deliberate choice. Had he at that moment been standing upon the sea-shore, where vessels were preparing to sail for India, America, the South Sea, and the Frozen Ocean, he would have been content to determine which of them should bear him away by the falling of a stick east or west, north or south, according as it lay.

Quitting his father's house, he lingered upon the brow of a small eminence that overlooked the valley in which was his own peaceful dwelling. He was irresolute—not whether he would go he knew not whither and cared not—but whether he should unman himself by a farewell of Christine and his daughter Henriette. Their images rose before him; the wild grief of the one, the sympathetic sorrow of the other, and what he felt in imagination was his monitor to shun the reality. He stretched his arms towards the valley—his eyes swam in tears. "Christine!" he exclaimed, "my beloved Christine! Does no unwonted tremor steal over thy shuddering frame to warn thee of thy fate? Art thou joyfully expecting thy Bertrand's return? Is my little Henriette asking for her father? With streaming eyes, and an almost bursting heart, he is bidding an adieu which thou dost neither hear nor dread, to follow the destiny that has so long striven to tear him from thee!" He turned away, gained the city, hurried along the streets of Thoulouse, and passing through its western gate, followed the first path that struck out of the main road.

The shock was indeed terrible to Christine; the more so because she remained in utter doubt of the extent of her calamity. At first she believed a few hours might put an end to it. When that hope vanished, she trusted to each day for comfort; and when days were past and no comfort came, then each week, perhaps, might be the last of her sufferings. But as days, and weeks, and months rolled on, and still there came no tidings of her husband—none from himself—none from any living soul by whom he had been seen, since her own eyes looked upon him, (save the unsatisfying report of his father, whom in her heart she upbraided for his departure,) she sunk into hopeless dejection. She could not doubt he was dead, and her fancy haunted her with all imaginable pictures of dismal and appalling deaths, till she would start from these gloomy reveries with a fearful shriek, as if she suddenly saw him gashed with wounds dealt by some assassin's hand.

Thus did Christine pass seven long years, in all which time she continued as profoundly ignorant of the fate of Bertrand as at the moment of his going. She rejected with scorn the consolation sometimes offered, that he might still be alive and would one day return. Whatever were the motives which impelled him to leave her, she could not endure to think it possible he could abandon her to such a miserable uncertainty, when a single word by letter, or by some trusty friend, would have been sufficient to relieve her from it.

"No," she would exclaim, in reply to this barren comfort—"no, no, he has perished! And if any thing of this world can give sorrow to those who are no longer of it, my poor Bertrand beholds with anguish my affliction. This conviction is so strong, that I seem to expect his spirit will appear and bid me cease to mourn for him with that torturing hope, which, in spite of myself, mingles with my tears. It is far less terrible to know we must be wretched, than to know we are, with a mystery shrouding our cause of grief, through which, ever and anon, stream faint rays of deluding hope."

Seven years, as we have said, had thus passed away, when one summer's morning Christine, who was sitting early at her little gar-

den gate with Henriette, believed such a visitation was about to take place. A man, dressed in a soldier's garb, approached unseen, and stood before her. She looked, her color fled, her heart palpitated, her limbs trembled.

"Christine!" he exclaimed, "do you not know me? or can you not forgive me?"

Her eyes closed, and a faint scream died away upon her lips. She would have fallen to the ground, had not the stranger sprung forward, and caught her in his arms.

The scene was incomprehensible to the young Henriette, whose tears flowed fast, as she bent over her mother, calling upon her to speak.

Christine recovered. Fixing her eyes earnestly upon the stranger, she gazed in silence for several minutes.

"Have I then," she at length exclaimed, "so long wept a living husband's death? or is this a cheat put upon me by my distempered fancy?"

"My Christine!" murmured the stranger, "my beloved Christine! I am, in sooth, thy own Bertrand!"

She uttered one convulsive cry of joy, cast herself in his arms, and buried her face in his bosom, weeping and sobbing. Henriette also hung upon him with all the fervor of filial love. She was so young when her father left them, that it was no wonder she was unable to recognize him now.

The first rush of excited feeling a little subsided, and Christine again fixed her ardent gaze upon Bertrand, as if she would still satisfy herself she was not yielding to a delusion.

"You are somewhat changed," said she, "during this cruel absence!" then bursting into a flood of tears, at the recollection of her sufferings, "Oh heavens!" she continued, "what have I not endured for thee, Bertrand? But I can forget it all—all—all! now that you are restored to me. You shall not hear me once complain of the many solitary hours I have wasted in anguish since you left me. I will but say, I thought and mourned you dead; and that belief, grievous as it was, shielded you from reproaches which I do fear I could not else have stifled, as often as I grew half frantic with impatient longings to hear from you. Oh Bertrand! one single, blessed word, to say you lived, would have spared me misery I cannot describe! But I blot out the past! I am too happy a creature now, to wish to remember what a very wretched one I have been. Yes, thou art much changed!" looking earnestly at him.

"I shall have a long tale to tell thee, Christine, of the hardships which have wrought this change! But there will be hours for such discourse more fitting than the present, and then my Christine will sadly own I have played the truant in a thorny path. Ay, love! it may be too hard a task to forgive your Bertrand, but you will not say you alone have been unhappy."

Bertrand's father was dead. Three of his sisters, however, were still living at Thoulouse, who shared with Christine her delight at his return. The father of Christine alone refused to see him, so deeply did he resent the wrong done his daughter. His former friends gathered round him; and, though he did not repulse their advances, there was often a strange reserve in his manner, as if they were imperfectly remembered, or that he scarcely wished to renew their acquaintance. Christine would sometimes gently chide him for this, but he soothed her by declaring he was desirous of no other company than hers and Henriette's, and that he wished for no companions that might estrange him from his home.

Three years thus glided on, and Christine, faithful to her word never once clouded their serenity by the slightest unkind allusion to the past. Yet, and she knew not why, there was a something that prevented her from feeling as she once did towards Bertrand. In vain she struggled with this repugnance; in vain she condemned it; in vain she reasoned with herself and strove to command back the unbounded love and devotion of the first years of their marriage. She was conscious they had abated; but it was her consolation to know, (as she believed she did,) that Bertrand was *not* conscious of it.

One day, when he was out, her father came. It was the first time he had crossed the threshold of her door since his return. She welcomed him joyfully, though, from his manner, she saw his visit was for no pleasing object. But what was her consternation, her horror, when she learned wherefore he had come? when she learned it was to wither her incredulous mind with this frightful annunciation—that Bertrand was an impostor, and not her husband!

At first she would fain have treated it as a bitter jest; but, alas! she had hideous forebodings of a fatal truth that lurked behind. There had been moments since the return of Bertrand, when strangely horrible misgivings had possessed her own soul, misgivings which she dared not for her life heed, the after-thoughts were so terrible. She sought refuge rather in the belief that she herself was altered; or that seven years of wandering and severe trials had wrought inexplicable changes in her husband; or that so long an interval had obliterated in both feelings, affections, and habits which

could not now be revived. In short, what could she not believe sooner than the monstrous fable of her father?

The old man, however, was clear and positive in his statement, much as it grieved him to afflict his child. He had his evidence, too, which, at the earnest entreaty, nay, the almost frantic command of Christine, he produced. This was the *Sieur d'Anglade*, a man who had known Bertrand in Spain, when he was serving there with the French army, and where he went by his proper name, that of *Arnaud du Tilh*. The *Sieur d'Anglade* was well acquainted also with the father of *Arnaud du Tilh*, and his whole family, who lived at Caen, in Normandy. This, if true, was the circumstance that most staggered the miserable Christine; for till it was mentioned, she hoped it might turn out, though Bertrand had never told her so, that he had assumed the name of *Arnaud du Tilh* during his absence, the better to prevent all discovery of himself.

It was proposed by M. Boissard, and assented to by Christine, that the *Sieur d'Anglade* should remain till Bertrand returned, and they would then be able to judge, from their meeting, of the truth of his statement.

"Not at all, Madame," said the *Sieur d'Anglade*. "*Arnaud du Tilh* is master of himself, and has studied too well the part he has to play. I have been in Thoulouse above a month; I have met *du Tilh* several times in the streets; I have spoken to him, but his dissimulation was admirable. Were he indeed Bertrand de Rols, he could not have received my salutations with a more perfect absence of all recognition. He is an excellent actor, Madame!"

While they were discoursing, Bertrand entered. He evinced some surprise at seeing Christine's father; none at the presence of the *Sieur d'Anglade*. The latter advanced towards him, his hand extended, which he took with the unembarrassed air of a person who is receiving a stranger under his own roof.

"Well met, *Arnaud du Tilh*!" exclaimed the *Sieur d'Anglade*.

"I give you welcome, sir!" replied Bertrand calmly, "but there is some mistake. I do not know your name—it is evident you do not know mine."

"And yet we knew each other well at Barcelona: and long before that I was an intimate friend of your family at Caen, where I have spent many a pleasant hour with your father, *Urban du Tilh*."

Bertrand smiled as he turned towards his wife, and said, "Christine, you know my father here in Thoulouse."

"You are an impostor!" exclaimed M. de Boissard, "and you shall answer for this before the criminal judge."

"I know, sir," rejoined Bertrand, "you have never pardoned my long desertion of your daughter; but let not your wrath dishonor itself by making injustice the instrument of its satisfaction."

"Look at me!" said the *Sieur d'Anglade* sternly.

"I do," replied Bertrand, fixing his eyes upon him with a calm expression of countenance.

"Can you do so," continued the *Sieur d'Anglade*, "and persist that you do not know me?"

"As truly, and therefore as fearlessly," replied Bertrand, "as I would say no to the man who accused me of parricide."

"Were you at Barcelona during the autumn and winter of 1654, now five years since?"

"I was not," answered Bertrand firmly, and as he spoke his eyes met those of Christine. "He is wrong, love," he continued; "I read your thoughts. I have told you I served at Barcelona, but it was in the summer of 1652."

"Were you not born at Caen, in Normandy? and is not your father's name *Urban du Tilh*?" demanded the *Sieur d'Anglade*.

"I was born in the city of Thoulouse, and my father's name was *Auguste de Rols*," answered Bertrand; "I am known here of my friends, and here my three sisters still live, who welcomed, with tears of joy, the brother they had sorrowed for as lost. My wife too—"

"Bertrand!" exclaimed Christine wildly, "heed well what you say! Before this hour—I cannot tell wherefore—I have been tormented with dark suspicions. They came unbidden—I dashed them from me—I loathed myself for them, because they branded me with innocent guilt! But now, Bertrand—now, it seems as if a thick veil were dropping off, and before my uncovered sight there stood a dismal yawning gulf. Oh heavens! grant this may prove delirious phantasy, and not the other!"

"Sir," said Bertrand, in an agitated voice, and turning round to the *Sieur d'Anglade*, "a choleric man, with half this provocation, would strike you dead upon the spot! By what right come you here to disturb my quiet home with the sick dreams of your bewildered mind? I have borne to be catechized by you, as I would have borne to be asked of any crime of which I knew myself guiltless; but since my answers satisfy you not, since you have succeeded in poisoning the mind of that gentle creature, and since this honorable person, her father, has been cajoled by you so far as to talk largely of my answering for myself before the criminal judge, it is time I should meet you with another spirit. Begone!"

The *Sieur d'Anglade*, not a jot daunted by this indignant reprimand, prepared to depart with M. Boissard, when Christine, rising from the seat where she had been leaning on the bosom of Henriette, in a state of indescribable distress, addressed Bertrand:—

"I go with my father!" said she; "and with me, my daughter. Bertrand! there is a mystery I cannot fathom—and beneath its baleful influence the current of every affection of my heart seems to turn from you. Heaven forgive me, if what I do is wrong! And if thou art wronged, may it be so ordered that it shall appear manifest to my eyes, vouchsafing also that with my knowledge of the truth may come again those feelings which now are chilled into fears that drive me almost mad!"

She buried her face in the gray hairs of her father, as he bent over her, and pressed her to his bosom.

"This does, indeed, amaze me," exclaimed Bertrand; "but," added he, sarcastically, as he glanced at M. Boissard, "I begin to understand matters. A sentence of the criminal court, if bold-faced fraud should prosper, would be a quick conveyance of the estate at Artigues. I shall baffle you, however, by the aid of heaven and a righteous cause."

"It concerns not me, *Arnaud du Tilh*," said the *Sieur d'Anglade*, offering his arm to Henriette, who was in tears; "neither have I sought this; but wherein I can be useful to my good friend M. Boissard, and to his abused daughter, therein will I, according to my power."

They then left the house, and Bertrand remained in it alone, for the servant refused to stay.

The rumor of this discovery spread in a few hours through the whole city of Thoulouse; and it no sooner became rife, than many who knew Bertrand, and had never doubted his identity, began to grow suddenly dubious, remembering sundry remarkably circumstances, which they now said had excited their suspicions from the first; though, as it was no business of theirs, they held their tongues. Others wondered how Christine could have been deceived; while some made merry with the tale, concluding that Bertrand must have bewitched her with love-charms, or else, that she cunningly practised a seeming imposition on herself, to solace her widowhood, fearing to marry again, till she were assured of her husband's death.

The next day Bertrand was apprehended upon a warrant of the criminal court, and carried to prison. The ground of his arrest was a bill of complaint preferred before the criminal judge, by M. Boissard, in his daughter's name, setting forth that he had "falsely, rashly, and traitorously imposed upon Christine de Rols in assuming the name, and passing himself upon her as Bertrand de Rols;" and praying, in conclusion, that "he might be condemned to make satisfaction to the king for the breach of his laws, to demand pardon, of heaven, the king, and Christine, with his head bare, and his feet naked, with a lighted torch in his hand; and that he should be further adjudged to pay the said Christine de Rols two thousand livres for the injuries he had done her."

To the astonishment of all parties, Bertrand, in his answer to this "bill of complaint," made no confession of the offences alleged against him, but boldly asserted he was the person he had represented himself to be. He declared the whole affair was a wicked conspiracy contrived by the father of Christine, with the aid of the *Sieur d'Anglade*, for the purpose of obtaining speedier possession of certain property which would fall to him at his (Bertrand's) death, and that they had prevailed upon his wife, Christine de Rols, who was a person of weak understanding, to join with them. He entered into an account of the reasons which had induced him to leave his home; set forth the various adventures he had gone through; stated how, at the end of seven years, he was seized with an ardent desire to return to his wife and child, and doing so, with what joy he had been received by Christine and his relations, notwithstanding the alterations which time, great fatigue, and the cutting off his hair, had caused. At the close he prayed that "his wife might be confronted with him, because he could not possibly believe she would persist in denying the truth; that his calumniators, according to the laws of equity, might be condemned to suffer the punishments they called for upon him; that Christine should be taken out of the hands of his enemies, and be restrained from dissipating his effects; and finally, that he should be declared innocent of all the crimes laid to his charge."

The criminal judge cited Bertrand to appear before him, and subjected him to a rigorous private examination. He questioned him as to various matters which had happened in Thoulouse when he must have been a boy; the place of his birth, his father, mother, sisters, and other relations; his marriage with Christine; the persons who performed the ceremony, &c. To all these interrogatories Bertrand answered clearly and distinctly; and, as if not satisfied to have done thus much, he voluntarily spoke of his daughter Henriette, of the day she was born, of his own departure, of the persons he met on the road, of the towns he passed through on his way to Spain, and of numerous persons whom he knew in that country.

The next step was to obtain from Christine, her father, and others whom Bertrand had named, their answers to the same points. There was, substantially, a perfect correspondence between them; the discrepancies being of so insignificant a character that they could not be said to invalidate the truth of what Bertrand had asserted.

Thirteen witnesses were next examined, who declared upon oath, that the accused was Bertrand de Rols; that they had known him from his infancy, and that they were well acquainted with his person, manners, and tone of voice. On the other hand, an equal, if not greater number, declared he was not Bertrand de Rols; while the *Sieur d'Anglade* positively swore his name was *Arnaud du Tilh*, that he was born at Caen in Normandy, and that his family still resided there. A third class of witnesses were ready to swear, that if he were not Bertrand de Rols, there was such a wonderful resemblance between him and the true Bertrand, that it would be impossible to say which was which, were they standing side by side; thus seeming to confirm an observation of Lope de Vega, that nature, sometimes weary of designing new faces, copies, now and then, with admirable exactness, from those she has already produced.

The last attempt to solve this curious mystery, after the court had occupied several weeks with receiving evidence and hearing eloquent and ingenious counsel on both sides, was an order by the criminal

judge to have two reports laid before him; the one as to the resemblance or non-resemblance of Henriette to the accused; the other, as to her likeness, or otherwise, to the sisters of Bertrand de Rols. These reports were accordingly made, and by the first, it appeared that Henriette did not resemble the accused at all; by the second, that she was very like her father's sisters.

At length the court named a day for pronouncing its sentence. It was in the following words:

"That *Arnaud du Tilh* is guilty and convicted of being an impostor; for which crime he is condemned to lose his head; and further, that his body be afterwards divided into four quarters."

Every one cried out upon this sentence—every one asked, "What grounds has the judge for pronouncing it—unless, indeed, he has had the benefit of some divine inspiration to reveal the truth in a matter beset with doubts to all except himself?"

Bertrand complained vehemently of its injustice; and, without loss of time, appealed from the criminal court to the parliament of Thoulouse. This extraordinary cause having now excited intense interest, the appeal and the probable judgment of the parliament were the only subjects talked of throughout the city.

That august assembly, as soon as the necessary documents were properly before them, determined to make their inquisition not only with all due solemnity, but in a manner which should present the case in a new form, and with the best chances for unravelling its mystery.

In the first place, they ordered Christine and her father and the *Sieur d'Anglade* to be confronted with the accused in open court; but singly, one after the other. In these confrontations Bertrand maintained the same unperturbed countenance, the same air of confidence, and answered every question with the same calm promptitude that he had evinced throughout his former examinations. But M. de Boissard, and especially the timid, shrinking Christine, whether from being abashed by the awful dignity of the tribunal, or from terror, lest the dreadful sentence of the inferior court should be confirmed, betrayed so much confusion and hesitation in their replies, that a strong feeling was created at the very outset, in favor of the prisoner. It was not sufficient, however, to have before them the accusers and the accused merely. They directed that evidence should be heard as to the principal facts in dispute, but with this limitation, that none but new witnesses should be examined.

Several weeks were consumed in these inquiries, carried on, as they were, with the most minute attention to every circumstance that could by possibility tend to establish the necessary facts on either side. But instead of doing so, they seemed to involve it in tenfold confusion.

When the judicial investigation terminated, the president went through an elaborate recapitulation of the depositions of the witnesses. The evidence stood thus:

Five and forty witnesses affirmed positively that the accused was not Bertrand de Rols; and among them was a shoemaker of Thoulouse, who deposed, that he had made shoes for the true Bertrand de Rols, whose foot reached to the twelfth mark upon his rule, whereas the prisoner's foot reached no farther than the ninth mark. In addition to the testimony of the *Sieur d'Anglade*, as to his name being *Arnaud du Tilh*, an uncle of the accused was brought forward, who recognized and owned him for his nephew. One witness swore that the real Bertrand de Rols was an expert wrestler, while the accused knew nothing of wrestling. Two persons swore that a soldier of the regiment of Rochefort, passing through Thoulouse, was surprised at hearing the prisoner call himself Bertrand de Rols, he not only knowing his true name to be *Arnaud du Tilh*, but, what was more extraordinary, declaring that the real Bertrand de Rols was actually living in Flanders, with a wooden leg, having lost one of his legs during the wars in that country. Great exertions were made to find out this soldier, whose direct testimony would have been so important, but in vain.

On the other hand, there was nearly an equal number of witnesses who swore that the accused was the true Bertrand de Rols, and among them his three sisters, and the husbands of two of them! Persons also, who had been present at the marriage of Bertrand and Christine, deposed in favor of the accused; and the greater part of the witnesses were unanimous in affirming, that the true Bertrand de Rols had two flesh marks under his left eyebrow, that his right eye was bloodshot, the nail of the first finger on the left hand crooked, and that he had three warts on his right hand. Every one of these was found to be on the person of the accused! It was considered a strong circumstance, likewise, in his favor, that though his wife now joined with her father in demanding justice upon him as an impostor, not only had she at first welcomed him as her husband, but had continued to live with him as such for three years, while many of the chief inhabitants of the city had eagerly given honorable testimony as to her moral character and other amiable qualities. This remarkable circumstance in favor of the accused, could not, therefore, be got rid of by any insinuations of improper motives operating a feigned deception, if deception there were, upon Christine.

Such being the singular aspect of this extraordinary case, after the parliament of Thoulouse had spent nearly two months in investigating it, the general opinion was that the judgment of the inferior court would be reversed. The parliament, however, (determined to give the subject the full benefit of mature and dispassionate deliberation,) deferred for fourteen days pronouncing its sentence.

Before the time expired, there was a rumor that the real Bertrand de Rols had arrived in Thoulouse. This report reached the ears of Christine. She devoutly prayed it might be true. She wished to see her husband once more, to receive his pardon, and then, if it were heaven's will she should continue to live, to pass the remainder

of her days in a convent, expiating by hourly orisons and frequent penance her involuntary crime.

The fact was, emissaries had been secretly dispatched by the president of the parliament into Flanders, with instructions to use every possible means for discovering whether, as the soldier had declared, Bertrand du Rols was serving with the army there. They were successful in finding a person of that name, and with a wooden leg; and he declared himself to be the individual they wanted. He affirmed, moreover, that he was well acquainted with Arnaud du Tilh, and had heard of the process carrying on before the parliament of Thoulouse; but, believing his wife had played him false, in pretending she was the dupe of an impostor, he had resolved to let the matter end as it might, with a determination never to return to his native place. It was with great reluctance, consequently, he consented to accompany the officers back, (or rather yielded to the coercion they were prepared to use if he resisted,) a circumstance which tended to create the suspicion that perhaps he would turn out to be the impostor.

When he arrived at Thoulouse he underwent many private examinations upon all the matters to which the other had spoken. His answers were exactly the same; but he mentioned two or three rather particular circumstances, with respect to which no questions had been put to the accused, who was therefore immediately examined upon those new points, when it appeared he was perfectly acquainted with them. As to the personal resemblance, it was so wonderful, that the president himself could not refrain from exclaiming, "Methinks I must forgive my own wife's taking another, if she could show me such a likeness of myself for her apology!"

Hitherto they had not been confronted; but when the reputed Arnaud du Tilh was informed of the arrival of Bertrand, he not only boldly denounced him as the impostor, but declared he would consent to be hanged if he did not prove him such.

It was now ordered by the parliament that the two men should be attired exactly alike; and, on a day appointed, be placed side by side in open court, when all the witnesses who had been examined together should be brought in, one after the other, and point out which was the true Bertrand.

The day came. The court was crowded. Never had any occurrence in Thoulouse excited such an absorbing interest. Elevated on a platform, hung round with black, sat the true Bertrand and the counterfeit; but which was the true, and which was the counterfeit, it seemed hardly possible to determine. All eyes were fixed upon them; while a confused murmur of voices, and the words—"That is he!"—"No, that is Bertrand!"—"I tell you that is Arnaud du Tilh—the other is Bertrand de Rols," were heard in half-whispers from a hundred different tongues.

Silence was proclaimed. The witnesses, one by one, were introduced, a long white staff being placed in their hands, with which they were ordered to touch the person whom they recognized as Bertrand de Rols, but without speaking. The clerk took down the number of each; and when the whole had gone through the ceremony, it appeared that forty-four witnesses declared Arnaud du Tilh to be Bertrand de Rols, while fifty-one pronounced upon the identity of the other. The three sisters of Bertrand were next introduced. The eldest of them, the moment she cast her eyes upon the two men, rushed towards the platform, and threw her arms round the neck of him she had not seen for ten years.

"Behold!" said she, turning round to the president, "THIS is my brother! I acknowledge the error into which that wretch (pointing to Arnaud du Tilh) has betrayed me by a multitude of artifices."

Bertrand returned her embraces, mingling his tears with hers. The other two sisters recognized their brother in the same manner, and bestowed upon him the same marks of affection. A buzz of astonishment, mingled with exclamations of delight and rage, pervaded the court; but silence was commanded, for there was yet another evidence to be produced. It was Christine herself!

She is led trembling to the platform by her venerable father, and the tender devoted Henriette. Her head and face are shrouded in the thick folds of a black veil. At first every look is directed towards him whom every heart has already pronounced to be her husband. He is much moved; but on his countenance there dwells a stern and wrathful expression. Then the general gaze is turned upon Christine, whose long-drawn sighs and heavy sobs are audible. She has reached the platform—she ascends it. Henriette whispers something in her ear. She lifts her veil—she raises slowly her eyes, and fixes them for a moment upon him she thought her husband, who shrinks from their scrutiny. There is a pause. He who is her husband has caught a glimpse of her pallid features, and his agitation is extreme. Her eyes met his—a convulsive shudder runs through her veins—as if smote by death, she sinks lifeless at his feet, exclaiming, in a tone of piercing anguish, "Heaven! heaven! I AM guilty!"

"Bertrand de Rols! Bertrand de Rols!" burst forth on all sides, with cries of "justice! justice!" The emotions of the spectators were wound up to the highest pitch, and many vented loud execrations upon the impostor, whose countenance was as a mask to the terrible pangs which now fastened on his soul.

When silence was restored, the president ordered Arnaud du Tilh to be removed into the little iron cell in which criminals were placed to receive sentence. With a firm step, and an undaunted air, he descended from the platform, still asserting his innocence. Christine, meanwhile, was carried out of court, followed by her husband and several friends, who crowded round him to offer congratulations, which he received very coldly.

The president, after a solemn admonition, and dwelling with eloquent emphasis upon the irrefragable testimony of nature, afforded

by the joyous feelings of the sisters, and the remorse of the innocent, though self-accused Christine, pronounced the following sentence upon the prisoner:

"That he, Arnaud du Tilh, should make *amende honorable* in the market-place of Thoulouse, with his head and feet bare, a halter round his neck, and holding in his hands a lighted torch; that he should there demand pardon of heaven, the king, and the justice of the nation; also, of Bertrand de Rols, and Christine his wife; which being done, the said Arnaud du Tilh should be delivered into the hands of the public executioner, who, after making him pass through the streets and other public places of the city of Thoulouse, with a rope about his neck, should conduct him before the house of the said Bertrand de Rols, where, on a gallows set up for the purpose, he should be hanged and strangled, and afterwards his body to be burned."

This sentence was executed to the letter on the following day. But before the wretched criminal was led out to undergo it, he made a full confession of his guilt, declaring that his thoughts were first directed to the crime for which he was about to suffer from having been mistaken for Bertrand de Rols by some of Bertrand's most intimate friends, while he was in camp in Picardy. From them he learned many circumstances concerning his father, wife, sisters, and other relations of Bertrand, together with various things which had happened to him before he left Thoulouse. Having also a sort of brotherly acquaintance with Bertrand himself, the moment he conceived the design of representing him, he had used that acquaintance to obtain from him, at various times, a multitude of particulars, which enabled him, with the aid of a quick invention and profound artifices, to practise so successfully the fraud he had.

Christine did not long survive. Innocent though she knew herself to be of all that could really constitute the guilt of her unhappy condition, she could not purify her thoughts; she could not cleanse her memory; while she shrunk with loathing from the idea that there might be some who, in the grossness of their own conceptions, would refuse to believe she had not wantonly favored the deception. Bertrand himself, indeed, was one of these; for when her father, without the knowledge of Christine—(she only wished to be forgiven by her husband)—touched once upon the extenuating circumstances of the case, the bitter mockery with which he repelled the old man's kindly-meant endeavors, convinced him there was a persuasion ranking in his mind which nothing could assuage. "Spare your words," said he. "Intimate friends, nearest relations, father and mother even, may be deceived; my sisters, my friends have been; but a wife—tush! a wife can be deceived only as a man may swear he does not see the blazing sun at noon, when he shuts his eyes because he will not see it!"

Entreaties were equally vain to prevail upon Bertrand to continue at Thoulouse. Either he was still enamored of the roaming and adventurous life which first tempted him to leave it, or his mind was incurably diseased by what had occurred; for, after making a legal settlement of his little property upon Henriette, he disappeared one morning without taking leave of her, his wife, or sisters; and in less than six months from that time, Christine, the victim of a self-accusing spirit, went to her grave unblamed of any tongue save her husband's!

[A writer who taxed his invention to *imagine* such a case as the above, would run no small hazard of having Horace flung in his teeth:

"Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi."

But we are as innocent as our friend Dogberry in having used any art, except in the characters, situations, sentiments, and catastrophe. The *main incidents*, of a man being so personated, the trial of the impostor, the conflicting testimony of the witnesses, the sentence of the criminal court, the appeal to the parliament of Thoulouse, and the execution of the criminal, actually occurred in the sixteenth century. They are to be found among *Les Causes Célèbres*.] New Monthly Magazine.

THE FINE ARTS.

MADAME BRICHTA'S CONCERT.

THE concert commenced with the overture from "*La Gazza Ladra*," of Rossini. It is a spirited composition, almost throughout *allegro*, and may be rendered brilliant even by a small orchestra. It was pretty well performed, though, in the *maestoso marziale* the instruments were out of time. Next followed a duet from "*Elisa e Claudio*," of Mercadante, sung by Messrs. Fehrman and Angrisani. It contains much graceful melody; but the voices of the two gentlemen harmonized so little, that much of the effect was lost. Madame Brichta succeeded them with the cavatina "*Lungi del caro ben*," of Paccini. The nature of her voice does not permit her to select for herself songs of much compass. *Contra alto* voices are seldom very clear, and often false in the higher chords; but, by close application and great practice, she has acquired the talent of overcoming difficulties with correctness and facility. The approbation of the audience was abundant testimony that they were highly pleased with her performance. Mr. Segura followed with a concerto on the violin by Lafon. He possesses execution and neatness, but needs still more grace and taste in *adagio* and *andante* passages. Madame Brichta appeared again, and sung the famous "*Air à la Tyrolienne*," "*Carino senti un poco come batte questo core*," with variations by Hummel. When Signorina Garcia first brought this piece before the public, (in London) she gained universal applause, and so will every singer who knows how to practise these variations, and to deliver them with taste. They afforded Madame Brichta an excellent opportunity to display her musical abilities; it was her *chef d'œuvre*, which exhibited strength of tone, elegance, and judg-

ment. Mr. Fehrman sung again the cavatina, "*Il mio piano è preparato*," from "*La Gazza Ladra*." It is well calculated for his voice, and may become a favorite here. Madame Brichta performed a *Thema*, with variations, by Czerni, on the piano-forte. Though they were not intended to display the powers of a performer, they nevertheless discovered that she joins with good execution much certainty and precision; there is considerable boldness and freshness in her play; it needs, however, more taste and shade. Mr. Taylor succeeded this piece with a *fantasia* on the flute, by Tolou. It is to be regretted that his modesty and bashfulness should so much embarrass him as to injure his performance. There is no necessity for this. If Mr. Taylor but practises, he will play with even the facility of Mr. Cuddy; though the latter is peculiarly graceful and expressive. There remains yet much to admire in the performance of Mr. Taylor, especially his *staccato*.

The second part commenced with the overture to "*William Tell*," the best of Rossini's instrumental compositions, in which he appears to have kept Weber, Spohr, and Beethoven constantly in view. The horn and violoncello solos are highly interesting; but in the *allegro* he falls again into his ordinary carelessness. On the present occasion the orchestra was too feeble to do it justice; the violoncello parts, by Mr. Hutet, were, however, remarkably well performed. Madame Brichta and Mr. Fehrman followed with a duet of Orlandi, which was somewhat deformed by want of precision and accuracy in the accompaniment. Signor Angrisani succeeded them with an *aria* from Otello, but he has not sufficient compass of voice to render high tenor airs interesting. "*Ah! si per voi già sento*," a *marziale vivace*, needs a powerful voice, in which the *falsetto* does not appear to advantage. Madame Brichta favored us once more with Morlacchi's beautiful romance, "*Notte tremenda*," pathetic, touching, and expressive, with a perfect intonation. The audience manifested their delight by repeated peals of applause. Signor Martinez played Riego's March on the guitar. He possesses good execution, though not equal to Mr. Schmidt, nor to Huerta; this performance, however, pleased, and after being loudly *encored*, he played a subject with several beautiful variations. A grand march of Segura formed the *finale*.

THE GRAND ORATORIO OF THE MESSIAH.

This performance by the New-York Sacred Music Society will take place next Thursday, at St. Paul's church. It may be questioned whether any other city in the Union can boast of an institution capable of producing an oratorio with more propriety, strength, and effect than will be displayed in the Messiah, about to be presented to the public. An admission to several of the rehearsals enables us to speak confidently of the delightful banquet in preparation for the lovers of sacred music, and to assert that this branch of the art bids fair to be improved in an eminent degree. The society, from its own resources, furnishes the choral department, the leader of the band, and the principal strength of the orchestra. The score, with Mozart's accompaniments, and the copies for instrumental and vocal performers will be printed separately; and the best artists are employed to render the work complete. The vocal performers include the first talent in the country, engaged expressly for the occasion. Mrs. Austin leads the *soprano*, Mr. Jones the *tenor*, Madame Brichta the *contra alto*, and Mr. Kyle the *bass*.

The production of the oratorio of the Messiah, complete in all its branches, has long been a desideratum in this city, which, from its wealth, its location, and its constant communication with Europe, possesses ample opportunities of encouraging the fine arts. It is not only a beautiful adaptation of the scriptures to music, but in itself forms an interesting work on divinity. No individual ever selected words for a subject with more effect than the learned divine who assisted Handel. The Messiah consists solely of quotations from holy writ, prophetic of the advent of Christ, and descriptive of his mission and sufferings, and it embodies the strongest mass of evidence which can be collected. Dr. Jackson, the tutor of the late king of England, and dean of Christ Church College, Oxford, once stated that his musical pupils generally passed their examination for graduation in divinity with more *éclat* than others, and he attributed it to the fact that the history of the Redeemer was continually and eloquently laid before them in the works of Handel.

The fully awakened feeling upon musical subjects which pervades the city will, we think, ensure a crowded auditory for the encouragement of this young society, in their laudable undertaking to perform Handel's entire Messiah for the first time in the United States.

MR. BURR'S MAPS.

One number of a series of maps has been published in this city. It is a favorable specimen of a work much wanted. All young scholars should have it on their table. It is intended to furnish maps of every country in the world; a design of such obvious utility as to scarcely require any recommendation.

VIEWS IN NEW-YORK.

The engravings to accompany the third number of this publication, are quite superior to those of its predecessors. The artist has displayed great taste and skill—much more than we thought him capable of. There is delicate and beautiful work in the plate of the city-hotel. We must so far overstep the modesty of nature as to assure the public that these plates, as some celebrated essayist once observed of virtue, "are really excellent, and ought to be encouraged."

GREENOUGH'S CHANTING CHERUBS.

This beautiful marble group is now exhibiting at the American Academy of Fine Arts, in Chambers-street.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

REVERIES OF A STUDENT.

It is to be regretted that men do not look more into the conformation of themselves and the surrounding universe. How many curious and sublime themes of wonder and adoration are continually neglected by crowds, who bend all their faculties to the accomplishment of some local and insignificant purpose. You shall find a young man devoting his time to a money-making trade or profession, yielding his whole attention to some paltry political excitement, or undermining his health and peace by irregular and enervating enjoyments, and yet totally ignorant of the manner of his own organization; and a lively miss dying for the next new novel, completely out of humor that her dress has not come home, or wearied to death on a rainy day for the want of something to do, yet never suspecting that she does not draw a breath, or move a limb, or once lift the lids from those pretty discontented eyes, without affording to an intelligent and awakened mind material for months of meditation. Thus many of our belles are nothing except when talking of the fashions! and our beaux, however flippant and facetious about ribbons, theatres, and other common topics, are silent when the conversation takes any higher turn. A worthy of this kind, although often vastly favored in fashionable circles, should he meet one who has enlarged her mind by reading and reflection, may be talked out of countenance immediately. I have seen a clever girl strike consternation through a whole company of young coxcombs, by mentioning a point of history, or asking a simple question in astronomy or natural philosophy; and was last evening greatly rejoiced by the friendly interference of another in giving this temporary lock-jaw to an impertinent fop, who had for some time monopolized the attention of the company, and carried off all the smiles of the females.

Will you permit me, gentlemen, the liberty of observing, that you are in some measure guilty of promoting the light and unmeaning character which prevails too generally? Might not your pages be more frequently filled with subjects calculated to lead the minds of your readers out of the common track? The account, in your last Mirror, of the blind girl, threw me into a train of serious reflection upon the structure of the eye, with descriptions of which I have frequently amused myself when at leisure. The influence of vision on the character and intellect has also been among the subjects of my speculations. I know of no more amusing works than those on natural philosophy and history. Some author observes, the examination of the eye is a cure for atheism. Indeed every thing in nature, if properly understood, leads the mind to a perception of the Almighty contriver; yet, perhaps, there is no object more striking and beautiful than the one above mentioned, by the study of which to demonstrate his existence, power, tenderness, and wisdom.

In speaking of the eye, philosophers have compared it to a telescope; except that, in it, the mechanism can only be traced to a certain point, when it becomes confounded with the immaterial part of the human system; whereas, in the other, every part is traced throughout and understood. Mr. Paley, in his excellent work, entitled "Natural Theology," mentions an anecdote, which renders the resemblance yet more apparent. For a long time objects viewed through dioptric telescopes appeared tinged with various hues around the edges, as if viewed through a prism. The cause of this was understood to be the separation of the pencils of light into different colors, in passing through glass lenses. An optician at length thought of examining in what way this difficulty was obviated in the construction of the eye, and perceived that the evil was there cured by combining together lenses composed of substances which possessed different refracting powers, and from that time the defect has been corrected in telescopes, by the use of glasses made from different materials. Among the most exquisite evidences of skill displayed by this organ are its adaptation to different degrees of light, the diversity of distance at which it can view objects, and the manner in which nature has secured its safety and preservation. The reader need scarcely be told that the pupil in the centre of the iris is the aperture through which the rays of light pass, forming the image on the retina at the bottom, and that the picture is here reflected as on the table of a camera obscura, and thence conveyed by means infinitely beyond human investigation to the brain. We cannot too much admire the power possessed by the pupil of contracting and dilating, according to the strength of the light. The interesting writer above alluded to has so well written a passage upon the subject, that I shall be excused for quoting it here.

"The eyes of fishes also, compared with those of terrestrial animals, exhibit certain distinctions of structure, adapted to their state and element. We have already observed upon the figure of the crystalline compensating by its roundness the density of the medium through which their light passes. To which we have to add, that the eyes of fish, in their natural and indolent state, appear to be adjusted to near objects, in this respect differing from the human eye, as well as those of quadrupeds and birds. The ordinary shape of the fish's eye being in a much higher degree convex than that of land animals, a corresponding difference attends its muscular conformation, viz. that it is throughout calculated for flattening the eye.

"The iris also in the eyes of fish does not admit of contraction. This is a great difference, of which the probable reason is, that the diminished light in water is never too strong for the retina.

"In the eel, which has to work its head through sand and gravel, the roughest and harshest substances, there is placed before the eye, and at some distance from it, a transparent, horny, convex case, or covering, which, without obstructing the sight, defends the organ. To such an animal could any thing be more wanted, or more useful?

"Thus, in comparing together the eyes of different kinds of animals, we see, in their resemblances and distinction, one general plan laid down, and that plan varied with the varying exigencies to which it is to be applied.

"There is one property, however, common, I believe to all eyes, at least to all which have been examined, namely, that the optic nerve enters the bottom of the eye, not in the centre or middle, but a little on one side; not in the point where the axis of the eye meets the retina, but between that point and the nose. The difference which this makes is, that no part of an object is unperceived by both eyes at the same time.

"In considering vision as achieved by the means of an image formed at the bottom of the eye, we can never reflect without wonder upon the smallness, yet correctness of the picture, the subtlety of the touch, the fineness of the lines. A landscape of five or six square leagues is brought into a space of half an inch diameter; yet the multitude of objects which it contains are all preserved; are all discriminated in their magnitudes, positions, figures, colors. The prospect from Hampstead-hill is compressed into the compass of a sixpence, yet circumstantially represented. A stage-coach, travelling at its ordinary speed for half an hour, passes, in the eye, only over one-twelfth of an inch, yet is this change of place in the image distinctly perceived throughout its whole progress; for it is only by means of that perception that the motion of the coach itself is made sensible to the eye. If any thing can abate our admiration of the smallness of the visual tablet compared with the extent of vision, it is a reflection, which the view of nature leads us, every hour, to make, viz. that, in the hands of the Creator, great and little are nothing."

The mere mechanical structure of the eye, however, appears not the greatest wonder. After the image is formed on the retina, in what way does it reach the brain, and become an idea? How does it dwell afterwards in the memory? How does an object at a distance so communicate with the soul, and through it so act upon the body, as to produce smiles or tears, make the heart beat, the frame tremble, and perhaps the springs of life break, and the spirit separate from its tenement? How does it express what is passing within, flash with rage, glare with horror, or soften into tenderness and love?

It is wonderfully curious thus to trace the material perfection of the organ, till it loses itself in the spiritual part of our system, acts, as with a magical instinct separate from the rules of matter, and communicates so mysteriously with the soul. At one time behold the eye, by the aid of a microscope, piercing into the most secret machinery of nature. It there has a perception of creatures, which, however small, display organization and faculties to lead the fancy on to an infinity of unutterably minute creations. From the contemplation of these behold it turn to, seize, and carry to the mind any gigantic image, a high mountain, the ocean, or the like. How its operations are expanded! How it stretches itself to the grandeur and importance of its task; and how, by its aid, the soul is acted on, enlarged, and elevated, and filled with a throng of grand and inspiring ideas. Perhaps I cannot close this article more appropriately than by calling the reader's memory to the following fine lines from the fourth canto of Childe Harold. They apply to the church of St. Peter at Rome, and are applicable to my subject from the philosophical accuracy with which they depict the gradual awakening of the imagination, when appealed to through the eye by any stupendous object.

"But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyena and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass if the sun, and have surveyed
His sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem prayed;

"But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures in his honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are aided
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

"Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His holy of holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

"Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
All musical in its immensities:
Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
In air with earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

"Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole;
And as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart.

"Not by its fault—but thine: our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression, even so this
Outshining and overwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,
Defies at first our nature's littleness,

Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

"Then pause, and be enlightened; there is more
In such a survey than the satiating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters, who could raise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan;
The fountain of sublimity displays
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can."—SMOLLY.

FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

NOTES UPON A RAMBLE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

FIFTEEN or twenty miles above the junction of the St. Lawrence with the Ottawa, the steamer, in which we had made a part of our passage, came to a landing at a small mongrel village on the south shore. Between here and the Ottawa lay the rapids of the Split Rock, the most dangerous upon the river. We had been told, however, by some acquaintances who had passed us at Prescott, that the excitement of running them in a batteau was worth the hazard, and by the time the coaches were ready for the ladies, who were to take the road down upon the bank, we had hired a flat-bottomed boat of the country, with a dozen stout Canadians, and embarked. For the first mile or two we ran side by side with the company on shore, and kept up a very animating communication by shouting and signals; but we soon shot ahead at the rate of fifteen miles in the hour, and became too much engrossed with our own adventure to find time to regret the parting. The water was very low, and the rocks, of course, much more prominent and dangerous than usual. For myself, I soon became dizzy with the motion. The waves broke over us constantly; and spite of the most voluble French oaths of our boatmen, and their utmost exertions, we were whirled about by every sweep of the current, with a suddenness and rapidity which took away our breath. An egg-shell in a brook running down a hill-side would make much such a passage. It was not with an ordinary degree of satisfaction that I set my foot once more upon solid land. We arrived at the point where the two rivers meet, a half-hour sooner than our land travellers, wet to the skin, and glad to use the interval we had gained to recover our self-possession. The next boat lay on the Ottawa side, and we embarked at sunset upon this most beautiful of rivers, repeating the fine stanzas of Moore, with an enthusiasm which could scarce have been exceeded upon the same spot by the poet's own. An hour or two after, the moon rose magnificently, and, with a delightful party who had joined us, we spent hour after hour upon deck, waltzing, and singing, and promenading—the gayest and happiest, I cannot but think, of all whom that night's moon shone upon. For myself, I look upon it as one of those few and rare moments in my life which I could have wished eternal. I do not believe I am capable of a more full and even pulse of happiness than beat that night under the bright moon to the measure of a rude waltz sung by our Canadian sailors. I have danced to the finest instrumental music, and in the blaze of a hundred lamps with a duller heart.

I had lain in my berth an hour, unable to sleep after so much excitement, when a universal cry from the ladies' cabin roused the whole boat's company from their beds. We were upon deck in an instant, ladies and all; our indistinct apprehensions and loud voices contrasting strangely with the beautiful quiet of midnight upon the breezeless and moon-lit river. It was difficult to come at the story with fifty narrators all telling it at once, but we made out, after a while, that one of the ladies, lying awake, saw a man enter the cabin on tiptoe and extinguish the candle. The moon shone in strongly, and she observed him, after listening a moment, approach one of the berths in which a watch ticked very loudly, and immediately heard a scream. In feeling for the watch, he had laid his hand accidentally on the owner's face. A general outcry followed, and in the confusion the fellow escaped. The cabin was searched, the ladies' fears quieted, and we once more parted for the night. The last person to enter the gentlemen's cabin was a powerful, irascible Scotchman, the husband of the lady who had been so unceremoniously disturbed. He came in boiling with passion, and depositing a horse-pistol upon the table, prepared to retire. In the confusion of his faculties, however, his idea of the cabin had got reversed, and going to a berth directly opposite his own, he, of course, found it occupied. It immediately struck him that the occupant must be the thief, who had taken advantage of his absence to secrete himself in the vacant place. He cocked his pistol instantly, dragged the man, half asleep, from his berth, and presenting it at his head, commanded him to confess the robbery. It was rather an appalling demand, but the culprit declared his innocence very positively, and one of the gentlemen setting the enraged Scotchman right about the localities of the cabin, he made an apology, and we once more betook ourselves to our dreams.

At La Chine, nine miles above Montreal, we took the land again, and at ten o'clock entered the suburbs of the Canadian capital. It can scarcely be conceived what a strange air and aspect they present to the eye of a New Englander. The lower population is mainly French, and the style of architecture, the dress of the people, and the furniture of the rooms, (which had large windows, without sashes or blinds, into which we looked easily as we passed) were totally different from our own. The houses were all alike, built with one story, close upon the street, the whole interior exposed to the passers by, and the women and children sitting upon the steps in front, chattering with true French volubility, and dressed with more attention to show than decency. The men were fine, picturesque-looking fellows, in caps and red sashes, dark haired, and with

clear olive complexions. It seemed impossible that by merely crossing a river one could find such a perfectly different population.

We obtained lodgings at the new Masonic-hall, a splendid hotel, overlooking the St. Lawrence from the rear piazzas, and at that time extremely well kept. I commend the rooms upon the river side to all travelling lovers of the comfortable picturesque. It is not an every-day pleasure to sit upon the ottoman in one's own window, and see one of the most magnificent rivers in the world rolling in the moon-light beneath. We spent a gay week in Montreal. The parades upon the Champ de Mars were, like those of all British troops, very splendid, and aside from the military evolutions, the fine music drew together the fashion and beauty of the city, and it was, for an hour or two of each day, a most delightful lounge. The drive round the mountain was another pleasant incident; the views as you descend towards Montreal being extremely fine; and between these, and boatings upon the river, and visits to the nunneries, we had little time unemployed, and less unamused. I was awakened one morning by the matin bells of a convent near by at sunrise. I arose immediately, and went out with the intention of seeing the night mist roll up from the river—always one of the most beautiful sights, to me, in nature. In passing through a narrow street, I observed an open gate, which disclosed the prettily cultivated yard of a back chapel. Girls and children of all ages were entering to their morning devotions, and spite of their surprised looks, I went in with them and entered the open oratory. With the exception of the priest, I was the only male there; and I stood unobserved by him behind one of the pillars, till the kneeling part of the service was over. Some thirty or forty nuns were kneeling round the room, whose faces I did not see till they arose, and then but for a moment. I had merely time to glance round, and observe that they were all advanced somewhat in years, and not very temptingly beautiful, when the priest stepped forward and requested me politely to retire. I apologized for my mistake, but was not displeased to have seen, even as an intruder, the interior of a forbidden sanctuary. As I went out I stopped a moment to speak to a nun in a long black stole, who was ringing the matin bell in a small recess at the side of the entrance, but though the color came very prettily over her cheek and forehead, she would make me no answer; and plucking a branch of sweetbriar from the wall of the chapel, as a memorial of the adventure, I passed on.

The morning was a glorious one. I reached the side of the river just as the mist was hovering, with the merely perceptible motion of a west wind, upon the line of the opposite shore. It lay in long wavy wreaths, in whose thin skirts Ossian's most delicate spirit might have been "folded," swaying into curves as it rose, with the wonderful gracefulness peculiar to such slight bodies. The boats were just beginning to move out from the shores upon their daily occupations, the voices of the sailors from the different craft lying in the river were distinctly audible, and the regular sweep of the oars plying upon a long raft far off upon the other side, came over the smooth water with a measured harmony, not a little "tunable to the ear." I thought, as I never have failed to think, when chance has driven me out at daybreak, that lying a-bed at so sweet an hour was a sin against nature. It is well that, like the fruits of the earth, her beauties are so prodigal, that waste still leaves plenty. But it is worth the while, even of those who see only the setting sun's loveliness, and prefer being "minions of the moon" to leaving their pillows early, to get up once in a while with the day, and see "what a glory nature can put on."

We embarked that day in a splendid steamer for Quebec. The river widens so much below Montreal, and the shores are so low and uniform that there was little amusement in the passage beyond the taffarel of the deck. By making five meals a day, however, reading a little, and eating a great deal, we contrived not to be weary of each other and the world till a decent bed-time. A late sleep the next morning brought us to Quebec, at the only rational breakfast hour—ten o'clock. The approach to this nobly fortified city is imposing in the extreme. Whereas Silliman's Journal, however, and travellers innumerable have described all its wonders, and exhausted all the apostrophes a gentleman cares to use, I shall pass over my sensations at the approach, begging the reader to take for granted all the enthusiasm proper on such an occasion.

The first thing which caught my eye on nearing the pier was a Highlander, in full national military costume. He was an immense fellow, (as indeed all the men of this Scotch regiment were,) and his fierce dress, high cheek bones, and enormous cap, gave his appearance the physical superiority of a giant. His jacket, kilt, and mantle were of plaid, the kilt reaching not quite to the knee, and leaving his legs bare down to the plaided stocking, which a little more than covered his ankle. The ladies were a little shocked at his appearance, and for myself I wondered if the Indian's principle of "face all over," would keep a bare leg warm during a Canadian winter. I never saw a more warlike figure, and the next day, upon parade, the contrast between this wild dress, and the tame neatness of the English regiments, was very striking. I would have pitted those fifty Highlanders against five hundred of their close-coated neighbors. The colonel of the Scotch regiment was one of the old legendary line of Douglas's—a huge man, seven feet in height, and well proportioned. He quite realized one's ideal of Roderick Dhu. An additional interest was attached to the corps he commanded, from its having been conspicuous at the battle of Waterloo. Nearly all the soldiers composing it wore the order of merit won upon that field.

I could not help observing, by the way, (talking of soldiers,) how singularly a garrison town appears to an unwarlike Yankee. The familiarity of soldiers with the citizens, the mingling, without notice, of red coats and frieze coats, the domestic uses the common soldiers

are put to, hewing wood and drawing water—it was all queer and amusing to us. In a shop four feet by two, stocked with gingerbread and knitting-needles, would be seen sitting a six-foot grenadier, chatting with the old lady or her daughter. I saw one fellow sitting on a tailor's shop-board, and kicking his heels against the counter, in the most familiar converse with Master Snip. Indeed, the tailor had the air of a better man. Another, a corporal by his chevron, held a man's horse and took a shilling for it. Are these men, then, stuff for heroes? The question was as natural as to breathe.

The hotels in Quebec—I tell it on the compulsion of veracity—are famous for two small evils—fleas and famine. One aggravates the other. Violent exercise in self-defence, during the night, produces appetite, and thin commons make the skin loose and sensitive. (So they starve real before it is killed for the market.) The water here is bad; it is impregnated with lime, and strangers are often detained for weeks by the debility it causes. A gentleman who is properly bred escapes, of course—never drinking that element.

The first thing one does in any place is to deliver his letters, and the next thing in Quebec is to visit the government-house. An English gentleman, to whom we came introduced, procured for us a huge seal, the necessary passport at the gate, and we entered, under its protection, the residence of Lord (I think that is his title) Dalhousie, the governor of the Canadas. The housekeeper led the way, showing us, with an air of expected astonishment, "my lord's library," and "my lady's China closet," and "my young master's portrait," and "my young lady mistress's boudoir," as if we were a parcel of raw islanders who had never seen a looking-glass. The rooms were simply furnished, but the only imposing thing about them was their number—a hundred drawing-rooms in New-York and Boston far out-shining them in splendor and effect. It is somewhat farcical to see how even the better bred people of Quebec expect Yankees to be astonished with pier mirrors and damask curtains. I formed a favorable idea of Lord Dalhousie, from seeing over the writing-desk of his private library, a fine engraving of Washington. It was the only picture in the room. The only thing I envied him was the morocco chair Mrs. Margery assured us he sat in—a beautifully constructed dormeuse—I think the easiest I ever saw. I made a drawing of it, and thank his lordship for the greatest bodily comfort I enjoy, sitting at this present in one built upon the model.

We passed from the governor's residence to the fortifications. There can be no doubt, I should think, in any one's mind after visiting them, that they are perfectly impregnable. There seems to be, indeed, a most unnecessary labor and expense wasted on them. A hundred men of stout hearts would maintain a place half as well fortified against the world. Starving or smoking them out would be the only process I should dream of as an assailant.

We were so fortunate as to hear, during the day, that a young lady was to take the veil the next morning at daybreak. We went in a violent rain to the chapel of the Ursuline convent accordingly at five o'clock, and secured places near the altar. We had been there a few minutes, when the black curtain hung before the grating which separated the nun's chapel from the public one was withdrawn, and a young girl of sixteen appeared, dressed with great elegance. It is the custom, we were told, to wear even an excess of finery on such occasions; probably to make the abandonment of the world more striking. I looked very narrowly at the face of the novice as she approached. Her eyes were certainly magnificent—large, soft, liquid eyes, formed, if I know anything of symptoms, for the expression of the most passionate feelings. Her mouth and chin, however, were weakly marked and irresolute, and she would easily have been selected from a crowd for one of that numerous class of females who, with a great deal of material for character, are too passive ever to develop it, except by the force of fortunate circumstances. She was evidently a well-bred girl, but with so rosy a cheek as she wore, it was impossible to get up any sympathy for her in the sentiment line. I cannot conceive that a creature in such riant health should have any motive beyond bread and butter for entering a nunnery. I would have wagered the superb moccasins I bought at the Sorel, that she cuts the sisterhood at the end of her novitiate. Still, the ceremony was solemn. After the prayers were read by the holy father, and a chant sung by the thirty or forty black nuns on the other side of the lattice, (not a voice uncracked among them—I never heard such a villanous discord) two of them came forward and stripped her of her finery, bonnet, ribbons, and laces, leaving her simply attired in a white dress, with her black hair put plainly away from her forehead. She would have made a lovely picture. They then put a wax candle in one hand, and a book in the other, and commenced another chant, in which she sung the solos with a voice that might have done honor to "c'est l'amour." There was a lurking devil in it, or I was deceived. Her soft tones were in fine contrast with the split pipes of the venerable sisters, and in the last verse or two she sung with a spirit that could never have sprung from a heavy heart. It destroyed the romance of the thing quite. After the chant, to my surprise, she fell suddenly on her face, and a nun stepped forward and threw a black cloth over her. Not understanding the ceremony at all, I thought she had fainted, but some one at my elbow said it was done to signify that she was buried to the world. She was presently uncovered, and they proceeded to dress her in the Ursuline habit—an exceedingly unbecoming one to any but a pretty woman. The nuns then came forward one by one and kissed her; the lady abbess set up a chant, and as they slowly paced out of the chapel, the curtain dropped, and the ceremony was over. "She is the bride of heaven," said I. "I should prefer an earthly bridegroom," responded the gayest lady of the party; and we went home to breakfast.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Specimens of the Novelists and Romancers, with Critical and Biographical Notices of the Authors. By Richard Griffin. First American from the second Edinburgh edition. Two vols. 12mo. New-York: J. Langdon 1831.

THE superabundance of novelists for which the present age is responsible will, we fear, form but too good an apology for epitomizing and selecting. Many a piquant and amusing author will shrink from two or three volumes into a few pages of one, and may esteem himself extremely fortunate if posterity ever gets even a glimpse of him, thus rescued by the intermediation of a work of specimens. In this compilation the general reader will discover much to amuse him. The critical notices are well written, however we may dissent from some of their opinions. Extracts from thirty authors are given, among whom are Godwin, Lockhart, Mackenzie, Boccaccio, Maturin, Sage, Scott, Voltaire, and Galt. A few richly humorous passages are offered from Irving's "New-York," which the critic very frankly pronounces "so completely a performance, *sui generis*, that no production, either of the American or any other press, of past or of present times, can for a moment be put in competition with it." Here is a sprightly extract from Theodore Hook:

"Danvers was in an exceedingly good humor, and having himself been mightily pleased with the compliments which had been paid to his talents after dinner at his grace's, felt a sort of complacent disposition to dispense compliments in his turn, for, if his wife had been flattered at the marchioness's by the civilities and attentions of one half of the cabinet, the other half had been sedulously employed in winning the affections of her happy husband at the duke's. It was amusing to me, speculating as I do on the manners and ways of this world, to mark the various little by-paths which these noble and learned men took to assail the vanity and procure the esteem of this once neglected genius. Danvers, when simply Thomas Burton, Esq., member of the honorable society of the Inner Temple, had written, of course, 'merely for his amusement, and published at the earnest desire of his partial friends, extremely against his own inclination,' a collection of 'Poetical Trifles,' a 'Sonnet to half a rose-leaf,' 'Lines to Maria's Canary-bird,' 'Albert and Adeline,' 'Elgy on the loss of a dear cousin,' 'Ode on Shooter's-bill,' 'The Parson and the Lawyer,' a comic tale, sundry epigrams, a song adapted to a Babylonish melody, and introduced by Miss Stephens into Guy Mannering, 'The death-bed of Peter the Great,' 'Lines to Liberty,' and an 'Ode to the Spring,' which were printed at his own proper charge, on wove paper, displaying in the title-page a wood-cut vignette of a shepherd boy playing a pipe under a tree, with the hinder parts of two fat sheep in a corner, by way of background; over whose heads, or at least over the place where, by its relative position to their tails, their heads ought to have been, stood a little pert parish-church spire, like an extinguisher in the distance, and for motto, '—Tenet insanabile miltus Scribendi cacotheca.'—*Jus.*

"Of these 'poetical trifles,' as may easily be imagined, nobody heard at the time, except indeed an obscure reviewer, who, anxious at once to make a fame for himself, and break a butterfly on the wheel, ripped them up in his own unread 'periodical,' and the whole sale of the work amounted to perhaps fifty. Danvers was particularly sore about the neglect of his poetical genius—the nipping in the bud which he had experienced—and always felt that he was capable of great things in the literary world; this (whether he had betrayed himself, or whether some of his friends had betrayed him, I know not) one of the 'very great' men certainly knew, and the masterly manner in which his lordship, after an elaborate discussion on the beauties of Scott, Byron, and Campbell, dropped down gently and unsuspectingly upon the 'Poetical Trifles' of Mr. Thomas Burton, far excelled anything I ever beheld in the art of making the amiable. Nothing, in short, could exceed the skill of the angler, except the avidity of the victim—his lordship had committed to memory two or three lines of one of the effusions, and when he repeated them with a kind of sing-song twang, expressive of a rapturous approbation, the victory was complete, and, long before the party broke up, Danvers had consented to oppose the whig candidate in his own county, at the then rapidly approaching election."*****

"Once in parliament, Danvers began to dream of honors and distinctions; he was conscious of his powers, he began to feel his importance, and if he could but have a son, his aim would be the peerage—to ennoble the blood of the Burtons in his person, to grace his Mary's brows with the golden circlet and baronial pearls—it was quite charming. For more than three weeks he was puzzling himself what title he should choose if the minister felt inclined to offer him a choice. The session opened, and Danvers was a regular attendant at the house, night after night, constantly sitting up till dawn of day to vote; while poor Mary, worried and vexed at the complete destruction of all her little comforts, began to feel symptoms of indisposition, to which she had hitherto been a stranger. She grew thin and low-spirited—so did Danvers; he was worrying himself all day about her, and all night about politics; she was worrying herself all night about him, and all day about her children. Danvers, having screwed his courage to the sticking-place, at length made a speech in parliament; it was short but pithy, and great credit was due to him for the matter and the manner of its delivery. He anticipated seeing the next morning in the reports of debates his name and harangue, interspersed with 'Hear, hear,' and 'Cheers from the treasury benches,' 'Laughter,' &c. and came down more eager for fame than breakfast. Three morning papers were on the table; he first took up the Times, and having just cast his eye over three columns of a speech by Brougham, and equally long reply by a much wiser man, his attention was arrested by these words:—'An honorable member, whose name we could not catch, made a few observations, which were totally inaudible in the gallery.' In a transport of rage he threw down the Times, exclaiming against its political spite in thus slurring over an able speech, because it came from the right side of the house, and snatching up the Chronicle, gratified himself by perusing these lines:—'Mr. Tanvers coincided in opinion with the last speaker.'

The annexed light and lively sketch is from "Margaret Lyndsay's Woovers," by John Wilson, author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life."

"Margaret was placed in a rank of society neither high nor low, and it was precisely that most congenial with her humble and unambitious disposition. Far higher, indeed, it was than what she could ever have dreamed of a very few years ago, when there were rarely more shillings in the house than could purchase provisions to the week's end. But still it was low enough to keep her chiefly among the peasantry, and to make their houses the chief scenes of the festal familiarities of her heart. Her extreme beauty, her perfect blameless manners, and her occupation, so great a blessing to the little parish, made her an object of no common interest to the few resident gentry all the way down the country as far as Cora-Linn; and as few important events even in the private history of any family, altogether escape the partial knowledge of persons no way concerned, there was a memoir, various as the minds of those who heard it, of the real cause of her departure from the house of Mrs. Wedderburne. There was something of romance, therefore, about the circumstances of her life to curious minds, with whom novelty or strangeness had such strong charms; and now that she was a lady, even of landed property, the very haughtiest member of old rural races, distinguished by their fixed and immovable obscurity for many respectable generations, began to hear something extremely genteel in the words 'Margaret Lyndsay,' and perhaps would have reconciled themselves to the misfortune of her becoming the wife of some one of the younger unendowed Clydesdale cadets. But Margaret had seen the perfect elegance of cultivated life in the family of the Wedderburnes, and had there repaid the kindness of her benefactress by duties unremittingly discharged to her own Hamet and Frances. Now, she was independent; and had no wish to sit at tables where she might have been pardonably enough looked on as a sort of curiosity or wonder, namely, a genteel girl out of a poor home, a lady risen from low life, the orphan daughter of a mechanic, really not far from being on a par with the hoydenish misses of a squire's family, with red velvet gowns from the town, and red velvet arms to put into them from the country. So Margaret rather shunned than courted splendid hospitality; but always with gratitude and humility acknowledged every kindness and courtesy that she received from persons in a higher rank, and above all, was delighted to see in her own parlor at Nether-place, those benevolent ladies who took an interest in the education of the children of the peasantry, and who, therefore, looked upon her as a benefactress to the whole parish.

"Before many months had elapsed since her uncle's death, Margaret had her wooers, although the two first on the list were not such as to represent the passion of love as any thing very tragic. Duncan Gray, portioner in Muirhouse, a young man of good morals, and not very bad manners, and supposed to be worth not far off a hundred pounds per annum, was the swain who took time by the forelock, and first hinted the modest request of Margaret's heart and hand. Some persons make wonderfully little account of such a request, and hold themselves entitled, after two or three times receiving a piece of short-bread, and a glass of elder-flower wine, to ask the lady who has given him such refreshment in marriage. The strife of transition seems long and violent; and in Duncan's case it was no sooner taken, than he saw in Miss Lyndsay's involuntary smile that he had made himself—rather ridiculous. At the same time, there was some little excuse for Mr. Duncan Gray of Muirhouse. He had a soul for music framed; and rejecting other every-day instruments of stop or string, he selected the great Highland bagpipe. On it he poured forth, not from his breast, but from beneath his arm, the loudest, longest sighs, *con amore* and *affettuoso*. All the while he thus gave vent to the 'windy suspirations of fixed breath,' he was in the practice, at tea parties, of keeping his blown-up cheeks and staring eyes straight upon the countenance of Margaret Lyndsay, and in the enthusiasm of the hour, he beheld her yielding to the voice of passion. He had mounted new ribbons on the drone of his pipes, red as the rosy visage that puffed below; and pity the delusion of the fond youth if he felt himself and his chanter to be irresistible. But Duncan Gray was a stout young swain, who lived in a high latitude, and had an excellent appetite; so, when he found that Miss Lyndsay preferred a single life, he had recourse to corned beef and greens, and it was not generally thought over the parish that he lost a single pound of flesh on his refusal. That refusal, in whatever words conveyed, and no doubt it was in Margaret's gentlest manner, for it is said that no lady is absolutely angry with the very absurdest offer, was, it appeared decisive. Mr. Gray henceforth played less outrageously on the bagpipe at parties where Margaret was present, and put his hand to his hat on her appearance with rather a hurried and abrupt demonstration; but otherwise he was very much the same man as before, and began to pay frequent visits to Thomas Carstairs of the Haugh, whose daughter Rachel was, though no beauty, by no means contemptible either in talk, tidiness, or tocher.

"The next on the list was one more likely, according to public opinion, to have been a thriving wooer—the Reverend Æneas M'Taggart of Drumluke. He was considered by himself and some others, to be the best preacher in the synod; and since Daniel Craig's death, had contrived to hold forth more than once in the kirk of Casterton. He was very oratorically disposed, and had got the gold medal at Glasgow College for the best specimen of elocution. This medal he generally carried in his pocket, and he had favored Miss Lyndsay with a sight of it once in the manse, and once when they were alone, eating gooseberries in the garden of Nether-place. The only thing very peculiar in his pronunciation was a burr, which might, on first hearing, have subjected him to the imputation of being a Northumbrian; but then there was an indescribably ascending tone in his speech, running up eagerly to the top of a sentence, like a person in a hurry to the head of a staircase, that clenched him at once as a native of Paisley, born of parents from about Tynedrum, in Breadalbane. Mr. M'Taggart was a moral preacher, and he had one sermon upon sympathy, which he had delivered before the commissioner, wherein were touches equal, or indeed superior to anything in Logan—and no wonder, for they were in a great measure attributable to Adam Smith. This celebrated sermon did the pious Æneas pour forth, with mixed motives, to the congregation of Casterton, and ever and anon he laid his hand upon his heart, and looked to a pier near the window beneath the loft on the left hand side of the pulpit.

"A few days after this judicious and instructive exhibition, Mr. M'Taggart, with both medal and sermon in his pocket, rode up to the door of Nether-place, like a man bent on bold and high enterprise. Myie was half afraid to lead his steed to the stable, for he was an exceedingly formidable looking animal, greatly above the usual stature of horses in that part of the country, as indeed well he might,

for, during several years, he had carried an enormous black, high Cupid Congo, kettle-drummer to that since highly distinguished regiment, the Scots Greys. However, he was not so fierce as he looked; but, prophetic of provender, allowed Myie to lead him away like a lamb into a stable which he could not enter till he had 'stooped his anointed head.' Meanwhile, the Reverend Æneas M'Taggart was proceeding to business.

"The young divine took his place, after a little elegant *badinage*, on the parlor hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, and his coat-flaps opening behind, and gathered up each below an elbow—the attitude which of all others make a person appear most like a gentleman. 'Pray, ma'am, have you ever read Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments?' 'No, sir, I never have; indeed, from what I have seen said of it in other volumes, I fear it may be above the comprehension of a poor weak woman.' 'Not if properly explained by a superior mind—Miss Lyndsay. The great leading doctrine of this theory is, that our moral judgment follows, or is founded on our sympathetic affections or emotions. But then it requires to be particularly attended to, that, according to Dr. Adam Smith, we do not sympathize directly with the emotions of the agent, but indirectly with what we suppose would be the feelings which we ourselves should entertain if placed in his situation. Do you comprehend, ma'am?' 'It would be presumption in me, Mr. M'Taggart, to say that I do perfectly comprehend it; but I do a little, and it seems to be pretty much like what you illustrated so eloquently in your discourse last Sabbath.' 'Yes, ma'am, it is the germ which I unfold under the stronger light of more advanced philosophy. You will observe, Miss Lyndsay, that often a man is placed in a situation where he feels nothing for himself, but where the judicious observer, notwithstanding, feels for him—perhaps pity, or even disgust—and with that he expanded himself before the chimney. Margaret requested him to have the goodness to take the poker and stir up the fire. 'Certainly, ma'am, certainly, that is an office which they say a man should not take upon himself under seven years acquaintance; but I hope Miss Lyndsay does not look upon me as a stranger.' Therewith he smashed exultingly the large lump of coal, and continued, 'then, ma'am, as to the sense of propriety,—but here Myie opened the door, and came in with a flutter. 'My conscience, Mr. M'Taggart, that beast o' yours is eating the crib—it'll take James Adams a forenoon-job with his plane to smooth off the splinters—he's a devil of a horse, and likes shavings better than last year's hay.' This was an awkward interruption to the 'young man eloquent,' who was within a few paragraphs of putting the question. But Myie withdrew, and Mr. M'Taggart forthwith declared his heart. Before Margaret could reply, he strenuously urged his suit. 'The heritors are bound to build me a new manse, and the teinds are far from being exhausted. I have raised a process of augmentation, and expect seven additional chalders. Ilay Campbell is the friend of the clergy. The stipend is £137 17s. 6d. in money, and likewise from the widow's fund you will be entitled, on my decease, to £30 per annum, be it less or more—so that'—Margaret was overwhelmed with such brilliant prospects, and could not utter a word. 'Give me, ma'am, a categorical answer—be composed—be quiet—I respect the natural modesty of the sex—but as for Nether-place, it shall be settled as you and our common friend, Mr. Oswald, shall fix upon our children.'

"A categorical answer was the only word which Margaret did not very clearly understand; but she instantly felt that perhaps it might be the little expressive word—'No'; and accordingly she hazarded that monosyllable. Mr. M'Taggart, the man of the medal, was confounded and irritated—he could not believe his ears, long as they were, and insisted upon an immediate explanation. In a few minutes things were brought to a proper bearing; and it was felt that the sermon on sympathy had not produced the expected effect. It is grievous to think that Æneas was barely civil on his departure, and flung his leg over old Cromwell with such vehemence as almost to derange the balance of power, and very nearly to bring the pride of the presbytery to the gravel. However, he regained his equilibrium, and

"With his left heel inaudibly aside,
Provoked the caper that he seemed to chide,"

till he disappeared out of the avenue from the wondering eyes of Myie, who kept exclaiming, 'Safe us—he's like a rough rider!—Leuk now, the beast's funking like mad, and then up again w' his forelegs like a perfect unicorn.'

Demoethenes. Translated by Thomas Leland, D.D. 2 vols. 18mo. pp. 262, 272. New-York: J. & J. Harper. 1831.

This is an appropriate and well printed addition to the Classical Family Library, forming its fourth number, containing a brief biography of the celebrated Athenian, and also a preface by which the general reader is enlightened upon the subjects of the orations. These volumes are done up with neatness, and we need not add, should be in the hands of every youth in preference to most other offerings of the press.

A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy. By John Herschel, Esq. A.M. &c. 1 vol. 12mo. p. 275. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea.

This treatise is of a character which should recommend it to universal perusal. It is divided into three parts, in each of which a separate branch of the subject is examined. Several extracts have already appeared in our pages.

Geographia Classica: or the application of Ancient Geography to the Classics. By John Frost. 1 vol. 8mo. p. 262. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. 1831.

An excellent auxiliary to students, especially readers of history. It is the second American, from the ninth London edition. A series of interrogations is annexed at the end of the volume.

Remarks on the Life and Writings of Daniel Webster. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. 1831.

A portion of this pamphlet has been published in the eighteenth number of the Philadelphia Quarterly Review. It offers a deal of interesting matter, and will doubtless be much read.

Jacqueline of Holland: a Historical Tale. By Thomas Colley Gratian, author of "The Heiress of Bruges," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 209, 216. New-York: J. & J. Harper. 1831.

We have not been able to peruse the last work of this popular writer, and only mention it in order to remind his many admirers that it is now awaiting their leisure.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

A NEW, original, successful tragedy, and one attractive to large numbers of our fellow-citizens, is quite an event in our little theatrical diary. Mr. Bailey has not been hitherto known as a writer. He has grown up utterly in the shade, and leaps out now with the suddenness of Minerva springing from the brain of Jove. It is said that a general consternation ran through Pearl-street, Peck-slip, and other parts of our metropolis consecrated to the genius of commerce, when this poet in disguise was detected upon the premises. The brokers and importers of dry goods put their hands to their chins, and looked bothered. The auctioneers and jobbers took breath a moment from their squabbles about piece sales and package sales, and rolled up their eyes with manifestations of wonder; and the young merchant-clerks paid their dollar to Mr. Blake in rapid succession, and with signs of doubt and curiosity in their faces. One honest Pearl-streeter, who was *business*, "marrow, bones, and all," and who it appears had frequently met our author on a common level, without ever so much as suspecting him of any such atrocious propensities, stepped back six yards, when we mentioned the name of the writer, and slapping down the palm of his hand upon his knee, declared, with more candor than politeness, that he did not believe a word of it. Notwithstanding his incredulity, the play went on to its overflowing audience, and heavy peals of applause testified that Mr. Bailey had nothing to fear, unless, perhaps, the fate of one of the great Athenian writers, who was smothered in the theatre under mantles flung on him by his admirers in the way of caresses.

The public have already pronounced judgment upon the tragedy, which was, indeed, completely successful; and, if dependence may be placed upon the prompt and continued plaudits of a large and intelligent company, the general admiration of the daily press, and several testimonials from eminent literary individuals, it possesses merits of no common order. To detail the plot might interfere with the pleasure of such as hereafter attend the representation, but we cannot avoid offering a few extracts, which scarcely require any comment. We may, however, first observe, that the author must not as yet rest on his laurels. Tragedy-writing is a business demanding a severe apprenticeship, and in this attempt he has fallen into several trivial errors, which, as it is a first piece, it would be scarcely fair to dwell on. Here and there we note a probability a little violated, a situation not altogether new, or a period which has a tinge of similarity to something we have read elsewhere. We are frank in pointing out these trifles, as they are merely the result of inadvertency, and perhaps an over anxiety to supply the piece with dramatic incident. The language is chaste yet melodious and declamatory. Much industry and taste appear in the construction of the machinery of the plot, and there are points to which Mr. Keen imparted a striking effect. He read the following beautifully. It refers to his daughter Hersilia:

"There is need
That I acquaint her with my late intent
To raise her fortune and advance my own,
And if, as the late news I've heard portends,
Which this my honest soldier here confirms,
She cling with fondness to this Claudius,
I'll tear the rooted passion from her breast,
Though it should crack her heart-strings; for this thing
Which boys call love, but which experience
Grafted on wisdom in the deeper school,
Where human nature doth unfold her page
To true philosophy, deems but a toy,
Is a mere bubble, which, thrown in the run
Of wild romance, delights the child awhile,
Then bursts to airy nothing; but the mind
That looks on life with cool ambition's eye,
And acts with dignity which soars beyond
Such idle fantasies, makes that the tool
By which it plays upon the weak, and moulds
The unwary to its purpose."

The following soliloquy, by Rufus, was much applauded:

"Fie, fie upon the fashion of the times.
That clothes in splendor and decks out to view,
In all the trappings of triumphant war,
The pampered minion of applauding crowds—
'Tis not the fields a man has nobly won,
Nor the proud name by fearful hazards gained
In acts of self-devotion and high enterprise—
These weigh not with the throng a jot; a feather,
Thrown by a skilful hand would turn the scale
Of popular opinion. Why, I've known
Some mountebank, some shrewd and arrant knave,
Draw crowds of fools in his admiring train,
While real greatness passed unheeded by."

The annexed description of a chariot race is in the author's best style:

"Panting with eager hopes and proud desires,
With beating heart the youthful daring band
Start to the race, and fiercely seize the reins.
Onward they rush—ten thousand voices hail
The alternate victor as he speeds along;
Ten thousand glances mark the chariot's flight,
And as they gaze, as many thousand souls
Swell in their bosoms—
Then comes the glorious moment when the goal
Is almost reached; they goad the foremost steeds,
Lashing with all their might upon their flanks—
The flying chariot kindles in the course,
And swifter than the wind is borne along;
And now the victor, like a flash of light,
Bursts on the view, and hails the loud acclaim.
While lengthening shouts of triumph rend the air.
One moment proud as this, my churlish friend,
Is worth the glories of a whole campaign."

Great force was given to the speech of Waldimar in the fifth act, before Theodosius:

"When the last acts of my eventful life
Are told unto my country, let it not
Be blotted out from record, how urged on
By taunts that goad, and angry threats that swell
The bosom of insulted honor—
To bursting, and how roused to savage hate
By the dire mad'ning sight of those I honored,
And whom my bosom clung to, writhing, mangled,
And with their gory locks that clotted hung

Around their ghastly brow, and with those eyes
That death and agony made eloquent,
Shrieking, "revenge—revenge!" Let it be told
Thus urged, thus roused to fury, I stood forth
Their proud avenger—prouder of that name
Than if I had trod down the stubborn necks
Of the dark Scythians."

Our readers will excuse us for quoting the spirited soliloquy of Claudius waiting for Hersilia:

"I see her not, and yet it is the hour
We were to meet; or has my anxious heart,
Borne on love's wings, deceived me in the count
Of time, which lags with heavy pace behind?
It must be so—for she is wont to steal
With eager haste to attend her Claudius.
How formed for contemplation and soft dreams
Is this fair garden in its loneliness!
Where not a sigh does gentle nature breathe,
And where the moon in silent majesty
Looks down from her high throne above the clouds,
And, emblem of a power and love divine,
Beams peace and light and harmony around.
But hark! the splash of the resounding oar,
And in the distance the soft echoing horn,
That sounds along the waters, and the cry
Of wakeful sentinels, fall on the ear
And sweetly break the stillness of the hour."

Whatever may be the difference of opinion respecting the rank of this tragedy, among similar native productions, all unite in awarding great praise to the author for the elegance of the language, the dramatic management of several parts of the dialogue, and the really strong effect of the story upon the audience. Mr. Bailey may justly congratulate himself upon the result of this experiment. He has covered himself with laurels, which all who know him personally will be glad to see placed on his brow.

The prologue, by Mr. Sands, displayed unusual nerve and poetic beauty. A few noble lines may be appropriately quoted:

"All is not gained at once. The Genoese
Who first explored our now familiar seas,
'Gainst every barrier, firm in his intent,
Found but the isles and not the continent.
A hundred stars shed their prophetic rays
Ere Shakespeare's sun obscured them with its blaze."

The arch and spirited manner in which Mrs. Sharpe recited the epilogue, procured her much applause.

With Mr. Kean's acting we were agreeably disappointed. High as this ambitious young performer previously stood in our estimation, we did not conceive him capable of carrying through an original play so triumphantly. His attitudes were classical and picturesque, his readings impressive and beautiful, and both his conception and execution of the character correct and spirited. We are persuaded that his acting will be more admired the more closely it is examined. Sit in the stage-box and watch his face and his attitudes, the nearer the better, and you will feel yourself under the influence of a skilful actor. He played Richard the other evening with marked success; and the sensation which he has produced during this engagement is stronger and more general than he ever created before.

Miss Clifton, at the American theatre, has recovered from her indisposition, and is again attracting full houses. The affairs of this establishment seem going on very prosperously. Mr. and Mrs. Keppell of the Haymarket, Mr. and Mrs. Hadaway from the City theatre, London, and Mr. Spencer from the Adelphi, have arrived from London in the Cambria, having been engaged by Mrs. Hamblin as part of the regular stock company.

GREEN-ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

In the course of the present month, we understand that Mrs. Austin and Mr. Jones will make their appearance in the opera of *Cinderella* at Philadelphia. We congratulate our musical friends in that city on the production of this charming opera; and we do not doubt that with attention, and the talent which is attached to the theatre under Mr. Maywood's direction, they will enjoy a treat of the most refined description. We think we cannot say too much of this enchanting production, supported as we are by the fact that it not only is a reigning favorite in London, and has been played sixty nights in this city, but that it has been translated into German for the opera-house at Berlin. The talents of the *prima donna* are known and appreciated in our sister city. Mr. Jones, we believe, has never appeared there; but we feel assured that he will make that impression on the public which science and fine natural powers are sure to command.

We understand that the Holiday-street theatre in Baltimore, under the direction of Mr. Walton, is conducted with spirit; and that the inhabitants have now a manager who will, in the course of the season afford ample gratification to the taste for music which is known to pervade the fashionable circles.

The Richmond Hill theatre, corner of Varick and Charlton streets, will open on Monday evening next, under the management of Mr. Russell.

Mr. Forest's *Gladiator* has been pre-eminently successful in Philadelphia.

Inquiries are making from all quarters, "Where is Miss Clara Fisher?" Amid the multiplicity of attractions to which novelty imparts a fictitious value, the brilliant declamations of this rare young actress must still command the admiration ever awarded to truth and nature.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are performing at the Tremont theatre, Boston. A friend who was present informs us, that several obstreperous gentlemen, said to have journeyed from New-York on purpose to create a disturbance, were handed unceremoniously out of the theatre. We trust the report of their being from this city is not true. Whatever the obnoxious vocalist may have said, such a course of revenge would be cruel, and indeed brutal persecution. The singing of Mr. Anderson was greatly admired, and it was generally supposed that, but for the unlucky circumstances attending his arrival here, he would have been a prominent favorite.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1831.

Editor's study.—There is a charming little boy who comes in and out of our room just when he pleases, tumbles over the new damp octavos, peeps into the papers, examines the engravings, and makes fun of our editorial articles with a very pretty impudence and familiarity. He is a sweet-tempered, sunshiny, affectionate creature. We could write off a column with him hanging on our knee, when the whisper of another would fling us into a fever. We are so accustomed to his boyish, winning ways, that we love to have him near us. The sight of him fills us with cheerful thoughts, and affects us as pleasantly as a stream of afternoon sunshine on the wall, or the rustling of the low wind among the leaves in summer, or anything that chimes in with our feelings, and enlivens the mind with agreeable associations. In this little fellow are the germs of a great character. He sometimes melts with the tenderness of a true poet, and, again, betrays the fire and rage which, properly cherished and disciplined, might make him a hero. His very faults are those of a noble soul, unable yet to manage its own energies. By a proper course of education, to develop his good qualities and temper his impetuosity, he might be trained up to a career of splendid virtue and honor. He came into our room the other evening just as twilight had induced us to close our book. Instead of his usual delightful countenance, and rapid, eager step, his face was pale and disturbed, and his little feet were lifted slowly. We took his hand, and drawing him gently towards our lap, asked what was the matter; but his eyes immediately filled with tears, his tender heart heaved and throbbed, and hiding his face in our bosom, he wept bitterly. He had been whipped at school because he did not know his dictionary lesson. We asked him a few questions from the book, and found that he was not only utterly ignorant respecting the task, but that he had not even been taught, except in the most absurd and mechanical way. He informed us that the master had ordered him to learn two pages of words, with their spelling, definitions, parts of speech, number, &c. He could tell the meaning set down in the book for "communication," for instance, and that it is a noun, and in the singular number; but when required to explain what he meant by the term "noun," or to name any other word also a *noun*, or what he meant by its being in the singular number, or to give the plural number, he said those were questions which his master never asked. He only saw that the boys could say off by heart what was written in the book, and never paused to ascertain whether they understood the spirit of a single sentence. We fear that too many of our academies are conducted in the same slovenly manner. Young lads may commit to memory whole chapters of grammar and arithmetic, and yet know literally nothing about them. Indeed, they are actually injured by unsuccessful attempts to learn, as they often mistake words for knowledge—an ignorant mind, conscious of its ignorance, will probably improve, but one believing itself sufficiently cultivated, will remit all future exertions. If the truth could be known, many teachers themselves deserve the censure and penalties they bestow on their pupils. We had been turning this subject over in our own mind for some time, resolved to handle it for the benefit of our young friends, the school-boys, but, for the present shall substitute the following just reflections by Steele, which we trust it will not seem impertinent in us to recommend to the attentive perusal of such as find themselves intrusted with the charge of children. A more delicate task could not be imposed upon them. We believe the period will arrive when the profession of instructing the young will be one of the most lucrative and respectable as it certainly is one of the most important which can employ the talents of the learned and the virtuous. Now it lies unluckily under a kind of disrepute. No one places it up as the ultimate object of his ambition. It is too often made subservient to every other business—a kind of stepping-stone to other professions. If the time which bad and careless teachers are the means of causing bewildered, oppressed, and helpless children to waste, could be computed, it would be found that several years in the lives of millions of the inhabitants of these states, might have been almost as well passed in sleep. We are tempted to put on paper several reflections of our own, but the extracts given below are so true and forcible that they express our opinion much more eloquently than we could ourselves.

"I have very often with much sorrow bewailed the misfortune of children, when I consider the ignorance and undiscerning of the generality of schoolmasters. The boasted liberty we talk of is but a mean reward for the long servitude, the many heart-aches and terrors to which our childhood is exposed in going through a grammar-school. Many of these stupid tyrants exercise their cruelty without any manner of distinction of the capacities of children, or the intention of parents in their behalf. There are many excellent tempers which are worthy to be nourished and cultivated with all possible diligence and care, that were never designed to be acquainted with Aristotle, Tully, or Virgil; and there are as many who have capacities for understanding every word those great persons have writ, and yet were not born to have any relish of their writings. For want of this common and obvious discerning in those who have the care of youth, we have so many hundred unaccountable creatures every age whipped up into great scholars, that are for ever near a right understanding, and will never arrive at it. These are the scandal of letters, and these are generally the men who are to teach others. The sense of shame and honor is enough to keep the world itself in order without corporal punishment, much more to train the minds of uncorrupted and innocent children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a year, that a lad is chastised for a blockhead,

when it is a good apprehension that makes him incapable of knowing what his teacher means. A brisk imagination very often may suggest an error, which a lad could not have fallen into, if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his master in explaining. But there is no mercy even towards a wrong interpretation of his meaning, the sufferings of the scholar's body are to rectify the mistakes of his mind.

"I am confident that no boy, who will not be allured to letters without blows, will ever be brought to any thing with them. A great or good mind must necessarily be the worse for such indignities; and it is a sad change to lose of its virtue for the improvement of its knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great school but must remember to have seen children of excellent and ingenious natures (as has afterwards appeared in their manhood;) I say no man has passed through this way of education but must have seen an ingenious creature expiring with shame, with pale looks, beseeching sorrow, and silent tears, throw up its honest eyes, and kneel on its tender knees to an inexorable blockhead, to be forgiven the false quantity of a word in making a Latin verse. The child is punished, and the next day he commits a like crime, and so a third with the same consequence. I would fain ask any reasonable man, whether this lad, in the simplicity of his native innocence, full of shame, and capable of any impression from that grace of soul, was not fitter for any purpose in this life, than after that spark of virtue is extinguished in him, though he is able to write twenty verses in an evening?"

"It is, methinks, a very melancholy consideration that a little negligence can spoil us, but great industry is necessary to improve us; the most excellent natures are soon depreciated, but evil tempers are long before they are exalted into good habits. To help this by punishments, is the same thing as killing a man to cure him of a distemper; when he comes to suffer punishment in that one circumstance, he is brought below the existence of a rational creature, and is in the state of a brute that moves only by the admonition of stripes. But since this custom of educating by the lash is suffered by the gentry of Great Britain, I would suggest only that honest heavy lads may be dismissed from slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth year, whether they expect any progress from them or not. Let the child's capacity be forthwith examined, and he sent to some mechanic way of life, without respect to his birth, if nature designed him for nothing higher: let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a dereliction of mind for being what it is no guilt to be, a plain man. I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned men of either robe who have been whipped at school, are not still men of noble and liberal minds; but I am sure they had been much more so than they are had they never suffered that infamy."

"Many a white and tender hand, which the fond mother had passionately kissed a thousand and a thousand times, have I seen whipped until it was covered with blood; perhaps for smiling, or for going a yard and a half out of a gate, or for writing an o for an a, or an a for an o. These were our great faults! Many a brave and noble spirit has been there broken; others have run from thence and were never heard of afterwards. It is a worthy attempt to undertake the cause of distressed youth; and it is a noble piece of knight-errantry to enter the list against so many armed pedagogues. It is pity but we had a set of men, polite in their behavior and method of teaching, who should be put into a condition of being above flattering or fearing the parents of those they instruct. We might then possibly see learning become a pleasure, and children delighting themselves in that which they now abhor for coming upon such hard terms to them. What would be still a greater happiness arising from the care of such instructors, would be, that we should have no more pedants, nor any bred to learning who had not genius for it."

We have been plunging to-day into divers drawers and desks for a piece of original poetry. We have untied numerous packages, neatly bound up with white tape; we have brought back to the glimpses of the moon the ravings of more disturbed imaginations than we can conveniently count, on all subjects, of all sizes, on all sorts of paper, and written in every possible variety of penmanship. There, now, is a rapid running hand. See the sweep of the F's and the T's. Look at the magnificent curl to that S, and the bold, strong dash at the end of the line. That came somewhere out of Pearl-street, we'll wager a year's subscription. It has the counter air. We receive bills sometimes, Mr. A. B. to C. D. debtor, with that identical flourish of the M. Here is a thin blue paper, with the superb rustle of a new bank-note, sealed with wax, and written in a delicate female hand. What timid eyes have shone over this page! Thank heaven we shall not meet their flash when they look next week for the verses in vain. Here is a heavy back hand. We think we see the fist that made these marks. Our reputation for taste must suffer sadly; yet out of the whole heap which lies there piled up on the floor, not a solitary piece can we find without an insurmountable objection. Either they are too long, or they are illegible, or there is bad grammar, or abominable rhyme, or false metre, or stale subjects. Some are not without beauties, but so careless as to require more revision than we have time to bestow; besides, revising and altering are sometimes dangerous. Mr. Poet is sensitive, and won't have a word changed to save the universe from a general conflagration. We have had thoughts of drawing up a formal appeal to the young rhymers of our land, some of whom possess fine material, though rather in the rough. We would particularly recommend young gentlemen in love not to send their pieces too soon. There is no hurry. The public will wait, and perhaps the author might wish to cut a little. These "thrilling glances," and "exquisite tones," are all well enough—but—after the honey moon—the—that is—we are getting into trouble here!

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

A CELEBRATED SERENADE—ARRANGED FOR THE SPANISH GUITAR BY OTTO TORP.

Allegretto.

ff Oh! leave the gay and fes-tive scene, The halls, the halls of daz-zling light, And rove with me thro' fo-rests green Be-neath the si-lent night, Oh! leave the gay and fes-tive scene, The halls, the halls of daz-zling light, And rove with me through fo-rests green

Be-neath the si-lent night, Then as we watch the lin-g'ring rays, that shine from ev'-ry star, I'll sing the song of hap-pier days And strike the light gui-tar, I'll sing the song of hap-pier days, And strike the light gui-tar, And strike, strike, strike the light, the light gui-tar, And strike, strike, strike the light, the light gui-tar.

f

tar.

f

SECOND VERSE.

I'll tell thee how the maiden wept
When her true knight was slain,
And how her broken spirit slept,
And never woke again:
I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
And left his lord afar;
But if my tale should make thee sigh,
I'll strike the light guitar.
I'll sing the song, &c.

Varieties.

A HEROINE'S HAND.—The hand of the heroine of a novel is always *small*. Whatever may be the size of the lady herself, she must be sure to have a tiny hand. This the novelist gives her by prescriptive right, and as a necessary mark of beauty. We suppose they go upon the same principle that the Chinese do in relation to a lady's foot. And yet our christians ridicule the pagan taste of the gentry of the celestial empire.

But why should a small hand be accounted a characteristic of beauty? If we rightly understand the matter, a hand, or foot, or nose, in order to look well, should be in due proportion to the rest of the body. It is not the smallness of the limb that makes it beautiful—but the just relation it bears to the parts. A small hand, therefore, unless it be upon a small person, is an absolute deformity; and the novelists, while they think themselves beauti-

fying their heroines by giving them tiny hands, are making them absolute frights. They are for the most part tall and personal ladies as one would meet with on a summer's day; but they have the most contemptible little hands that ever any poor creature was disfigured withal.

But perhaps there may be a reasonable motive, at least in the minds of the male novelists, for giving their heroines small hands—namely, the security of their husband's ears. But would it not be better to provide the husbands with wigs, and allow the ladies to have hands of a decent size? For our own part, we are absolutely tired of seeing the heroine of every novel put off with such shocking little hands. Do, gentlemen authors, get something original; your stock of small hands must be nearly exhausted by this time.

A mechanic in the north has invented a machine for seminaries, which, by means of steam, not only

warms the room, but *sings all the boys* "on a graduated scale," according to their offences.

Dutch wives generally assist their husbands in their business, often taking the most active share in it; and it is a common remark in Holland, that where the women have the direction of the purse and trade, the husbands seldom become bankrupts.

It is a great misfortune not to have mind enough to speak well, nor judgment enough to be silent. Hence the origin of every impertinence.

The first consideration with a knave, is how to help himself; and the second, how to do it with the appearance of helping you.

Count Mazarin kept a complete collection of the libels written against him; it amounted to forty-six quarto volumes!

One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous, and happy in the depth of poverty, but not a whole people.

To marry a widow, in good French, signifies to make one's fortune; but it does not always happen that this meaning is correct.

As secret grief shows itself on the face, so also on the face are undivulged crimes written in characters legible to the observant eye.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold. We never repent of having eaten too little.

Well, peace to thy heart, though another's it be, And health to thy cheek though it blooms not for me.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,
To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscriptions received for a less term than one year.

J. Seymour, printer, John-street.

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No. 20.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

The exploits of General Francis Marion, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting portion of the annals of the American revolution. The British troops were so harassed by the irregular warfare which he kept up at the head of a few daring followers, that they sent an officer to remonstrate with him for not coming into the open field and fighting, to use their expression, "like a gentleman and a christian."

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light, at midnight,
A strange and sudden fear:
When waking to their tents on fire
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror, deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber, long and sweetly,
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide
Across the moonlit plains;
'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

ANTIQUITIES OF NEW-YORK.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE OLD FEDERAL HALL.

BY JOHN PINTARD.

The old city-hall in Wall-street, at the head of Broad-street, has been faithfully copied from an engraving published by Tiebout, in 1789. It had been a short time previously enlarged and improved for the reception and accommodation of the first congress convened under the new constitution of the United States. In compiling the annexed succinct history of its predecessors, I have drawn largely from the original records of the common council.

The first *stadt-house* was erected by the Dutch while in possession of the colony of New Netherlands and the city of New Amsterdam, under the jurisdiction of a schout, burgomaster, and schepen.

Hudson came up to the island of Manhattan, called by the natives *Manndoes*, in the month of October, in 1609, then occupied by a ferocious tribe of Indians; he navigated as high as Albany, and on his return to Holland, transferred his right of discovery to the Dutch,

who afterwards granted it to their West India company. The latter the next year sent ships to Manhattan to trade with the natives. In 1614 a fort was built by the Dutch at the south-west extremity of the island, and also another, called Fort Aurania, (Orange,) where Albany now stands, which was settled before the city of New-Amsterdam; the latter probably was not permanently occupied until the year 1619. From this period it remained in possession of the Dutch until the conquest of the colony by the English in 1664. A few years after, it was granted by Charles II. to his brother James, Duke of York and Albany—and the two principal, indeed only cities at that time in the colony, were called after him, New-York and Albany.

The date of the erection of the *stadt-house* is not ascertained, but most likely it was shortly after the settlement of New Amsterdam. It was, as were most of the houses of that period, built of bricks, called *clinkers*, imported from Holland, as ballast for merchant vessels. Few specimens of these early structures now remain here, but several yet exist in Albany. The style of architecture, with steep, tiled roofs, gables to the street, and alleys between the houses, was Spanish, introduced by that nation into Flanders, now Belgium, while that populous portion of the Netherlands was possessed by Spain. In consequence of the long protracted civil and religious wars between Spain and Holland, which terminated in the independence of the latter, a most rancorous antipathy existed on the part of the Dutch of New Netherlands against the Spaniards, which was scarcely obliterated from the minds of their descendants until the American revolution. Evidence of this fact is to be seen in the history of the famous negro plot in 1741, when the absurd idea was propagated and believed, that it was instigated by the Spaniards of South America. Indeed, the predatory wars of the English against Spanish America, privateering and buccaneering, fostered this early prejudice. To kill or plunder a Spaniard was regarded neither robbery nor murder. What dreadful principles to cherish in a civilized nation!

About the year 1695, the *stadt-house* began to require repairs, adequate to render it safe for the meetings of the court of common council, and of the supreme court. After several surveys and profound deliberations, the Hogen Mogens of the day determined that it was most expedient as well as economical, to build a new city-hall, at the head of Broad-street, and to lease or sell the old one. No lease offering, it was sold at auction to Mr. John Rodman, merchant, for nine hundred and twenty pounds, equal to two thousand three hundred dollars. Three thousand pounds, or seven thousand five hundred dollars, were appropriated towards building the new city-hall: a large sum in those days to be raised by direct tax on a population not exceeding five thousand.

The *stadt-house*, or first city-hall, was situated in Dock, now Pearl street, at the corner of Coenties (Countesses') lane.

The site of the new city-hall was laid on a bastion and line of stone fortifications that extended across the northern boundary of the city, from the East to Hudson river; whence the name of *Wall-street* is derived. This appears by a petition of the corporation to lieutenant-governor Hanfen and his majesty's council, to intercede with the earl of Bellamont, the governor, then absent at Boston, for permission, as the fortifications were dilapidated, to make use of the stones for building a new city-hall, which, no doubt, was granted. No ceremony appears to have taken place on laying the foundation, which was, probably, in the spring of 1700; and the common council held its first meetings there in the summer of 1703. This edifice, for a long time the most magnificent in the city, was frequently improved and embellished, until the revolutionary war. While in possession of the British, it was occupied for the main guard, and escaping the ravages of the enemy, it remained entire, although much injured, until the evacuation of the city by the British forces, on the twenty-fifth of November, 1783.

A room was appropriated in the hall for the use of the New-York Society Library, founded in 1754, whose collection of books, though not extensive, was select and valuable, and was totally plundered by the British. The present library was renewed in 1789. A chamber also contained a large stand of arms and equipments, purchased by the corporation in 1764, which were seized by the whigs on the Sunday afternoon, when the news of the battle of Lexington, nineteenth April, 1775, arrived, and threw the city into the utmost consternation. The chief persons concerned in the seizure were the "Liberty-boys," so called, McDougall, Willett, Lamb, Sears, and others, who immediately assembled in Van Dyck's ball-alley, north-east corner of Broadway and John-street, and formed a company under the command of Captain, afterwards General McDougall, which patrolled the city to prevent any disturbances—their parole was *Boston*, countersign *Lexington*. This was the first resort to arms in the province of New-York.

No city nor state in the Union suffered in proportion to New-York—a frontier at both extremities; exposed on the north to the predatory incursions of the Canadians and Indians, while its capital

at the south was nearly one-fifth desolated by the awful conflagration on the twenty-first of September, 1776, shortly after its occupation by the British, who kept possession until the peace of 1783. At the evacuation, on the twenty-fifth of November, the patriot families returned, after a tedious and distressing exile of seven long years, to mourn over their homes, devastated or in ruins—their fortunes reduced by a depreciated currency, with little remaining to re-establish themselves in the enjoyment of their former plain, but redundant comforts. Their descendants at the present day, and the enterprising inhabitants of this commercial emporium of the ocean and the lakes, can but feebly estimate the privations and sufferings of the anti-revolutionary families, whose survivors may say, as Augustus did of Rome, we found our city in brick and leave it in marble. May they never lose sight of the plain, simple frugality and virtues of those progenitors whose word was their bond, and whose morals were irreproachable.

In the fall of 1784 the revolutionary congress removed to this city, and the court-room in the city-hall was fitted for their use. On the adoption of the new constitution, more extensive accommodations were required for the senate and house of representatives about to convene in this city, for which purpose the old edifice was entirely renovated, and an extensive addition made in the rear. The senate chamber was in the former, and that for the house of representatives in the latter. The expenses of these extensive improvements were defrayed by lottery. Major L'Enfant, a French engineer, of great abilities, in the service of the United States during the war, was the architect, and his skill and taste displayed in this edifice were universally admired, and gave the chief spring to a more improved style of architecture in public buildings throughout the United States.

In the spring of 1789 the first congress under the new constitution assembled in this city, and met in the new edifice. On the thirtieth of April George Washington was inaugurated the first president, in the gallery in front of the senate chamber, in view of an immense concourse of citizens collected in Broad-street—the doors, windows, and roofs of every house were thronged with exulting spectators. The oath of office was administered by Chancellor Livingston, on a superb quarto bible, then belonging to the Grand Lodge of the state of New-York, which is carefully preserved by St. John's lodge, No. 1., having an inscription* imprinted in gold letters on its cover, of an event so auspicious to the prosperity and happiness of the United States. The standard belonging to the Second Regiment of New-York State Artillery, held near the president on the occasion, is still in possession of the corporation of this city, which presented another elegant stand of colors to the regiment in exchange. May the bible and standard be preserved and transmitted to future generations as proud memorials of this important epoch in our national history.

This edifice, becoming superannuated, requiring constant and expensive repairs, and, moreover, not conveniently adapted for the increasing courts and municipal offices, was, after the building of the third present marble city-hall, at the head of the Park, the pride of our city and admiration of every visitor, demolished in 1812, and the site laid out in lots and sold to private individuals. The United States afterwards purchased the south-west buildings for a custom-house, which in its turn has become too confined and inconvenient for the immensely growing commercial operations of this city, and must ere long be replaced by a more extensive and commodious structure.

* On this sacred volume, on the thirtieth day of April, A. M. 5789, in the city of New-York, was administered to George Washington, the first president of the United States of America, the oath to support the constitution of the United States. This important ceremony was performed by the most worshipful grand master of free and accepted masons of the state of New-York, the Honorable Robert R. Livingston, chancellor of the state.

"Fame stretch'd her wings and with her trumpet blew,
"Great Washington is near—what praise is due?
"What title shall he have? She paused—and said,
"Not one—his name alone strikes every title dead."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FORTY YEARS AGO,

OR RECOLLECTIONS OF THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.

SEEN IN THE ENGRAVING.

Our old and valued correspondent in the cocked hat, who assures us he is the identical person that may be seen in the picture crossing Broad-street on horseback, has kindly favored us with his recollections, which will be found in the following memoranda.—*Editors*.

THE old, or as it was called not many years ago, the new city-hall, was built after a design of Major L'Enfant, a French officer, who I think served in the revolutionary war. He was afterwards employed at Washington in laying out the magnificent plan of that city, and in the construction of the public buildings, previous to Mr. Latrobe being appointed to the superintendence. I remember him some years ago, a sort of supernumerary at Fort Washington, some

few miles below Washington, on the Potomac, where vast sums have been expended, and where he lived apparently in great poverty. L'Enfant was a singular character, and a man of such extensive views that his plans always fell short for want of means to complete them. There was a vastness in his conceptions that suited ill with the stinted finances and economical habits of our infant republic, and consequently the major always had the mortification of seeing them cut off short in the middle. Thus it was with the city-hall, one portion of which the writer well remembers was a sort of inexplicable lumber room, into which ran several passages that, as Gray says, "led to nothing." That part was never finished, and the major always demurred to every inquiry respecting its ultimate destination.

The plan of the city of Washington also partook of the magnitude of the major's ideas of the future, as did also that of the public buildings, the completion of which, agreeably to his designs, would have required the wealth of the whole republic. He was independent to obstinacy, no motive of interest, or temptation of convenience could sway him from his purpose, or induce him to alter his plans, to suit either the taste or the purses of his employers. Being engaged by the late Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, in the planning and erection of his celebrated palace in High-street, it is said that he devised and constructed so many subterranean passages, arches, and what not, that the original estimate for the whole building was expended before the major got above ground. He always boasted that he built for posterity; but it was certainly not for the posterity of his employers, for he generally led them into expenditures that were pretty certain to be followed by bankruptcy.

The latter years of his life were spent, if I mistake not, at Fort Washington, under the protecting bounty of the late Dudley Digges, whose estate originally comprehended the present site of that fort. I remember to have heard many anecdotes of the stern independence of character which marked him in all circumstances and situations, mixed up with a sort of mock heroic rhodomontade, not a little amusing as well as affecting. But the particulars have passed from my memory, and only the general impression remains. With all his eccentricities, he was a man of a most honorable and high spirit, which he maintained to the last in the midst of poverty and neglect. He died a few years ago, at a great age.

Another remarkable personage connected with the recollection of the old city-hall, was the worthy Rinier Skaats, keeper, or in Walter Scottish phrase, warder or seneschal of the castle. I remember him a venerable, gray-headed old man when I myself was a boy. He usually wore a sort of Dutch pea-jacket, with broad skirts, a pair of regular Dutch breeches, coming about as low as his knee-pan, woollen hose, and high-quartered shoes with square buckles, which I would venture to surmise, with the modesty becoming a man speaking of these remote ages, might peradventure have been of solid silver. He was a most vigilant guardian of the temple of justice, and waged numerous wars with the boys, who were wont to come and play at hide-and-seek in the mysterious labyrinths which the major's genius had appended to the building, as I have before observed. The exaggerations of history have elevated the wars of kings, princes, and nations into a fictitious consequence; but I maintain that of all the wars in this world, those carried on against boys are the most vexatious and unprofitable. This the worthy Rinier Skaats found to his cost, for as fast as he cleared them from one passage, they hid themselves in another; and no sooner had he dislodged them from behind a pillar, but they made their appearance in the upper gallery which ran round the hall, and shouting, and bantering the worthy seneschal till he poured forth his indignation in a Dutch philippic. My conscience smiteth me sorely when I think that I was often a party in the freaks of these mischievous urchins; some of whom are now right worshipful magistrates, and others are fast asleep in the church-yards.

But it was in the courts of justice, where he officiated as crier, that the good Rinier most distinguished himself, by the sonorous majesty with which he opened the court with "O yes! O yes!" the happy manner in which he repeated the names of jurymen and witnesses, so that nobody could understand him, and the watchful zeal with which he commanded "silence!" whenever a dog barked, a tongue fell down, or a catiff coughed or sneezed in the face of justice. He lived to a good old age, and when he died, the court cried for the loss of its crier, the dogs barked, the tongues and shovels fell, and the catiffs sneezed and coughed with impunity, until his son and namesake succeeded him in the worshipful dignity of seneschal of the castle.

A little beyond the hall, and hid by the projection of the western corner, on the right hand side of Wall-street, stood the tavern of Big Simmons, the greatest man that ever this goodly city produced, except Billy the Fiddler, of whom there is some doubt where he was born, and whether he was not descended from Orpheus or Orion, such was the magic of his violin, which he carried about the streets in a case so large, that it is affirmed it served him, after playing his last dead march, for a coffin.

Big Simmons was the prince, ay, the autocrat of Bonifaces, and his house was frequented by divers wags, now most of them gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns; but whose successors may every night be seen at the Shakspeare, cracking their jokes and quaffing their nut brown ale. I would commemorate some of these departed worthies, were it not that dwelling on such themes maketh me melancholy, even to sadness. One of these days, if all goes well, I purpose to give to the world their biographies, together with the veritable autographs of such as could write their names. The biography of Big Simmons shall be comprised in nothing less than an imperial folio, of a thickness aptly corresponding with the majesty of his person, which was such that he might be called the personification of good eating, inasmuch that nobody ever saw him stand-

ing at his own door, without being smitten with an irresistible propensity to call in and partake of that good cheer which had produced such a phenomenon. Thus he not only ate himself, but he was the cause of eating in others; and if, as is practically demonstrated in the present age, this indulgence lies at the root of human happiness, of a surety Big Simmons was one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. He shall certainly have a biography and an autograph, if I live a hundred years longer. But the greatest men must die, as did Xerxes and Big Simmons; and when this accident happened to the latter, it is affirmed that they were obliged to cut away the door-posts to afford room for his narrow house to pass. Can any one after this deny his claim to a biography and an autograph?

But who is she that standeth at the open window, shaded by the spreading branches of the old tree, which hath long since disappeared from the hallowed spot, modestly taking the morning air at home instead of gadding up and down the streets, and exhibiting her glowing beauties at the window, as becomes a modest virgin, instead of in the glare of Broadway? The sight of her warms my heart, and recalls the memory of youthful hopes and disappointments. Beautiful little Marian, thou at least deservest a biography, and thou shalt have it before I go to sleep. I am determined to rescue thee from oblivion, let what will be the consequence. If half-a-hundred dandies die of love of thy posthumous beauties, and half-a-thousand belles of envy, I cannot help it. Thy memory shall not perish, beautiful damsel!

Marian was the only child of a most respectable widow lady who inhabited the identical house, where the artist has represented her as standing at the window in the prime of maidenhood. She was destined to be a great fortune; and of the crowd of cocked hats exhibited by the artist, in the street and on the pavement, not one came there but with a view of casting a sheep's eye at the charming little Marian. I will not deny that I myself was predisposed to mount my steed and curvet before her, as may be seen in the picture, with a view to exciting her approbation of my horsemanship.

The household of the old lady was composed of three or four ebony domestics, such as the cook, a female, the coachman, the chambermaid, and the lady's own man, as gray as a badger and as black as anthracite coal. They were all old; for it seems to me there were no young servants in those days, except the humble servants of the ladies. There was a distant kinsman of the old lady who resided with her, said grace at dinner, cut up the tough geese, and made himself useful in all the multifarious ways that the ingenuity of patronage devises to enable such people to repay their obligations. He was known by the name of Herman; and his character partook largely of that trickery and cunning, interested hypocrisy, which is so often engendered by a life of dependence. He had long cherished a secret, yet vehement desire to wed the beautiful Marian, and appropriate her fortune to himself, and for this purpose used every art of subserviency to make himself, by slow inexpressible degrees, an interest in her heart, without alarming either herself or her mother.

But the young lady suspected not his attachment to her, or rather to her fortune; for, indeed, she felt no interest in him sufficient to make her either watchful or clear-sighted as to his sentiments or actions. The good lady-mother still less had an idea of his plans; for, in the first place, she considered him entirely out of the question, and in the second she was gradually becoming a strict devotee, as is very often the case with elderly ladies in want of excitement. Of late she had grown very superstitious; and there was not a dream, a ghost story, or a supernatural visitation that she did not believe as true as the gospel. But, notwithstanding all this, she would have bounced at the very thought of marrying her daughter to any thing less than a little great man, and of this Herman was perfectly aware. All that he could do, therefore, was to assail the young lady by silent attentions and grateful assiduity, waiting patiently till the chapter of accidents might pave the way to the success of his wishes. But the prospect of this became every day apparently more distant. Marian was surrounded by admirers, and now a new one entered the lists, who seemed destined to prevail over all his rivals. His name was Arthur Whittingham, and my readers will know more of him anon. It is sufficient for my purpose to say, that he gained a deep interest in the heart of Marian, and that he merited such a distinction.

Herman watched the progress of this attachment with a degree of ravenous jealousy, which every day became the more virulent from the necessity of repressing it in his own bosom. He dared not enter the lists with his rival; he dared not exhibit his feelings, and they preyed upon him like so many concealed vultures. He thought of nothing but how to thwart this growing attachment, and his solitary hours by day and by night were spent in devising plans which reason told him it was impossible to execute. Matters were in this state when the spirit of improvement, which at that time began to awaken in our city, prompted the old lady to change the location of the kitchen, which tradition said had originally been in the cellar, under the west end of the house, and had many years before been removed to the east. An ambitious neighbor had built a five-story house adjoining that end of the old lady's mansion, which, overtopping her chimney, caused it to smoke, in such wise that the black cook was afraid it would spoil her complexion, and never rested until she persuaded her mistress to remove the kitchen to the old place it had occupied before the revolutionary war.

This was accordingly done, to the great content of aunt Dinah, who excelled in pepper-pots; but she might better have staid where she was at the other end of the house. She had scarcely lighted the fire in her new dominion when there commenced a rattling of chains, and an infernal roaring in the premises, that sent aunt Dinah out of the kitchen ten times faster than she came in. She ran to her mis-

tress, and told her the old boy, or something worse, was in the kitchen. By this time Prince and Cuffee and the whole household had evacuated the lower region, and ran altogether to tell their mistress what was going on, each in his own way, and all talking together.

The good old lady was frightened almost out of her wits, and calling Herman, proceeded at the head of the household troops, to investigate the mysterious affair. The rattling of chains, and the roaring noises still continued, and seemed to increase in violence, to the utter consternation of all parties. The old lady retreated into her strong hold, took down the bible, and, putting on her spectacles, began reading the story of Saul and the witch of Endor. Old Dinah declared she would not cook at such a diabolical fire, and Cuffee and the Black Prince swore they would not eat the dinner if she did. Herman proceeded to examine the premises, for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of this incomprehensible uproar, but without success. It continued during the whole day, until the fire went out in the evening, and was heard no more that night.

The next day Dinah emigrated back to the kitchen in the east wing, but the smoke was so intolerable that she declared the roaring noises and the rattling of chains were more tolerable, and again retreated to the diabolical region. The moment the fire began to burn the noises commenced, and again the whole household was thrown into confusion and consternation. But aunt Dinah had seen a good many witches in her day, and had once put a whole bevy of them to flight with a red-hot poker. She was, therefore, not so easily frightened as some inexperienced people, and always kept the poker heated for any emergency, determined rather to stand her ground than go back to her old quarters and be smoked to death. I ought to mention that recourse was had to an experienced chimney-doctor, who tried his hand at remedying the matter, but, like many other doctors, he only made bad worse.

In the meantime the report got abroad, and the whole neighborhood first, and the whole city by degrees, rang with the story of the haunted house. It was said that it had been used during the occupancy of the town by the British as a place of confinement for prisoners, and that a mysterious man, with an iron-bound physiognomy, had been kept there in chains, and finally disappeared in an unaccountable manner. People began to hear groans in the middle of the night, and glimmering lights were sometimes seen by the watchman, whose duty it was to guard the precincts of the old city-hall from nightly intruders. The venerable Skaats was also frequently disturbed by dreams and nightmares, which rode him so hard that he sometimes waked panting for breath. Finally, the whole affair got into the newspapers, and the whole country talked of nothing else. It should be borne in mind, that people had neither rail-roads, internal improvements, tariffs, nor nullifications to stultify them at that period, and were, therefore, right glad of something to talk about.

The old lady became ten times more devout than ever, and was often closeted with a mysterious person skilled in the "gramary" of the famous *pow-wowings* at old Hadley, who had been recommended to her by Herman, as a most skillful exorciser of evil spirits and layer of ghosts. This cunning varlet by degrees insinuated himself into her confidence, inasmuch that it was not long before he got the entire direction of the old lady's conscience, and could almost persuade her to any thing. He and Herman occasionally watched at night in the kitchen, where every day the same rattling of chains and accompanying noises were heard, from the time of lighting the fire in the morning to its going out at night, when all became quiet. The old lady would question the crafty varlet as to the causes of these untoward disturbances; but he only shook his head in a significant manner, and answered vaguely, on purpose to excite her curiosity. At length one day she insisted on his being more explicit, when, as if with great tribulation and reluctance, he told her that he had twice seen the ghost of her deceased husband appear immediately after the rattling of chains had ceased, and advance towards him as if to say something, but at each time the voice of a watchman crying "Past twelve o'clock, and all's well," had stopped his mouth, and caused him to vanish up the chimney, whence the rattling of chains seemed to come.

The good old lady was so frightened at this relation that she made little Marian sleep in the room with her from that time, justly concluding that no ghost, however mischievously inclined, would find it in his heart to injure such an innocent little darling. She also enjoined upon the *pow-wow* varlet to watch the next night, to see if the ghost would make his appearance again, and speak to him, at the same time exacting a solemn promise that he would repeat to her every word he said, without addition or diminution. Accordingly, the next day he asked a private audience of the old lady, and, locking the door inside, communicated the following intelligence, every word of which she most potently believed:

"About twelve o'clock," said he, "when the rattling of the chains and the roaring sounds had ceased, and all was silent as a church-yard, I heard three taps against the chimney-back, followed by three hollow groans, and three loud sneezes."

"My poor dear husband always sneezed three times in succession," thought the good lady.

"I sat still and said nothing, but kept my eye steadily on the spot whence the groans proceeded, when all at once a figure seemed to come out of the wall, with a long Meershaum pipe in his mouth, dressed in a cocked hat, a sky-blue bird's-eye silk coat, and gold-laced waistcoat, and breeches of the same color, a long queue, and powdered curls."

Here the old lady screamed, "The very dress my poor dear husband always wore! Did you ever see my husband when alive?"

"No."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed she again—forgetting that he might see his picture dressed exactly as he described hanging up in the hall every day.

"Well, and what did he say?"

"Why luckily the watchman happened to be asleep this time, and omitted to call out 'Past twelve o'clock.' The figure advanced slowly upon me with a gold snuff-box in his left hand, out of which he ever and anon took a pinch, and then sneezed three times."

"Just like my poor dear husband!" sighed the disconsolate widow.

"Well, when he came within about two paces, he cried out in a low, solemn, sepulchral voice, hem! I answered him in a voice equally solemn and sepulchral—hem!"

"Listen!" said the voice.

"Say on," replied I.

"My dearly beloved wife, who could never rest content without getting at every body's secrets—"

"'Tis a scandalous insinuation," cried the old lady in a pet; "but it's just like my foolish husband—"

"My dearly beloved wife," said the ghost.

"Well, well, you needn't repeat that over again."

"My dearly beloved wife would understand the occasion of these mysterious voices—listen! Know that on the birth of Herman and of my daughter Marian, which happened on the same day, I entered into a solemn agreement with his father, who was then a wealthy merchant, that if they both lived to the age of twenty-one, they should be joined in lawful wedlock. I cannot rest in my grave till this promise is complied with, nor will these noises ever cease till then. Report this to my dearly beloved wife, and tell her, as she values the repose of my body, and my soul, to fulfill my engagement without delay. I know she is an obstinate sort of an old lady, but it shall go hard but I worry her out at last, or my name is not—"

"Will he?" quoth the widow to herself: "I'm not quite so sure of that." She was not a little nettled at these posthumous reflections of her spouse.

"Here," continued the *pow-wower*, "the poor ghost was interrupted by the voice of the watchman, who had just waked up, and, seeing the windows reddening with the rising sun, began to cry 'fire!' with all his might. 'Farewell,' quoth he; 'I hear the milkman's summons, the morning salutation of the early chimney-sweeper, the rattling of the cartman's cart, and the noise of opening doors. Farewell!—the grave is open to receive me. Let not the day pass without communicating this to my dear wife.' Saying this, he deliberately took another pinch of snuff, sneezed three times, and disappeared. You now know all, madam, and must act according to your best discretion." So saying, he unlocked the door, and left the widow to her reflections.

These were by no means enviable. She was not a little affronted at the irreverent manner in which the ghost had spoken of her, and the thought of marrying her rich, beautiful daughter to such a poor sinner as Herman, was gall, wormwood, and aloes. But then the commands of her dead husband, the repose of his body and soul, and the horrible noises which beset her and her household from morning till night, furnished a counterpoise to all her objections. After a hard struggle, she determined to comply with the injunctions of the ghost.

When this was communicated to Marian, she turned pale, and wept her unwillingness to offer herself up as a sacrifice to the repose of her deceased parent's remains. The existence of these mysterious and appalling sounds she could not doubt, for she had often heard them; but the appearance of the ghost she did not entirely believe. She communicated the whole to Whittingham, who scouted the story of the *pow-wower*, and attempted to persuade her either to consent to a private marriage, or refuse to wed with Herman. But the poor girl was infected with superstitious fears, and her nerves weakened by the perpetual recurrence of these appalling sounds. By degrees, her opposition became weaker, and weaker as the thought of her being possibly accessory to the disturbance of that repose which belongs to the grave, gradually possessed her mind.

"I must make the sacrifice," said she, one evening, as she and Whittingham were strolling arm in arm on the Battery.

"The sacrifice of two living souls on the altar of superstition," cried he. "Oh, Marian! can you be so weak as to believe this wild tale!"

"Have I not heard the mysterious noises?"

"Yes; and so have I. I cannot deny but that there is something apparently supernatural, or at least unaccountable in them. But the tale of the ghost deserves only to be laughed at."

"Not by me. Every thing connected with the memory of my dear father is sacred. I cannot live under the impression of his wandering about after death, and wanting the repose of a quiet grave, and all through my fault."

"And you will destroy the peace of us both?"

"I will: it is the command of my loving mother—and perhaps of my dead father."

"Then you will never see me more," said Whittingham;—and they returned to the haunted house without another word. As they opened the door, they heard the rattling of chains and the roaring sounds. Marian shuddered, and even Whittingham felt his nerves somewhat shaken.

"Hark!" cried she; "don't you hear the warning?"

"It is the death-knell of my hopes," replied the youth. A pressure of the hand, and a last kiss—and they saw each other no more!

It was not long before Marian was worried into a slow, unwilling consent to wed with Herman. It was expected that the marriage would be followed by the repose of the ghost, and the discontinuance

of the appalling sounds; but, to the astonishment of all, and the despair of poor Marian, they continued as they did before.

"I have sacrificed myself and poor Whittingham in vain," said she, a hundred times a day, as the neglect and ill humor of Herman deprived her of the last consolation of a wife, that of believing herself beloved by her husband. Herman, who, as the reader probably suspects, had concerted with the *pow-wower* the story of the ghost, quarreled with him when they came to divide the spoils of the plot, and the consequence was a full exposure. But the noises still continued as great a mystery to Herman as to the rest of the world; and, on the death of the old lady, he removed into a distant part of the city. Poor Marian continued to say to herself, "I have sacrificed myself, and him I loved in vain." And when, at length, she learned the plot of which she had been the dupe, she pined away, and died of a broken heart. I never knew what became of Whittingham.

The old house remained untenanted for many years, during which the mysterious rattling of chains and roaring noises entirely ceased. The whole story was forgotten, until, on pulling down the building, it was found that by accident, or from some cause or other, a *smoke-jack* had been masoned up in the wall, during the period the family had abandoned it in consequence of the city being in possession of the enemy, when, as I before observed, it was occupied as a prison, or guard-house. This discovery explained the whole mystery of the periodical rattling of the chains, and the roaring noises; but, alas! it could not restore the happiness of poor Marian, or wake the dead from their graves.

THE FINE ARTS.

GREENOUGH'S CHANTING CHERUBS.

THIS lovely piece of sculpture, now exhibiting at the American Academy of Fine Arts in Barclay-street, has not been over praised. It is said to be the first group ever completed by an American artist. The subject is selected from a picture in Florence, by Raphael, and represents two infantile forms singing from a scroll. They are full of grace, particularly the countenance of the younger. It is beautifully lighted up with an expression of innocence, mingled with intelligence quite angelic; and the head is charming. From the circular we gather, that these embodyings of Raphael's genius have been executed in marble by a young American artist, for Mr. J. Fennimore Cooper, the popular novelist, although they are now offered to the public inspection for the benefit of the sculptor. They have been greatly admired, and eulogies upon the artist have been so lavishly bestowed, that we almost feared to visit them, lest our highly raised expectations should suffer a disappointment. Our anticipations, however, were more than realized.

THE WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

This large painting, by G. Cooke, also in the American Academy in Barclay-street, forcibly illustrates one of those exquisitely awful scenes which are continually occurring, but the full horror of which is seldom conceived. It is a copy from one in the Louvre by Gericault, and adheres closely to the accounts of the actual event.

The Medusa, a French frigate, was wrecked in 1816, on the coast of Africa, but not within sight of land, and one hundred and forty-seven persons confided themselves to a raft, which sank three feet with their weight. Amidst famine, bloodshed, madness, and despair, these unhappy creatures remained twelve days, except that their number rapidly diminished, sixty-five having perished in one night. Imagination shrinks from relating by what means the survivors preserved themselves from starvation until they were taken off by the French brig Argus. The painting represents the moment when the Argus is descried in the horizon, and the few still alive on the raft are making a last effort to attract its notice. The sea is lifting its waves around them, and the sail glides in the distance. A variety of affecting objects strike the eye of the spectator, and call to mind Byron's powerful description of a similar scene. A number of paintings by the same artist are to be seen at No. 86 Broadway. We have not yet had an opportunity of examining them.

GENERAL MUSICAL REPORT.

We have had a succession of musical *soirées* lately, highly pleasing to the amateurs of that delightful art. Madame Brichta's entertainment was followed by the last Musical Fund concert of the season. There is, we understand, a strong subscription list to this praiseworthy institution, which was formed solely for the purpose of assisting destitute musicians and their families. It is a charity to which nobody can well object; we are, therefore, rather inclined to complain of the management of any theatre which does not facilitate the advancement of such an object as far as prudence will admit. We can scarcely credit the reports which reach us, that even members of the society, who perchance might need its support at some future period, have been more than once or twice refused leave of absence from the orchestra to which they belong: the concerts taking place but once in six months, and consequently the boon demanded twice in the year being neither extravagant nor ruinous in its consequences. The present, we are sorry to say, was not so well attended as the last concert. Madame Feron and Madame Brichta, were the vocal *Donne*—Mr. Fehrman the *basso cantante* of the evening. The band, led by Mr. Hill, contained some individual talents of a high order; but they played by no means together. Mr. Norton performed a *concerto* on the trumpet with good effect, and Mrs. Thorne, on the harp, has the calibre of an excellent amateur. We should, however, be inclined to think her a great acquisition to the city as

a teacher of that refined and lady-like instrument. Madame Feron sang her brilliant *bravura*, "Cupid aid me," with force and execution. Madame Brichta's best effort was a song by Pacini, well suited to her *mezza soprano* voice. (We beg to correct the term *contra alto*, as applied to this lady in our last number. She is too much what the French term a "*chanteuse a roulade*," and has neither the quality nor the confined compass which constitute a female *contra alto*; at the same time her lower notes, being strong, would doubtless give her the advantage of executing *moreaux* written for a mere *contra alto* with effect.) The overture to "Guillaume Tell" we have never heard executed faithfully in this city, owing to the want of instruments—six violoncelli being an impossibility, and a *corneo inglese*, with hautboys, not having been imported. We once indeed, saw a French gentlemen named Hutet produce an instrument which he said was a hautboy, but when he proceeded to use it, at a rehearsal of sacred music, the most profound musicians doubted its nature, and many disputes took place as to whether it should be included among that species of music known as the *cat-call*, or whether it was the instrument used in the show called "Punch and Judy." Indeed, the consternation it produced will be well remembered by every member of that society who reads this article. The best version of the overture to Guillaume Tell that has been heard in this city, was at the concert given by Mr. Gear, jun., at the Masonic-hall prior to his departure for Italy.

At the Park theatre, there is a kind of dumb show done on the stage during its performance by the band, to suit which the music is mutilated in a most unseemly manner. At the last mentioned establishment we have had Mr. Sinclair in Guy Mannering—an apology being made for Miss Hughes, on account of indisposition. The music of this prettily adapted play is really good, when done justice to. The opening glee, the "Winds whistle cold," was executed admirably by Messrs. Pearson, Thornton, Haydon, and chorus, but, alas! the "Chough and Crow," the most effective concerted piece possible when fairly given, was a failure: we have heard it beautifully sung at the Park theatre by Miss Pearson, Mrs. Singleton, and Mr. Haydon, and rapturously encored—on this occasion, however, we were thankful when it was over. The *finale*, Mr. Sinclair inconsiderately sung in a instead of its original key G, and consequently Mrs. Sharp was obliged to gasp at the notes, which were far too high for her low and good *contra alto* voice, and Mrs. Wallack was compelled to scream.

The following opera night ushered in Rob Roy and Midas. Miss Hughes made her appearance as Diana Vernon, Mr. Sinclair as Francis Osbaldistone. We do not think this interesting young lady had entirely recovered from her indisposition. The duet, "Forlorn and broken hearted," in other words the old air, "Ye banks and braes," was sung without accompaniment, and was encored; but, on the chord being given a second time by the band, it was apparent that both voices had fallen at least half a note. Before we leave this opera we have a duty to perform to Mr. Richings, who has occasionally merited and received our censure, and shall as freely, and with more pleasure, be welcome to our approbation. His representation of the blustering Major Galbraith is an intelligent and masterly piece of acting, and his singing of the song admirable. We always look to his appearance in that part with pleasure. In addition to this we have to point out and condemn the total omission of the best chorus ever written by Bishop. It is entitled "Tramp o'er moss and fell," and thus we conclude with Rob Roy.

Mr. Hamblin has not been idle even in the department of opera, and has secured to himself several persons who will complete his company, and enable him to make at least a stand in that branch of the drama, particularly by their introduction into melo-dramatic pieces, in which his establishment must take the lead, aided as it is by an immense range of stage, and all facilities of getting up showy spectacles. The *debut* of one lady and two gentlemen, caused an early attendance at the American theatre. Mrs. Haddaway, late Miss Hallande, of Covent-garden, was announced as Lucy Bertram, in the opera of Guy Mannering; Mr. Spencer, of Drury-lane, as Henry Bertram, and Mr. Haddaway as Dominie Sampson. They were received very favorably. Mrs. Haddaway has a powerful, but extremely coarse voice; the best part of her execution is a clear and even shake; but she has acquired a habit of putting a *crescendo* upon this ornament, which gradually causes it to become discordant, and which we advise her to discontinue. Her countenance is pleasing, and stature about that of Mrs. Knight, but rather *embonpoint*. Her songs were encored, and her reception was decidedly favorable. Of Mr. Haddaway we can only say that we have many better actors in the states, native and imported. Mr. Spencer has a *baritone* voice of little power, and will serve to assist in musical pieces. Miss Mestayer acted Julia Mannering with liveliness. Her singing is the strangest sound possible in our ears; and one of the most extraordinary vocal efforts we ever heard, was a song accompanied on a trumpet or bugle, we hardly know which, the sound was so doubtful; it was, however, received with rapture, and encored with cries of delight! On the concerted music of this opera we drop the curtain. We have noticed the Park, for in their musical department there is pretension, and as it is their strongest feature, it ought to be good—at the Bowery there is none.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The prospectus of a work to contain superior steel plates of eminent Americans, with biographies, has been published by Mr. Herring. If conducted with talent, liberality, and spirit, it will be a desirable addition to our literature and specimen of the fine arts. We presume it is intended to be something in the style of the London National Portrait Gallery, and will be useful in furnishing employment to artists and writers.

ORIGINAL TALES.

Natal Sketches.

A NIGHT AT THE RAGGED-STAFF,
OR A SCENE AT GIBRALTAR.

BY WILLIAM LEGGOTT.

The mists boil up around me, and the clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell.
I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp me not—
I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl
Spinning around me—I grow blind—What art thou?—Byron.

THE first time I ever saw the famous Rock of Gibraltar was on a glorious afternoon in the month of October, when the sun diffused just sufficient heat to give an agreeable temperature to the air, and shed a soft and mellow light through the somewhat hazy atmosphere, which enabled us to see the scenery of the Straits to the best advantage. We had had a rough and stormy, but uncommonly short passage; for the wind, though tempestuous, had blown from the right quarter; and our gallant frigate dashed and bounded over the waves, "like a steed that knows his rider." I could not then say, with the poet, from whom I have borrowed this quotation, "welcome to their roar!" for I was a novice on the ocean in those days, and had not yet entirely recovered from certain uneasy sensations about the region of the epigastrium, which by no means rendered the noise of rushing waters the most agreeable sound to my ears, or the rolling of the vessel the most pleasant motion for my body. Never did old sea-dog of a sailor, in the horse latitudes, pray more sincerely for a wind, than I did for a calm during that boisterous passage—and never, I may add, did the selfish prayer of a sinner prove more unavailing. The gale, like Othello's revenge, "kept due on to the Propontic and the Hellespont," and it blew so hard that it sometimes seemed to lift our old craft almost out of the water. When we came out of port, we had our dashy fair-weather spars aloft, with skysail yards athwart, a moonsail to the main, and hoist enough for the broad-blue to show itself to good advantage above that. But before the pilot left us, our topgallant-poles were under the boom-cover, and storm-stumps in their places; and the first watch was scarcely relieved, when the boatswain's call—repeated by four mates, whose lungs seemed formed on purpose to out-roar a tempest—rang through the ship, "all hands to house topgallant-masts, ahoy!" From that time till we made the land, the gale continued to rage with unintermitted violence, to the great delight of the old tars, and the manifest annoyance of the green reefers, of whom we had rather an unusual number on board. If my pen were endued with the slightest portion of the quality which distinguished Hogarth's pencil, I might here give a description of a man-of-war's steerage in a storm, which could not but force a smile from the most saturnine reader. I must own I did not much relish the humor of the scene then—*pars magna fui*—that is, I was sea-sick myself; but

"Quæ fuit durum pati,—meminisse dulce est."

and I have often since, sometimes in my hammock, sometimes during a cold mid-watch on deck, burst into a hearty laugh, as the memory of our grotesque distresses, and of the odd figures we cut during that passage, has glanced across my mind.

But the longest day must have an end, and the stiffest breeze cannot last forever. The wind, which for a fortnight had been blowing as hard as a trumpet for a wager, blew itself out at last. About dawn on the morning of the day I have alluded to, it began to lull, and by the time the sun was fairly out of the water it fell flat calm. It was my morning watch, and what with sea-sickness, fatiguing duty, and being cabined, cribbed, confined for so long a time in my narrow and unaccustomed lodgings, I felt worn out, and in no mood to exult in the choice I had made of a profession. I stood holding by one of the belaying pins of the main life-rail, (for I had not yet, as the sailors phrase it, got my sea-legs aboard,) and looking I suppose as melancholy as a sick monkey on a lee backstay, when a cry from the foretop-sail yard reached my ear that instantly thrilled to my heart, and set the blood running in a lively current through my veins. "Land, oh!" cried the jack-tar on the lookout, in a cable-tier voice which seemed to issue from the bottom of his stomach. I have heard many delightful sounds in my time, but few which seemed to me more pleasant than the rough voice of that vigilant sailor. I do verily believe, that not seven bells (grog time of day) to a thirity tar, the dinner bell to a hungry alderman, or the passing bell of some rich old curmudgeon to an anxious heir, ever gave greater rapture. The how-d'ye-do of a friend, the good-by of a country cousin, the song of the Signorina, and Paganini's fiddle, may all have music in them; but the cry of land to a sea-sick midshipman is sweeter than them all.

We made what, in nautical language, is termed a good land-fall—so good, indeed, that it was well for us the night and the wind both ceased when they did; for, had they lasted another hour, we should have found ourselves landed, and in a way that even I, much as I wished to set my foot once more on terra firma, should not have felt particularly pleased with. On its becoming light enough to ascertain our whereabouts, it was discovered that we were within the very jaws of the Straits, completely land-locked by the "steepy shore," where

"Europe and Afric on each other gaze,"

and already beginning to feel the influence of the strong and ceaseless easterly current which rushes into the Mediterranean through that passage with a velocity of four or five knots an hour. A gentle land-breeze sprung up in the course of the morning watch, which, though not exactly fair, yet coming from the land of the "dusky

Moor," had enough of southing in it to enable us to get along at a very tolerable rate, beating with a long and short leg through the Straits.

It would be uncharitable to require that the reader should arrive at the Rock by the same sort of zig-zag course which we were obliged to pursue; so therefore, let him at once suppose himself riding at anchor in the beautiful but unsafe bay of Gibraltar, directly opposite and almost within the very shadow of the grand and gigantic fortress, which nature and art seem to have vied with each other in rendering impregnable. No one who has looked on that vast and fortified rock, with its huge granite outline shown in bold relief against the clear sky of the south of Europe—its towering and ruin-crowned peaks—its enormous crags, caverns, and precipices—and its rich historical associations, which shed a powerful though vague interest over every feature—can easily forget the strong impression which the first sight of that imposing and magnificent spectacle creates. The flinty mass rising abruptly to an elevation of fifteen hundred feet, and surrounded on every side by the waters of the Mediterranean, save a narrow slip of level sand which stretches from its northern end and connects it with the main land, has, added to its other claims to admiration, the strong interest of utter isolation. For a while, the spectator gazes on the "stupendous whole" with an expression of pleased wonder at its height, extent, and strength, and without becoming conscious of the various opposite features which make up its grand effect of sublimity and beauty. He sees only the giant rock spreading its vast dark mass against the sky, its broken and wavy ridge, its beetling projections, and its dizzy precipices of a thousand feet perpendicular descent. After a time, his eye becoming in some degree familiarized with the main and sterner features of the scene, he perceives that the granite mountain is variegated by here and there some picturesque work of art, or spot of green beauty, that shines with greater loveliness from contrast with the savage roughness by which it is surrounded. Dotted about at long intervals over the steep sides of the craggy mass, are seen the humble cottages of the soldiers' wives, or, perched on the very edges of the cliffs, the guard-houses of the Garrison, before which, ever and anon, may be descried the vigilant sentry, dwindled to a pigmy, walking to and fro on his allotted and dangerous post. Now and then, the eye detects a more sumptuous edifice, half hid in a grove of acacias, orange, and almond trees, as if they clustered around to shut from the view of its inhabitant, in his eyrie-like abode, the scene of desolate grandeur above, beneath him, and on every side. At the foot of the rock, on a small and narrow slip less precipitous than the rest, stands the town of Gibraltar, which, as seen from the bay, with its dark-colored houses, built in the Spanish style, and rising one above another in amphitheatrical order; the ruins of the Moorish castle and defences in the rear; and the high massive walls which surround it at the water's edge, and which, thick-planted with cannon, seem formed to "laugh a siege to scorn," has a highly picturesque and imposing effect. The military works of Gibraltar are on a scale of magnificence commensurate with the natural grandeur of the scene. Its walls, its batteries, and its moles, which, bristling with cannon, stretch far out into the bay, and against whose solid structures the waves spend their fury in vain, are all works of art planned with great genius, and executed with consummate skill. An indefinite sensation of awe mixes with the stranger's feelings, as gazing upon the defences which every where meet his eye, he remembers, that the strength of Gibraltar consists not in its visible works alone, but that, hewn in the centre of the vast and perpendicular rock, there are long galleries and ample chambers, where the engines of war are kept always ready, and from whence the fires of death may at any moment be poured down upon an assailant.

Though the Rock is the chief feature of interest in the bay of Gibraltar, yet, when fatigued by long gazing on its barren and solitary grandeur, there are not wanting others on which the eye of the stranger may repose with pleasure. The green shores of Andalusia, encircling the bay in their semicircular sweep, besides the attraction which verdant hills and valleys always possess, have the super-added charm of being linked with many classical and romantic associations. The picturesque towns of St. Roque and Algeiras, the one crowning a smooth eminence at some distance from the shore, and the other occupying a gentle declivity that sinks gradually down to the sparkling waters of the bay—the mountains of Spain, fringed with cork forests, in the back ground—the dimly seen coast of Morocco across the Straits, with the white walls of Ceuta just discernible on one of its promontories—the towering form of Abila, which not even the unromantic modern name of Apes-hill can divest of all its interest as one of "the trophies of great Hercules"—these are all features in the natural landscape which, combined, render it a scene of exceeding beauty.

The clear blue waters of the bay itself commonly present an appearance of variety and animation which very materially increase the picturesqueness of the general effect. Here may at all times be seen, moored closely together, a numerous fleet of vessels, from every quarter of the globe, of every fashion of structure, and manned by beings of every creed and color. The flags and pennons which float from their masts, the sounds which rise from their decks, and the appearance and employments of the moving throngs upon them, all tend to heighten the charm of novelty and variety. In one place, may be seen a shattered and dismantled hulk, on board of which some exiled Spanish patriot, with his family, has taken refuge, dwelling there full in the sight of his native land, which yet he can scarcely hope ever to tread again: in another—on the high latticed stern of a tall, dark-looking craft, whose raking masts, black bends, and trig, warlike appearance excite a doubt whether she be merchantman or pirate—a group of Turks, in their national and beautiful costume,

smoking their long chibouques with an air of gravity as great as if they were engaged in a matter on which their lives depended. Beside them, perhaps, lies a heavy, clumsy dogger, on board of which a company of industrious, slow-moving Dutchmen are engaged in trafficking away their cargo of cheese, butter, Bologna sausages, and real Schiedam; and not far away from these, a crew of light-hearted Genoese sailors are stretched at length along the deck of their polacca, chanting, in voices made musical by distance, one of the rich melodies with which their language abounds. Boats are continually passing hither and thither between the vessels and the shore; and every now and then, a long and slender felucca, with its slanting yards, and graceful lateen sails, glides across the bay, laden with the products of the fruitful soil of Andalusia, which are destined to supply the tables of the pent-up inhabitants of the Garrison.

I have mentioned that it was on a fine day in October that we arrived at Gibraltar, and I have accordingly attempted to describe the Rock, and the adjacent scenery, as they appeared to me through the mellow light of that pleasant afternoon. To one viewing the scene from any other point than that which I occupied, our own gallant frigate would have presented no unattractive feature in the glorious landscape. During the time that we were beating through the Straits, the gunner's crew had been employed in blacking the bends, somewhat rusty from the constant attrition of a stormy sea; and we had embraced the opportunity of the gentle land-breeze to replace the storm topgallant-masts with our taunt fair-weather poles, and to bend and send aloft the topgallant-sails, royals, and skysails, for which we had not before had any recent occasion. Thus renewed, and all a-taunto, with our glossy sides glistening in the sun, our flags flying, and the broad blue pennant streaming at the main, there were few objects in all that gay and animated bay on which the eye could rest with greater pleasure, than on that noble vessel. The bustle consequent upon coming to anchor was, among our active and well disciplined crew, of but brief duration. In a very few minutes, every yard was squared with the nicest precision; every rope hauled taught, and laid down in a handsome Flemish coil upon the deck, and the vast symmetrical bulk, with nothing to indicate its recent buffetings from the storm, lay floating as quietly on the bright surface, as if it were part of a mimic scene, the creation of some painter's pencil.

Though I had been on duty ever since the previous midnight, yet I felt no disposition to go below; but for more than an hour after the boatswain had piped down, I remained on deck gazing with unweary eyes, on the various and attractive novelties around me. A part of the fascination of the scene was doubtless owing to that feeling of young romance, which invests every object with the colors of the imagination; and a part, to its contrast with the dull monotony of the prospect to which I had lately been confined, till my heart fluttered, like a caged bird, to be once more among the green trees and the rustling grass—to see fields covered with golden grain, and swelling away in their fine undulations—to scent the pleasant odor of the meadows, and be free to range at will through those leafy forests, which, I began to think, were ill exchanged for the narrow and heaving deck of a forty-four. Thoughts of this kind mingled with my musings, as I leaned over the taffarel, with my eyes bent on the verdant hills and slopes of Spain; and so absorbed was I in contemplation, that I heard not my name pronounced, till it was repeated a second or third time, by the officer of the deck.

"Mr. Transom!" cried he, in a quick and impatient voice, "are you deaf or asleep, sir? Here, jump into the first cutter alongside! Would you keep the Commodore waiting all day for you, sir?"

I felt my cheek redden at this speech of the lieutenant—one of those popinjays who, dressed in a little brief authority, think to show their own consequence by playing off impertinent airs upon those of inferior station. I had seen enough of naval service, however, to know that no good comes of replying to the insolence of a superior; so, suppressing the answer that rose to my lips, I sprang down the side into the boat, in the stern-sheets of which my commander, who had preceded me, was already seated.

"Shove off, sir," said he.

"Let fall! give way!" cried I to the men, who sprang to their oars with alacrity, making the boat skim through the water lightly and fleetly as a swallow through the air. In less than five minutes, we were floating alongside the stone quay at the Water-port—as the principal and strongly fortified entrance to the Garrison from the bay is called.

"You will wait here for me," said the Commodore, as he stepped out of the boat, "and should I not return before the gate is closed, pull round to the Ragged-staff," (the name of the other landing-place,) "and wait there."

"Ay, ay, sir," said I—though not very well pleased at the prospect of a long and tedious piece of service, fatigued as I already was with my vigil of the previous night, and the active duties of the day. The old Commodore in the meanwhile stepped quickly over the drawbridge which connects the quay with the fortress, and presently disappeared under the massive archway of the gate.

For a while, the scene which presented itself at the Water-port was of a kind from which an observant mind could not fail to draw abundant amusement. The quay, beside which our boat was lying, is a small octangular wharf, constructed of huge blocks of granite, strongly cemented together. It is the only place which boats, except those belonging to the Garrison, or national vessels in the harbor, are permitted to approach; and though of but a few yards square in extent, is enfiladed in several directions by frowning batteries of granite, mounted with guns, which by a single discharge might shiver the whole structure to atoms. Merchant vessels lying in the bay are unloaded by means of lighters, which, with the boats of pas-

sage continually plying between the shipping and the shore, and the market-boats from the adjacent coast of Spain, all crowd round this narrow quay, rendering it a place of singular business and bustle. As the sun-set hour approaches, the activity and confusion increases. Crowds of people, of all nations, and every variety of costume and language, jostle each other as they hurry through the gate. The stately Greek, in his embroidered jacket, rich purple cap, and flowing capote, strides carelessly along. The Jew, with his bent head, shaven crown, and coarse though not unpicturesque gaberdine, glides with a noiseless step through the crowd, turning, from side to side as he walks, quick wary glances from underneath his downcast brows. The Moor, wrapped close in his white bernoose, stalks sullenly apart, as if he alone had no business in the bustling scene; while the noisy Spaniard by his side wages an obstreperous argument, or shouts in loud guttural sounds for his boat. French, English, and Americans, officers, merchants, and sailors, are all intermingled in the motley mass, each engaged in his own business, and each adding his part to the confused and Babel-like clamor of tongues. High on the walls, the sentinels, with their arms glistening in the sun, are seen walking to and fro on their posts, and looking down with indifference or abstraction on the scene of hurry and turmoil beneath them.

Among the various striking figures that attracted my attention, from time to time, as I reclined in the stern-sheets of the cutter, gazing on the shifting throng before me, there was one whose appearance and manners awakened peculiar interest. He was a tall, muscular, dark-looking Spaniard, whose large frame and strong and well-proportioned limbs were set off to good advantage by the national dress of the peasantry of his country. His sombrero, slouched in a studied manner over his eyes, as if to conceal their fierce rolling balls, shaded a face, the dark sun-burnt hue of which showed that it had not always been so carefully protected. From the crimson sash which was bound round his waist, concealing the connection of his embroidered velvet jacket with his nether garments, a long knife depended; and this, together with a sinister expression of countenance, and an indescribable something in the general air and bearing of the man, created an impression which caused me to shrink involuntarily from him whenever he approached the boat. He himself seemed to be actuated by similar feelings. On first meeting my eye, he drew his sombrero deeper over his brow, and hastily retired to another part of the quay; but every now and then I could see his dark face above a group of the intervening throng, and his keen black eyes seemed always directed towards me, till, perceiving that I noticed him, he would turn away, and mix for a while again among the remotest portion of the crowd.

My eyes were endeavoring to follow this singular figure in one of his windings through the multitude, when my attention was drawn in another direction by a loud long call from a bugle, sounded within the walls, and, in an instant after, repeated with a clearer and louder blast, from their summit. This signal seemed to give new motion and animation to the crowd. A few hurried from the quay into the Garrison, but a greater number poured from the interior upon the quay, and all appeared anxious to depart. Boat after boat was drawn up, received its burden, and darted off, while others took their places, and were in turn soon filled by the retiring crowd. Soldiers from the Garrison appeared upon the quay to urge the tardy into quicker motion; mingled shouts, calls and curses resounded on every side; and for a few minutes confusion seemed worse confounded. But in a short time the last loiterer was hurried away—the last felucca shoved off, and was seen gliding on its course, the sound of its oars almost drowned in the noisy gabble of its Andalusian crew. As soon as the quay became entirely deserted, the military returned within the walls, and a pause of silence ensued—then pealed the sun-set gun from the summit of the rock—the draw-bridge, by some unseen agency, was rolled slowly back, till it disappeared within the arched passage—the ponderous gates turned on their enormous hinges—and Gibraltar was closed for the night with a security which might defy the efforts of the combined world to invade it.

Thus shut out at the Water-port, I directed the boat's crew, in compliance with the orders I had received, to pull round to the Ragged-staff. The wall at this place is of great height, and near its top is left a small gate, at an elevation of fifty or sixty feet above the quay which projects into the bay beneath. It is attained by a spiral stair-case, erected about twenty feet from the wall, and communicating with it at the top by means of a draw-bridge. This gate is little used, except for the egress of those who are permitted to leave the Garrison after nightfall. On reaching the quay, I sprang ashore, and walking to a favorable position, endeavored to amuse myself once more by contemplating the hills and distant mountains of Spain. But the charm was now fled. Night was fast stealing over the landscape, and rendering its features misty and indistinct: a change, too, had taken place in my own feelings, since, a few hours before, I had found so much pleasure in dwelling on the scene around me. I was now cold, fatigued, and hungry; my eyes had been fed with novelties until they were weary with gazing; and my mind crowded with a succession of new images, until its vigor was exhausted. I cast my eyes up to the Rock, but it appeared cold and desolate in the deepening twilight, and I turned from its steep, flinty sides and dreadful precipices, with a shudder. The waves and ripples of the bay, which the increasing evening wind had roughened, broke against the quay where I was standing with a sound that created a chilly sensation at my heart; and even the watch-dog's bark, from on board some vessel in the bay, gave me no pleasure as it was borne faintly to my ear by the eastern breeze; for it was associated with sounds of home, and awakened me to a painful consciousness of the distance I had wandered, and the fatigues

and perils to which I was exposed. A train of sombre thoughts, despite my efforts to drive them away, took possession of my mind. At length, yielding to their influence, I climbed to the top of a rude heap of stones, which had been piled on the end of the quay, and seating myself where my eye could embrace every portion of the shadowy landscape, I yielded the full rein to melancholy fancies. My wandering thoughts roamed over a thousand topics; but one topic predominated over all the rest. My memory recalled many images; but one image it presented with the vividness of life, and dwelt upon with the partiality of love. It was the image of one who had been the object of my childhood's love, whom I had loved in boyhood, and whom now, in opening manhood, I still loved with a passionate and daily increasing affection. Linked with the memory of that sweet being, came thoughts of one who had sought to rival me in her affections, and who, foiled in his purposes, had conceived and avowed the bitterest enmity to me:—and from him, my mind reverted, by some strange association, to the tall and singular-looking Spaniard whom I had seen at the Water-port. In this way my vagrant thoughts ranged about from topic to topic, with all that wildness of transition which is sometimes produced by the excitement of opium.

While thus engaged in these desultory meditations, I know not how long a time slipped by; but at length my thoughts began to grow less distinct, and my eyes to feel heavy; and had I not been restrained by a sense of shame and duty as an officer, I should have been glad to resign myself to sleep. My eyelids, in despite of me, did once or twice close for an instant or two; and it was in an effort to arouse myself from one of these little attacks of somnolency, that I saw an object before me the appearance of whom in that place struck me with surprise. The moon had risen, and was just shedding a thin and feeble glimmer over the top of the Rock, the broad deep shadow of which extended almost to the spot where I was sitting. Emerging from this shadow, with his long peculiar step, I saw approaching me the identical Spaniard whose malign expression of countenance and general appearance had so strongly attracted my attention at the Water-port. That it was the same I could not doubt, for his height, his dress, his air, all corresponded exactly. He still wore the same large sombrero, which, as before, was drawn deep over his brows; the same long and glistening knife was thrust through his sash, and the same fantastically stamped leather gaiters covered his legs. He approached close to me, and in a voice, which, though hardly above a whisper, thrilled me to the bone, informed me that the Commodore had sent for me, on delivering which laconic message, he turned away, and walked towards the Garrison. Shall I own it, gentle reader? I felt a sensation of fear at the idea that I was to follow this herculean and sinister-looking Spaniard, and I had some faint misgivings whether I ought to obey his summons. But I reflected that he was probably a servant or messenger of some officer or family where the Commodore was visiting; that he could have no motive to mislead me; and that, were I to neglect obeying the order through fear of its bearer, because he was tall, had whiskers, and wore a sombrero, I should deservedly bring down upon myself the ridicule of every midshipman in the Mediterranean. Besides, thought I, how foolish I should feel, if it should turn out, as is very likely, that this is some ball or party to which the Commodore has been urged to stay, and, unwilling to keep me waiting for him so long in this dreary place, he has sent to invite me to join him. This last reflection turned the scale, so slipping down from my perch, I followed towards the gate. The tall dark form of the stranger had already disappeared in the shadow of the Rock; but on reaching the foot of the spiral stair-case I could hear his heavy tread ascending the steps. Directly after, the gate was unbarred, the draw-bridge lowered, and a footstep crossing it announced that the Spaniard was within the walls. I followed as rapidly as I could, and got within the gate just in time to see the form of my conductor disappear round one of the angles of the fortifications; but accelerating my pace, I overtook him as he reached the foot of a path which seemed to ascend towards the southern end of the Rock.

"This way lies the town," said I, pointing in the opposite direction; "you surely have mistaken the route."

The Spaniard made no answer, but pointing with his hand up the narrow and difficult path, and beckoning me to follow him, he began the ascent. The moon shone on his countenance for a moment as he turned towards me, and I thought I could perceive the same sinister expression upon it which had been one of the first things that drew my attention to him. I continued to follow, however, and struggled hard to overtake him; but without much effect. I became fatigued, exhausted, almost ready to drop, but was unable to diminish the interval between us. The ascent soon became very steep—so steep, indeed, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep from sliding back faster than I advanced. My feet were blistered, and I toiled along on my hands and knees, till my flesh was torn and penetrated with the sharp points and edges of the rock. After thus slowly and painfully groping my way for a considerable distance, we at length reached a place where the path pursued a level course—but what a path! what a place! A narrow ledge, scarce two feet wide, had been formed, partly by nature, partly by art, at the height of a thousand feet above the water, around a sweep of the rock where it rose perpendicularly from its base to its extreme summit. This ledge was covered with loose stones, which, at every footstep, fell rattling and thundering down the mighty precipice, till the sound died away in the immense depths below. I could not conjecture whether the Spaniard was leading me; but I had now gone too far to think of retreating. Every step I now made was at the hazard of life. The ledge on which we were walking was so narrow, the loose stones which covered it rolled so easily from under our feet, and my knees

trembled so violently from fear and fatigue, that I could scarcely hope to continue much further in safety over such a pathway. At last we reached a broader spot. I sunk down exhausted, yet with a feeling of joy that I had escaped from the perilous path I had just been treading. The Spaniard stood beside me, and I thought a malignant smile played round his lips as he looked down upon me, panting at his feet. He suffered me to rest but for a moment, when he motioned me to rise. I obeyed the signal, as if it were the behest of my evil genius.

"Look round you," said he, "and tell me what you behold?"

I glanced my eyes round, and shuddering withdrew them instantly from the fearful prospect. The ledge or platform on which we were standing was but a few feet square; behind it a large and gloomy cavern opened its black jaws; and in front, the rock rose from the sea with so perpendicular an ascent, that a stone, dropped from its edge, would have fallen without interruption straight down into the waves.

"Are you ready to make the leap?" said the Spaniard, in a smooth, sneering tone, seeing, and seeming to enjoy, the terror depicted on my countenance.

"For heaven's sake," cried I, "who are you, and why am I made your victim?"

"Look!" cried he, throwing the sombrero from his head, and approaching close to me, "look! know you not these features? They are those of one whose path you have crossed once, but shall never cross again!"

He seized hold of me as he spoke, with a fiendish grasp, and strove to hurl me headlong from the rock. I struggled with all the energy of desperation, and for a moment baffled the design. He released his hold round my body, and stepping back, stood for an instant gazing on me with the glaring eyeballs of a tiger about to spring upon its prey; then darting towards me, he grasped me with both hands round the throat, and dragged me, despite my vain struggling, to the very verge of the precipice. With a powerful exertion of strength, which I was no longer able to resist, he dashed my body over its dreadful edge, and held me out at arm's length above the dread abyss. The agony of years of wretchedness compressed into a single second, could not have exceeded the horror of the moment I remained so suspended. There was a small tree or bush which grew out of a cleft just beneath the ledge. In my frenzied struggle, I caught by a branch of it, just at the critical instant when the Spaniard relaxed his hold, intending to precipitate me down the fearful gulf. His purpose was again baffled for another moment of horror. He gnashed his teeth as he saw me swing off upon the fragile branch, which cracked and bent beneath my weight, and which, at most, could save me from his fury but for a fleeting moment. That moment seemed too long for his impatient hate. He sprang to the very verge of the ledge, and placing his foot firmly on the tree, pressed it down with all his strength. In vain, with chattering teeth and horror-choked voice, I implored him to desist. He answered not, but stamped furiously on the tree. The root began to give way—the loosened dirt fell from around it—the trunk snapped, cracked, and separated—and the fiend set up an inhuman laugh, which rung in my ears like the mocking of a demon, as down—down—down I fell, through the chill, thick, pitchy air, till striking with a mighty force on the rocks beneath—I waked, and lo, it was a dream!

It was broad daylight. In my sleep I had rolled from the heap of stones which had furnished me with my evening seat of meditation, and which, during my sleep, had supplied my imagination with an abundance of materials for horrid precipices and "deep-down gulfs." The laugh of the infernal Spaniard turned out to be only a burst of innocent merriment at my plight from little Paul Messenger, a rosy, curly-haired midshipman, and one of the finest little fellows in the world. The matter was soon explained. The Commodore, returning to the boat, and seeing me, as he expressed it, sleeping so comfortably on a bed of my own choosing, thought it would be a pity to disturb me; so shoving off, he left me to my slumbers; but on reaching the ship, gave the officer of the deck directions to send a boat for me at daylight. Little Paul, always ready to do a kind act, asked to go officer of her; and we returned together to the frigate, laughing over my story of the imaginary adventures of the night.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PENCILINGS BY THE WAY.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

PHILADELPHIA.—Just at this season, the beginning of November, the city from which I date is the pleasantest in this country. The climate is perfect. It is just between the chilliness of the east and the prolonged summer of the south. The principal streets, too, run from east to west, and consequently you can choose between sun and shade at any hour of the day—no trifling circumstance to those who breathe delicately. He who has broiled in Broadway in fashionable hours, or like Sancho Panza, "heard his brains frying in his skull," in the Washington-street of Boston, will know how to appreciate the forethought of William Penn.

And, speaking of that, it is a little singular how it has proved the best policy of this eventful city to follow the minutest points even of the original founder's design. No institution of his establishment has fallen through. No street has been cut, and almost no appropriation of land made which the worthy old patriarch had not foreseen and projected. It is a great pity that the only exception to this remark should be such an important one. The bank of the river was laid out originally for a broad and spacious quay; in the thrift

of his less liberal descendants, however, it had been built over; and instead of a fine broad terrace, covered with merchandise, you see only unsightly buildings and crowded narrow piers, the whole bearing an impression of confusion and want of room, not at all in keeping with the beautiful order and spaciousness of the rest of the city. It should appease the shade of the sturdy quaker, however, that it is so universally regretted; and if he is permitted to walk the handsome streets built after his judicious landmarks, and witness the happy result of his wise contrivance both for use and beauty, he needs little of the quiet philosophy of his sect, I should think, to reconcile him to his proportion of ghostly vexation.

Philadelphia is a city to be happy in. At any rate, he who has no internal uneasiness need not be annoyed by anything external. Delightful cleanliness every where meets his eye. The sidewalks are washed constantly; the marble steps are spotlessly neat; the wealthy dress handsomely, of course, and drive well-appointed and compact equipages; and the poor are quakers, or in the hands of quakers, and have not, in a single instance, as far as I have seen, the look of dirty and squalid wretchedness so common and obtrusive in New-York. Every thing that meets the eye is well conditioned and well cared for. If any fault could be found, it would be that of too much regularity and too nice precision. There is such a verisimilitude about the houses and streets, that one is puzzled to remember where he has been. I have frequently regretted the want of that *individuality* of taste so peculiar to Boston, where every house has a character of its own, and every street is so unlike its neighbors, that there is little danger of confounding them.

BALTIMORE.—I feel as if I had scarce a right to speak of this flourishing city, having been here but half a day, and leaving it almost immediately. I have seen its principal buildings, however, and it is not necessary to know the people, that one should have been here, for its better classes are to be met every where at the north during the summer months, and I have beheld most of its beauty and talent under the pleasant circumstances and in the genial humor of travel. The consequence is a strong attachment to them as a people, and a conviction that their character, like their meridian, unites the excellencies of north and south, without the salient faults of either. There is no place, probably, where a stranger would be more cordially welcomed and generously entertained; and the style of living I have always heard, and have partly seen, is princely. The town itself is like Boston in many of its features. Its cathedral and churches are celebrated for their beauty. I regret not a little the driving haste with which I am compelled to pass it, both now and when I return.

WASHINGTON.—Here, too, I can give but a day to objects of curiosity, which might employ me much longer to the greatest advantage. The capitol surprised me agreeably. It is truly a magnificent structure, and evident as its faults are, I do not believe the most critical observer could see it for the first time without admiration. The dome is too heavy, or the pillars of the *façades* are too slight; but the side view from the Potomac does not present even this fault, and the effect is highly imposing. The house of representatives is the most beautiful room by far in this country. The pillars of native brexia are splendid, and the whole architecture seems, to my unpractised eye at least, perfect. I visited the president's house also, and was honored by an introduction to General Jackson. He had just recovered from a severe attack of the intermittent fever. He sat with his family reading when we entered, and though paler than usual, I was struck with the fidelity of the common portraits I have seen of him. Alexander's, I think, however, is far the best, and his reflection in the mirror is not more like him. He rose with a dignified courtesy to receive us, and conversed freely and agreeably. I left him with a decided impression in his favor. His whole appearance is imposing and in the highest degree gentlemanly and prepossessing. I dislike and disapprove of his administration; but, if his face is an index of his character, General Jackson himself is both an upright and a fearless man. I shall ever entertain the high personal respect for him with which this interview has inspired me. He remarked, by the way, that he had been some time intending a visit to the northern states, but should not compass it till the next year. I hope, in such an event, that no party feeling will interfere with his reception, that he will be treated with the universal distinction to which his services to the country and his private worth, quite apart from his office, fully entitle him.

I visited Mount Vernon yesterday. This, of course, is the most interesting pilgrimage that can be made by an American. We took the steam-boat down the Potomac to Alexandria, thence pursued its banks seven miles to our destination. This celebrated spot has been described often, and I have no time, if it were worth while, to describe it minutely again. The estate is the most superb gem of natural scenery, I do not hesitate to say, in this country. It stands on a terraced bank of the Potomac, eighty or a hundred feet above the water, overlooking that majestic river for a great distance, and commanding from the front piazza its boldest bend towards the sea. All this fine natural beauty is a proper preparative for the associations of the place; and after gazing at the scene till my mind was elevated and calmed, I followed the decrepid old family servant, who had served Washington himself forty years, to his master's tomb. It is an humble place enough—a mere mound, with a brick front and a plain slab of marble inscribed with the name of WASHINGTON—but no man could stand before it without emotion. My heart swelled and my eyes filled with tears. I stood by the side of his old white-headed servant, I know not how long, gazing upon the iron door, without the power or the disposition to ask a question. I came away, after breaking a branch from one of the cedars that grow over the spot—sure that wherever I might tread amid the relics of human greatness, I should find nothing which would move me so much, nothing

which had about it associations of such moral sublimity, as the unadorned and humble tomb of Washington.

And now, my dear M—s and F—y, farewell for a while. My travels on this side of the water are ended for the present—I trust for the present only. Breaking many a pleasant tie, and tearing myself from every association of my life, I embark for a foreign land to-morrow. You shall hear from me next when I have set foot in "the garden of the world."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

FAMILY TROUBLES.

Let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere; but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe.—Milton.

SOME time ago I spent an evening at the house of a friend, who seemed to me singularly blessed with rational happiness. Nature has given him health, a fine mind, and an unceasing flow of spirits; and fortune, as if unwilling to be outdone in liberality, has added reputation, affluence, an affectionate wife, and lovely children. I never saw such faces as greet this excellent man every evening on his return to his dwelling. His habits are domestic. He takes an amiable pleasure in adding comforts and embellishments to his home, to make it the centre of attraction to his family. I have often been secretly and silently touched with admiration to see him prepare beautiful surprises for them; filling the bosoms of his sweet children with innocent rapture, and planning sly artifices to gratify and delight their mother, so that his approach is the signal for a general joy. How noble a gratification he must realize in knowing that he brings cheerfulness with him wherever he comes, and that several tender and virtuous beings feel their hearts leap at the sound of his voice. No more soothing and pretty a scene can be fancied than his parlor, when the evening closes in, and the children have learned their lessons for the next day's school, and the mother and daughters are seated at their work, and the door opens and presents the noble form and lighted countenance of this generous husband and father, with a choice book, or a rare picture, or something entertaining or instructive in his hand. I think this man is a true disciple of the Epicurean philosophy, and renders pleasure subservient to virtue and ultimate happiness. Among other accomplishments which shed a charm about the good-natured scene is music, in which he has himself marked taste. His eldest daughter has learned the science with great success. She is a lovely blooming girl of seventeen, and has taught her little sisters to sing and play several sweet melodies with grace and feeling. I sat in a shady part of the room the other evening, and I believe the whole party forgot my presence. The elder girl went to the piano, and ran over the accompaniment to an air of unusual tenderness. The father breathed a low sweet second on the flute, and the others raised their girlish voices in the blended harmony. A bright boy's face peeped over his sister's chair, and raised his soft eyes to hers, as if then, for the first time, touched with the power of music; and the mother, a glow of quiet delight spread over her features, in which I could trace a subdued resemblance to the vivid and beaming beauty of her children, paused from her sewing and listened.

I was particularly pleased with the kind manner in which this agreeable family transacted trivial circumstances and conversations with each other. If any thing was wrong in the performances of the little ones, the sister corrected it in a persuasive voice. The mother's rebuke was gentleness itself, and yet instantly attempted to, and the children together were affectionate and social. Perhaps my admiration may have drawn me into rather an elaborate description of what may not be deemed of importance to all my readers, although I know there must be some willing to leave for a moment the loftier events of the world, to muse upon this humble picture, just as a traveller among stupendous bridges, artificial roads, and gaudy palaces will sometimes pause by a cottage, in a secluded pathway, with nothing to recommend it but the simple beauty of peace and nature.

After a few hours spent in this manner, I retired to my silent room, musing upon the contrast presented by the lives of this tranquil society and my own. One of the sweetest rewards of social endearments springs from the fact that the same participation of those we love which enhances our joys, also alleviates our sorrows. In the atmosphere of an affectionate home, therefore, the keen arrows of the world are blunted, while the flowers which would, peradventure, elsewhere fade away neglected, here bloom with more vivid beauty, none of their fragrance wasted, or their delicate colors overlooked. As for me, when I withdraw from the merry circle or turn from the gay and crowded streets, I seem to shut myself up in a kind of tomb. There are no connecting links between me and the world. No light step breaks the perpetual stillness. No familiar voice sends its welcome thrill through my veins, banishing weariness and gloom. The pleasant thoughts which flash on me from my book are like gems found in the desert by a lonely pilgrim.

This is a subject which, however common-place, is nevertheless materially connected with the comfort of mankind. You may, in a measure, estimate a man's happiness by his degree of contentment in his family; and I fear the gentle beings in whose society I had been beguiling the evening hours are an unusual instance of peace and harmony. You may find in many an apparent resemblance, but good breeding and pride often smooth over the surface, while indifference, or jealousy, or hatred lurk like monsters beneath. Real domestic bliss requires such a combination of favorable circumstances as to render its existence almost impossible. That several persons should be amiable, intelligent, good-humored, and of an affectionate

disposition, is not wonderful, but that all the members of a household should be so, cannot very frequently be the case. A single individual often spoils the peace of a whole family. How frequently I have seen a sweet circle gathered around the winter fire, the native liveliness of the pretty children breaking out innocently, and their conversation and actions such as in youth are natural and graceful, and all this sunshiny scene in a moment overclouded by the entrance of a scolding mother or an austere and tyrannical father; or intruded upon by the dark countenance and bitter discontent of some of those who are never happy themselves unless they are making every one around them miserable. Such a being in my eye is a criminal. The world is so thronged with dangers and disturbances, and so full of anguish and melancholy, that when I behold any group seemingly forgetting the general wretchedness, and surrendering their souls to pure merriment and contentment, I pause to contemplate it as something rare and beautiful; and I look upon him who ruthlessly destroys that of which mortals have so little, as an enemy to his fellow-creatures.

What would such a person think if, doomed to travel over a parched desert, some enemy should ruin the spring of cool water just as he was kneeling to drink. To many, life is this desert, and few are their fountains of happiness, and how cruel it is to sully those precious moments with unnecessary austerity or ill nature. When old age preaches to youth, let it reflect whether it does not itself sometimes fall into error. I have seen a lovely child suffer punishment simply because it did not act as if it were forty, and parents displaying the most pernicious example to their offspring by cross glances, cutting sarcasms, and open reproaches. I once knew a mistaken father who on certain days of the week would not permit his children to utter a single word. It was a painful sight to behold their eyes, from which nature strove to shoot out the lustre of sprightliness and unshadowed innocence, casting down their pretty orbs with a forced seriousness more proper to broken health, withered hopes, and troubled age; and ever and anon, by a furtive look, contradicting the artificial gravity of their innocent sweet mouths, where smiles were as natural as fragrance to flowers. It reminded me of some free wild bird forced from the forest, and compelled to sit all day in a narrow close cage. Yet even he is not demanded to hold his little wings motionless, cast down his bright eyes, and hush the warblings that gush up in his throat. Do not fathers know that, if their own hearts cannot persuade them, it is their best policy to possess themselves of the affections of their children? However pure and full of love may be their young hearts, they cannot be insensible to the distinction between happiness and misery; and what a reflection for a dying father, that he leaves behind him beings who, when he is in the grave, will only for the first time begin to enjoy the blessing of existence!

THE SOLITARY AND SENSITIVE MAN.

Solitude afflicts a man with certain troublesome peculiarities. I have had so little traffic with my fellow-creatures that I am destitute of numerous little pieces of knowledge requisite in all who would mingle with them without being ridiculous. The manner in which these awkward eccentricities multiply and strengthen upon me, occasions me some alarm. There are a thousand petty local circumstances of which I am totally ignorant, and persons suddenly shot up into popularity whose names I have never heard. A gentleman from London the other day asked me, in the presence of several red-hot politicians, on what day the election commenced. On confessing my inability to enlighten him, the company, among whom was a distinguished patriot on a small scale, who frequents ward meetings, and even came within an ace of being nominated for assistant alderman, regarded me with such a wondering air, and such an ill-disguised effort to smother their amusement, that if I had been the man skeleton, or a calf with two heads, or any other *lusus nature*, they could not have been more struck. A lively young girl, to whom I was accidentally introduced at a friend's, after chatting for ten minutes about the weather, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Bulwer, turned upon me suddenly, and inquired if I thought Miss Thompson pretty? I suppose I colored a little to acknowledge that I had never seen her, upon which the complaisance of my charming companion fell like the mercury in a thermometer suddenly dropped into cold water; and though she was very civil, and all that, during my brief subsequent stay, I could easily perceive she thought what the next day I am told she said, that I might be mighty clever, but I had an odd way of showing it. These defects creep upon one with an insensible progress, but are very stubborn when once established, and the consciousness of them perhaps makes a decent fellow appear worse than he is, and at length banishes him from society altogether. I must also add, as another important failing natural to good people, who are not active men of the world, the difficulty I find in becoming acquainted with those ladies and gentlemen whom one meets with indiscriminately in parlors, and the embarrassment which prevents me from taking a polite and easy share in the conversation. Love of solitude contracts such stiff and unfashionable ways, that one will sit like a ghost in the midst of a merry circle, till he is absolutely afraid of the sound of his own voice. Even all the precepts of my philosophy have not prevented my being touched with these trivial diseases, and I was mortified almost to death, after having played the part of a dumb gentleman at the house of a well-bred and elegant lady, to overhear a witty belle, about whom I had indulged my own thoughts for fifteen minutes, whisper to an empty-headed coxcomb, whose tongue was a perpetual motion, "that my conversational powers were amazing, but it was kept a great secret!" I am also haunted with a terrible propensity to look straight into the fire through which my imagination escapes to other regions. The fall-

ing down of the coals has in this way often disturbed agreeable, or put to flight unpleasant reflections; and I some time since had arranged in my mind two-thirds of one of these very numbers, and was congratulating myself upon having grasped an idea of unusual size, when a servant emptied the coal-scuttle upon the grate, and I was awakened just in time to hear a general laugh, and to answer to an interrogatory from a good-natured girl, who assured me she was then preferring it for the fifth time.

My lonely way of life not only makes me absurd in company, but troubles me with a nervous sensitiveness even when I am withdrawn from it; and when I retire to my books I like to be silent and alone. Every noise disturbs me. I cannot write without being cut off, and perfectly isolated from every body and every thing about me. A walk around the corner, or humming a tune, or the promiscuous chat of a friend, breaks up the current of my reflections, and I am well off if I can afterwards compel them to flow on as before. This very article was nearly ruined after the first paragraph by the carelessness of a fellow who placed a pair of right and left boots before me, with their relative position reversed. My wayward and too much indulged fancy would not stir an inch till I located them properly. I wish, when inclined to study, that I could bury myself for a time in a dungeon, separated from the alightest trace of a human being. You must excuse my complaints upon this subject, as my sufferings are excessive, although I have, as far as possible, immured myself from the world, and even retired into a high apartment, in whose shaded light I strive to be alone. Yet fortune pursues me with unrelenting cruelty. A small family haunt the adjoining room. The boys come there and drum on the door, whistle tunes, and quarrel. The lady has an infant daughter, whom she is instructing in the rudiments of music. It sets my teeth on an edge. The bare recollection gives me fears of the lockjaw. I paid the landlord his rent, and took a small apartment up town, in a house where there were no families, no boys, nor babies learning music; but I was driven thence by a negro girl, who sweeps the house with a red handkerchief twisted round her head, and squalls "I'd be a butterfly!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

Address delivered before the American Institute of the City of New-York, at their Fourth Annual Fair, October 14th, 1831, by Edward Everett. New-York: Van Norden & Mason. 1831.

This is a plain matter-of-fact, but ably drawn speech, in which, considering the character of Mr. Everett's auditory, there is rather less fancy and more political economy than we expected. Perhaps our simplicity induced us to anticipate something abstract and moral, rather than political, although we were dull not to perceive what a tempting opportunity the occasion offered of debating the dazzling question which now agitates the nation, from Maine to Mexico. It only discloses to us, in a new instance, how thoroughly we are all imbued with the spirit of political discussion. The daily journals teem with it. Private circles grow angry on it. The host of your hotel, as he lays open the turkey at dinner, mingles up his little colloquial details with talk about the Liverpool prices and the New-York prices, and the duty on raw cotton. There is no escaping from it. We can scarcely take up a novel, or listen to a lecture on chemistry, without being swindled into a dose upon the tariff or the Indian claims, and thus the ardor of proselytism lurks under every disguise. It must be confessed that Mr. Everett has done the subject ample justice. The address is characterized by a smooth perspicuity, which marks the gentleman and the scholar; and, if so common-place and hacknied a theme could ever be rendered attractive to a mixed audience, comprised in a great measure of females—we are not surprised at its becoming so in the hands of this elegant and chaste writer. Under the pretence of sketching a history of the mechanic and manufacturing industry of the country, before and since the revolution, we have an ingenious, and indeed powerful defence of the orator's political principles, which is also intended to be a keen rebuke to the southern malcontents.

Among several other similar estimates, he mentions that the annual manufacture of hats in the United States, amounts to thirteen millions of dollars; and that of boots and shoes to twenty-six millions; making the amount of hats equal to more than half the export of cotton, to twice the rice and tobacco, and twice the amount of the sugar crop. It is curious, if true, as Mr. Huskisson stated, and Mr. Everett sanctions, that the causes of our revolution are not to be found in the measures subsequent to Mr. Grenville's plan of taxation, but in the discontent of the colonies at the tendency of the British administration to put down every appearance of domestic manufacture. The facts here cited are interesting. The house of commons, in consequence of a report by the board of trade and plantations respecting manufactures set up, or trade carried on in the colonies, detrimental to the trade, navigation, and manufactures of Great Britain, passed a law forbidding hats or felt to be exported from the colonies, or even "to be loaded on a horse, cart, or other carriage, for transportation from one plantation to another." In 1750 an act was passed which the speaker justly enough terms disgraceful to the legislation of any civilized country, prohibiting "the erection or continuance of any mill or other engine for slitting or rolling iron, or any plating forge to work with a tilt hammer, or any furnace for making steel in the colonies, under penalty of two hundred pounds;" and every such mill, engine, forge, or furnace, was declared a common nuisance. But we must refer the reader to the details presented by Mr. Everett himself, without examining either their historical or political orthodoxy. For we disclaim all political adjudication between the parties, and profess to look upon the pamphlet only as a literary composition. As such it shows the marks of a skilful hand, and, bating a little elegant ranting towards the end, it will be much admired.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1831.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

We have the pleasure of informing our friends that, in pursuance of a long contemplated design, Mr. WILLIS, our associate editor, has sailed upon an enterprise connected solely with the NEW-YORK MIRROR. We have felt that nothing would be more acceptable to our readers than the FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FOREIGN SCENES upon a mind with whose peculiar character they were familiar. It is Mr. Willis's intention to remain a considerable time in Italy, and transmit to us his observations, taken freshly from the scenes about him. We think him well qualified for the task he has undertaken, and have little doubt that he will be entirely successful in rendering this novel department in a high degree interesting. A month or two will necessarily elapse before we can hear from him, during which time we beg the indulgence of our readers.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.
THEODORE S. FAY.

The present number.—Two of the steel plates promised in the prospectus are this week presented. As neither care nor expense has been withheld, they may be offered as among the best the country can furnish. The vignette, which properly belongs to the first number of the volume, has been delayed at the request of Mr. Durand, that he might finish it to his entire satisfaction. It was designed and painted by Weir. The view of Wall-street was copied by Weir also, from an old picture, and was executed by Hatch and Smillie. The subject was selected in conformity to our plan of illustrating the antiquities, as well as the present state of our city, so rich in reminiscences. The costume is admirably well preserved. The literary contents are from a variety of contributors, too well appreciated by the public to require commendations on our part. We have only to add, that our exertions to render the Mirror generally interesting, will continue to be unremitting; and we solicit attention to the work with the hope that it may not be found unworthy of encouragement.

Editor's study.—A crowd has been all this afternoon collected before St. Paul's church, attracted by an immense solid obelisk thirty feet in length, upon a pedestal seven and a half feet square. On inquiring of a by-stander, we were informed it was a monument to be erected in St. Paul's, to the memory of the late Thomas Addis Emmet. We were struck with this preparation to signalize the dead in the midst of so busy a crowd of the living, who were looking on and passing away to their respective vocations with such a mixture of carelessness and curiosity. Neither did we omit to notice the coincidence, however trifling, of this column, thus rising to the honor of the departed, in full view of the white hall in which we have so often heard his eager and eloquent words, and gazed with respect upon his fine classic head and venerable form. The tones of his voice were familiar to our ears, and we could scarcely even yet realize that this proud marble was a tribute to one gone from among us forever. We remember to have once heard this gifted advocate under very interesting and imposing circumstances. A pure-hearted and excellent old man had been ruined in all his prospects by slander of the blackest die. His family had been rendered wretched and degraded. He had been himself expelled from the church with dishonor. His aged mother had actually died of grief and shame, and his own gray hairs were nearly brought down in sorrow to the grave. The inventor and circulator of all these calumnies was a powerfully formed immense dark-looking man, who had sworn his destruction, and came near accomplishing his oath. His victim had shrunk from a public exposure, as it involved family secrets of a sacred nature, and had gone to his persecutor with streaming eyes and tremulous voice, and besought him to recall the dreadful assertions, and spare him the necessity, the anguish, of appealing to a public tribunal of justice. These solicitations were repulsed with bitter scorn, and the unhappy old man saw himself, although sinking in the very shadow of the grave, compelled to plunge into the whirl and clash of an exciting law-suit. He was the more led on to this from the idea that the defendant, when convinced of his resolution to resort to a legal examination of the affair, would yield him an apology. So far from doing so, however, was he, that he placed upon record, as the phrase is, all his charges, and announced his determination and power to prove their truth. The old man was struck with horror, and his friends with amazement and doubt. What might not be accomplished by so desperate a foe? What dark and fatal scheme must he not have engendered, that he thus confidently advanced to the conflict? What might not hatred, backed by gold, have effected? What crowds of bad and licentious men, ever to be found in populous cities, might not have been summoned—for there are such who would commit perjury for hire as carelessly as look in the face of the blue heaven? We were witness to the fear and agony of the plaintiff when the day of trial arrived. He was amiable and sensitive, and recoiled from the approaching developments. He entreated that the action might be withdrawn. He said he was a wretched and a ruined man. He would fly to some distant country, and spend the brief remnant of his life in obscurity and shame. We heard also the calm, encouraging voice of his counsel, cheering up his drooping hopes, and breathing balm into his wounded soul. The testimony was a mass of chaos. At the close of it the court appeared embarrassed and the jury bewildered. Only a powerful, gigantic, and practical mind could grasp it in all its ramifications, separate the improbable and inconsistent from the rest, and so arrange it as to demonstrate the simple truth. It was twelve at night when,

after several days' investigation, it became the duty of Mr. Emmet to sum up. The trial had excited a general sensation. The very hall before the court-room was crowded, and in the apartment itself such a throng had gained entrance that the long windows, the embrasures, the columns, and indeed every object where a human foot could brace itself or a hand cling, was occupied. It was a thrilling picture in the depth of that night within the walls of the high chamber. The judges on their benches—the jury—the lawyers ranged around in various attitudes, all expressive of interest and anxiety—the dense mass of beings among whom ran the murmur of anxious expectation, the despairing and half broken-hearted form of the plaintiff, his care-worn forehead and few white hairs, the calm figure of the orator rising in the midst, with his time-stricken head; and, with his elbow leaning on the table and his chin upon his clenched fist, the defendant—his mouth half curled into a triumphant and audacious smile—his eyes lighted up under their black brows—and his savage countenance turned boldly upon the face of that fine old man, as if striving to abash or intimidate him from the performance of his duty. The presumptuous traitor little dreamed of the thunders that slept in his peaceful breast, or thought how near was the moment when that mild voice, whose gentleness had made him bold, should fall on his ear and his soul like burning fire, and make him writhe as if beneath the lash of a fury.

After a moment's pause, during which the lowest breath seemed to have been hushed, so unbroken was the silence, the object of our remarks entered upon the examination of the evidence. It was his way to first review the testimony dispassionately and logically, without any appeal to the feelings of the jury, till, by an ingenious course of reasoning he had demonstrated his point. As he reached this crisis the scornful self-possession of the defendant gradually deepened into a scowl of bitter and desperate hate and defiance—hate of his foe, and of the being who was with the hand of a Titan hurling back upon his head the mountains of obloquy he had heaped on the plaintiff, and defiance of the court and the jury, and all the world—of the present and the future. When the speaker had made the innocence of his client—not only his innocence, but his benevolence and his virtue, shine out to the understanding of all present with a noonday clearness, he turned to the savage face which was fiercely glaring upon him, and changing his course, like a hawk when he leaves the clouds to dart upon his prey, he seized on his character and conduct, and held it up to the public deprecation in all the naked hideousness of cruelty, treachery, and guilt. We never have beheld the splendid triumph of intellect over physical ferocity so illustrated. The nerve appeared to desert the features of the conquered slanderer. He seemed struggling to escape from the lightnings that were falling upon him like "death shots thick and fast," and, after a futile attempt to rise, as if to revenge himself by personal violence, he sank back into his seat, and, bending down his head, hid his abashed and blighted forehead in darkness and shame. The effect was tremendous. The damages of the jury were only limited by the pecuniary means of the defendant, and the plaintiff, who had entered the room in the evening a shunned being, sinking beneath a blackened fame, went forth with the halo of innocence beaming around his brow.

This scene was called up vividly in our memory by the sight of the column, upon the completion of which we cannot but congratulate a city, boasting of so few similar embellishments. It was quarried and finished by Messrs. Francis and James Kane, for the sum of six thousand dollars. We are informed that it would have been yet more expensive if a larger piece of solid stone could have been procured.

We are interrupted by a rush of people through the street, and the approach of the volunteer companies of the "Indescribables." Our distant readers must be informed that a large number of citizens have long cherished a dissatisfaction against the militia system; and, in order to bring it into disrepute, planned a parade with every contrivance calculated to render it ridiculous. And here they are—and such a medley of grotesque and monstrous shapes, we have never seen even in a feverish dream. Some Turks, and some Persians. Here is one in the disguise of an Amazonian, and there a hero that struts like Von Poffenburgh, in Knickerbocker, with a *chapeau bras* a yard square, and looking as if he could "knock down an ox with his fist, and pick his teeth with its horns." They put us in mind of a set of common men seen through a prism. Whiskers, mustachios, and red noses, appear to be the favorite species of embellishment. Bardolf, Pistol, and Bombastes Furioso, meet us at every glance. On one of their banners is inscribed, "Soldiers in peace—citizens in war." A sturdy hero has slung over his shoulder a dead racoon with the motto, "We came—we saw—we conquered;" and another carries an unfortunate little pig, and on his immense hat is chalked, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."—Negroes were whitewashed, and the white men painted various colors, but all behaved with order and the most ludicrous gravity. A large crowd honored this display with signs of approbation. A great difference of opinion exists respecting the propriety of this method of proceeding on the part of our young men. They themselves assert that it is their only means of expressing their sentiments upon a subject nearly connected with their interest, and attracting towards it the general attention of the people and legislature of the state. If we understand their objections, they arise, not solely from the idea that the system is burdensome, but that it is also unequal, as several classes of society are exempt from duty, which falls heavily upon the poor laborers. The fantastic parade has attracted general notice, and excited a great deal of mirth. It may at all events lead to a dispassionate examination of the militia question, and perhaps a modification more agreeable to all parties.

ARIETTA,

FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES, WITH A GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT, AS SUNG BY MADAME MALIBRAN—COMPOSED BY P. VERINI—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

Allegretto. 1st.

Buo - na not - te, buo - na not - te, ama - to be - ne, lo ti ven - go lo ti ven - go ades - so a - da - re, Poi m'en - va - do poi m'en - va - do a - ri - pe -

2d.

sa - re, E ri - cor - da - ti e ri - cor - da - ti di me: Tu ben sai tu ben sai che ques - to co - - - re, Sol per te pre - va gran

pe - ne, Buo - na not - te, buo - na not - te ama - to be - - - - ne, E ri - cor - da - ti e ri - cor - da - ti di me.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

LINES TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

YOUNG in heart, of spirit free,
Life is opening bright to thee,
And no cloud of care is drawn
O'er its morning's purple dawn;
While for thee the fairy, hope,
Strews with flowers the future's slope,
And thy parents' hearts intent,
Watch thy youth's development.
Therefore, in thy favor'd prime
Hoard each fleeting gem of time;
Pluck from knowledge every flower,
Talk with wisdom hour by hour;
That thy after years may be
Bright as hope now offers thee,
And the name thy manhood bears
Rich repay thy parents' cares.

INTELLECTUAL EQUALITY IN THE SEXES.—This is a doctrine of modern date; and like many others of the present age, is much more talked of than understood. The fact is, we believe, that all the difference of opinion which exists on this subject, arises from forgetting, or not knowing, that there are, in every thing, discrete as well as continuous degrees. Light and heat may be, and doubtless are, equally perfect in themselves, and equally capable of fulfilling the purposes of their creation. So are eagles and doves, oaks and cedars, air and water, and so on *ad infinitum*. Take, for instance, those two well known faculties of the human mind—the understanding and the will, or thought and affection. They may be equal in perfection—the one may be elevated to the wisdom of an angel, the other to a seraphic fervor—yet, still, the original distinction exists, and must exist to eternity. Thus it is with the sexes. I have never yet seen a little boy evince the slightest inclination to nurse a doll, or deck himself with gaudy ribbons, though constantly surrounded by sisters who, at a similar age, seldom display an inclination for any other

amusements. The immortal Milton thought as we do on this head, when he wrote the following lines on the first pair:

"Though both,
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;
For contemplation he, and valor formed,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace:
He for God only, she for God in him."

ART OF THINKING.—Franklin informs his son, that had he opened a "swimming school" in England, at a certain period, he might have made a fortune. Would not a "thinking school" be as likely to succeed, at the present time, in this city? How much better writers might we have, if every scribbler had learned how to think! Many persons doubtless imagine they have been thinking, when they have only been chasing gilded butterflies through their weedy brains; insects that are seldom caught alive, and which prove to be worse than useless when they are. A worthy teacher of this city lately rebuked an idle pupil for neglecting his allotted exercise in composition; the delinquent having presented, instead of the expected essay, a small strip of paper, containing these words only: "Sir, I cannot think of any thing to write." The teacher sternly replied, "Instead of thinking what to write, sir, you should write what you think." "So I did, sir," replied the boy: "it is on that paper."—Which was right?

AN EXCLAMATION, BY A DISCARDED LOVER.

Oh woman! thou art made of change,
Be thou or maid or mother;
For ere the tongue can call thee *this*,
Presto! thou art *another*!

DR. MITCHELL.—The doctor was always instructive, and, at times, highly humorous, in his observations to the evening guests who enjoyed the privilege of attending his *conversations*. On one occasion, he repeated the following impromptu. It was addressed to a lady from whom he had just received a fine preparation of the *Paradisea Apoda*,

"Gentlemen," said the gallant philosopher, "this is the way I pay a lady for a bird of paradise. If the curiosity of woman lost us the garden, she has now made some atonement by preserving one of its feathered tenants for our gratification."

"When ancient artists, gallantly intent,
Resolved the goddesses to compliment,
They strove the point of elegance to hit,
And give to each a contribution fit.
They placed with Juno, of exalted views,
The stately peacock, with his gorgeous hues:
The attic owl discreet Minerva took,
That mimic'd wisdom with his solemn look:
On Venus they bestowed the gentle dove,
The neat and proper attribute of love.
A modern bard, when asked what feathered kind
Should to the accomplished Julia be assigned,
Answered, with promptness and decision nice,
That hers must be the Bird of Paradise."

TRUTH.—Truth is of so great a value, as well as beauty, that both for its use and its ornament it is strange it should ever be disregarded. Yet many believe they are not guilty of uttering falsehoods, so long as they do not say that in words which may be flatly contradicted. For my part, I prefer a bold-faced liar to one, who, under the mask of veracity, and without violating the letter of truth, avails himself of looks, shrugs, innuendoes, or even silence, in order to convey, or to permit erroneous impressions in others. The one is soon detected, and may be guarded against; the other, under the disguise of virtue, can do infinite mischief. If a falsehood appears detestable in a man, how much more so is it disgusting in a female! No beauty nor accomplishments can counteract the disagreeable effects of such a disposition. The soul of a sensitive and honest man recoils from mingling itself with that of one capable of so groveling an act. There is a positive pleasure in knowing that dependence may be placed on what you hear; and I confess I can scarcely refrain from awarding full credit to the assertion of any of my friends, until their fault becomes too glaring to admit of further doubt. If a lady could conceive what a difficulty

there is in convincing one's self that what she declares with a grave face has no foundation in reality, and also what an unnatural creature she appears, when once detected in an untruth, I should think that, however she might be inclined, fear alone would be sufficient to prevent her from ever polluting her pretty lips with that which has the power to cover her whole person, in the eyes of others, with shame and degradation.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY,
AFTER AN ACCIDENTAL FIRE IN HER CHAMBER.

For thee, the sympathizing tear,
Dear Jane I cannot shed,
Though rudely from thy room were torn
Thy toilet, cap, and bed;
For, sure the lot's not passing hard,
The laughing fates exclaim,
That she who fires a thousand hearts,
Should suffer from one flame.

LOVERS.—There is not in all nature any thing so utterly ridiculous as a man so much in love as not to be able to conceal it from the rest of the company. Not only is he ridiculous, but, in time, he gets to be a regular nuisance, and is as impertinent and tiresome as he was at first laughable. He is always either extremely happy, or wonderfully wretched, without any apparent cause. This class of lovers, who would give their fortunes for a curl of their mistress's hair, or a piece of her shoe-string, generally make the worst husbands in the world.

EPIQUEUREAN EPIGRAM.

If life be a dream, as the moralist sings,
Let us wake not,—'tis wisdom's conclusion—
For, surely the essence of happiness springs
From the dreamer's continued illusion.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscriptions received for a less term than one year. New subscribers can be supplied from the commencement of the present volume.

J. Seymour, printer, John-street.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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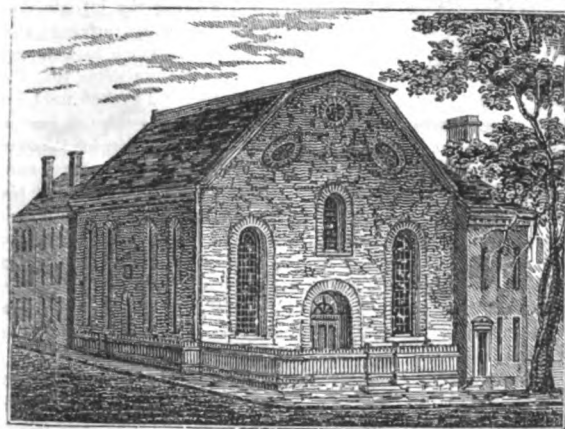
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VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1831.

No. 21.

ANTIQUITIES OF NEW-YORK.



Drawn by Davis—Engraved by Mason.

GERMAN CHURCH IN FRANKFORT-STREET,
CORNER OF WILLIAM.

This church was erected by the German Lutheran congregation, being commenced in 1766, and dedicated to the worship of God on the first day of May, 1767, when it received the name of "Christ's church." This was eight years previous to the actual commencement of hostilities in the revolutionary war, "when the Park was out of town." Six years before (as the records inform us) "that part of the high-road to Boston which leads towards fresh-water, extending from Broadway to the place where the negroes were burnt in 1741, and to which the gallows has lately been removed, begins to be regulated as a street, and a few houses have been erected." Chatham-street, it will be perceived, is therefore classic ground, particularly the spot here alluded to, between Chatham-garden and Pearl-street.

That section of the city which is still called the Swamp, was then literally so, being a wet waste, covered with trees and bushes, in which the birds built their nests. The Baptist church in Gold-street was erected in 1760; Vesey-street was not regulated until the following year, and St. Paul's church was built four years afterwards. In 1766, "the Presbyterian church petitioned, in a long and eloquent appeal, for the angular lot, lately called the Vineyard; stating the great increase of that persuasion," &c. The land asked for (where the Brick Meeting now stands) was unanimously granted them, at a rent of forty pounds per annum. These facts are alluded to in order to enable the reader to form some idea of the extent and population of the city in the year 1767, when the edifice was erected, of which a correct view stands at the head of this article.

The first pastor of this church was the Rev. John Siegfried Gerroek, who officiated six years, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, who occupied the pulpit and administered the ordinances until the British took possession of the city, in 1776. From that period the congregation were destitute of a regularly stationed pastor; but the chaplains of the German regiments, then in the city, officiated by turns for a considerable length of time, the Hessian soldiers and the congregation assembling together for divine worship. In 1784, when a treaty of peace, and the acknowledgment of our independence, had put an end to hostilities, the late Rev. Dr. I. C. Kunze was called to the pastoral charge of the German Lutheran congregation, and officiated until he departed this life in July, 1807. In the succeeding October, the Rev. F. W. Geissenhainer was installed, and officiated until 1814, when he resigned, and removed to Pennsylvania. In the following year, the late Rev. Dr. C. F. Schaeffer was called to the clerical office in this church, the duties of which he faithfully and zealously discharged until December, 1822, when he left the German and took charge of the new English Lutheran church in Walker-street. On his departure a call was given to their former pastor, the abovenamed Dr. F. W. Geissenhainer, who accepted the unanimous invitation, and again officiated in Christ's church until it was vacated in May, 1830, when, in pursuance of a previous resolution of the members, they removed to the Walker-street church, the congregation of Mr. Schaeffer having been previously provided with another church in Orange-street. This was sixty-three years after the dedication of Christ's church in Frankfort-street. The vacated building was afterwards purchased by George Lorillard, Esq.

While the city of New-York was in possession of the British, during the revolutionary war, the Hessian regiments, as before stated, attended worship in this building, administered in their own language, and by their own chaplains. Several Hessian officers, who received mortal wounds in the battle of Long-island, were in-

terred in the cemetery of this church, as were all who died in the city during its occupancy by the enemy. Several coffins were lately disinterred, which contained the remains of these hireling veterans, in full military costume, with their side-arms, cocked hats, boots, queaus, &c.

This edifice, which is built of stone, is sixty feet in length and thirty-four in breadth, with a plain hipped or gambrel roof, without tower, cupola, or steeple. During its occupation by the German Lutheran Society it contained a fine-toned organ, which was removed, we believe, to Walker-street church. To what use the building is now to be devoted we have not been informed. It will probably share the fate of the French Protestant church in Pine-street, by giving place to a block of modern stores. Aware of this probability, we took the precaution to secure its portrait, for the gratification of such as may have never seen the original. For the historical facts here detailed we are indebted to the Rev. Dr. F. W. Geissenhainer, and also to Goodrich's Picture of New-York, a valuable work, which ought to be better known.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

AFFECTATION.

I HAPPENED, the other day, to be caught in the society of two or three young belles with their beaux, and, as I have neither a handsome face nor a fashionable air, they designed me but a few civil common-places about the weather, which rather appeared to me a polite way of examining what sort of a looking creature I was, and then formed a little colloquial circle of their own. The girls were extremely pretty and finely dressed, and the men disposed to be agreeable; and the conversation ran on merrily, sometimes mingling into a general clash of their voices, and again rising into a cordial laugh. The subjects discussed were such as are usual in drawing-rooms. Miss B. was engaged to be married, and Mr. C. was paying attentions to Miss D. The character of several underwent a severe examination, while others were lauded, I suspect, quite above their actual deserts. At length they brought forward many of my particular friends for trial, although they knew not that I was honored with their acquaintance. The decisions they gravely uttered respecting the character and talents of such as came under review were so ludicrously erroneous, that I insensibly began to take an interest in their opinions, and several times had hard struggles with myself to keep from betraying my amusement. How deceived are these individuals who spend their lives in parlors! Many a dunce they spoke of as a "young man of great talent," and many a sensible fellow they set down as a fool. Some whom I knew, possessed of tempers sufficient to render any woman wretched, were praised for their amiable dispositions; and others, really noble, were covered with derision, perhaps for some awkwardness in their manner, or the want of a smooth face, or an unfashionable way of getting through the little difficulties of a parlor. I could pardon them for their misunderstandings and misrepresentations of the men, for they, by their way of life and their reputation in the world, can eventually succeed in making their real character apparent; but I was displeased to find the thoughtless tribunal judging individuals of the other sex, by their superficial demeanor and accomplishments, instead of those qualities which render the wife and mother useful and happy. Among the charges most frequently alleged was that of affectation. Miss So-and-so was a sweet girl—very amiable, and extremely beautiful, but then—she was so affected. And Mr. Such-a-one would be an excellent man were it not for his affectation. There are, doubtless, many persons guilty of this fault; but I am inclined to believe numbers are accused of it innocently, and when thus accused, it would be difficult for the most naturally behaved person in the world to escape conviction. If the unfortunate thus set upon is aware of what is going on, he will soon actually become affected in striving to avoid being so. It is strange that the world should be so bitter against a folly which arises from a desire to please them, and to stand well in their estimation. Besides, we are all so, in a measure, from our education. Only very young children are free from it, for nature is frowned out of countenance whenever she appears in all "good society;" and if a plain, honest laborer should come from the country, and be led through the various scenes of elegant life in this city, I question whether he would not laugh at all of us, as a set of the most affected creatures that could possibly exist; and there are certain modes of dress and conduct which would fully warrant such a conclusion.

I am inclined to attribute to the female sex a vast deal of affectation, which it would scarcely be just to ascribe to individuals. The decrees of fashion must be obeyed, and no individual therefore can be censured for not rendering herself an object of notice by dressing with any marked difference from the prevailing mode. It is a strange state of affairs, but it is the true one, that a young lady who should now presume to dress with simplicity and natural grace, would be-

come an object of absolute ridicule. They laugh sometimes at the style of apparel among their great grand-mothers; but I am very certain the time will come when the dress which is now considered as a model of elegant fashion, would set the world in a roar. Perhaps the effect upon persons unaccustomed to it might be in a measure estimated by the degree of notice which a gentleman would now attract by indulging in the same species of eccentricity. Fancy a company seated gravely together, and a youth entering with a pair of sleeves to his coat resembling two inflated balloons, and magnifying his arms into several times the dimensions of his body. Suppose that the same taste which led him to extend the size of his arms, should induce him to diminish that of his waist, as if resolved to metamorphose himself into a shape as unlike as possible that bestowed upon him by nature. Then let him decorate his ears with jewels, hang a diamond upon the centre of his forehead, and build up his hair a foot or two above his real stature. I am half afraid to be set down as a dull, silly proser, but however erroneous my ideas may be, I must candidly confess that I could never persuade myself to think any thing in the world sweeter than woman's face and form, as nature created them, to look upon every fashion which tends to distort them as something impertinent and offensive; and when I have caught myself admiring a female the most, it has invariably been when she had made the least apparent effort to excite my admiration by any affectation of charms not her own. There is to me something exceedingly repulsive in any glare and gaudiness in dress. I cannot admire a woman for that which she only put on perhaps a few hours ago, and will take off again presently. Besides, I think a woman of delicate feeling and real good sense always betrays them by a kind of chasteness in apparel, even when she is in the fashion. There are always prevailing pieces of display which you will not find in her. There is visible to a nice eye a kind of restraint upon herself, so that the eccentricity of fashion is subdued by her own modesty and taste. I do love to detect that elegant gentility in a female. It is better than beauty. It tells favorably of the mind, and wins upon me more than an accomplishment. If one of ordinary person is so much benefited by this, how fine is its effect in one whom nature has created lovely? There is something noble in seeing a girl put aside, as unworthy of her, the silly decorations which can only attract the superficial, and depend merely upon the force of her native qualities. I noticed this once when a young belle, who had turned the hearts of whole crowds of dandies, and caused the wasting of more sad sighs, moonlight walks, and real Havana cigars than I am sure ever her innocent bosom dreamed of, was caught, at last by a noble fellow, and a number of select friends were invited to attend the ceremony. Such a host of brilliant head-dresses might have graced the court of the gayest of emperors—such a flashing, and rustling, and nodding—feathers, diamonds, and all sorts of nameless magnificence. There was a great deal of surmise respecting what would be the appearance of the bride, and expectation was on tiptoe to discover how she should be able to overtop all the lofty splendors of the blooming young beauties who awaited her coming in the brilliantly lighted apartments of her wealthy father's mansion. For my part, I was almost afraid to see her enter when the reverend gentleman arrived and every thing was ready for her appearance. I am afraid of women when they are fixed up so. They always look to me as if they had too much to do in superintending their own concerns to think of others. How I wronged thy good sense and exquisite taste, beautiful Fanny! The opened door presented to the eyes of the admiring company a head that some sculptor seemed to have formed to make a statue of. The Venus is not more simple. A single beautiful rose, just taken from the dew of heaven, blushed above her forehead, made her appear the most bewitching of women, and confirmed my hatred of those ugly fashions forever.

I should be but taking a very contracted view of my subject, however, were I to confine the influence of affectation only to dress and manner. There is much of it in the mind. We affect a thousand virtues that we have not. I knew an honest gentleman who always affects charity and humility. It is curious also to see that he himself is deceived as well as several of his friends, and really believes himself to be meek and philanthropic. In a debate he will say the most bitter things, but in a soft, gentle way, and show you that he thinks you a liar or a fool, "as far as he is able to understand," and "according to his humble opinion." I think some day he will knock his antagonist down, telling him at the same time "he should be very sorry to offend him." It is wonderful how grossly we are sometimes deceived about our own characters and dispositions. I was witness once to an instance of this, which placed the real malice and the seeming humbleness of a person in a very strong contrast. It was at a little country church, where a young preacher had committed an offence in his manner of addressing a respectable congregation, composed of individuals most of whom were old enough to be his father, and was consequently advised that his pulpit would

be occupied for the future by another. The instance I allude to occurred in the close of his farewell discourse. He told them that he had that day presented them with his last sermon. He said they were all beloved by him, all his dear friends and brothers. He was sorry that the fault which had been found with him by some, had compelled him to leave them. He regretted that the depravity of the time rendered it impossible for a man to do his duty, but he had the sweet consolation to know that he had acted up to the dictates of his conscience, and he would love them though they reviled him and spit on him. "But," he added, and the natural fierceness of his anger betrayed itself in his features, "remember that I am a disciple of one who will not see his meanest followers trampled on, and who will not be slow to revenge!" I was shocked to see a place and office so sacred made but the occasion and disguise of a passion which jarred more discordantly upon my feelings of piety because it assumed the mask of religion.

VILLAGE SKETCHES.

THE INCENDIARY—A COUNTRY TALE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

No one that had the misfortune to reside during the last winter in the disturbed district of the south of England, will ever forget the awful impression of that terrible time. The stilly gatherings of the misguided peasantry amongst the wild hills, partly heath and partly woodland, of which so much of the northern part of Hampshire is composed, dropping in one by one, and two by two, in the gloom of the evening, or the dim twilight of a November morning; or the open and noisy meetings of determined men at noontide in the streets and greens of our Berkshire villages, and even sometimes in the very churchyards, rallying forth in small but resolute numbers to collect money or destroy machinery, and compelling or persuading their fellow-laborers to join them at every farm they visited; or the sudden appearance and disappearance of these large bodies, who sometimes remained together to the amount of several hundreds for many days, and sometimes dispersed, one scarcely knew how, in a few hours; their day-light marches on the high road, regular and orderly as those of an army, or their midnight visits to lonely houses, lawless and terrific as the descent of pirates, or the incursions of banditti; all brought close to us a state of things which we never thought to have witnessed in peaceful and happy England. In the sisterland, indeed, we have read of such horrors, but now they were brought home to our very household hearths; we tasted of fear, the bitterest cup that an imaginative woman can taste, in all its agonizing varieties; and felt, by sad experience, the tremendous difference between that distant report of danger, with which we had so often fancied that we sympathized, and the actual presence of danger itself. Such events are salutary, inasmuch as they show to the human heart its own desperate self-deceit. I could not but smile at the many pretty letters of condolence and fellow feeling which I received from writers who wrote far too well to feel anything, who most evidently felt nothing; but the smile was a melancholy one—for I recollected how often, not intending to feign, or suspecting that I was feigning, I myself had written such.

Nor were the preparations for defence, however necessary, less shocking than the apprehensions of attack. The hourly visits of bustling parish officers, bristling with importance (for our village, though in the centre of the insurgents, continued uncontaminated—"faithful amidst the unfaithful found")—and was therefore quite a rallying point for all loyal men and true; the swearing in of whole regiments of petty constables; the stationary watchmen, who every hour, to prove their vigilance, sent in some poor wretch, beggar, or match-seller, or rambling child, under the denomination of suspicious persons; the mounted patrol, whose deep "all's well," which ought to have been consolatory, was about the most alarming of all alarming sounds; the soldiers, transported from place to place in carts, the better to catch the rogues, whose local knowledge gave them great advantage in a dispersal; the grave processions of magistrates and gentlemen on horseback; and, above all, the nightly collecting of arms and armed men within one's own dwelling, kept up a continual sense of nervous inquietude.

Fearful, however, as were the realities, the rumors were a hundred-fold more alarming. Not an hour passed but, from some quarter or other, reports came pouring in of mobs gathering, mobs assembled, mobs marching upon us. Now the high-roads were blockaded by the rioters, travellers murdered, soldiers defeated, and the magistrates, who had gone out to meet and harangue them, themselves surrounded and taken by the desperate multitude. Now the artisans—the commons, so to say of B—, had risen to join the peasantry, driving out the gentry and tradespeople, whilst they took possession of their houses and property, and only detaining the mayor and aldermen as hostages. Now that illustrious town held loyal, but was besieged. Now the mob had carried the place; and artisans, constables, tradespeople, soldiers, and magistrates, the mayor and corporation included, were murdered to a man, to say nothing of women and children; the market-place running with blood, and the town-hall piled with dead bodies. This last rumor, which was much to the taste of our villagers, actually prevailed for several hours, terrified maid-servants ran shrieking about the house, and every corner of the village street realized Shakespeare's picture of "a smith swallowing a tailor's news."

So passed the short winter's day. With the approach of night came fresh sorrows; the red glow of fires gleaming on the horizon, and mounting into the middle sky; the tolling of bells; and the rumbling sound of the engines clattering along from place to place, and

often, too often, rendered useless by the cutting of the pipes after they had begun to play—a dreadful aggravation of the calamity, since it proved that among those who assembled, professedly to help, were to be found favorers and abettors of the concealed incendiaries. Oh the horror of those fires—breaking forth night after night, sudden, yet expected, always seeming nearer than they actually were, and always said to have been more mischievous to life and property than they actually had been! Mischievous enough they were, heaven knows! A terrible and unholy abuse of the most beautiful and comfortable of the elements! a sinful destruction of the bounties of Providence! an awful crime against God and man! Shocking it was to behold the peasantry of England becoming familiarized with this tremendous power of evil—this desperate, yet most cowardly sin!

The blow seemed to fall, too, just where it might least have been looked for—on the unoffending, the charitable, the kind; on those who were known only as the laborer's friends; to impoverish whom was to take succour, assistance, and protection from the poor. One of the objects of attack in our own immediate neighborhood was a widow lady, between eighty and ninety; the best of the good, the kindest of the kind. Occurrences like this were in every way dreadful. They made us fear (and such fear is a revengeful passion, and comes near to hate) the larger half of our species. They weakened our faith in human nature.

The revulsion was, however, close at hand. A time came which changed the current of our feelings—a time of retribution. The fires were quenched; the riots were put down; the chief of the rioters were taken. Examination and commitment were the order of the day; the crowded jails groaned with their overload of wretched prisoners; soldiers were posted at every avenue to guard against possible escape; and every door was watched night and day by miserable women, the wives, mothers, or daughters of the culprits, praying for admission to their unfortunate relatives. The danger was fairly over, and pity had succeeded to fear.

Then, above all, came the special commission; the judges in threefold dignity; the array of counsel; the crowded court; the solemn trial; the awful sentence—all the more impressive, from the merciful feeling which pervaded the government, the counsel, and the court. My father, a very old magistrate, being chairman of the bench, as well as one of the grand jury; and the then high sheriff, with whom it is every way an honor to claim acquaintance, being his intimate friend, I saw and knew more of the proceedings of this stirring time than usually falls to the lot of women, and took a deep interest in proceedings which had in them a thrilling excitement as far beyond acted tragedy as truth is beyond fiction.

I shall never forget the hushed silence of the auditors, a dense mass of human bodies, the heads only visible, ranged tier over tier to the very ceiling of the lofty hall; the rare and striking importance which that silence and the awfulness of the occasion gave the mere official forms of a court of justice, generally so hastily slurred over and slightly attended to; the unusual seriousness of the counsel; the watchful gravity of the judges; and, more than all, the appearance of the prisoners themselves, belonging mostly to the younger classes of the peasantry, such men as one is accustomed to see in the fields, on the road, or the cricket-ground, with sunburnt faces, and a total absence of reflection or care, but who now, under the influence of a sharp and bitter anxiety, had acquired not only the sallow paleness proper to a prison, but the look of suffering and of thought, the brows contracted and brought low over the eyes, the general sharpness of feature and elongation of countenance, which give an expression of intellect, a certain momentary elevation, even to the commonest and most vacant of human faces. Such is the power of an absorbing passion, a great and engrossing grief. One man only amongst the large number whom I had heard arraigned (for they were brought out by tens and twenties) would, perhaps, under other circumstances, have been accounted handsome; yet a painter would at that moment have found studies in many.

I shall never forget, either, the impression made on my mind by one of the witnesses. Several men had been arraigned together for machine breaking. All but one of them had employed counsel for their defence, and under their direction had called witnesses to character, the most respectable whom they could find—the clergy and overseers of their respective parishes, for example—masters with whom they had lived, neighboring farmers or gentry, or even magistrates—all that they could muster to grace or credit their cause. One poor man alone had retained no counsel, offered no defence, called no witness, though the evidence against him was by no means so strong as that against his fellow-prisoners; and it was clear that his was exactly the case in which testimony to character would be of much avail. The defences had ended, and the judge was beginning to sum up, when suddenly a tall gaunt upright figure, with a calm thoughtful brow, and a determined but most respectful demeanor, appeared in the witnesses' box. He was dressed in a smock frock, and was clean and respectable in appearance, but evidently poor. The judge interrupted himself in his charge to inquire the man's business; and hearing that he was a voluntary witness for the undefended prisoner, proceeded to question him, when the following dialogue took place. The witness's replies, which seemed to me then, and still do so, very striking from their directness and manliness, were delivered with the same humble boldness of tone and manner that characterized the words.

Judge. "You are a witness for the prisoner, an unsummoned witness?"

"I am, my lord. I heard that he was to be tried to-day, and have walked twenty miles to speak the truth of him, as one poor man may do of another."

"What is your situation in life?"

"A laborer, my lord; nothing but a day-laborer."

"How long have you known the prisoner?"

"As long as I have known any thing. We were playmates together, went to the same school, have lived in the same parish. I have known him all my life."

"And what character has he borne?"

"As good a character, my lord, as a man need work under."

It is pleasant to add, that this poor man's humble testimony was read from the judge's notes, and mentioned in the judge's charge, with full as much respect, perhaps a little more, than the evidence of clergymen and magistrates for the rest of the accused; and that principally from this direct and simple tribute to his character, the prisoner in question was acquitted.*

To return, however, from my evil habit of digressing (if I may use an Irish phrase) before I begin, and making my introduction longer than my story, a simple sin to which in many instances, and especially in this, I am fain to plead guilty—to come back to my title and my subject—I must inform my courteous readers, that the case of arson, which attracted most attention and excited most interest in this part of the country, was the conflagration of certain ricks, barns, and farm-buildings, in the occupation of Richard Mayne; and that, not so much from the value of the property consumed, (though that value was considerable,) as on account of the character and situation of the prisoner, whom, after a long examination, the magistrates found themselves compelled to commit for the offence. I did not hear the trial, the affair having occurred in the neighboring county; and do not, therefore, vouch for "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," as one does when an ear-witness; but the general outline of the story will suffice for our purpose.

Richard Mayne was a wealthy yeoman of the old school, sturdy, boisterous, bold, and kind, always generous, and generally good-natured, but cross-grained and obstinate by fits, and sometimes puer-proud—after the fashion of men who have made money by their own industry and shrewdness. He had married late in life, and above him in station, and had now been for two or three years a widower with one only daughter, a girl of nineteen, of whom he was almost as fond as of his grayhound Mayfly, and for pretty much the same reason—that both were beautiful and gentle, and his own, and both admired and coveted by others—that Mayfly had won three cups, and that Lucy had refused four offers.

A sweet and graceful creature was Lucy Mayne. Her mother, a refined and cultivated woman, the daughter of an unbefricated clergyman, had communicated, perhaps unconsciously, much of her own taste to her daughter. It is true, that most young ladies, even of her own station, would have looked with great contempt on Lucy's acquirements, who neither played nor drew, and was wholly, in the phrase of the day, unaccomplished; but then she read Shak-spear; and Milton, and the poets and prose writers of the James' and Charles' times, with a perception and relish of their beauty very uncommon in a damsel under twenty; and when her father boasted of his Lucy as the cleverest as well as the prettiest lass within ten miles, he was not so far wrong as many of his hearers were apt to think of him.

After all, the person to whom Lucy's education owed most, was a relation of her mother's, a poor relation, who, being left a widow with two children almost totally destitute, was permitted by Richard Mayne to occupy one end of a small farm-house, about a mile from the old substantial manorial residence which he himself inhabited, whilst he farmed the land belonging to both. Nothing could exceed his kindness to the widow and her family; and Mrs. Owen, a delicate and broken-spirited woman who had known better days, and was now left with a sickly daughter and a promising son dependent on the precarious charity of relatives and friends, found in the free-handed and open-hearted farmer and his charming little girl her only comfort. He even restored to her the blessing of her son's society, who had hitherto earned his living by writing for an attorney in the neighboring town, but whom her wealthy kinsman now brought home to her, and established as the present assistant and future successor of the master of a well-endowed grammar-school in the parish, farmer Mayne being one of the trustees, and all-powerful with the other functionaries, joined in the trust, and the then schoolmaster was in so wretched a state of health as almost to ensure a speedy vacancy.

In most instances, such an exertion of an assumed rather than a legitimate authority, would have occasioned no small prejudice against the party protected; but George Owen was not to be made unpopular, even by the unpopularity of his patron. Gentle, amiable, true, and kind—kind both in word and deed—it was found absolutely impossible to dislike him. He was clever, too, very clever, with a remarkable aptitude for teaching, as both parents and boys soon found to their mutual satisfaction; for the progress of one half-

* This anecdote speaks strongly for the misled part of the laborers—by very far the larger part. The fact that follows makes against their deluders. It came before the grand jury; but owing to the merciful plan of the counsel for the crown of trying only for the minor offence of machine-breaking, instead of the capital one of collecting money, was not brought into court, and of course escaped the newspapers. A large party of rioters, some two or three hundred, met a clergyman riding at some distance from his own house. They surrounded his horse, caused him to dismount, and made their usual demand of five pounds. The clergyman offered them his purse, containing some silver, declaring he had no more money about him.

"Fahaw!" answered the ringleader, "don't think to put us off with beggarly shillings! Here's a bit of paper and an inkhorn; write us a draft for the sum on the N. bank. Stop," added he, as the prisoner was perforce preparing to obey him; "stop! you seem to be out of cash; so if you had rather write an order for ten pounds, do it; it may save you trouble, and I'll hand you the balance here on the spot."

Of course the accommodation was not accepted; but this was a cool way of transacting business, and affords one proof, among many, that the leaders in this affair could not have been common laborers.

year of his instruction equalled that made in a twelvemonth under the old regime. He must also, one should think, have been fond of teaching, for after a hard day's fagging at Latin and English, and writing and accounts, and all the drudgery of a boy's school, he would make a circuit of a mile and a half home in order to give Lucy Mayne a lesson in French or Italian. For a certainty, George Owen must have had a strong natural turn for playing the pedagogue, or he never would have gone so far out of his way just to read Fenelon and Alfieri with Lucy Mayne.

So for two happy years matters continued. At the expiration of that time, just as the old schoolmaster, who declared that nothing but George's attention had kept him alive so long, was evidently on his death-bed, farmer Mayne suddenly turned Mrs. Owen, her son, and her sick daughter out of the house, which by his permission they had hitherto occupied; and declared publicly, that whilst he held an acre of land in the parish, George Owen should never be elected master of the grammar-school—a threat which there was no doubt of his being able to carry into effect. The young man, however, stood his ground; and sending off his mother and sister to an uncle in Wales, who had lately written kindly to them, hired a room at a cottage in the village, determined to try the event of an election, which the languishing state of the incumbent rendered inevitable.

The cause of farmer Mayne's inveterate dislike to one whom he had so warmly protected, and whose conduct, manners, and temper, had procured him friends wherever he was known, nobody could assign with any certainty. Perhaps he had unwittingly trodden on Mayfly's toe, or on a prejudice of her master's—but his general carefulness not to hurt any thing, or offend any body, rendered either of those conjectures equally impossible—perhaps he had been found only too amiable by the farmer's other pet—those lessons in languages were dangerous things!—and when Lucy was seen at church with a pale face and red eyes, and when his landlord Squire Hawkins's blood hunter was seen every day at farmer Mayne's door, it became currently reported and confidently believed that the cause of the quarrel was a love affair between the cousins, which the farmer was determined to break off, in order to bestow his daughter on the young lord of the manor.

Affairs had been in this posture for about a fortnight, and the old schoolmaster was just dead, when a fire broke out in the rick-yard of Farley Court, and George Owen was apprehended and committed as the incendiary! The astonishment of the neighborhood was excessive; the rector and half the farmers of the place offered to become bail; but the offence was not bailable; and the only consolation left for the friends of the unhappy young man, was the knowledge that the trial would speedily come on, and their internal conviction that an acquittal was certain.

As time wore on, however, their confidence diminished. The evidence against him was terribly strong. He had been observed lurking about the rick-yard with a lantern, in which a light was burning, by a lad in the employ of farmer Mayne, who had gone thither for hay to fodder his cattle about an hour before the fire broke out. At eleven o'clock the hay-stack was on fire, and at ten Robert Doyle had mentioned to James White, another boy in farmer Mayne's service, that he had seen Mr. George Owen behind the great rick. Farmer Mayne himself had met him at half-past ten (as he was returning from the B. market) in the lane leading from the rick-yard towards the village, and had observed him throw something he held in his hand into the ditch. Hepton Harris, a constable employed to seek for evidence, had found the next morning a lantern, answering to that described by Robert Doyle, in the part of the ditch indicated by farmer Mayne, which Thomas Brown, the village shopkeeper, in whose house Owen slept, identified as having lent to his lodger in the early part of the evening. A silver pencil, given to Owen by the mother of one of his pupils, and bearing his full name on the seal at the end, was found close to where the fire was discovered; and to crown all, the curate of the village, with whom the young man's talents and character had rendered him a deserved favorite, had unwillingly deposed that he had said, "it might be in his power to take a great revenge on farmer Mayne," or words to that effect; whilst a letter was produced from the accused to the farmer himself, intimating that one day he would be sorry for the oppression which he had exercised towards him and his. These two last facts were much relied upon as evincing malice, and implying a purpose of revenge from the accused towards the prosecutor; yet there were many who thought that the previous circumstances might well account for them without reference to the present occurrence, and that the conflagration of the ricks and farm-buildings might, under the spirit of the time (for fires were raging every night in the surrounding villages) be merely a remarkable coincidence. The young man himself simply denied the fact of setting fire to any part of the property or premises; inquired earnestly whether any lives had been lost, and still more earnestly after the health of Miss Lucy; and on finding that she had been confined to her bed by fever and delirium, occasioned, as was supposed, by the fright, ever since that unhappy occurrence, relapsed into a gloomy silence, and seemed to feel no concern or interest in the issue of the trial.

His friends, nevertheless, took kind and zealous measures for his defence—engaged counsel, sifted testimony, and used every possible means, in the assurance of his innocence, to trace out the true incendiary. Nothing, however, could be discovered to weaken the strong chain of circumstantial evidence, or to impeach the credit of the witnesses, who, with the exception of the farmer himself, seemed all friendly to the accused, and most distressed at being obliged to bear testimony against him. On the eve of the trial the most zealous of his friends could find no ground of hope except in the chances of

the day; Lucy, for whom alone the prisoner asked, being still confined by severe illness.

The judges arrived, the whole terrible array of the special commission; the introductory ceremonies were gone through; the cause was called on, and the case proceeded with little or no deviation from the evidence already cited. When called upon for his defence, the prisoner again asked if Lucy Mayne were in court! and hearing that she was ill in her father's house, declined entering into any defence whatsoever. Witnesses to character, however, pressed forward—his old master, the attorney, the rector and curate of the parish, half the farmers of the village, everybody, in short, who ever had an opportunity of knowing him, even his reputed rival, Mr. Hawkins, who, speaking, he said, on the authority of one who knew him well, professed himself confident that he could not be guilty of a bad action—a piece of testimony that seemed to strike and affect the prisoner more than any thing that had passed—evidence to character crowded into court; but all was of no avail against the strong chain of concurrent facts; and the judge was preparing to sum up, and the jury looking as if they had condemned, when suddenly a piercing shriek was heard in the court, and, pale, tottering, dishevelled, Lucy Mayne rushed into her father's arms, and cried out with a shrill despairing voice, that "she was the only guilty; that she had set fire to the rick; and that if they killed George Owen for her crime, they would be guilty of murder."

The general consternation may be imagined, especially that of the farmer, who had left his daughter almost insensible with illness, and still thought her light-headed. Medical assistance, however, was immediately summoned, and it then appeared that what she said was most true; that the lovers, for such they were, had been accustomed to deposit letters in one corner of that unlucky hay-rick; that having seen from her chamber-window George Owen leaving the yard, she had flown with a taper in her hand to secure the expected letter, and, alarmed at her father's voice, had run away so hastily, that she had, as she now remembered, left the lighted taper amidst the hay; that then the fire came, and all was a blank to her, until, recovering that morning from the stupor succeeding to delirium, she had heard that George Owen was to be tried for his life for the effect of her carelessness, and had flown to save him she knew not how!

The sequel may be guessed: George was of course acquitted: every body, even the very judge, pleaded for the lovers; the young landlord and generous rival added his good word; and the schoolmaster of Farley and his pretty wife are at this moment one of the happiest couples in his majesty's dominions. *Friendship's Offering.*

FINE ARTS.

ORATORIO OF THE MESSIAH.

This splendid composition of the immortal Handel was performed on Friday the eighteenth instant, at St. Paul's church. Expectation had been highly excited among our amateurs of music, from the circumstance that the Sacred Music Society of this city have long had this work in preparation. The Messiah, from the beauty of the passages selected from the scriptures, the fidelity of the adaptation of the music to the sentiment, the majestic power of the choruses and the able disposition of counterpoint throughout has never been equalled by a similar composition from the pen of any master. We quote with pleasure from the preface of the book of the evening's performance, distributed in the church, the following passage, as applicable to this unique oratorio:

"It has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and fostered the orphan; it has been heard in all parts of the world with unceasing reverence and delight, and never fails whenever it is performed to draw the most crowded houses."

That it has fed and does feed the hungry and clothe the naked, is strikingly proved among numerous instances by its annual public rehearsal in the morning and performance at night at the Hanover-square rooms in London, for the benefit of decayed musicians and their families. In attending these performances persons receive a deep impression on entering the doors of the fine music saloon, in reading the names of the early benefactors of the charity, at the head of which stands that of George Frederic Handel, donor of one thousand pounds sterling. Few pass by that touching record, after hearing the divine and almost inspired compositions of the great master finely executed without feeling that music is capable "of elevating the sentiments." The German masters have universally allowed Handel to be superior to them all; and Mozart, in retouching the Messiah, and adding to it the instrumentation of the day, has manifested extreme delicacy in interfering with the harmony; indeed wherever he has ventured to make an alteration, he has given with it a duplicate of Handel's original version. We need scarcely add, that what Mozart has added is beautiful, and a decided improvement.

On the present occasion the following performers were announced:

Vocal.

MRS. AUSTIN,	MR. JONES,
MADAME BRICHTA,	MR. KYLE,
MRS. SINGLETON,	MR. PEARSON,
MR. THORNTON.	

Instrumental.

Leader of the band, MR. HILL,	Organ, MR. BLONDEL,
First violin, MR. W. TAYLOR,	Principal trumpet, MR. NORTON.
Conductor, MR. COLLE.	

In addition to these performers we observed Mr. Widdell, first horn; Mr. Boocock, first violoncello; Mr. P. Taylor, first flute; and Messrs. Herwig and Cioffi; the clarinet and the trombones of the

Park theatre, with a numerous band. Mr. Jones opened the Messiah chastely, and with excellent intonation, and throughout gave good effect to the music. The recitative, so descriptive of suffering, "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart," was rendered with a touching and subdued tenderness, and a silvery tremor of voice, which proved that the vocalist had well studied the subject. Previous to the overture an apology on account of indisposition was made for Madame Brichta, who had undertaken the *contra-alto* songs, and to whom also had been allotted the fine air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mrs. Austin, it was stated, in addition to her own share of the music, had kindly consented on the instant to sing this song; and that Mr. Pearson would undertake the *contra-alto* business. The accompanied recitative, commencing, "There were shepherds abiding in the fields," and concluding with, "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host," was given by Mrs. Austin with an even quality of voice and a power which filled the church from end to end; the song, "Rejoice greatly," was executed with great rapidity and neatness; and few bravuras contain more difficulties; but the song in which Mrs. Austin most delighted us was that pleasing melody, "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell." "I know that my Redeemer liveth," *malgré* the shortness of the notice, was executed perfectly, and with strict propriety.

Mr. Kyle was afflicted with an unfortunate hoarseness, but acquitted himself creditably, and impressed us with an idea that he would have executed the music extremely well if he had not been indisposed. Pearson—what shall we say of this versatile personage—first singing bass, then counter-tenor, with lungs of adamant and voice of thunder. We really felt much indebted to his interposition. The song, "O thou that tellest," was tolerably given. The choruses were really beautiful. The *soprano* department consisted of nearly forty ladies, dressed neatly and in white, with voices strictly in tune, and many of them of fine quality. They took the leading points of the figures up with a spirit and vigor which we have seldom if ever heard surpassed. The *alti* and *tenors* were also good, the *bassi* correct, but weaker than either of the foregoing. We observed that Mrs. Austin, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Kyle exerted themselves in nearly every chorus, and might distinctly be heard with the *soprano*, *tenor*, and *bass*.

It gives us sincere pleasure to compliment the society on this oratorio, which may be repeated, we doubt not, with increased effect. The church was crowded from aisle to gallery with as attentive an audience as ever graced the Messiah in any country. In conclusion we have only a few suggestions to offer. It is customary in Europe for the audience to hear Handel's Hallelujah Chorus standing, and it would be desirable that the society should in future request this mark of respect to be paid, by intimating the same in the books of performance—it would be unhesitatingly complied with—for who would not be proud to pay such a tribute to departed genius? After the overture Mr. Hill should have led off the symphony of the opening recitative without delay; the transmission from E minor to E major forms a bright contrast, admirably suited to the nature of the composition; it is usually so played, and with decided effect. On the contrary, after the chorus, "Glory to God," a pause should take place previous to the song "Rejoice greatly," which is otherwise liable to suffer detriment from a comparison with a full chorus in a more brilliant key.

By the way, in justice to Mr. Pearson, we must not omit to expose the carelessness of some inexcusably negligent person in handing to him and Mr. Jones, in the duet "Oh death, where is thy sting? oh, grave, where is thy victory?" two differently arranged copies of the music, in one of which there were twenty bars less than in the other; the consequence was, that they were brought to a stand before it was half finished, and the audience were left to form their own conclusions upon the subject. We admire the good temper with which Mr. Pearson bore this awkward piece of negligence.

The exertions of the performers would also have probably been even yet more effective in a hall constructed properly for conveying sound to the auditory, and something should be allowed, especially in the solos, for the voice, which is lost among the lofty galleries and passages of this spacious church, and broken up by its numerous arches and columns. It may also not be unnecessary to remind some of our readers, that they must not be too hasty in forming a judgment upon the execution of this great work. It is a species of music not certain to be at first attractive to the youthful amateur. It has not the superficial glitter and flash which in many compositions instantly arrest the attention and fascinate the soul, but it is imbued throughout with a pervading sober grandeur that gradually gains on the taste, and arouses the imagination. There is too much extent of deep power and musical richness in its various parts for the conception to take them all in at once. You must hear it in different moods of mind, and have time to measure and dwell upon its magnificent choruses—its inexpressibly sweet and melancholy airs—its splendid and thrilling recitatives, and the numerous passages in each, redolent of hope or fear—pain or pleasure—sorrow or joy; and all these must be studied carefully and understandingly, and the hearer, besides a soul for music, must bring at least a slight familiarity with the best masters before he will be able to appreciate this divine composition—before (if we may so speak) the beauty and perfection of its architecture, and the extent of its colossal dimensions break upon his comprehension as a great whole, and strike him according to the intention of the author; for so far above the ordinary level of mankind was that immortal composer raised in his art, that it requires, in many, a great study, and a straining and labouring of the mind and the imagination to get where they can catch a glimpse of his genius.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

NOTES OF A TRAVELER.

"My tables; meet it is I set it down."

November 10th.—I am nearly fifteen hundred miles from home. Every thing and every body around me are strange. There is a fine excitement to me in traveling—in passing through distant places I have heard of frequently. I dined to-day at a town, the name of which I recollect getting a flogging for when I was eight years old, at school, from my mistress. What a host of associations came swarming in my mind of the spot and the people. That retired country place would be sacred ground to me now. I wonder if the old school-house is standing yet, with its low mossy roof, and its narrow green lane, and the tavern-keeper, with his lordly person, and the beautiful Lavinia. I always loved that fellow, for two reasons. He had the most magnificent apples and the prettiest daughter in the whole country round. Duty compels me to confess, that my moral perceptions were then in so uncultivated a state that, with other urchins equally blind to their eternal interests, I did draw on that old gentleman's fruit most unmercifully. Poor Saunders! I have heard nothing of him for many a long year, but doubtless he is under the sod; and if those blue eyes of the little plump damsel whose rustic charms yet live in my memory, are not also dark in the dust, most probably they are dimly shedding the remnant of their early lustre from under a crimped cap upon some dozen of youthful representatives, who rob the orchards of the present generation. Well, peace be with them. I will one of these days revisit, and expound unto the world what has become of the trusty guides of my infant years.

November 17th.—It is a gloomy day. There is a natural grandeur sometimes in the genuine feeling of hypochondria. There are moments when the light of my every hope and feeling dies. My soul is enwrapped in a Cimmerian darkness. I am filled with a bold, angry, reckless, horrid despair. A something towering and gigantic. It must have been with somewhat of a similar feeling that the prisoner of Chillon bared his breast to the lightning, and frowned more fiercely when the bolt passed by. Horrible blue devils! Spare me! Spare me! I would rally my spirits, and laugh at your fury; but the smile freezes on my lip, a cold solitude is at my heart. Life seems all a mockery. This everlasting throng of men and women going about me with so much eagerness and apparent indifference, some bent on business, and some on pleasure—do they not know their fate? Do they forget what brief things they are; that they are all rushing, by different roads, to the graveyard? These are the kind of moments when a man takes a cigar, and feels the fragrant blessing fall like oil upon the waters of his troubled mind. No matter. I have reached a decent hotel to-night, and have a bed here of the most tempting rotundity and softness. Thou bitter, dismal world, farewell!

November 18th.—Not the smallest trace of my yesterday's misery remains in my mind. I have been riding under the pleasantest sky I ever saw. Everywhere around me are the branches of these dying woods. Beautiful autumn, with thy emblems! The reveries conjured up by thee are rich and yet melancholy, like thy own fading and many-colored foliage. To me there is no pleasanter place for reflection than a stage-coach. My mind always then feeds upon a thousand fantastic fancies, lives over again the past, builds up rich prospects for the future, imagines what may be the present in the several distant places where, alas! only imagination can fly. Then the persons we love or dislike—what a luxury for a lover to lounge luxuriantly on the back seat in utter impenetrable incognito, to hear the tramp of the horse's hoofs along the moist road, and see the tossing of their beautiful heads and manes. Then the driver's cheering exclamations, and the ready crack of his long elastic whip, and the whirling of the wheels, and the constant succession of bright new images. I should compose my poems in a stage, if I were a poet; indeed the only thing of the kind of which I ever was, and *Deo volente* ever mean to be guilty, was constructed in this identical situation, with a noble German friend, nearly seven feet high, asleep on one of my shoulders, (I am a small man myself,) and a full-sized young lawyer's head, (where were his quiddets then?) nodding and bobbing on the other.

I have traveled thousands of miles in stages, and would cheerfully repeat the journey. How delightful to have a dainty reverie broken suddenly by an angle in the road, and a romantic old bridge over a gleaming river, or a picturesque cottage and fence, or a giant oak, or a distant ridge of mountains, that look dreamy and blue like clouds or the ocean, and then the little mental struggle to regain the scattered visions. I have sat for hours and compressed half the incidents of my life within the time taken by the four fine coursers to pass from one mile-stone to the other. Then there are the clouds, beautiful things! changing like thought. Here a stupendous mass of snowy banks piled up, and stretching away in dense volumes till lost in the circling horizon. Here a long sweep, like a slab of white marble; and again a portion curled into waves and ripples, or melting into floating islands, or forming into monstrous shapes, till imagination peoples the sky with dragons and sea-serpents. The sunset to-night from the stage window was splendid. What a pity any thing so superb should fade. The fine, radiant, burning crimson glowed away up to the middle heaven, bathing the quiet clouds with rosy colors, and lighting up all the western woods into a magnificent illumination. Then it gradually cooled and darkened, and left the scene to the cold still crescent that grew slowly visible, and soon also disappeared. We rode several hours in the evening, and frequently passed groups of rough-looking men, with their enormous cotton-waggons, and sometimes families of them encamped on the ground

in the woods by the road-side. On these occasions they build large fires, and tying their ferocious dogs to a tree, they sleep at their ease.

The groups that we passed here had a fine, romantic, and at the same time a happy look. The deep red light of their fire streaming through the trees, revealing the rough forms of the travelers, painting the ground and the surrounding branches, and then the whole enveloped in darkness, doubly black from the contrast, imparted to the scene a highly picturesque character. I envied the reckless indifference of those people. How much happier were they than princes or kings. These are the creatures that enjoy existence. Cultivated minds refine themselves till they lose the faculty of appreciating nature's ordinary blessings, and expose themselves to innumerable miseries which these honest rude fellows would laugh at.

I met this afternoon a waggon, in which a whole family were transporting their property into one of the western states. It was a mild balmy day, and every thing in nature wore a most lovely look. The travelers were on foot at the base of a high hill, watering their team by the small branch of a southern river that empties into the Atlantic. I was in one of these fine humors one gets worked up into sometimes among pleasant scenes, and in that delicious weather. It may, perhaps, be partially ascribed to this temporary propensity to catch the bright side of every thing, that these humble pilgrims struck me as being extremely beautiful. They all displayed such healthy faces and finely-moulded forms, such clear complexions, heightened by exercise and excitement. The sturdy parents, with their sunburnt good-humored countenances, the mother with an infant in her arms; a tall modest girl, with such lips and teeth, and when she caught my full gaze resting on her, a crimson came over her features, that many a belle in her proud drawing-room might envy. There were two or three miniature faces, cast in the same mould; and two boys, full of irrepressible merriment, who had been walking into the stream, and as the stage stopped they came up towards me, with their clean bare feet, and shoes in their hands, and showed such a natural grace in every motion, and innocent happiness in every look, that I would have positively bid farewell to the bright shifting images of fame and fortune, which I was chasing through the future, to have been one of these simple travelers, sheltered and contented in their lowly vale of life. I had scarcely indulged myself with five minutes' observation, when the driver sprang upon his seat, and made the woods resound with the crack of his whip. The horses dashed onward at a full gallop, striking fire with their hoofs from the flinty road; and so we parted.

Among the amusements by which time is beguiled in a stage, is watching the gradual death of the day and birth of the night. The glare of the noon softens, the shadows grow long and gigantic, with an imperceptible increase. Then come all the brilliant pageantry and pomp which attend the god of day in his dying moments; and afterwards the yellow stars, that peep tremblingly forth, and shed a bolder beam as the darkness thickens. Campbell has some good lines to the evening star:

"Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary laborer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

"Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd,
Curls yellow in the sun.

"Star of love's soft interview,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrance in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart."

I have mentioned the stage as a place where one may be worked up into an inspiration favorable to poetic composition; I may add, you can scarcely any where remember a choice stanza with more force and effect. It is one of the tests of true poetry that it grows more beautiful the more it is examined and dwelt on, while the specious effusions of merely superficial writers, by being revolved in the mind, lose their brightness and charm, and discover little inconsistencies, improbabilities, and chasms in the meaning, which plainly betray the absence of a master-hand. In a stage-coach we are in possession of leisure to trace all these little distinctions. As I repeated even the verses of the accomplished author of the "Pleasures of Hope," however beautiful they were as they first flowed through my memory, I could gradually perceive several little roughnesses and inaccuracies, notwithstanding the richness and tenderness of the poet's ideas. Of these a part may be attributed to the harshness of our vernacular. How the organs of pronunciation labor to give those awkward words, "*bringest* home," and "*sett'st* the," "*that send'st* it." What an unmusical line is this, "*Whilst the landscape's odors rise.*" What a hissing among the Ss! And then the "*lowing herds are heard,*" is bad.

"From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd,
Curls yellow in the sun."

very prettily conjures up the picture of a richly lighted, clear, and still afternoon; as do also the songs from the cottages, when the labors of the day are over:

"Star of love's soft interview,
Parted lovers on thee muse;"

is good; but the word "*riven*" is inappropriate in the line before the last. "*Absence*" does not *rise* the memory of any thing from the heart; treachery may *rive* our affections from an object—that is, *tear* or *rend* them apart; but absence *erases* gradually, so that they fade almost imperceptibly away under its influence. How comparatively few productions are there sufficiently matured and perfect to stand the test of this kind of stage-coach criticism.

SDBREY.

FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

TO A BRIDE.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

FAREWELL! sweet cousin! ever thus
Drop from us treasures, one by one,
They who have been from youth with us,
Whose very look, whose very tone
Are linked to us like leaves to flowers—
They who have shared our pleasant hours—
Whose voices, so familiar grown,
They almost seem to us our own,
The echoes, as it were, of ours—
They who have even been our pride,
Yet in their hours of triumph dearest—
They whom we may have known and tried,
And loved the most when tried the nearest—
They pass from us like stars that wane,
The brightest still before,
Or gold links broken from a chain
That can be join'd no more.

What can we wish thee? Gifts hast thou,
Richer than wishes ever give—
Gifts of the heart, and lip, and brow,
Gifts that thou couldst not lose and live—
Better are these than aught that we,
This side of heaven, can wish for thee.
Well then—ever may these increase—
Deeper thy heart—richer thy tone—
Still on thy brow be written peace,
Still be thine eye's kind spell its own—
Still may the spirit of thy smile
Have power, as now, all cares to lighten,
And may thine own heart feel, the while,
The sunshine in which others brighten.
Life be to thee the summer tide
'Twill seem to others by thy side!

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY THE SAME.

One sauntering, sunshiny summer's day, soon after the introduction of Berlin iron ornaments and sleeves *a la gilet*, (I like to date by great epochs,) there stood at Fontaine's counter, No. — Broadway, (you know the shop, lady, I dare swear,) a gentleman in whiskers, (then a little ultra,) and a lady in French slippers, (then a rare article.) They were tossing over together, with looks of profound attention, a heap of some thousand gloves of every description, which had been accumulating from every quarter of the store for the last half hour, without any approach, which the astonished shopman could discover, to the satisfaction of the lady's taste, or the gentleman's approval. An immense piece of damaged *barege*, hanging in a festoon across the corner in which they stood, screened them from the notice of the passing customers; and when at last they had rejected every glove in the shop, and the imperturbable little fellow in a bandanna cravat stood leaning with his two hands on the counter, and looking silently on the three hours' work they had made him, they quietly turned their backs upon him, and drawing farther into their sheltered position, continued their discussion of colors, (or some other equally interesting topic,) with increased earnestness. They had been thus occupied twenty minutes, (perhaps longer, for Irish watches and certain people lose half an hour in that time,) when a conversation arising between two gentlemen, who had just entered, respecting the identity of the small foot that was patting the floor violently within the curtain, they fell to tossing over the gloves again, and selecting a pair hastily, the lady took the gentleman's arm, and left the shop.

Miss — (I wish I dare tell you the pretty name those two black lines stand for—but it's a true story, and of course you know I can't; so, till I see you where I can whisper it in your ear, we'll call her, if you please, *Cecile*.) *Cecile*, then, was a belle of some two winters' standing. I hate description in a real story, and so I'll just say, that she was a sort of Aurora-Raby-looking beauty, (don't look for the description, Miss, it's a naughty book, *Don Juan*;) dark eyed, dark haired, and with the foot and hand of a Peri. She was a glorious little creature, a real angel by candle-light, and by day-light something between Honor O'Hara, Fenella, and Di Vernon, but twice as lovely as either. The men adored her, and the women (nothing hates like a woman) were eating their hearts up about her. They abused her *tout-a-tout*. They said she was not stylish, (that's the word, since *genteel* is exploded,) but, like other angels, she was a sort of witch, and knew the fashions a month before the milliners. They said she was proud, but pride is bewitching in a woman whose lip is pretty. They said she was a flirt, and sarcastic, and couldn't read without spelling, but on these points *tout le monde et sa sœur* had a different opinion. Nothing would do; she was a belle in spite of them—and that reminds me to go on with my story.

Cecile, I was saying, had been a belle for two winters—that is to say, within that number of seasons she had refused the three "fine men," (there are never more at a time,) and provoked, beyond endurance, the three hundred fine women, (of whom there may be any quantity.) She had worn what she fancied, and the milliners had not resented it—said what she chose, and visited where she pleased, and cut all stupid people, authentic or not—and still the men swore (and the women admitted because they swore) that she was divine. Like another great conqueror, however, she soon exhausted her material, and wept for new worlds. The same eternal beaux kept at the same eternal distance—the same eternal vows from the same eternal whiskers—the same eternal day-light and candle-light, with their same eternal walks, suppers, and dances—

it was too much for even angelic patience—Cecile was *ennuyée à mort*!

And who wonders? Who, that has made a campaign of fashion in the city of Gotham, wonders at a feeling of *toujours perdrix*, at the very sound of its name, forever after? Broadway is well enough, but who loves to look all day at a panorama? The parties are brilliant—but who loves to make one of a belle's *cordon*, composed of every nation, and speaking every language under heaven? or, to maintain a monologue to a pale, exhausted, over-dressed creature, who would rather die than be at the trouble of a sentence? Then the eternal oysters, pickled and stewed, stewed and pickled, (the only variety seen at a party through the season,) with a salad concocted *à la Goth*, rolled into the rooms upon round tables, and rolled out again, before he who eats like a christian could select and transfix one of proper proportions; and the pink champagne, sweet and sickish; and the short, ill-curved, indigenous beaux, and the tall, discontented-looking exotics—stereotyped Manuel heads crowding upon the eye like the multiplication of an incubus, and the slavish similarity of every article of dress to its neighbor—Bennett fast asleep over his cremona, and cotillions dancing upon two feet square—who, we again ask, in the name of the foul fiend, would not, of such a routine, tire and sicken?

Far be it from me, however, to indite an unqualified philippic against the metropolis of our land. There is no place this side the water which gathers so much of the rich and rare—no place where the feet of the women are smaller, or the enterprises of the men more laudable—none where the *paré* is so brilliantly thronged, the simple more dexterously enlightened, and the plethora of the pocket more speedily relieved—none, in short, where there are united such a *foci* of people and things, or where one may learn faster the necessity of combining, in his individual person, the accomplishments of Briareus and Argus. It is London diminished. No place like it "to take the nonsense out of you." The first person singular is, to all but itself, a very indifferent pronoun. Nobody cares whether you "cock your thumb" or no. Fanny Wright is no lion in Broadway, and the Frugal Housewife might eat her "hard gingerbread," and swear that it was "nice," uncontradicted.

How different from Boston! Here, every body knows every body, and his business. You cannot stir without feeling your importance. A very little stranger makes a "very splendid tiger," and a peculiar tie in a cravat gives you a three months' immortality. Your birth, religion, early history, finances, and probabilities of distinction transpire with your arrival. "Good society," at the same time, doubts while it discusses you; and though you are the cynosure of all eyes, you are suspected to be a rogue till you are known, by better than nature's authority, to be a gentleman. The shopkeepers are professedly honest, street smoking is disreputable, small feet and French slippers are not much worn, and the Tremont is the finest hotel, and Dudley the daintiest *friseur* in the known world. For society, the belles are slightly blue, the suppers exquisite as a dream, and the beaux honest gentlemen traders, innocent of puns and neckcloths, and good subjects for matrimony. Literary people die of the *digito monstrari*. Fanny Wright is held profane, and lady editors beat the — at Billingsgate. Virtue here deprives no man of "cakes and ale." Whiskers are no letters of introduction. Good English is preferred to bad French, and the pale of Unitarianism is the limit of gentility.

We have a great mind, since we are "i'the vein, to show up Philadelphia, with its comical contradictions—its rectangular streets, and its graceful women—its excessively dressed dandies, and its decent quakers—its strict religion, and its European luxury. We should like to sketch Baltimore, gay and wicked; and Charleston, learned and aristocratic; and all the places and people in this salmagundi of a nation—but—we were talking of Cecile.

She was, as I said before, tired of every thing about her. She got up in the morning, and could not think why she should be at the trouble of dressing. She walked, dined, dressed again, dissipated, and went to bed, wondering, with the *naïveté* of a seraph, why such a stupid world should have been created. It was at this crisis of things that Mr. Hyperion St. John, the very *eidolon* of a cravat, joined her one morning, as usual, in Broadway. He was the best specimen of his class, and, having borne the caprices of my lady with more constant *bienséance* than his fellows, stood rather the first in her graces. She took his arm very much as one leans upon a fence in June, and lounged down towards the Battery, listening to his exquisites as one, in the same idle month, listens to the running by of a stream. Mr. Hyperion had never seen her in so inoffensive a mood. He laid his forefinger against his dickey, to preserve its integrity, while he should look round at her face; and Cecile, at that moment having dropped her head to watch, for want of better amusement, the gliding in and out of her own lovely feet, it suddenly occurred to him that it was very like what he had heard called "a symptom"—his curlicue to a jarvey, the lady was in love with him! With a silent blessing on Wheeler, (he had the grace to remember who made him,) he rallied his brains, (which, having rarely been rallied before, did not readily obey,) and remembering, that in all the stories he had read the next thing to love was elopement, he coolly, as if it was a matter in course, begged to know whether she would prefer his bays or his grays on the first stage of the journey. The diversion of this subject startled Cecile from her castle-building. She looked up, and seeing the unwonted smile of satisfaction on the face of her admirer, repeated his question twice over to herself before she quite comprehended him. Her first thought was "how absurd!"—her second, "how refreshing!" Here was novelty! The world had not quite come to an end. She could do something she had never done before. Run away!—the thought

was heavenly. She thanked the gods, as she turned on her heel, and retracing their steps up Broadway, they stopped to arrange matters more conveniently at Fontaine's—where our story found them.

Cecile rose from the table at six o'clock that afternoon, leaving her papa dosing over his Moselle and snuff-box, and ringing for her maid, ordered a trunk and bandboxes into her dressing-room. She then turned the key, and laying her dresses all out upon chairs, sofa, and *fauteuil*, selected two or three of the prettiest, (a plain white one among them,) and folded them in the trunk. She threw in next two or three handfuls of cameos, coral necklaces, and other ornaments—some indefinite articles of dress, a muslin night-cap, and a *vinagrette* to be used in the fainting scene—next a pair of French slippers and a Bible—and last, a lovely French apron of a new pattern, with which she intended to astonish her lord at the first breakfast subsequent to the ceremony. Having chosen her prettiest hat, and laid it aside, every thing was complete, and she threw herself upon the sofa to dream away the time till the arrival of the note from Mr. St. John, announcing the hour when his bays would be at the door.

I shall not attempt to describe the dream, because the lady did not attempt it herself in telling me the story. It was, no doubt, like all city visions of matrimony, a long vista, closed in the blue distance by a four-story brick house and iron railings, a servant in livery cleaning the door-plate, and a child in a pink frock and white pantalettes, playing in the verandah. The arrival of the note, whatever it was, put a stop to it very effectually. It was written on rose paper, and, being June, sealed with a cameo wafer. The first sentence or two, being sentiment, Cecile passed over till the second perusal. The essential part of it was the naming of the hour, and glancing her eye down, she read, "I shall be at the door in my kurrikle"—it was quite enough. To run away with a man that could not spell!—oh, no! She took her pen and wrote a note declining the honor, rang for her maid, dressed and went to a party.

Six months after, she took matrimony (as the doctors phrase it) "the natural way;" and when I saw her last, was the loveliest of Madonnas, in an oiled silk apron, getting very learned in corals and teeth-cutting.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE approaching visit of Washington Irving to this country will be a source of gratification to immense numbers who are as yet only acquainted with him through his works. This fascinating writer has indeed run a brilliant career, and deservedly enjoys a popularity among the writers of his age to which it is the fortune of but few to attain. In looking over, the other day, some of the back numbers of the Edinburgh Review, we lighted upon a very well written article upon the subject of his life of Columbus, which may be acceptable to many who do not receive this able journal, and would be pleased with the opinion of foreign and once proverbially prejudiced critics respecting their favorite and distinguished countrymen.

This, on the whole, is an excellent book; and we venture to anticipate that it will be an enduring one. Neither do we hazard this prediction lightly, or without a full consciousness of all that it implies. We are perfectly aware that there are but few modern works that are likely to verify it; and that it probably could not be extended with safety to so many as one in a hundred even of those which we praise. For we mean, not merely that the book will be familiarly known and referred to some twenty or thirty years hence, and will pass in solid binding into every considerable collection; but that it will supersede all former works on the same subject, and never be itself superseded. The first stage of triumph, indeed, over past or existing competitors, may often be predicted securely of works of no very extraordinary merit, which, treating of a progressive science, merely embody, with some small additions, a judicious digest of all that was formerly known; and are for the time the best works on the subject, merely because they are the last. But the second stage of literary beatitude, in which an author not only eclipses all existing rivals, but obtains an immunity from the effects of all future competition, certainly is not to be so cheaply won; and can seldom, indeed, be secured to any one, unless the intrinsic merit of his production is assisted by the concurrence of some such circumstances as we think now hold out the promise of this felicity to the biographer of Columbus.

Though the event to which his work relates is one which can never sink into insignificance or oblivion, but, on the contrary, will probably excite more interest with every succeeding generation, till the very end of the world, yet its importance has been already long enough apparent to have attracted the most eager attention to every thing connected with its details; and we think we may safely say that all the documents which relate to it have now been carefully examined, and all the channels explored through which any authentic information was likely to be derived. In addition to the very copious, but rambling and somewhat garrulous and extravagant accounts which were published soon after the discovery, and have since been methodized and arranged, Don F. M. Navarrete, a Spanish gentleman of great learning and industry, and secretary to the Royal Academy of History, at Madrid, has lately given to the world a very extensive collection of papers, relating to the history and voyages of Columbus; a very considerable portion of which appears not to have been known to any of those who had formerly written on the subject. Mr. Irving's first design was merely to publish a translation of this collection, with occasional remarks; but having during his residence at Madrid, had access, by the kindness of the Duke of Veraguas, the descendant of the great admiral, to the archives of his family, and to various other documents, still remaining in manuscript, which had escaped the research even of Navarrete, he fortunately turned his thoughts to the compilation of the more comprehensive and original work now before us—in which, by those ready helps, he has been enabled, not only to supply many defects, but to

correct many errors, and reconcile some apparent contradictions in the earlier accounts.

It was evidently very desirable that such a work should at length be completed; and we think it peculiarly fortunate that the means of completing it should have fallen into such hands as Mr. Irving's. The materials, it was obvious, were only to be found in Spain, and were not perhaps very likely to be intrusted without reserve to a stranger; while there was reason to fear that a Spaniard might not have courage to speak of the errors and crimes of his countrymen in the tone which the truth of history might require, or might not think it safe, even yet, to expose the impolicy, or canvass the pretensions of the government. By a happy concurrence of circumstances, an elegant writer, altogether unconnected either with Spain or her rivals and enemies, and known all over the civilized world as a man of intelligence and principle, of sound judgment, and a calm and indulgent temper, repaired to Madrid, at a time when the publication of Navarrete had turned the public attention in an extraordinary degree to the memorable era of Columbus; and, by the force of his literary and personal character, obtained the fullest disclosure of every thing that bore upon his history that was ever made, to native or foreigner, at the same time that he had the means of discussing personally with the best informed individuals of the nation, all the points on which the written documents might be expected to leave room for doubt or explanation.

Of these rare advantages Mr. Irving has availed himself, we think, with singular judgment and ability. He has written the history of the greatest event in the annals of mankind, with the fullness and the feeling it deserved; and has presented us with a flowing and continuous narrative of the events he had to record, far more luminous and comprehensive than any which previously existed, and yet much less diffuse and discursive than the earlier accounts, from which it is mainly derived: while, without sacrificing in any degree the intense interest of personal adventure and individual sympathy, he has brought the lights of a more cultivated age to bear on the obscure places of the story; and touched skilfully on the errors and prejudices of the times—at once to enliven his picture by their singularity and to instruct us by their explanation or apology. Above all, he has composed the whole work in a temper that is beyond all praise. It breathes throughout a genuine spirit of humanity; and, embellished as it is with beautiful descriptions and wonderful tales, its principal attraction in our eyes consists in its soft-hearted sympathy with suffering, its fearless reprobation of injustice and oppression, and the magnanimous candor of its judgments, even on the delinquent.

But though we think all this of Mr. Irving's work, we suspect it may not be altogether unnecessary to caution our more sensitive and sanguine readers against giving way to certain feelings of disappointment, which it is not impossible they may encounter at the outset of their task; and to which two or three very innocent causes are likely enough to expose them. In the first place, many great admirers of Mr. Irving's former works will probably miss the brilliant, highly finished, and rhythmical style, which attracted them so much in those performances, and may find the less artificial and elaborate diction of this history comparatively weak and careless. In this judgment, however, we can by no means agree. Mr. Irving's former style, though unquestionably very elegant and harmonious, always struck us as somewhat too labored and exquisite—and, at all events, but ill fitted for an extensive work, where the interest turned too much on the weight of the matter, to be safely divided with the mere polish of the diction, or the balance of the periods. He has done well, therefore, we think, to discard it on this occasion, for the more varied, careless, and natural style, which distinguishes the volumes before us—a style not only without sententious pretensions, or antithetical prettiness, but even in some degree loose and unequal—flowing easily on, with something of the fullness and clearness of Herodotus or Boccaccio—sometimes languid, and often inexact, but furnishing in its very freshness and variety, the very best mirror, perhaps, in which the romantic adventures, the sweet descriptions, or the soft humanities, with which the author had to deal, could have been displayed.

Another, and perhaps a more general source of disappointment to impatient readers is likely to be found in the extent and minuteness of the prefatory details, with which Mr. Irving has crowded the foreground of his picture, and detained us, apparently without necessity, from its principal features. The genealogy and education of Columbus—his early love of adventure—his long and vain solicitations at the different European courts—the intrigues and jealousies by which he was baffled—the prejudices against which he had to contend, and the lofty spirit and doubtful logic by which they were opposed, are all given with a fullness for which, however instructive it may be, the reader, who knows already what it is to end in, feels any thing but grateful. His mind, from the very title-page, is among the billows of the Atlantic and the islands of the Carib; and he does not submit without impatience to be informed of all the energy that was to be exerted, and all the obstacles to be overcome, before he can get there. It is only after we have perused the whole work that we perceive the fitness of the introductory chapters; and then, when the whole grand series of sufferings and exploits has been unfolded, and the greatness of the event, and of the character with which it is inseparably blended, have been impressed on our minds, we feel how necessary it was to tell, and how grateful it is to know, all that can now be known of the causes by which both were prepared; and instead of murmuring at the length of these precious details, feel nothing but regret that time should have so grievously abridged them.

The last disappointment, for which the reader should be prepared, will probably fall upon those who expect much new information as to the first great voyage of discovery, or suppose that the chief interest of the work must be exhausted by its completion. That portion of the story of Columbus has always, from obvious causes, been given with more amplitude and fidelity than any other; and Mr. Irving, accordingly, has been able to add but few additional traits of any considerable importance. But it is not there, we think, that the great interest or the true character of the work is to be found. The mere geographical discovery, sublime as it undoubtedly is, is far less impressive, to our minds, than the moral elements to which it opens the scene. The whole history of the settlement of Hispaniola, and the sufferings of its gentle people—the daring progress of the great discoverer, through unheard-of forms of peril, and the overwhelming disasters that seem at last to weigh him down, constitute the real business of the piece, and are what truly bring out, not only the character of the man, but that of the events with which

his memory is identified. It is here, too, that both the power and the beauty of the author's style chiefly display themselves—in his account of the innocence and gentleness of the simple races that were then first introduced to their elder brethren of Europe, and his glowing pictures of the lovely land, which ministered to their primitive luxury—or in his many sketches of the great commander himself, now towering in paternal majesty in the midst of his newly-found children—now invested with the dark gorgeousness of deep and superstitious devotion, and burning thirst of fame—or, still more sublime, in his silent struggles with malevolence and misfortune, and his steadfast reliance on the justice of posterity.

The work before us embodies all these, and many other touching representations; and in the vivacity of its coloring, and the novelty of its scene, possesses all the interest of a novel of invention, with the startling and thrilling assurance of its actual truth and exactness—a sentiment which enhances and every moment presses home to our hearts the deep pity and resentment inspired by the sufferings of the confiding beings it introduces to our knowledge—mingled with a feeling of something like envy and delighted wonder, at the story of their child-like innocence, and humble apparatus of enjoyment. No savages certainly ever were so engaging and loveable as those savages. Affectionate, sociable, and without cunning, sullenness, inconstancy, or any of the savage vices; but an aversion from toil, which their happy climate at once inspired and rendered innocuous, they seem to have passed their days in a blissful ignorance of all that human intellect has contrived for human misery, and almost to have enjoyed an exemption from the doom that followed man's first unhallowed appetite for knowledge of good and evil. It is appalling to think with what tremendous rapidity the whole of these happy races were swept away! How soon, after the feet of civilized Christians had touched their shores, those shores were desolate, or filled only with mourning! How soon, how frightfully soon, the swarming myriads of idle and light-hearted creatures, who came trooping from their fragrant woods to receive them with smiles of welcome and gestures of worship, and whose songs and shoutings first hailed them so sweetly over their fresh and sunny bays, were plunged, by the hands of those fatal visitants, into all the agonies of despair!—how soon released from them by a bloody extermination! it humbles and almost crushes the heart, even at this distance of time, to think of such a catastrophe, brought about by such instruments. The learned, the educated, the refined, the champions of chivalry, the messengers of the gospel of peace, come to the land of the ignorant, the savage, the heathen. They find them docile in their ignorance, submissive in their rudeness, and grateful and affectionate in their darkness; and the result of the mission is mutual corruption, misery, desolation! The experience or remorse of four centuries has not yet been able to expiate the crime, or to reverse the spell. Those once smiling and swarming shores are still silent and mournful; or resound only to the groans of the slave and the lash of the slave-driver—or to the strange industry of another race, dragged by a yet deeper guilt from a distant land, and now calmly establishing themselves on the graves of their oppressors.

The Fall of the Indian, with other poems. By Isaac McLellan, jun. 12mo. p. 99. Boston: Carter & Hendee. 1830.

How perfectly full the world is of fine subjects for poetry. The principal, or rather spirit of it, lies hidden every where under commonplace objects like the electric fluid until it flashes out in lightning streaks to the eye of genius. We must do the author of this little volume the justice to say that he has chosen his subjects well. Besides the first, which is not new, he has several, the mere mention of which conjures up some soft, mournful, or grand idea. Among them are, "The notes of the birds," "The decayed chapel," "The haunted wood," "The death of Napoleon," as described by Scott. "The fifth of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliciously engaged in a strife more terrible than the elements around. The words, 'tête d'armée,' (head of the army) the last which escaped from his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heady fight." Another is "The Swedish miner," and is as follows:

"The body of a young Swedish miner was once discovered in one of the mines of Dalecarlia, in a state of perfect preservation from the action of the mineral waters in which he had been immersed. No one could recognise the body except a very old woman, who knew it to be that of her lover, and embraced it with the most lively demonstrations of grief. He had perished fifty years before.

"They've born him from his ghastly tomb
Up to the blessed light of day;
And from his cheek the transient bloom
Of life, hath scarcely past away.
Upon the stripling's tranquil cheek
The bloom of life doth glow,
Like twilight's rich and rosy streak
Upon the winter snow.

"There came an aged dame; and put away
The dark hair from his pallid brow,
And look! how mournfully she doth lay
Her lips to his pale features now.
Methinks some pleasant dream of years
Long gone, comes o'er her memory;
For smiles gleam o'er her face, then tears
Gush to her aged eye,
And mournfully and low,
These words from her full heart o'erflow.

"And art thou lying here?
Beautiful as thou wast, when side by side
Our wayward feet ranged all the woodlands wide,
In childhood's thoughtless glee!
Yes, my beloved, though gone hath many a year,
I well remember thee!

"Here is the same white brow
That won my simple heart, when life's green path
Was all a paradise; methinks it hath
Its same calm beauty yet,
That cheek! though death hath somewhat changed it now
I never might forget!

"Thou wearest the red rose
I gave thee, on that gentle summer's eve,
When thou, all bloom and manliness, didst leave
Me, blushing at the door—
Alas! I little dreamed at that day's mellow close,
My love would come no more.

"After the rapid flight
Of fifty years, 'tis pleasant, in old age
To see thee, ere I end my pilgrimage.
And now we part! Thy cell,
The awful tomb, must shut thee from my sight,
I join thee soon. Farewell."

"The last night of the year" is also well done. It is headed by a verse from an old ballad, which we deem exquisite:

"Iceicles clink in the milk-maid's pail,
Youkners skate in the pool below,
Blackbirds perch on the garden rail,
And hark! how the cold winds blow."

"To a rivulet" should have been omitted. It approaches too closely the similar effusion of Mr. Bryant, "To Green river"—particularly the terminating verse.

"Favorite brook!
I love even now to pace thy grassy brink!
Upon the innocent sports of youth to think
—And on thee look.

We have other faults to allege against Mr. McLellan's present offering, viz., instances of unpardonable carelessness in the rhythm. It is provoking to see a decent composition marred by defects that might have been so easily avoided. This results from the fact that we have scarcely any regular critics in this country, and authors lounge into the presence of the great public in dishabille as familiarly as they would call upon Tom, Dick, or Harry. Here are lines all taken from page eleventh of "The fall of the Indian":

"In many a bright cascade: and his garb," &c.
"And from his o'erflowing beaker showered down," &c.
"Distaining the maple's leaf in scarlet dye," &c.
"From the maze-planted glade, or the ear," &c.
"And the rich black grape, whose clusters bend," &c.
"And happy on the last bright journey to depart," &c.

and numbers of similar imperfect lines are scattered through the leading poem. This we are more frank in noticing, because the pieces themselves are much above mediocrity, and contain passages really beautiful. For instance, what a graphic description of the Indian race and a landscape:

"No more their step is heard along the vale,
Nor shout upon the mountains, nor the songs
Of their triumphant battles. Their large bow,
And the long, feathered arrow, have been broken;
The eagle plume into the dust is cast;
The sharp canoe that rocked upon the stream
Is rotting at the river's lonely marge;
And the rude huts of their forefathers lie
A ruin in the valley; and the graves
Of their dead ancestors have been profaned.****
Oh! happy were thy people, Indian king!
When these dark woods that stand like giants round,
In their eternal grandeur, were thine own,
And the everlasting hills were thine,
Those wild, magnificent mountains, whose bright peaks,
And vapory cones, forever in the sky
Frown in majestic pomp. Thine were the lakes!
Those lonely worlds of waters! beautiful!
When the old trees that fringe their sedgy marge
Were imaged in the motionless abyss."

What a bold poetic thought is here nearly spoiled by the false metre of the second and third lines:

"How could his heart
Partake not of the deep religion of the woods,
And in the gloomy wilderness worship not!
For like a great cathedral, were their depths,
Awful and dim, and in the gloom of night
Peopled with spectres of their ancient kings
And chieftains long-departed."

Another admirable passage:

"How solemn in such wilderness, the voice
Of human worship! There no empty pomp,
Nor blaze of jewelry, nor flash of plumes,
Nor glitter of gay equipage, nor sound
Of idle laughter, ever led away
The worshiper's affections from his God.
"There only came the savage, to build up
His rude and simple altar, and there place
His offerings, the simple fruits of earth,
And kneel to the great spirit of his tribe.
There all was still, save bubbling of the brook
That gaily o'er its stony channel leaped;
Or when the mighty organ of the wind
Raised up that tuneful anthem, which has rung
Since the creation day: or when the hoof
Of the unwieldy buffalo shook the earth!
Or the wild fawn tripped through the shadowy glade,
Or passed from tree to tree, the lonely bird.
"Happy those golden days, no more to be!
The years of Indian freedom. Then he walked
A king, upon his native hills; unawed
Save by the God of thunders."

And another:

"He loved his children then; and when the God
Of the resplendent morning reached his throne
Above the mountains, clad in robes of light,
Then would he lead his boy to the sea shore,
Where the smooth beach stretched far its shelly road,
And strengthen his young sinews, in the race,
Or in rude buffets with the ruffian wave.
And well he loved to teach him how to bend
His stripling bow, and aim his mimic shaft.
And when the curling smoke above his roof,
Glowed in the yellow twilight, he would sit
Before his cabin door to watch his sports,
And hear his innocent and merry laugh.
All the gay glee of childhood's mirthful day!"

Here is poetry good enough to redeem many faults:

"A hundred hills
Are gathered round in many a gloomy group
O'erlooking with their great eternal brows,
A hundred hollow valleys, rich with herds,
Or clothed with the autumnal wealth of grain.
Proudly they lift their bare and gloomy peaks,
Their gray and tempest-beaten summits up
High in the twilight shadows—hurling back
The subtle light from all their splintered cliffs.
Methinks they stand like armed champions
Clad in the iron panoply of war,
And eager for the desolating rush
Of the mad battle!

A sepulchral gloom
Dwells in these mossy woods! there's scarce a beam
Of the far-travelled sunlight, that may pierce
This deep and massy canopy of leaves;
Or brighten the green floor that slopes beneath.
And how profound the hush! save when a gust
Of the sweet south whispers its mournful sigh
Far in their dim arcades. Oft times that sad
And desolate sobbing of the uneasy wind
In these old woods and awful solitudes,
Falls on the ear like some strange melody
Of the departed tribes, who long ago
Made here their dwelling in the savage wild."

We conclude our notice of this little volume by extracting "The

notes to birds." It is charmingly written, particularly the robin, the blackbird, and the heron. We premise it by the assurance that the work is by far too good not to deserve a place in the libraries of all who take interest in the progress of American literature.

"Well do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gaily in spring's budding woods,
And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,
And lonely copses of the summer-time,
And in red autumn's ancient solitudes.

"If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest the loss
Of brethren gone to that far-distant land
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest birds.

"How rich the varied choir! the unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Utters her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dog-wood's snowy flowers,
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree;
And spreading its rich pinions, fills the air
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

"With the sweet airs of spring, the robin comes
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

"In the last days of autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves, then peals abroad
The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree
Close at the corn-field edge.

Lone whippoorwill!
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Ofttimes when all the village lights are out
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
And lifts his anthem when the world is still:
And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man
And to the herds, deep slumber, and sweet dews
To the red roses and the herbs, doth find
No eye save thine a watcher in her halls.
I hear thee oft at midnight, when the thrush
And the green, roving linnet are at rest,
And the blithe, twittering swallows have long ceased
Their noisy notes, and folded up their wings.

"Far up some brook's still course, whose current mines
The forest's blackened roots, and whose green marge
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks
The sabbath silence of the wilderness:
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stained rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.
"Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,
Gray watcher of the waters; thou art king
Of the blue lake; and all the winged kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye. Thou lookest down,
And seest the shining fishes as they glide;
And poising thy gray wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
Ofttimes I see thee through the curling mist
Dart, like a spectre of the night, and hear
Thy strange, bewildering call, like the wild scream
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.
"And now wouldst thou, O man, delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations? Then pass forth
And find them midst those many-colored birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from beauty's ruby lip."

Views of New-York and its Environs. No. III. Quarto. Peabody & Co. 1831.

The third number of "Views of New-York and its Environs," has recently appeared, and we must do the artist the justice to say that the engravings are beautiful, and quite superior to any of their predecessors. There are four, viz. "The Elysian Fields at Hoboken;" "The City Hotel," with a distant view of Grace and Trinity churches; "The Lunatic Asylum, at Manhattanville;" and "The interior of the Merchant's Exchange, Wall-street." An apology is made by the publisher for the delay in the appearance of the present number, which is quite pardonable if it has contributed to the excellence of the plates. The cheapness of this publication renders it accessible to all classes of society, and will probably conduce to its extensive circulation through the United States. Strangers passing through the city, or those who reside in distant parts of the Union, would find an interest in possessing such really good views of the commercial metropolis of their country and its environs, at so moderate a cost. It will make a pretty volume at the end of the year, and we are pleased to learn it commands a ready sale. Each plate is accompanied by an appropriate description.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

THE performances at the two old theatres have been generally repetitions of what we have already noticed. Miss Hughes and Mr. Sinclair, at the Park, have been going round in a small circle of operas. With Mr. Sinclair, upon further acquaintance, we are more pleased, in several instances, although the defects which struck us at first are still apparent. The precise intonation of his song, "The anchor's weighed," the other evening, was really fine. He occasionally surprises you with a passage that is delightful. His ballad called "Spring time is coming," is a pretty trifle, and exceedingly well given. We do not know who is the author, as no name appeared in the bills, nor whether it was composed before or since

Mr. Rodwell's "Draw the sword, Scotland;" whoever was the first, has the merit of originality, as they are almost literally the same. "The bird in yonder cage," by Mr. Sinclair and Miss Hughes, was exceedingly sweet. During her engagement, this young lady has shown herself a delightful singer. We were charmed with her translation of Rossini's "Di Piacere," from the "Gazza Ladra." Through inadvertence we omitted to notice at the time, that the finale to the first act of "John of Paris" has been curtailed at least twenty bars since we last heard it; it is a splendid composition, and every note should be given. The beautiful Troubadour air was admirably sung by Mrs. Sharpe, who introduced a very appropriate *contra alto* cadence. Jones followed, and was, as usual, chaste and good, and Miss Hughes also excellent. We regret to find Mr. Barnes persists in making faces, without reference to time or place, and is as great an enemy to the music on certain occasions, as those admirers who eat pea-nuts, and talk aloud from the front. It is shameful to see a fine melody destroyed by a hoarse laugh from the pit, at some buffoonery of a comedian, equally rude to the audience and the vocalist. Mr. Taylor, as Dandie Dinmont, at the American theatre, was guilty of the same, and spoilt Mr. Spencer's prettiest song in Henry Bertram, by several superfluous displays of his comic ability. It is to be hoped that the gentlemen of the theatres will hereafter, at least in operas, be contented to "imitate humanity" without violating the courtesy due to the audience and each other. Mr. Sinclair and Miss Hughes have closed their engagements, and taken their benefits. Mr. Hackett has made a fine hit with his "Lion of the West." We do not consider this piece as professing to illustrate the character of a Kentucky gentleman, but merely as presenting a rather exaggerated likeness of a certain class who do exist, and as not out of the legitimate range of dramatic-probability, any more than the snuff-taking Frenchman—the fine dandies—the one-legged German, and the surly Englishmen, who crowd the stage, and contribute to the mirth of the public. Most of the jokes introduced in it are really ludicrous, and the audience seem heartily pleased.

Miss Clifton at the American theatre appeared as Lady Macbeth. We regret our absence, as we are told her efforts in that character are quite successful. We, however, give her one word, as a spell to lead her onward in the difficult path she has chosen—it is *study*. She has the material, and a face of rare loveliness. A Mr. Keppel has attempted Richard, Hamlet, and Othello: they were complete failures in every respect. We really thought we saw Shakespeare's ghost looking exceedingly angry over the shoulders of Henry, Ann, and the rest of the spirituals in the tent scene of Richard.

The Richmond Hill theatre has been very generally admired. They have several attractive performers there, and we have had nothing better than Mrs. Duff. The address is more poetic than declamatory, and reads beautifully. We close this article by copying it as a scrap from the workshop of the author of Fanny.

Where dwells the drama's spirit?—not alone
Beneath the palace-roof, beside the throne,
In learning's cloisters, friendship's festal bowers,
Arts' pictured halls, or triumph's laurel'd towers.
Where'er man's pulses beat, or passions play,
She joys to smile or sigh his thoughts away,
Crowd times and scenes within her ring of power,
And teach a life's experience in an hour.
To-night she greets, for the first time, our donee,
Her latest, may it prove her lasting home,
And we, her messengers, delighted stand,
The summon'd Ariels of her mystic wand,
To ask your welcome. Be it yours to give
Bliss to her coming hours, and bid her live
Within these walls, new-hallowed in her cause,
Long in the nurturing warmth of your applause.
'Tis in the public smiles, the public loves,
His dearest home, the actor breathes and moves:
Your plaudits are, to us, and to our art,
As is the life-blood to the human heart;
And every power that bids the leaf be green
In nature, acts on this her mimic scene.
Our sunbeams are the sparklings of glad eyes,
Our winds, the whisper of applause that flies
From lip to lip, the heart-born laugh of glee,
And sounds of cordial hands that ring out merrily;
And heaven's own dew falls on us in the tear,
That woman weeps o'er sorrows pictured here,
When crowded feelings have no words to tell
The might, the magic of the actor's spell.

These have been ours, and do we hope in vain,
Here, oft and deep, to feel them ours again?
No—while the weary heart can find repose
From its own pains in fiction's joys or woes;
While there are open lips and dimpled cheeks
When music breathes, or wit, or humor speaks;
While Shakespeare's master-spirit can call up
Noblest and holiest thoughts, and brim the cup
Of life with bubbles bright as happiness,
Cheating the willing bosom into bliss!
So long will those who, in their spring of youth,
Have listened to the drama's voice of truth,
Marked in her scenes the manners of their age,
And gathered knowledge for a wider stage,
Come here to speed with smiles life's summer years,
And melt its winter snow with pleasant tears;
And younger hearts, when ours are hushed and cold,
Be happy here, as we have been of old.

Friends of the stage! who hail it as the shrine
Where music, painting, poetry entwine
Their wedded garlands, whence their blended power
Refines, exalts, ennoble, hour by hour,
The spirit of the land; and, like the wind,
Unseen, but felt, bears on the bark of mind;

To you, the hour that consecrates this dome
Will call up dreams of prouder hours to come,
When some creating poet, born your own,
May waken here the drama's loftiest tone,
Through after-years to echo loud and long,
A Shakespeare of the west, a star of song:
Brightening your own blue skies with living fire,
All times to gladden, and all tongues inspire,
Far as beneath the heaven, by sea-winds fanned,
Floats the free banner of your native land.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. PAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1831.

New Custom-house.—A new custom-house, adapted to the extensive and rapidly increasing commerce of New-York, has become a matter of general concern. It has long been wanted, and is now, we believe, judging from many circumstances which have come within our knowledge, imperatively called for. The building occupied for this purpose was made choice of when the revenue scarcely equalled half the present amount. It was erected for mere ordinary purposes—is not even a quarter of the size required for the convenient accommodation of the business daily transacted—and, what ought to awaken deep solicitude, is exceedingly unsafe. There is not in the whole structure a single fire-proof apartment. And when we take into view the heavy and complicated duties performed, the numerous apartments to be warmed, and that the clerks are often compelled to trim the nightly lamp, the wonder is that no accident has yet taken place. There is necessarily connected with a common brick building a considerable mass of combustible materials; there can, therefore, be no security, because a fire originating in any one of the rooms, would not only endanger, but would probably lead to the destruction of the whole edifice. This would be a misfortune of a most serious nature. Nothing could ever restore the loss, and its ruinous effects would never cease to be felt and deplored. It is not in the power of any one even to imagine the derangement, and ruin, and consequent confusion that would ensue. All the records of the department from its commencement, and all the nameless evidences of more recent transactions, involving matters of infinite importance, would be subjected to the same fatal consequences. It would entail upon the government the most aggravated mischiefs. The loss of ten times as much money as would be wanted to construct a building of ample dimensions, and of solid and indestructible materials, would be felt as a small affair, when compared with the evils that would result from the utter destruction of all the vouchers and documents now existing in the custom-house.

At the last session of congress an effort was made to obtain an appropriation that should be the means of laying the foundation of a structure which should be adequate to the complete accommodation of the customs, to grant facilities to the numerous body of respectable merchants, and be commensurate with the growing wants of this great commercial metropolis. To the surprise of not a few, and the regret of many, the scheme proved abortive. This seems the more extraordinary, when we take into view the prodigious sums which the government annually derives from this port. We might rationally suppose, that calculations of interest alone would induce congress to make a liberal grant for the preservation of property purely national, and for the greater comfort of those whose faithful services are so instrumental in adding to the increasing riches of the nation, and who, in many instances, we believe, receive very moderate compensations. But, without any reference to liberality, for we should not suspect congress of this virtue, we might still think they would be led to do it from motives of sheer selfishness, especially when so intimately connected with that of safety. It happens, unfortunately, that some members of that body have very imperfect conceptions of the extent of the business transacted in the New-York custom-house. They keep a vigilant eye upon the emoluments only, without ever looking for a moment to plans that are wise and useful, and in the end most economical. They are shocked at the idea of expending a few hundred thousand dollars for the more advantageous use of that branch of the public service, from which the government receives such bountiful support. Moreover, some of them affect to think that an appropriation for such a purpose would be a species of bonus to New-York, and for her individual aggrandizement and benefit. Nothing can be more unfair than such a suggestion. The object is in itself purely national, and every other state in the Union, whether it be Maine, Louisiana, Missouri, or any other distant member, would have an equal interest in it with the state of New-York. And beside, a large portion of the money designed for such a purpose would be expended in some of the other states; and for a very good reason, many of the materials would come from those states. We would fain hope, then, since the revenue of the present year is likely to exceed that of any other, and to go far beyond the estimates of the secretary of the treasury, that all petty calculations of temporary economy or expediency will be discarded, and a policy characterized by liberality and wisdom, such as shall be honorable and beneficial to the country, and at the same time gratifying to the citizens of New-York, will be frankly and cheerfully adopted and pursued.

To correspondents.—A friend is thanked for his information respecting the article by Mr. Paulding, published in our last number. We were already aware of the truth of the facts therein mentioned, many of which live in the recollections of a great number of our fellow-citizens.

Editor's study.—We have received an anonymous communication, purporting to be an answer to a few brief remarks which we made on the valuable little school-book, called Miss Oram's First Lessons, in which we took occasion to allude to the work in terms of approbation. We regret that any one should have so far mistaken our meaning as to think such an answer necessary. So far from disputing the axiom, "that words alone cannot convey ideas" to the uninstructed, we said, in plain terms, that our objections (to children repeating the usual definitions like so many parrots) were "not applicable to Miss Oram's book," because she had illustrated the meaning of words by pictures; "which, (we added,) being the representations of objects that are generally familiar to children, supply the place of more simple and particular definitions." But, we now say, how much better she might have succeeded in her laudable undertaking, had she accompanied those pictures with simple definitions, adapted to the humblest juvenile capacity.

We need not be told how "naturalists have classed animals," or how the great Samuel Johnson defines words. It should be remembered that they did not write for children. Miss Oram is an ardent friend, as well as an experienced and successful teacher of the little race. All instructors, however, especially those who make their own books, ought to bear in mind, that dictionaries were made for adults, and not for infants; and that, consequently, the standard definitions are not adapted to the juvenile capacity. Teachers should endeavor to discard the pride of superior learning, and let themselves down to the very lowest intellectual level of their pupils, then take them gently by the hand, and lead them gradually up the slope of knowledge.

As respects the words *house, lamp, pail, &c.* we have no objection to Miss Oram's definitions, as far as they go. We merely said, that without her pictures her definitions would convey no adequate idea to the pupil's mind; and we still think that her lamp, even as now trimmed by our correspondent, throws very little additional light on the subject.

Our object in noticing this little work was to recommend it to our readers; for although the authoress has not done all that we could wish, she has done much for the benefit of the rising generation, and we agree with our correspondent, that "since the work has been thus brought before the public, it is but just that its peculiarities and the design of the authoress should be fairly represented."

It offers such an arrangement of pictures as will give the sounds of the English language, by the child's being simply taught the pronunciation of their names. Instead of pursuing the usual uninteresting method of teaching alone those hieroglyphics, called letters they are associated with pictures which give ideas; and, thus losing their unintelligible nature, they become objects of interest, even to young children, because they can understand their use.

"In Hazen's Primer the words are arranged in classes, denoting animate and inanimate objects. This arrangement appears to be useless, for a child will know at once, on hearing the definition of a word, whether the thing defined have life or not."

"This system of classing words has led Mr. Hazen into many errors; for instance, he has classed the eye, ear, leg, foot, face, nose, &c. and nearly all the parts of the human body with inanimate objects, while he has classed man with animate objects. Many other absurdities and defects might be shown in Hazen's "Symbolical Primer," and in other primers, which are wholly avoided or remedied in Miss Oram's little work."

"If I had not thought," concludes our correspondent, "that primers must have influence on the infant mind, an apology might be necessary for my desiring that the principles of this little book should be properly presented."

While upon this subject, perhaps, we may be excused for printing a letter received the other day, purporting to be from a boy, at one of the academies of this city, only reminding the reader that in one of our late numbers we ventured a few remarks upon the severity and carelessness with which pupils are sometimes treated by their instructors.

GENTLEMEN,—You must know I am a young boy who have been all my life at school, and am naturally fond of study, but have quarrelled with my parents, and am very wretched by the tyranny of a master, who is "fitting me for college," as he calls it. I am beaten at school nearly every day. I am not quick at learning, although I am sure to remember what I have acquired, when I am not frightened. My master is so impatient and passionate, that even when I have sat up late in the night to conquer a hard lesson, and think I have succeeded, I find the next morning that all my knowledge is dispersed, when I am ordered like a dog to take my place and feel a pair of angry eyes glancing over me, and know that as soon as I miss a word I shall receive a brutal blow with a strap, or have my hand blistered with a ruler. The consequence is, that I hate school and teacher most heartily, and go to my class as a slave or criminal to a dungeon. As for Virgil, I hear you critics talk of his beauties, alas, they are to me only mementos of tears and agonies. I have been flogged worse than the Trojans in the battle of Troy, and am always more frightened in the tempest than Æneas and his friends. I never hear the names of Venus, Æolus, Juno, or Queen Dido, without thinking of the dinners I have lost, and the lashes that have been laid on my shoulders; and am tomorrow in expectation of having some of my bones broken at the Trojan sports. The reading your strictures in favor of what you call your young friends, the school-boys, made me feel such a love for you, and such a confidence that you would listen to my complaints, which every body else scoffs at, that I have stolen half-an-hour from my algebra to compose this. My default will make but little difference, as I am resigned to have my ears boxed immediately after breakfast in the morning, let me study ever so hard. With my best wishes for your welfare, and my cordial congratulations that you have escaped the dangerous and unhappy period of boyhood, I am, gratefully and respectfully, but very sorrowfully, your obedient servant,

ROBERT JONES.

I'LL BID THIS HEART BE STILL.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS PRINGLE—MUSIC COMPOSED BY JOHN THOMSON.

I'll bid this heart be still, And check each struggling sigh, And there's none e'er shall know My soul's cherish'd woe, When the first tears of sorrow are dry.

When the first tears of sorrow are dry.

dim. pp

SECOND VERSE.

They bid me cease to weep—
For glory gilds his name;
But the deeper I mourn,
Since he ne'er can return
To enjoy the bright noon of his fame!

THIRD VERSE.

My cheek has lost its hue,
My eye grows faint and dim;
But 'tis sweeter to fade
In grief's gloomy shade,
Than to bloom for another than him!

THE BALL.

Emily to Marguerite.

Oh 'twas a brilliant ball last night!
I really cannot tell the reason
Why 'twas so charming, gay, and bright;
So far the pleasantest this season.
I wore a white crape dress and pearls,
(My whole appearance light and airy)
My soft brown hair in angel curls—
Tom said I looked a perfect fairy.
And Helen wore a satin dress,
(From grandmamma a birth-day present)
Trimmed deep with flounces of blonde lace,
And in her hair a diamond crescent.
We entered late; the room was full,
And all the world was busy dancing;
Helen looked really beautiful,
Her eyes so bright, her diamonds glancing.
And then, her tall mustachio'd beau
Attracted gazers by the dozens;
For half the people didn't know
That Tom and she were only cousins.
Oh, by the way, I'd quite forgot
To tell you Tom's arrived from Dover;
And oh, such whiskers as he's got!
He'd make a most *distingué* lover.
He wears a cloak deplined with furs,
Mustachios—*dans le style farouche*;
A pair of splendid golden spurs,
And sports an elegant barouche:
His gold repeater, diamond rings,
And smile, there seems a perfect spell in;
He flirts divinely, and he sings!
But then, he always sings to Helen.
Well, I went next on Benson's arm—
The stupid creature made me take it;
Though while I smiled, and looked so calm,
I really felt inclined to break it;
For just in front of us I saw
The colonel at a little distance,
Leaning beside the folding door,
Waiting to lend me his assistance.

Just then, my miseries to crown,
My cup of grievances to fill,
That stupid animal, young Brown,
Asked me to dance the next quadrille.
As you may think, I was enraged,
And—it was wrong to tell a story—
I faltered—that I was "engaged
To—Colonel Lancer—very sorry."

"To Colonel Lancer—on my word
He seems the fact to have forgotten;
For just now as I passed I heard
Him ask the fortune—rich Miss Cotton."
I blushed with spite, and in a pet
Was led away to the cotillion,
Where in the very self-same set
Lancer was dancing with "the million."

To punish him I would not frown,
But seemed delighted with my capture,
And flirted so with Mr. Brown
The little man was quite in rapture;
Yet still my heartless *vis à vis*
Stood playing with his partner's flowers;
Alas! he could too plainly see
What a *one sided* "case" was ours.

My changing color showed how false
My acting was—I turned to dash a
Tear from my cheek—just then a waltz
Was called, and the young French Attaché,
Count Mollineux, the famous shot
Who fought those duels at Gibraltar,
Asked me to waltz with him—I'd not
One moment's time to pause or falter.

The ring was formed—I cast one look—
Miss Cotton's arm was still in Lancer's;
It was a sight I could not brook;
I murmured "yes," and joined the dancers.
The waltz began its dizzy whirl,
And though its circling seemed eternal,
Still, when I paused, the forward girl
Was flirting with my faithless colonel.

He had not seen me join the dance—
But suddenly he ceased to fan her;

'Twas fixed on mine! that lightning glance!
In such a sad, reproving manner,
I felt, I blushed a burning red,
As if my cheeks with fire were painted;
One moment more—my color fled,
And in the Attaché's arms—I fainted!

What followed next, I cannot tell;
I know that when I did recover,
I found that broken was the spell
Wreathed round my too capricious lover;
He hung about the sofa, where
I lay reclined, with looks so tender,
As if he longed, but did not dare,
His own attentive cares to render.
The ladies called for salts, cologne,
They feared my sense again was fleeting;
One instant—I was left alone
With Lancer—how my heart was beating!
I spoke not, moved not; he called up a
Desperate look—I did not stir,
But coolly said, "pray go to supper,
Miss Cotton's waiting for you, sir."

He sighed; I took no notice; he
Then seized my hand with animation,
And wildly said, "Oh, Emily!
Drive me not thus to desperation;
You know my feelings, though my true
Devoted passion never moved you,
But till this hour I never knew
How fondly, fervently I loved you!
"They say I must your presence fly,
And that I must these feelings smother;
Yet when you blushed to meet my eye,
Could I believe you loved another?
Oh no! Miss Cotton must have heard
A false report—and I—was jealous."
"Miss Cotton!" cried I—"on my word,
I think that lady's over zealous."

I know not what reply he made,
But presently I felt much better;
And when my sister Helen said
She'd call the coach, I would not let her;

But took my smiling colonel's arm
And once again the ball room entered,
Where now it seemed as every charm
Of mirth, and joy, and pleasure centred.

The lamps burned brighter than before,
And sweeter far the music sounded;
While as I trod the springing floor
My very heart with rapture bounded.
We laughed, and flirted, waltzed, and walked,
And sentimentalized together:
At last—of—*something else* we talked,
Beside the party and the weather.

He whispered something very sweet,
And—but I will not tell my answer;
Pray don't you think, dear Marguerite,
The name's a pretty one, of Lancer?
Well—that gay crowd dispersed at last,
All earthly pleasures pass so fleetly!
I saw Miss Cotton as we past,
And bowed to her, and smiled so sweetly!

We bade "good night," were cloaked and shawl'd,
And all so naturally it fell in,
That when the man our carriage called,
Lancer took me, while Tom took Helen.
The night was clear, and calm, and bright,
The crescent moon was gaily glancing;
The sleepy coachman cried, "all's right,"
The steps were up—the horses prancing.

Still Lancer lingered—bade good-by;
(He had not yet my hand relinquished)
I whispered, rather saucily,
"Pray, is the 'Cotton flame' extinguished?"
He laughed—bid Alphonse close the door,
Then pressed my hand, and said, "remember!"
I haven't room, my dear, for more,
But—be in town by next December.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,

To whom all communications must be addressed. No
subscriptions received for a less term than one year.—
New subscribers can be supplied from the commence-
ment of the present volume.

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THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1831.

No. 22.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

WE are gratified to be able to lay before our readers this week the introductory lecture delivered by Mr. G. C. Verplanck, on Tuesday evening, the twenty-second instant, before the Mercantile Library Association, at Clinton-hall. The gentlemen of this institution have organized a course of lectures for the ensuing season, likely to be generally interesting, especially as among those who have lent their assistance to Mr. Verplanck are Chancellor Kent, Albert Gallatin, William C. Bryant, J. Augustine Smith, William B. Lawrence, William Dunlap, H. E. Dwight, H. R. Storrs, and Dr. Griscom. Among the subjects to be treated on are—"The causes of European Civilization," "Political Economy," "Currency," "Commercial Law," "The Arts," "Mythology," "Natural Philosophy," and "Chemistry." This society is a noble example of the intelligence and enterprise of the commercial part of our population. The large and increasing library which has already been collected, is honorable as it is useful, especially to the youthful portion, reflects great credit on all concerned, and is well calculated to raise the character of the city. The annexed discourse was listened to by a large and attentive auditory, with every mark of interest and admiration. We take this occasion to acknowledge our obligation to the writer for permitting us to offer it for the perusal of such as were absent.

A LECTURE,

Introductory to the several courses to be delivered before the Mercantile Association of the city of New-York, during the winter of 1831-2.

BY JULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

[Published at the request of the association.]

I CONGRATULATE you, gentlemen of the Mercantile Association, on the occasion which brings us together. Your institution, founded for the moral and intellectual improvement of the commercial youth of this city, has long been eminently useful. Its judiciously selected library and well supplied reading-rooms, with the excellent lectures and addresses heretofore delivered in this hall, have proved not less honorable to the zeal and public spirit of its founders than important in their effects on the character of an immense body of young men full of ardor, intelligence, and enterprise, who are, year after year, carrying into active life the deep and lasting influences of their present pursuits and amusements.

Surrounded as they are on all sides, in this gay and opulent city, with temptations to idle dissipation or vicious indulgence, exposed to the contagion of the worst and most alluring examples, freed, as many of them are, from the salutary restraint imposed by the sanctity of the parental home, and deprived of its resources of domestic fire-side pleasures, they have discovered in these halls amusements, ever new and fascinating, innocent and intellectual. Here they have met associates and found friends eager in the same pure enjoyments. Here they have been led from harmless entertainment to useful reading, and thence onward to the most noble and invigorating exercises of the mind in the study and contemplation of physical and moral truth.

But the course of lectures which has been arranged for this winter forms a new epoch in the progress of this association. It is not merely that a fresh and valuable source of information will now be opened. That is much. But I cannot but regard the number, the talent, and the well-earned reputation of those public-spirited citizens who have volunteered to deliver the several courses, as giving a most flattering testimony to the value of this institution. It is a proof of the deep public interest taken in the character and welfare of our commercial youth, whilst at the same time it must furnish to them motives of kindling excitement in the pursuit of all that can exalt and dignify the character of an American merchant.

These gentlemen, severally and honorably distinguished in the law, science, fine arts, literature, politics, and public eloquence of the country, divided in many points of opinion, but uniting in a generous zeal for the public good, have, amidst the pressure of private avocations, found or made time to devote a portion of their talents and acquirements to the instruction of those whom I now address. It will not be invidious to distinguish amongst them two venerable and patriotic men, one of whom, for years, administered, with masterly ability, our national finances, or was engaged in the negotiation of treaties involving our dearest interests; whilst the other presided, for nearly as long a period, in the highest courts of common law and of equity in this rich and populous state, with a reputation that cannot be increased by any praise of mine.† Such are the men who now delight to unfold to the young inquirer the elements of those sciences on which their own fame was founded. It is an example worthy of republican antiquity, honorable to our state of society, and especially honorable to you, for whom the labor was undertaken. Let it be also to us and to you an ani-

inating example of unceasing and unflagging devotion to the common good, and the welfare of others.

I cannot but feel it as a high compliment to have been invited to deliver an introductory lecture to such a course of instruction, and for this I tender my most grateful acknowledgments.

The course of lectures intended to be delivered here, though by men intimately and extensively conversant with the subjects they have selected, must yet, from the narrow compass to which they must be confined, be but sketches, or outlines, of those several subjects.

These will stimulate the mind to inquiry, furnish broad views and leading principles, as well as point out the sources of more minute and accurate knowledge; but they will not, nor do they profess to make you masters of any of those extensive walks of science, of art, of taste, or of speculation.

To become a proficient in any one of these requires the labor of years; to become skillful in all of them must demand the constant toil of a long and studious life. Of what use then to those who can give to such pursuits little more than hasty and broken intervals of time, and minds distracted by other duties, and other cares—of what real use is that general and superficial information gained by these and similar aids?

The question is natural, and it is important. I have, therefore, thought that the reply to it, showing the true advantages of general knowledge to men engaged in active business, would be no inappropriate or unfruitful subject for this introductory lecture.

Upon this head the pedantry of erudition, and the pedantry of worldly wisdom are for once agreed in uniting to despise and degrade such acquirements, the one, viewing them as leading only to vanity and self conceit, and the other, as a trifling waste of time for no practical purpose.

Pope, a poet distinguished above his brethren for sagacity and shrewdness of observation upon men and manners, has said—

*"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There, shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."*

This opinion, so agreeable to the pride of learning, has been echoed by thousands with whom no poet would be an authority on any other question, until it has almost become an adage. Like all remarks of acute observers, and like all maxims obtaining any currency, this too has its share of truth; had it not so, it would never have been received as true. But it is true only of the smatterer in every thing; it is true only of him who has never disciplined himself to any regular pursuit whatever; of him whose superficial acquirements are not the recreations of an active and useful life, nor the decorations of a mind exercised in other and solid avocations.

Of the vague knowledge of such a man, pride and conceit may well be the result, but they are much more frequently its cause. All human knowledge, however learned arrogance may strive to disguise it, is but little. This then is truly but a question of more or less. The profoundest scholar—the man of the rarest and the loftiest science, who loses sight of this truth, and forgets the immensity of the Unknown, in gazing fondly upon his own little treasure of fancied science, may be as truly intoxicated by such comparatively shallow draughts, as the most superficial sciolist, whom he scorns. And this intoxication, too, if we can trust to frequent observation, is far more likely to befall the professed, but trifling scholar, than the accurate man of business, who seeks in books a refreshment from toil, or who flies to science to satisfy the craving desire of knowledge. But all knowledge is in itself valuable. It was made for man, and his mind was formed to covet and grasp at its attainment. It is an innate desire, springing from the highest appetencies of his nature, the desire and the object of it being alike the kind gifts of his Creator.

Let us, for a moment pause, and cast a rapid glance at the means of intellectual accomplishment which in this age and country, nay, in this very institution, are within the reach of any young man, who, without defrauding his daily calling of a single duty, or a single thought due to it, will yet devote to better objects those hours which might be passed in indolence or folly.

Let us suppose these hours faithfully and judiciously employed for a few years, and then estimate fairly the amount and the value of the information thus accumulated. Let us see whether the knowledge thus rewarding his liberal curiosity, and which must confessedly fall short of the accuracy and extent of that science, won by the exclusive votary of learning, is yet in any sense worthless or little.

It has been justly remarked by more than one philosophical observer, that there is in the nature of our mental operations and of language, in the power of classifying insulated facts and discoveries under general terms and wide laws of universal application, in the corresponding power of again deducing individual truths from these

general laws, a provision for the gradual and progressive improvement of mankind. As knowledge is extended it becomes more easy of acquisition; for as the magnitude and the variety of known truths are augmented, in the same proportion the processes of study necessary to acquire them have been abridged and simplified.

An eloquent French mathematician, in a frequently quoted passage,* has admirably illustrated this truth by the history of mathematics, from the elementary propositions of geometry, reared up by the Egyptian priesthood down to the conclusions which have limited the last inquiries of the modern calculus. He has shown throughout the whole, how every discovery of genius has been accompanied or followed by a simplification of science, making these discoveries level to the comprehension of all.

Thus it is, to apply this truth to our own case, that the leisure hours of the modern merchant, should he give that direction to his studies, will soon place him far beyond the mathematical attainments of the most skillful of the doctors or professors of Padua or Paris two centuries ago. That acquaintance with the branches of mathematics, entering into the familiar uses of life, such as to the mere mathematician of our own day may seem "a little learning" indeed, was but two or three generations ago the proudest boast of those who had drunk longest and deepest at the head springs and fountains of the severer sciences. Now, surely, the knowledge so valuable then can have lost nothing of its real value in use by losing much of its rarity, and becoming more easy of access.

Nor is it alone in this rigid methodical science that the progressive accumulation of knowledge has brought with it a proportional, or more than proportional increase of facility in acquisition.

Let us select from among the illustrious dead of past ages some great man ardent in the search of philosophy, and crowned with all its honors, a man who wasted no labor on the mere curiosities of learning; whose talent, character, and station led him to apply his powerful intellect to such studies only as had a direct bearing on the uses of society or the conduct of life. Let us then estimate, at their real worth, the attainments of such a man. Let us, for example, take CICERO. He was a man of wealth, rank, and genius, whose eloquence was the rich fruit of many a midnight study, and who by that eloquence became the savior of his country. Nations were his clients, wealth and power were the reward of his talents; but, though he neglected no duty, and shrunk from no toil, he fled gladly from the tumultuous applause of the forum and the sway of the senate to the silence of his library. "Who has a right to blame me," said this model of brilliant and successful literary application, "who has a right to blame me if that time which other men are wont to bestow upon festivals and shows, upon grosser and meaner pleasures, or even upon the rest and relaxation of body and mind; if as much time as they give to convivial feasts, to their sports, or to the gaming-table, so much have I given to letters and philosophy?"

"Other studies," said this ardent and accomplished student, then in the height of his fame and the noon-day of life, "other studies belong to particular times, or places or callings, or periods of life alone; but these nourish and strengthen the youthful mind, they please and sooth old age. They adorn prosperity, they afford a refuge and consolation in adversity. They delight at home, they are useful abroad. They are with us and about us, by day and by night, on the road and in the fields."

Such was the ardent eulogy which the most accomplished man of antiquity poured forth on his favorite studies in one of the most magnificent effusions of his genius. It was doubtless just, and yet the amount of useful acquirement and elegant accomplishment, deserving, as it did, all his toils and all his praise, that this great man could attain, not only by diligent study, but by travel extensive as the then known world, and by wealth and power, devoted to the collection of books and works of art—all this was far inferior to that within the reach of any one who now listens to me.

This assertion may seem absurd. Its apparent extravagance may provoke a smile, yet the slightest analysis will convince us of its substantial truth. The orator, philosopher, and statesman of the Roman republic's last age had studied under the first teachers of Athens, then still "the mother of arts and school of sages," all that the age knew of physical philosophy. He had become intimately acquainted with the theories and conjectures of the most celebrated teachers; but he soon learned that theory and conjecture were all that they had to teach, and "finding no end, in wandering mazes lost," concluded that it was impossible for a wise man to form any definite opinion on the laws of nature. He turned away from the study of the material world, dissatisfied, declaring, with Socrates, that such inquiries were rather curious than profitable.

Let us now look upon our own times and country, and mark what are the opportunities of knowledge afforded to those who can employ the hours not engrossed by real business, in attending the lectures of some competent teacher of physical science. Here, a learned

* Condorcet, as quoted by Stewart and others.

* Hon. Albert Gallatin.

† Chancellor Kent.

and able professor, with the aid of an apparatus in which the most recondite discoveries of science are experimentally illustrated by some of the most ingenious and delicate productions of mechanical skill, can unfold to the attentive pupil the great laws of attraction and repulsion, of motion, of mechanics, and of light. These are laws generalized from thousands of observations and experiments, perhaps destined hereafter to be more accurately ascertained, or resolved into even still more universal rules, but never to be contradicted or unsettled by any future system. He can guide you to an acquaintance with truths beyond the reach of mere observation, but learnt from the demonstration of pure reason; those mathematical laws of matter and motion, which, when once apprehended, are felt to be beyond the power of time or change; to reach far beyond the bounds of our little earth, to extend throughout all actual or possible creation, to be infinite and eternal as the Omnipotent himself, and, as it were, a natural revelation of his immutable and all-wise government.

In the kindred science of chemistry he will exhibit to you the boldest achievements of science and her humblest and most useful tools; now analyzing the atmosphere, or resolving the globe into its constituent elements; and now descending, with patient industry, to the aid of the dyer at his vat, or the metallist at his furnace; or to throw the friendly light of her safety-lamp over the perilous path of the miner in the dark bowels of the earth.

Now then, let me ask, is such knowledge, be it but general, be it comparatively superficial, can such knowledge be worthless? Had antiquity obtained a prophetic glimpse of that science now laid open to your inquiries, it would have been

"The prophet's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The old man's vision, and the young man's dream."

Must not such knowledge give new interest to all that we see about us? Must it not fill the soul with kindling and ennobling thoughts? Must it not give juster conceptions of the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator, of the powers, the duties, and the destinies of man?

If from natural and chemical we turn to moral philosophy, the same parallel holds good. In that most favorite study of Cicero's, the science of mind and morals, how feeble is the light that glimmered amidst the darkness of ancient discussions and systems. How rough that road to knowledge, how uncertain its attainment! But the youth who is now incited by a generous desire to know himself and his duties, can travel in a smoother road, and follow surer guides. Here he will be directed to seek light from those who have kindled the torch of science at a consecrated flame, writers who, like Fenelon and Addison and Johnson, have "given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth;" or who, like Paley or Butler, have made logic and metaphysics the handmaids of sober piety.

Of history, literature, poetry, the elegant arts, of all that by example unfolds the mysteries of the heart, of all those fair illusions which spread their charms over life, and soothe its pains or anguish, how ample is the treasure contained in any well selected English library of original and translated authors! How far superior in amount, in variety, and (with a very few rare exceptions) in excellence to the treasured volumes of Cicero's much-loved collection!

Even in jurisprudence, Cicero's own and peculiar department, the brief and elementary, but able course of commercial law to be delivered here, will afford to you information which, could it have been offered to the illustrious Roman advocate, would have filled him with delight and astonishment. I need not speak of the value of that information to you as men of business or men of the world; but independently of its immediate and personal uses, it is in itself admirable. This is not like some parts of jurisprudence, the fruit of blind usage or arbitrary enactment. It is the happy result of the energies, intelligence, enterprise, and ingenuity of the whole civilized commercial world, applied to legal purposes by a succession of the strongest and most acute judicial minds of France, Holland, test of England, and America—much the greater part of it, bearing the Cicero's own definition of rational and equitable law, being alike good law at London, Paris, Amsterdam, and New-York. Classical latinity does not even contain a name for the contract of insurance. Commerce the Romans left to be carried on by the slaves, or freedmen, of their patrician senators; and navigation was pursued only with a view to war and conquest. But in our law of insurance, that of shipping, and of exchange and negotiable paper, those sound and clear principles of reason and natural equity which the old Roman law always asserted in theory, are applied to the most ingenious inventions of modern times, for giving circulation to capital, and facility and safety to commerce.

I know not, then, why you may not with equal, and more than equal justice, apply to your own studies the eulogy of the eloquent ancient upon his. These our studies, may you say, snatched as they are amidst the calls of business, and in hours given by others to indolence or vice, "will nourish and strengthen the youthful mind, and soothe and gladden old age; they will adorn prosperity, and furnish a refuge and consolation in adversity."

The present state of society, thus abounding in the means of instruction, has one marked point of contrast to that of former ages; and it is one which is the evident tendency of some of the most important improvements of society in wealth, and skill constantly to augment. It is, that as mankind advances in art and power, the division of labor grows greater and greater. As the aggregate power of society thus increases, the danger is that that of each individual may be narrowed to the limits of his personal occupations. The ancient, like the savage, was called upon to know and to do all that could be known or done by any man of the times and nation. The member of a modern civilized state has frequently but one part to

perform. He is but a single wheel or cog in a huge and complicated machine. The inevitable tendency of this is to enfeeble and dwarf the mind of every individual. The mere scholar, the mere lawyer, the mere merchant, the mere artisan, cannot attain the full perfection of his nature, or his full capacity for happiness. But it is an admirable and benevolent provision of Providence, that this very advance of the aggregate wisdom and power of society, thus swallowing up the strength of individuals, carries with it its own corrective, in those very facilities of acquirement of which I have spoken. Thus he who is confined by the order or duties of society to a single round of occupations, can yet find, in the leisure left at his own disposal, the opportunity of liberal inquiry, and that variety of contemplation which exercises and disciplines the whole intellectual man.

In this wide survey of knowledge, the pride natural to those who have successfully exerted themselves in some limited sphere, is rebuked by comparison with acquirements beyond their reach; and thus, whilst general knowledge makes man more respectable, more useful, and more happy, it cannot fail, unless in minds singularly ill constituted, to produce that rational humility, so finely called by Burke, "the deep and broad foundation of every virtue."

In addition to these considerations of the benefits of an acquaintance with science to man, in his personal and individual interests alone, there are others, touching the common interests of society. In proportion as knowledge is widely diffused, morals are secured and liberty protected. If there is any circumstance wherein the present age bears an advantageous comparison with preceding times, such as to authorize a rational and confident expectation of the extension and permanence of free institutions, it is to be found here. Probably France and England a century ago contained as many men profoundly skilled in their several departments of science, learning, and art as they now do; but how different was the state of the general mass.

It was, I believe, Steele who, in describing the learned lawyer of his day, makes his whole conversation begin and end with the great case of *Grimgriber*. This was, of course, a caricature, but still from the hand of such a master it was probably a likeness, though broad and distorted. But it was also in some degree the portrait of every other class. Civilization had then divided society into its several occupations, but general information had not yet corrected the narrowness which accompanied that division. The man of letters was then a mere man of the closet, or else a mere author about town, the dependant of the great and of the theatres; and, in either case, equally ignorant of the substantial business of the world. Their *Grimgriber* was, as it might happen, the slang of the town, or the pedantry of ancient metres and philological trifling. The merchant was proud of knowing nothing beyond his counting-house, and the country gentleman led a life of vulgar enjoyment and boisterous ignorance. Below these there was no public, who read or who reasoned. In France this state of things was varied only by the more effeminate profligacy of the great, and those who imitated them, and the still lower degradation of the peasantry. Commerce, that enlightener of nations, has, during the last hundred years, done much in England in breaking down those party-walls which penned in knowledge among the classes of its immediate professors. Much still remains to be done; but the effect has been already seen in liberalizing and improving the law, the literature, and the science of England. They have come forth from their cloisters, and fitted themselves to the society of men. It has been felt among England's merchants, her farmers, and her mechanics. They have studied their own interests, they claim their own rights, they instruct those who were heretofore their teachers. In France this state of society continued until the revolution. It was from this cause mainly that the French revolution, after dawning so brightly, was so soon and so long overcast with dark and bloody clouds. That liberty it then promised did not come until two generations had been successively thinned by the guillotine and the bayonet, by battle and massacre, in the streets of Paris and the woods of La Vendée, on the sands of Egypt and the snows of Russia, and the blood-drenched plains of Flanders.

I need scarcely say that it was to a contrary state of society here that our own revolution was chiefly indebted for its calm and prosperous issue.

Here was a public fitted by reading and reflection to comprehend, and to feel the reasoning of the patriots who called upon them to withstand the aggressions of their rulers. Here was a people upon whom the wisdom and argument of the founders of our constitution could not be wasted. Therefore it was, that America alone, of all the nations of the earth, has passed tranquilly from a warlike revolution to a peaceful and stable republic. This glorious possession of regulated liberty it is for us to preserve by the same means that enabled our fathers to achieve it. The member of an ignorant community must hold his liberties and his property by a precarious tenure. It is only in an enlightened republic that the people know all their rights, and feel all their duties. Above all, it is there only that the rage of faction, which in ignorant democracies has always broken out into bloodshed and violent revolution, is mitigated into the fair contests of parties, who strive for victory through the press and at the polls, according to the rules prescribed by the constitution and laws of their country.

But these exalted duties of guarding our civil liberties and watching on the bulwarks of our constitution, though the most precious are not the most constant, often not the most useful privileges of the well-informed and patriotic citizen.

There are numerous subjects of internal legislation, of municipal administration, of the management of the ordinary machinery of society, forcing themselves upon the attention of the most careless, and the most selfish, and affecting the interests and happiness of

every man. The questions of currency and banking, the laws of taxation, and public debt, alike applicable to the finances of an empire, and those of a town, the administration of poor laws, of charities, of schools, of prisons, of markets, even of pawnbroker's shops—all these are subjects involving the welfare and comforts of thousands. Upon all of them we may have the assistance of a long-continued and a broad experience, and of the reasoning of good and wise men, so that he who presumes to decide upon them from his own first impressions, without consulting those aids, is in his way but a rash theorist. On all these subjects, quackery, under the disguise of plain common-sense, self-interest, masked as philanthropy or public spirit, are constantly at work. All these questions require in such a government as ours a large and intelligent public, some of them prepared to reason and investigate for themselves, and many well fitted to comprehend and judge.

Considerations of the same nature give a similar value to the general cultivation of literature and of taste in the arts. Most powerful is the sway exercised by those mighty agents over the morals of the community. Whether or no you choose to belong to it, they will form for themselves a public, and they will influence and govern it. Of that public your friends and neighbors, your wives and sisters and children, will be a part.

This influence is every where. It pervades the myriads of books which the prolific press pours forth, the daily sheet, the light periodical, the popular exhibition, the ornaments of our houses, the conversation of our firesides.

The author or artist who has the power of pleasing, has committed to his charge a vast control over the tastes, feelings, and sentiments of all within his reach. But he is himself re-acted upon by those whom he influences. He that hopes to please must accommodate his talent to the tastes and habits of those whom he addresses. "Unhappy Dryden—" said the great ethical poet of England, with a touching brevity, as he mourned over the fatal prostitution of his master's genius dragged down from the pure elevation whither his nature gave him to soar, and forced to grovel in the filth his patrons loved. In the words of another man of genius*, kindred to his own, but of happier fortune and unspotted fame, lamenting over the failure of that poem of epic chivalry which Dryden had planned, in the hope of rearing a monument worthy of his own fame, and that of his country—

"Dryden in immortal strain
Had raised the Table Round, again,
But that a ribbald king and court,
Bade him toil on to make them sport;
Demanded for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
Licentious satire, song, and play.

The world defrauded of the high design,
Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line."

Our authors, artists, editors, and publishers may have a ribbald public to deal with as well as Dryden his ribbald king and court. If your ingenious minds revolt with disgust at that thought, you will feel it to be your duty to aid in averting such an event by acquainting yourselves with a sound, an undefiled, and wholesome literature, and thus becoming a part—and if a part, then certainly an influential and ruling part of that reading public. Thus it is that the literature which now serves to amuse your youthful hours may hereafter be the means of guarding the morality of your own homes from contamination, or of cheering, animating, and aiding the literary talent of your country when directed to its best and only true end,

"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

I have thus far considered the advantages of a liberal curiosity as confined to the opening of new sources of happiness within yourselves, or as diffusing light and truth over the wide surface of a well-informed public. But it would be unjust to the native talent of my country did I omit one other, and not the least happy of its effects.

I will not meddle with the controversy on the existence, or the causes of peculiar original genius—the inquiry whence it comes, that certain individuals are peculiarly fitted for excellence in certain walks of speculation or of art. It is enough that this difference among men does exist. There are minds whose best powers seem to slumber until the excitement of some occupation or study congenial to their faculties rouses them into gigantic vigor. Now the acquisition of varied, though it be not profound knowledge, is precisely the most efficient mode of presenting to every ardent and stirring mind the subject best fitted to its powers and tastes. Then it is that natural talent feels its strength. It expands and dilates itself. The attention is roused, the curiosity vividly excited, the faculties sharpened. The duties of life need not be neglected, for that would be unworthy of a mind capable of such energies. It tries its strength in solitude and silence; but society, perhaps the civilized world, at last gathers the fruits of those solitary efforts.

Such were the studies and experiments of Benjamin Franklin. I need not dilate on his character, or the incidents of his life, for they are doubtless familiar to you. His unrivaled sagacity and common sense must have given the printer of Philadelphia wealth and distinction anywhere. The revolution calling out as it did the whole talent of the nation, would have made him a legislator and a statesman. But it was his taste for general knowledge and love of scientific information, turning his mind to observation and experiment upon nature, that made him the discoverer of the laws of heat and of the principle of electricity. This added dignity and influence to his character and opinion, in his own time, whilst in the present day, the patriot whom we honor as one of the founders of our independence and our constitution, is revered by every other civilized people as the sage who has given protection to their dwellings against the lightning of heaven and comfort amidst the blasts of winter.

In the same manner it has happened with our own age that some

* Walter Scott.

of the most splendid works of literary genius and the most admirable discoveries of scientific investigation have been produced by the leisure studies of men engaged in commercial business or professional labor.

There is scarce a single science among those to be explained to you by the eminent lecturers who are to succeed me, which will not furnish some striking example of this fact. Look, for instance, at chemistry. Sixty years ago it was a compound of wild hypotheses, and insulated facts or unexplained processes. The common consent of the scientific world ascribes its elevation to the rank of a science to Priestley. He was by profession and preference throughout life a teacher of religion and of learning, and an unwearied and prolific theological and metaphysical author. He was not—at least in my judgment, for it may be that in this respect I wrong his memory—he was not possessed of any remarkable force as a moral reasoner. But he had to an uncommon degree that thirst for information, that liberal curiosity to which no knowledge appears indifferent. An accidental circumstance of his life, his living in the neighborhood of a great brewery, directed his attention to the examination of the gas, then known under the name of fixed air. There, at once, his inquisitive spirit found a field ample enough for its exercise.

To chemistry he devoted his leisure time reserved from the faithful discharge of numerous other duties—and that time only. No man could be more patient, more industrious, or more ingenious in inventing and applying those experiments so happily termed by Bacon, "the judicious interrogation of nature." His interrogations followed each other with restless rapidity, and nature replied by the revelation of mystery after mystery.

Thus did Priestley win for himself the proud title of the father of modern chemistry. This science has since been wonderfully augmented in its power over nature, as well as improved in the philosophical accuracy of its arrangement and nomenclature; but the brilliant discoveries and labors of subsequent chemists, from Lavoisier to Davy, who have devoted their whole lives to this study, so far from eclipsing the glories of those of Priestley's leisure, may in fact be considered as being but their development and consequences.

Turning from the material to the moral sciences, we may observe a precisely similar instance in the history of political economy.

It is with the reverence due to an intellect, of which I can never enough admire the penetration, the order, the comprehensiveness, and the strength, with the gratitude due to one whom I view as a public benefactor, and to whom I feel deeply indebted for the discipline and improvement of my own mind, that I pronounce the name of David Ricardo.

He was, as many of my readers know, a London banker, and acquired in that business a most ample fortune. He was also many years a member of the British parliament, where he was very prominent and efficient on all subjects of finance and currency. Yet, amidst the daily pressure of such employments, he was able to concentrate his mind to one favorite investigation, that of the principles of political economy. The French and Italian economists had been fertile in ingenious theories, which, though they had not the merit of truth, had the utility of affording a convenient basis for reasoning. Stewart had collected many facts, and explained some of them. Galliani, Turgot, and, above all, Adam Smith, had gone further. They had arranged and analyzed, and given to political economy the method and clearness, but neither the precision nor the certainty of a science. What the statesmen and philosophers of Europe had failed to achieve, whether in the learned ease of universities, or aided by the experience of the *bureau*, was effected by the English banker in hours borrowed from the turmoil of the exchange and the stock-market.

He it was, who, when the governments, the capitalists, and the talent of Great Britain, during the suspension of specie payment, after deceiving themselves, had combined to delude the people on the depreciation of bank paper, dissipated that delusion by the clear evidence of reason and fact, proved the mischief it was producing, and pointed out the remedy. His other and more elaborate writings, on the fundamental principles of political economy, are full of the most original and the severest reasoning, but always leading to the most practical conclusions. His masterly analysis of the manner in which labor governs the exchangeable value of the products of human industry, his discovery of the ruling principle of the laws regulating the rates of profit and interest, his development of the true doctrine of agricultural rent, and his application of the whole to the theory of the operation of taxes, appear to me to be the most admirable intellectual exploits of the present age. They have formed a new era in the science of enlightened political administration; and unless my admiration of his genius deceive me, Ricardo is destined to be the guide and instructor of future statesmen, and the legislator of all well-governed nations.

I have trespassed too long upon your patience, but I cannot refrain from adding to these memorable examples in the two most modern of the sciences, another of eminence in literature, gained under similar circumstances. It is one that, whilst it illustrates my argument, affords me a most fitting occasion to pay a passing tribute to the memory of a venerable friend, the late William Roscoe of Liverpool. He has long ago received the richest offerings of American eulogy. The praise which Washington Irving* has bestowed upon him, as a scholar and a gentleman, must be familiar to most of you. With his accustomed graceful and polished eloquence of style, he has painted Roscoe as having almost created his own mind, springing up and forcing its way through a thousand obstacles, as self-prompted, self-sustained, and almost self-educated; conquering every obstacle, and making his own road to

fame and fortune, and after becoming one of the ornaments of the nation, turning the whole force of his talents and influence to advance and embellish his native town. He has pointed out "his private life as peculiarly worthy the attention of the citizens of our young and busy country, where literature and the elegant arts must grow up side by side with the coarse plants of daily necessity, and must depend for their culture, not on the exclusive devotion of time or wealth, but on hours and seasons snatched from the pursuits of worldly interests by intelligent and public-spirited individuals." He has alluded to the dignity with which Roscoe sustained the reverses of fortune in his old age, and the solace he then found in the company of those mute loved associates, whom his muse has hailed as the "teachers of wisdom, chiefs of elder art."

To the justice or the beauty of Irving's eulogy in these regards, I could add nothing; but it was my own good fortune to have viewed Roscoe under yet another aspect.

The circumstance of my having, as a member of the legislature of this state, been officially engaged upon the improvement of the penitentiary system, which subject had attracted much of Mr. Roscoe's attention, led to the renewal of a slight personal acquaintance that I had formed with him several years before, and to a correspondence that lasted till his death. I can bear testimony to the philanthropic zeal with which he entered into the examination of that and of every question of improvement on this side of the Atlantic—to the warm interest he took in every thing that concerned the cause of civil or religious liberty, of education, or of humanity; to his zeal, his courage, and his unwearied efforts in promoting the success of all of them.

As teaching by his own example and by his writings the value of a union of commerce with intellectual pursuits; as showing, by his life, how they may be made to harmonize and benefit each other, as the founder of the Athenaeum, of Liverpool, upon which this and similar establishments in America were modelled, we may justly regard him as one of the fathers of this institution. Such, I am sure, would have been his own feeling toward it. He would have joyed over the advantages that it now affords to the youth of New-York with a truly paternal fondness.

He died during the last summer, at the venerable age of eighty years, retaining, to the very last, his activity of mind, his love of letters, and his zeal for the service of mankind. His death was mourned by the intelligent and the good of Great Britain, as a public loss. Upon us, too, his memory has claims. I have therefore thought that this place, and the occasion of opening a course of varied instruction before a commercial audience of New-York, demanded this public tribute to the talents and worth of WILLIAM ROSCOE.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

La Muette de Portici, opera en cinq actes, musique de D. F. E. Auber, has probably created more sensation throughout Europe than any other opera. The existing discontents in France against bigotry and the Bourbons, the extraordinary nature of the piece, which is susceptible of great dramatic interest and scenic effect, added to the superb music of the composer, and the talents of the vocalists, caused an enthusiasm in Paris amounting to mania; and the same feeling, if possible, more exaggerated, attended its representation at Brussels, and, in a more modified form, in its progress throughout the German states. In England it was produced with great splendor at the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane; but its nature was materially altered, it being converted from recitative, judiciously enough, into dialogue, and from five acts cut into three—Mr. Braham was engaged as first tenor, Mr. Cooke second tenor—Mr. Bedford the bass singer, and Mr. Bland, were also in the piece. Miss Betts, a bravura singer, was the *prima donna*. If we were to compliment the London musical director of this piece highly for his arrangement of the music, we should write contrary to our judgment. Much miserable trash has been introduced, composed by some individual of the name of Livius. Mr. Cooke, likewise, has undertaken to insert a song for himself, and which is published as the composition of Cooke and Auber; and he has inserted a ballad, adapted from Auber, but not found in the score of this opera; it is, however, very beautiful, and one of the principal features in the English piece—we allude to the aria, "My sister dear"—but although we make every allowance for introduction, and even alteration, in the production of foreign works, because the idiom of the languages and the discrepancy of manners between a French and English audience, render such alterations necessary to insure success, yet we should be inclined to supply deficiencies from standard works of the same class, and to introduce every practicable piece of the original. This has not been done by the London director; indeed he has been shamefully remiss. The most beautiful and effective *morceau* in the opera has been omitted. We mean the duet between Masaniello and Pietro, "*Mieux vaut mourir*;" and all those who heard the effect produced by Monsieur St. Aubin, who was not extraordinary as a singer, and Monsieur Bivat, of the New-Orleans company, especially in that spirited portion of it which conveys this sentiment,

"Amour sacré de la patrie,
Rends nous l'audace et la fierté,
A mon pays je dois la vie,
Il me devra sa liberté."

will feel at once that the omission in the English version was an abominable oversight. However, the fine singing and acting of Braham, the vocal talents of Messrs. T. Cooke, Bedford, Bland, and Yarnold, with Miss Betts, and the *naïvete* of a young French actress, who originally played Fenella, and was succeeded by Mrs.

W. Barrymore, caused the opera to be highly successful. The version submitted to our citizens by the management of the Park theatre, is that which was adopted at Drury-lane, after the part of Masaniello had been entrusted to Mr. Sinclair, and when it was played as an after-piece—in short, as a musical melo-drama. Great expense has been incurred in the scenery, which is beautiful; also in the dresses and decorations; and the chorus has been well drilled; but the cast of the characters, considering the weight and consequence of the piece, has been shamefully neglected, and proves that no musical director of any *tact* has been occupied in the details. For instance, the music of the princess, written for a *high soprano*, is fixed upon Mrs. Sharpe, a lady who has, unluckily, a very *low contra-alto* voice. The Prince Alfonso, a remarkably *high tenor* part, is given to Mr. Thorne, who, unfortunately, is a *bass* singer, and, consequently, the whole of their music is completely ruined. This is a very inexcusably short-sighted arrangement. If an opera be worthy of great expense in dresses and scenery, at least the musical part, of which such things are but the ornaments, ought to have some little attention. But if it is to be produced as a melo-drama, we have already seen it performed at the Park with a *quantum sufficit* of ranting and red fire. To enchain the attention of the best portion of the public, as in the case of *Cinderella*, by which class alone opera is supported, good music will go further than anything else; and Masaniello, properly sustained, would be heard with pleasure long after waltzes, volcanos, dances, and devilry had ceased to attract. As it respects *Cinderella*, we know that numerous professors of music in this city continually paid to hear it, and recommended their pupils to go for improvement. We doubt that, unless it be to hear Mr. Sinclair, and see the *spectacle* once, any great musical attractions will be here found to induce such an exertion on their parts. Why, we ask, did not Mr. Jones appear as Alfonso, with Mrs. Austin, or Miss Hughes, as the princess? One or the other could surely have been procured. The forcing Mrs. Sharpe, with a *low contra-alto* voice, to follow Madame St. Clair, who is a well-instructed *soprano* singer, is an act of great injustice.

We must not omit to observe the fine effect of the organ in the chorus in the chapel. We compliment Mr. Sinclair on his general appearance, acting, and singing. His barcarole, at the commencement of the second act, "Behold, how brightly breaks the morning," was delightfully executed, as was also "My sister dear;" and the concluding mad scene gave him an opportunity to display himself to the audience more advantageously than on any former occasion. Two very prominent objects in the piece, also, were Mr. Bisset's whiskers, which were altogether too heavy for a chorus singer. Is there not an impropriety in Fenella's participating so cordially in the dance, considering all circumstances? We have had but a single opportunity to hear this opera, but that was sufficient to excite regret that such a noble opportunity as is even yet within the manager's reach of repaying the lavish liberality of the public with a strong cast of the piece, should be neglected. Indeed, we were not singular in our opinion, for a cry was raised from various quarters at the conclusion, evincing a dissatisfaction in this particular on the part of the audience. We can give our unmusical readers an idea of the cause of our censure in no better way than by supposing a tragedy, with the different characters of which they are familiar, should be marred in this manner by a similar transposition of the performers:—Macbeth, Mr. Jones, Lady Macbeth, Miss Hughes; or, Hamlet, Mr. Sinclair, Ophelia, Mrs. Austin, will afford an idea of the bad arrangement of which we complain in the present representation of Masaniello. We trust it will yet be rectified.

FINE ARTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

I WAS much pleased to learn, by a notice in the Mirror of week before last, that a prospectus had been issued for publishing a National Portrait Gallery. In common with every lover of the fine arts, I wish Mr. Herring abundant success. As an object of taste merely, the project is worthy of patronage, and may be made to do honor to the country. We have, certainly, artists among us, whose works will bear honorable comparison with those of other countries; witness the decorations of a late number of the Mirror. But there are other, and higher objects to be attained by such a publication. If the biographical notices are ably executed, compendious, graphic, and spirited, as they should be, it will furnish a very desirable text-book for reference, useful alike to the politician, the historical and the general reader. To the young, the work could not fail of being an acquisition of no small importance. It would excite curiosity, lead to inquiry, and stimulate to emulation. As a help to the memory, the plates would be of eminent service. The power of association in this way is wonderful. I remember to have read, when young, a work on biography, containing portraits of a part only of the subjects; and the result is strikingly in point. My recollection of every face in the book is fresh and vivid, after a lapse of some twenty years; and the image of the person as distinctly calls to mind the character, and most important incidents in the life of the individual portrayed. On the contrary, those sketches which were not thus illustrated, have either faded entirely from the memory, or left impressions more confused and indistinct.

With these hints on the utility of the proposed work, I beg leave to express my earnest wishes that it may be brought forward, and in a style to merit liberal patronage. N.

ITALIAN MUSIC.

The Italian operatic company, engaged by Mr. Da Ponte, will open their performances in this city in the course of the ensuing spring.

* Sketch Book.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

It is said to be quite customary in Paris for large numbers of the lower orders to fit themselves with matrimonial companions by advertising for them in the newspapers. In the midst of such an immense population, where several families live in the same house for years without knowing each other's names, there is doubtless an advantage in breaking at once through the ordinary ceremonials, and in each party frankly disclosing what they want and have to offer. In a society where this is not sanctioned by fashion, nothing can appear more ridiculous. Fancy a young girl gravely appealing to the bachelor portion of her fellow-citizens as follows: "Wanted a husband, of good health, mind, and figure, with a decent property and respectable connections. He must not be testy nor ugly, nor be given to late hours, but must be possessed of a domestic disposition, and be willing to love his wife with all his heart. The undersigned is just turned of nineteen, and is allowed to be very pretty and amiable. She has light blue eyes, a fair complexion, graceful figure, and pretty foot. Her features generally are good, her expression intelligent; there is to be found no disposition better than hers. She is an excellent housewife, and is well calculated to make a sensible man happy. As she will be entirely dependent upon him for fortune, she will be more likely to look up to him as her natural protector and best friend, from whom must flow all her comforts, and whom she is by gratitude, as well as love, bound to reverence and make happy. The most satisfactory reference can be given as to respectability, character, &c." SUSAN HOPEFUL."

Some fling their descriptions into the form of an advertisement of a horse, as, "To be married, within a few months, Eloise La Rose, aged eighteen, of beautiful form, and warranted amiable, affectionate, and skilful. Her elegance attracts the notice of every beholder; and what her beauty excites of expectation her mental qualities realize and surpass. For further particulars, and all the necessary references, apply at No. 19 Love-lane, near Lavender-square, up stairs in the seventh story."

The gentlemen write thus:—"A bachelor, in affluent circumstances, but rather advanced in years, is desirous of procuring a cheerful, robust, and affectionate wife. She must have received a tolerable education, and be of a good person, and no fortune is required. The subscriber keeps a coach and two servants, and she who answers his wishes will find an agreeable life, and shall be heir to all his property. He is not graceful and stirring enough to undertake to find such an one by the ordinary embarrassing and sometimes humiliating preliminaries of courtship. HENRY FABRE. "Address him at this office."

A friend of mine, now in France, in looking over a late Paris journal, discovered one, which I shall endeavour to translate, and afterwards mention the circumstances added by my informant.

"To pretty and amiable young unmarried females. Highly advantageous. The young gentleman whose name stands at the termination of this advertisement is desirous of uniting himself to some one whose tastes are similar to his own, and indeed he will be satisfied with no less than one of very superior attainments and personal attractions. She must be young, for as a man endures much longer than one of the other sex, and is in his prime, both of mind and body, when she begins to dim her lustre of both, it is proper he should be at least several years her senior. She must be pretty, for although beauty by itself is valueless, and may soon become tiresome and disagreeable, yet when the understanding of the husband is pleased, it is better if possible that his eye and fancy should be so too. The subscriber is not tall, and hates to walk with a lady who can look over his shoulder, therefore would prefer one under the middle height; and she must have a soft, small, white hand, a pretty foot, a graceful form, and a face that expresses well grief and joy, and particularly love. He would not wish a wife, though more beautiful than Venus, if she had not the natural gift of casting an affectionate look, so as to communicate to the soul of her adorer, at a single glance, all that was passing in her own. She must have some talent for music, and be able to dance and sing when required. She must enjoy a rich stanza, a sweet song, a merry tale, and a wise essay; and in listening to a pathetic story the tears must spring into her eyes. No sensible man need despair of living happily with her who has a clear perception of the ludicrous as well as of the sentimental. She must be an excellent housewife, and the prime object of her education must have been to comprehend all the infinite artifices of women to make home neat, cheerful, and happy. Her religion must be calm and holy, but not bigoted. She must love nature, and be contented to submit when her husband requires submission, and that without remonstrance, whether he be right or wrong. The writer of this has seen much of the sex, and often met all the qualities above-mentioned in separate persons, and sometimes with additional ones of a very dazzling kind, but never a combination of the whole in one. Sappho is beautiful in person, but a fool. Marie affectionate, amiable, and talented, but would never do for a picture. Rosalie has both loveliness and intelligence, but no heart, and sheds her favors on all alike. There are two others whom, although not exactly the thing, he would willingly receive, but one loves him not, and the other is—married. The person putting forth this advertisement is rich, young, handsome, and accomplished. Every thing is his that could be bestowed by nature or fortune. If he is not famous it is because he prefers happiness to celebrity; if not already married, because as he looks to that event as one on which his whole earthly bliss will be staked, he is resolved never to enter it but under the most favorable circumstances. LOUIS BERNARD," &c. &c.

The person from whom I obtained this singular notice informed me, that led on by curiosity he was induced to seek his acquaintance, and straightforth struck into a friendship with him of a confidential nature. He was one day sitting with him in his residence, when a letter was handed to Monsieur Bernard, from a gentleman in a distant part of the kingdom, representing himself as the father of a young lady exactly answering his description. The communication was written in an agreeable style, and an extract may please the reader, as a curious instance of the great changes which may be wrought in our habits and feelings by living in the midst of an immense population, and by the character of our society:

"She is," continued the father, "without exception, the most charming, attractive, and beautiful young girl in the whole country, and as modest as she is lovely. She possesses a heart strongly prone to fall in love, but as I have been unfortunate in life, and am reduced to a sphere much beneath that in which I originally moved, I am unwilling to waste so much worth upon any one within the circle of our acquaintance, and have, therefore, guarded her actions, her looks, and even her thoughts with a never sleeping watchfulness. If you are what you represent yourself, of which, of course, you have it in your power to satisfy me, I am bold to assure you that you will have no difficulty in winning a heart that hangs in her bosom like a ripe piece of fruit ready to fall. JOSEPH MURAT."

"P. S. Of course my daughter does not know of my writing this."

"As I was traveling merely for amusement and to see the world," says my correspondent, "and this was an adventure which promised me both amusement and instruction, I accepted the invitation of this 'Celebs,' and we sat off together to pay the little incognito Hebe a visit. We found her living, as her father had stated, in an humble cottage in the south of France. Her parents were both alive, and she had a whole host of beautiful young brothers and sisters, fresh as so many cherubs in a picture. For herself, she was more than even the partial pen of her fond father could describe her. The young man was immediately enraptured, and the girl, by some well thrown in obstacles, managed by her parents, was soon as much in love as he. They were actually married in less than a month, and I have since heard from him that he is so completely happy in his choice, that he fears he might have searched all his life in the ordinary way and not found one so well suited to his wishes."

It is true that this seems rather a joke to us plain people this side the water, but I am of opinion that in the course of the next several hundred years, our posterity will be familiar with this method of ending their matrimonial speculations. For my part, courtship, as it is carried on at present, seems almost as ridiculous, if not more so, than the device of Mr. Louis Bernard, and I fear sadly that it is seldom sanctioned by the same successful results. Besides offering to the young man a much narrower field of observation, it is not so likely to place him in the possession of the facts, some of which he sees, perhaps, too late for redress. There must be even in our own country many a gay belle, who beneath her light, fashionable exterior, and apparent merriment, conceals certain reflections upon the society about her, and a feeling that she must soon end her brilliant career in some kind of matrimony, and plunge into the irreparable thralldom with a consciousness that she might have been happier. She may have secured rank—splendor—fashion—but how many tender and noble qualities she will look for in vain in the person she has sworn at the altar to obey? I can fancy in what form one of these would publish her wishes—perhaps veiled under an assumed name. It would be something as follows:

"A young girl who is called beautiful, and believes herself amiable and intelligent, is sick of the trifling and heartlessness of fashion, and desirous of uniting herself to a gentleman and an honest man. He must be one whom she can love less for the nobleness of his person, than that of his mind and heart. He must be of such an education and turn of mind, that he may conduct her into any circle of society without disgracing her by his ignorance, and can, if necessary, remain with her at home without wounding her by ill-nature. He must have acquired already the love of his family and friends, for the good treatment of those with whom he has been accustomed to live, will be the best pledge of his gentleness to his wife. His habits must be regular—his manners frank—his person prepossessing—his talents acknowledged—his character unstained. He must be neither soldier, sailor, nor politician, nor be in any way touched with ambition; but although he might be great abroad, were he so to choose, he must be content with peace and happiness at home. Let such an one present himself to A. L. and if love and other circumstances permit, she will devote herself to him as a wife should."

My fair readers cannot conceive the possibility of their ever resorting to such a method, but let them reflect upon the usual one. Two young persons are acquainted perhaps several months, perhaps so many years, by bowing to each other in the street, or meeting in the parlor or the ball-room. They are pleased with each other's appearance and superficial accompaniments; sing, dance, flirt together, and then—marry. What do they know of each other's temper and general habits of life? What dark surprises and disappointments too frequently follow! In what way will they beguile the time when removed, as they often must be, from all artificial excitement, they are flung into each other's society, where the slightest roughness of manner, or selfishness and coldness of heart, cannot fail to be betrayed? When plunged together into calamity, (for who can hope to escape it, even among the highest and the greatest?) how little do they understand what strength of character and nobleness of soul are possessed by the other to bear up cheerfully in trouble, and be as kind and gentle in adversity as they were in prosperity? L. X.

FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS FANNY V. APTHORP.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

'Tis difficult to feel that she is dead.
Her presence, like the shadow of a wing
That is just given to the upward sky,
Lingers upon us. We can hear her voice,
And for her step we listen, and the eye
Looks for her wonted coming with a strange
Forgetful earnestness. We cannot feel
That she will no more come—that from her cheek
The delicate flush has faded, and the light
Dead on her soft dark eye, and on her lip,
That was so exquisitely pure, the dew
Of the damp grave has fallen! Who, so loved,
Is left among the living? Who hath walk'd
The world with such a winning loveliness,
And on its bright, brief journey, gather'd up
Such treasures of affection? She was lov'd
Only as idols are. She was the pride
Of her familiar sphere—the daily joy
Of all who on her gracefulness might gaze,
And, in the light and music of her way,
Have a companion's portion. Who could feel,
While looking upon beauty such as hers,
That it would ever perish! It is like
The melting of a star into the sky
While you are gazing on it, or a dream
In its most ravishing sweetness rudely broken.

MR. P. CALAMUS.

BY THE SAME.

P. (qu. patience) Calamus, Esq., editor of a weekly paper devoted to manufactures, commerce, agriculture, the arts, poetry, politics, and religion, sat one bright morning in the gown of his vocation, (a jaunty calico with a yellow sprig, that had hung as a curtain over the bed in which he was born) reading through his horn-rimmed spectacles, a new novel that had been laid that morning upon his table. A chair in which Washington had once sat, (so averred the veracious auctioneer who knocked it down to him at a sale of tri-legged furniture in Ann-street) had the honor to sustain his somewhat attenuated proportions, and beneath his elbow stood a structure of deal, called by courtesy in the inventory which last enrolled it, a table. Some fifty unopened weeklies, dailies, and other ephemera were tossed into one of its corners, a pair of scissors, some curiously cut and blotted scraps, and a pen redolent of unwiped antiquity, occupied the other, and in the centre stood the three necessities—inkstand, wafer, and sand box—clotted and sodden together by the sprinklings of innumerable inspirations. His room, a corner divided by a rough partition from the upper story, whence his enlivened hebdomadal issued, was pasted over with heads of Franklin, Washington, and other heroes and sages, with here and there a stock anecdote, and a maxim from "Poor Richard," and in the corner, upon a type-box for a pedestal, by way of elegance, stood a noseless bust of Voltaire—its infernal grin reduced by the excision to a most comical expression of ferocity. A triangular shelf across one of the angles of the room, supported a much thumb'd Johnson, a lamp-filler, and an imperfect copy of the "Loves of the angels." On a peg near it hung a well-brushed hat of domestic fabric, and under it a black coat with flaps of a most generous amplitude and length. A box upon the floor, containing a fresh sod, (the editor chewed) and a curtail dog sleeping on the bad poetry under the table, completed his "whereabout."

To describe an editor's physiognomy would be "telling." Jupiter and all great characters prefer having that left to the imagination. A nose is a nose, though you call it a large one, and to describe that of an editor!—you see the absurdity at once. Passing that over then—Mr. P. Calamus had enlightened this world some thirty years (by the parish register forty—but that, as beau Shatterly says, is a—impertinent invention, and no authority.) All that time, as they say at the boarding-houses, he had lived single! whether it was from choice or necessity, is a fact that can only be settled by his posthumous papers. Probably, however, from choice, for there is no accounting for taste, and a woman doubtless might have been found who would call his anatomy *spirituel*. I have noted fancies as strange in my time. He was a bachelor, however—that is certain—and, in evidence, slept with a soft newspaper about his head, wiped into a cap, with a sleight of hand acquired during his apprenticeship as a devil (the printer's)—a practice which the kindly neighborhood of matrimony must, as you know, have corrected. The only presumption against his bachelorship is in the fact that he did not, like the most of that unfortunate class, grow "melancholy and gentleman-like." His habits of temper were eminently matrimonial—either diabolically savage, or most unctuously good-natured. *In medio tutissimus* was bad Latin to him. He satirized in a passion—he puffed with the horrid merriment of a satyr.

The editor had just laid one of his nether limbs carefully over the other, (bones are brittle) when a note was handed in to him, which, with the eloquent nonchalance of his profession, he received between his thumb and finger, without suffering his attention to be diverted. The messenger departed, and he still sat reading, and turning the billet over carelessly in his *feelers*, with the spider-like instinct of all sedentary people. Presently he became conscious of an unusual smoothness in the paper, and, wondering at the extravagance of an advertisement upon gilt edge, he raised it to the near-sighted focus, and discovered—a *billet-doux*! Yes—folded three-corner-wise, and smelling of essences like a valentine, there it was—palpable as your palm, and beautiful as any constellation in the zodiac. The editor pulled up his dickey, and plumed back the bulbous excrescence upon

his long neck, as if the billet had eyes. He read on like a man in a dream:

"Dear sir—call—sign of the Lamb—a lady—twelve o'clock—Yours." It was a new sensation. He darted from his chair to a polyangular fragment of looking-glass, set like mosaic in the partition, and passed the features of his face, (its circumference admitted but one at a time) singly before it. "It was a good nose," he said to himself—"a very good nose!—there was a certain *je ne sais quoi* about it, certainly—something *recherché* and classic. The eye—he had been in the habit of thinking modestly of it—was a good eye; a tinge of green in the iris, it could not be denied—but green was a fair color. The mouth—um!—that was more unpromising, but it stopped short of the ear, and the chin—sharp to be sure, but expressive—after all the *beau idéal* must be taken with license—and there were worse faces than that the gods had given him. He would think well of it, he swore inwardly, henceforth." Having taken himself into favor, he felt inclined to make his toilet, but there were two eternal hours before the time of appointment, and with the amiable nervousness of genius, (to say nothing of thrift) he never could abide, when at work, the feeling of his better habiliments. So he sat down again in the calico, and, to while away the time, took up his scissors, and slashed valorously away at the paragraph.

I am a great enemy to the liberties taken by story-tellers. A fellow will drop you a year in narration, with no more ceremony than an old wife makes in dropping a stitch. If that isn't impertinent, I'm no judge. Is a man to be called upon to forget nine years, and nothing thought of it? Shall a gentleman keep an imagination for every base quill-driver to draw upon at will? Shall I—reading a book for my pleasure—pass my eye from one line to another, and find myself jumping a chasm of twenty years, whether I will or no? By the mass! I think not. I would as lief, when asked to dine with a friend, hear his tragedy before dinner—or if invited into his garden, be compelled to leap his ditches at peril of my neck. It is not courteous, as I read courtesy. "Having slipped," therefore, as the mirror of chivalry says, "I know not by what mischance, into the unselected vocation of a writer," I shall make myself an example on this point. I will have no dodging. You shall know what my hero does in the *betweenities* of the story.

Mr. P. Calamus had two mortal hours lying like two self-devouring dragons between him and happiness. They made slow work of it. He dissected paper after paper, nibbled the edges of all the "horrid murders" and "melancholy accidents," and kept his familiar, to that abused person's simple astonishment, running down and up four flights of stairs to look at the clock in State-street, and still the hours lingered. It is said, however, that, "the longest day comes to the vesper hour." Thirty minutes, in the course of time, were all that remained of the interval, and that, the editor, with a somewhat prodigal calculation, devoted to dressing. He had just risen and laid aside the wispy Barcelona that, being of a dark color, was assailed of its sins but once in a calendar year, when a tall, cadaverous-looking person walked into his sanctuary with a solemn "good morning," and seated himself in the vacated chair.

"Mr. Editor!"

"Sir!" (the editor was not usually so crisp, but he began to be alarmed; long-winded visitors are diseases to which the profession is subject.)

"I have called!"

"Yes, sir, I see you have!" (Mr. P. C. began to strap his razor violently.)

"I have called, sir, as I said before, to request you to publish an account of my!"

"Death?"

"No, sir!"

"Abduction?"

"S'death! no, sir!"

"Narrow escape?"

"No, sir! no, sir!" and the gentleman in black started up impatiently, and taking the single stride necessary to traverse the editor's sanctuary, sat down again. The editor went on shaving. The visitor went on with his story. His lady had presented him four little blooming responsibilities that morning, and he wished the fact communicated to the world. Mr. Calamus stopped in the centre of his cheek, cast a look of compassion on his visitor, took up his pen and noted, "unfortunate man—four wives—sympathy of the public," and resumed his razor.

As the sufferer departed, a rakish, bedevilled-looking fellow, half mustachio and half cravat, entered and laid something that looked very like a cowskin across his table. He then threw himself into the chair with a violence which threatened its dislocation, and contemplated the editor's six feet two with an ominous particularity. The editor shaved on.

"Is your name Calamus?"

"P. Calamus, esq.—so christened."

"Well, Mr. P. Calamus, will you be flogged as you are, or do you prefer having your coat on during the operation?"

The editor turned on his visitor with a stare of ghastly astonishment. He looked first at the cowskin and then at the owner, and then he drew in his eyes, and ran hastily over in his mind all the offensive articles he had lately inserted.

"May I inquire," said he, with the tone of a man who had no right to ask the question, "what claim I have on the honor you propose me?"

Mustache pulled the last paper from his pocket, and pointed to one of the editor's own brilliant emanations, in which he had assailed the political integrity of a candidate for the office of constable.

"That man, sir," said he, "is an own cousin to a cousin of an

intimate friend of your humble servant, who proposes to flog you as deputy, unless you instantly!"

"Write an acknowledgment? With the greatest pleasure in life," interrupted the editor—too happy by such a simple operation to rid himself at once of his guest, and the awkward alternative. He seized his pen, therefore, and with the elegant facility of a practised writer, indited, *currente calamo*, the following apology.

"In a late paper, I, P. Calamus, asserted that Jeremiah —, esq. was a dishonest man—I can't prove it, and I'm sorry for it."

It was quite sufficient. Mustache pocketed his wrath and his cowskin, paid a merited compliment to the placable temper of the apologist, and took his leave. The editor lathered anew and shaved on. His beard had profited by the delay, and cut softly and freely. He felt as if his troubles were over. His toilet proceeded, and one limb was just fairly extracted from his week-day integuments, when the door again opened. The editor reinstated himself, and swore. It was a gentleman in brown, come to get an authentic opinion upon a "poor poem" of his. He sat down, and, without looking at the disastrous expression of his auditor's countenance, commenced reading to him a jeremiad upon the times. What was to be done? If he could go on dressing at the same time—but, alas! propriety and the state of his sub-tegmentals alike forbade. He could not expose, even to a poet, the humble arrangements by which his outer man was held together. He strided across the room, and strided back again. His very sanctuary began to look disagreeable to him. The light grew dim, to his eye, the furniture twisted into fiends, and the gentleman in brown was the devil in solemn mockery, tormenting him upon a refined system. And there was the clock—it struck just as the reader commenced a second canto! It was too much. The editor snatched down his felt, took his better integuments in his hand, with an indefinite idea of changing them somewhere upon the way, and evaporated like a skeleton in a dream.

The cool air refreshed him. He walked along Washington-street, with many a tender reminiscence crowding upon his memory, of times when he had nursed the tender passion in his youth, and of his disappointments, which, he now felt as he fingered the *billet-doux* in his waistcoat pocket, were owing more to a mistaken modesty, than to any want of personal attraction. In the midst of his sentimental dream, he stepped into the shop of an apothecary (of whom he bought his annual doses of Glauber) and changed his unmentionables, and then, with the pair from which he had extracted himself, wrapped in a brown paper, under his arm, he proceeded to his appointment.

The Lamb Tavern, in those days, was an inn of great repute among plain people who loved short reckonings, and preferred buttoning their own vests, and doing such like personal services for themselves, instead of having it done, as at more ambitious hotels, at a shilling a button, by the servants. The entrance was by a narrow passage, a central point between the kitchen and bar-room; and the stable, being directly opposite, the entry was a favorite lounge of nasal connoisseurs, who might stand against the wall and have the united odors of alcohol, gravies, and wet straw, mingled in equal proportions with the common air. It is said that when the stable was burnt, in 1812, and rebuilt further back, the change in the atmosphere was so perceptible, that the half dozen old guzzlers who frequented the spot, began to languish from that date, and the cook and oster at the same time pining for their accustomed atmosphere, the place grew melancholy, and the tavern began to decline. It is affecting, and yet pleasant, to look back through the vista of its decay, and imagine Mr. P. Calamus insinuating himself between the protuberant persons of those venerable martyrs, to inquire for "Miss A. R."—the initials of the document at that moment pressed tenderly between his finger and thumb.

A knock at a door in the second story, introduced the editor to a darkened room, in one corner of which sat a lady, whose face, in the dim light, he could not distinctly see.

"My dear editor!" exclaimed a voice with a slight crack in it (probably from a cold) "this is so kind of you!"

"My dear madam!" replied the editor, hitching up his indescribables, and trying to look tenderly in the dark, "this is so condescending of you!"

The dialogue of civilities went on. The editor bowed. The lady flattered. The editor complimented. The lady drew up her chair, and lowered her tone. The editor sighed. The lady looked at him a moment, yielded to his pressing request for a disclosure of her name, and pronounced—

I cannot go on! I call upon Mr. Noah, of the Enquirer, for sympathy. The catastrophe is too affecting. A rush was heard in the "blue parlor"—a figure hurried down the stairs, called for water, and—tears blind my vision!

A coroner's inquest was held that night at the Lamb Tavern, on the body of a suddenly deceased gentleman. The jury, after a slight consultation, returned as a verdict—"That the deceased came to his death in consequence of excessive A—e R—y—l!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Club-Book: being Original Tales, &c. by various authors. Edited by the author of the "Dominie's Legacy." Two vols. 12mo. pp. 263. New-York: J. & J. Harper. 1831.

AMONG the writers who have united to fill these volumes are G. P. James, John Galt, William Jerdan, and Lord Francis Leveson. The first is known to the public as the author of "Rielieu," "Darnley," "De L'Orme," and "Philip Augustus." We can promise our readers much entertainment from a perusal of this work. The names of the contributors, however, give it an impulse which will send it far and wide, as we learn that it is already in great de-

mand. It forms the thirteenth and fourteenth numbers of the Library of Select Novels. We extract an article by Mr. Galt:

"Many proverbial expressions are founded on experience. 'The unguarded hour' is one of them; and it has become so common, that few of those who oftentimes employ it are aware of the mystery to which it alludes. It conveys the belief that mankind are each protected by a supernatural guardian. It implies also, that the angel at times quits his post, and that in the interim, 'the unguarded hour,' the defenceless mortal is liable to be assailed by the insidious temptations of the universal adversary. Whether this impressive thesis be an hypothesis, or an apocalypse, it baffles the human understanding. It cannot be rejected as altogether earthly and of mortal imagination, nor accepted as divine and of celestial descent. But it is not my present purpose to examine the evidence on either side; I have only to describe a series of seeming accidents, calculated to enforce the doctrine by the circumstances in which their advent took place, and to awaken at once solemnity, wonder, and dread.

"Many years ago," said a friend, "when detained by indisposition in a small village in Hungary, a discovery was one morning made, by which the superstition of the simple inhabitants was greatly excited. It had been a custom from time immemorial, when the judge in office travelled through the country to dispense justice, that as often as he came to Panigstein, and I believe it was only once in a course of the cycle of the moon, every nineteen years, and at the change, that he held a free assize in the open air, near the Martyr's Cross, an ancient monument which stands alone on the solitude of the moor, at the distance of a bow-shot or more from the church. The cause of this venerable ceremony being held at that particular spot, was never satisfactorily explained, but it originated either in a prediction which had been delivered by the martyr, or on some incident connected with his doom. On every occasion, when the court was held at this spot, the inhabitants were summoned, in the name of heaven, to hearken to the list of offenders which the magistrate of the district openly placed in the hands of the judge, and all such as could bear witness to aught regarding them were commanded to come forward and do so.

"Although then but in shattered health, this remarkable ceremony, which chanced while I was at Panigstein, induced me to be present among the crowd of spectators when the judge was expected to arrive. The day was gray and silent; the sun was not invisible, but his dim orb hung in the firmament with an obscure lack-lustre sickliness, and all the landscape and every living thing, seemed overcast and dejected. The ensigns of judgment which marked the place of administration added to the solemnity of the scene; and the magistrate, to augment the gloom, had ordered a lofty new and black gallows to be raised at a little distance from where the benches and table for the court had been constructed.

"Among other impressive customs connected with the free assize, is one of unknown antiquity. The magistrate, in preparing the list of offenders for the judge, is not allowed to divulge to any person the names of the criminals intended to be accused; and it is alleged that this has a religious influence on the morals of the people, no one being aware how his conduct may have been noted, nor of what he may be found charged with in the list. The crisis is, in consequence, very awful to all. On the occasion when I was there, it was not anticipated that any particular crime would be divulged, and it was thought rather odd that the magistrate should have ordered the gallows to be erected; indeed, in the opinion of the people, the calendar was clear, so peaceful and free from all violence had been the country from the former assize, nineteen years previous.

"The magistrate I knew very well; he had sometimes invited me to his house; was a gentleman in great esteem with the immediate villagers. From small beginnings he had raised an ample fortune, was famed for the strictest integrity, and distinguished for great benevolence and a holy purity of life. It was thought by many that there was some degree of affectation in his singular piety, for in his youth he had been less austere, and he had put on his sanctity somewhat suddenly, in consequence of an event which, though distressing in itself, could not be said to affect him more than any other in the town.

"It was a murder committed exactly nineteen years before the very morning when the assize was held. No trace of the assassin had been discovered, and that circumstance, together with the worth of the victim, had produced a strong impression on every one; but on none more than this magistrate, whose faithful servant the victim had long been. The crime was mysterious, for the man was poor, and it excited universal surprise that one who in his condition had been so much respected should have provoked a doom so sudden and inexplicable. Time had greatly mitigated the recollection of the occurrence; it was almost forgotten by every body but by the widow and the charitable master, who, with his family, constantly endeavored to soften, with unavailing sympathy, her grief. She, however, became old and crazed, and when pointed out to me was a spectacle of extreme misery. She was standing near the Martyr's Cross, against which, owing to my weakness, I was then leaning, and, although she appeared sullen, and perusing the ground, I observed her eyes vividly glancing with supernatural vigilance. She was as something wild and fierce, ready to leap upon its prey, and watching for the moment. But I had not much time to notice her, for the sound of trumpets proclaimed the approach of the magistrate, attended by his officers, and soon after a movement in the multitude also announced the coming of the judge.

"When he had taken his seat on the judicial bench, and the lawyers had placed themselves at the table, the trumpet sounded a solemn peal three times, and the magistrate, with a roll in his hand, advanced. At the same instant the widow rushed, with a shriek like the oracular Pythia in her ecstasy, and placed herself at the side of the magistrate, as he presented the roll to the judge. The multitude was silent, and I felt as if the functions of my breathing were suspended.

"The judge rose, and standing up, unrolled the paper, which, with an audible voice, and religious thankfulness, he declared was clear.

"No, no," cried the impassioned and vehement widow, 'it is not so, it has not my husband's death.'

"True!" exclaimed the magistrate, 'I had forgotten it, the deed was done so long ago, nineteen years ago—how was it possible I could forget the unguarded hour?'

"The words were repeated by every voice, I believe, in the multitude in succession, and the sound was fearful. 'The unguarded

hour?" said the judge to himself, looking towards the magistrate calmly, as if the question had scarcely more meaning than when uttered in echo by the crowd.

"Yes," cried the widow aloud, "his guardian angel was then away," and she concluded by accusing the magistrate, her own benefactor, and the gracious master of her deceased husband, as the murderer.

"She has been long, almost ever since the fatal event, in a state of insanity," said the magistrate to the judge; and turning to his officers, bade them take the helpless creature away.

"I will not go—I will have justice," she exclaimed, wrestling with the officers as they attempted to remove her. The crowd remained as if frozen into silence.

"Good woman," said the judge, compassionately, "you know not what you say."

"I do, I do: let me be heard," was her wild reply; and the multitude in the same instant cried out, "Let her be heard, let her be heard!"

"This is a vexatious business," said the judge to the magistrate, "for the charter by which the assize is held at this place obliges me to receive the charge, and I cannot depart from its ordinances, nor is her evident insanity a valid reason to reject the accusation. Good woman, why do you persist in this extravagance? there is no evidence to sustain the charge."

"There is, if you will listen," she impatiently again cried, and with earnest gestures and surprising eloquence, endeavored by innumerable coincidences, that she had remarked in the conduct of the magistrate, to show the grounds of her sudden suspicion.

"During the whole time that she continued speaking, the spectators listened with the greediest ears, and before she had finished her impassioned appeal, it was manifest that they were all convinced that the magistrate was indeed the murderer. The judge listened to all she said with intense attention, but the accused maintained his wonted equanimity. I was astonished that he could do so, for some of her reasons, though far from probability, were of the most touching and pathetic kind; doubtless all she said was void of evidence; still, however, it was fearfully impressive, and I could not myself withstand its energy. When she had rather exhausted her strength than finished what she had to say, the judge replied solemnly—

"Protect us, heaven, from having aught to conceal from such vigilance—this is thy work, and comes not within the possibilities of human law! There is reason, according to the charter, that a regular trial should be proceeded with, and therefore let the indictment be prepared."

"The feelings of the multitude were excited to the utmost, and took utterance in a loud shout, not of joy or of gladness, but a deep, solemn, and awful sound, whose might and majesty were portentously increased by the distant low hollow echo of the hills. The accused stood a statue of consternation for a moment. I looked at him with indescribable emotion, but the paleness which overspread his complexion vanished, and he appeared as serene and self-collected as before.

"While the papers were being written, I observed the judge speaking to the poor woman, and I heard him sympathizingly inquire respecting the age of her husband, his general appearance, and the manner in which he was dressed; to which she gave brief but distinct answers, as if the living presence of the murdered man had been seen actually before her. She was, however, impatient at the judge's questions, and answered him peevishly, forgetting the respect due to his dignity; indeed the questions, at the time, seemed to me frivolous; I could not discern their propriety, nor why so grave an officer, the representative of the emperor and king, should so far lose all consciousness of the place and the occasion as to speak to her in the manner he was doing. He asked, for example, the color of her husband's hair, and she answered black, and that he wore his cap gallantly doffed; then, after some other inquiries equally insignificant, he spoke of his coat, and the color of it, but she lost temper; and after telling him it was blue, and his vest red, intreated he would not probe her wounded remembrance with matters of that kind.

"In the mean time the magistrate was engaged with an advocate who was perfectly convinced, and so expressed himself, that the trial would soon be safely over. Altogether the scene was most singular, but the passion of the crowd was become appalling, and I was fearful lest the magistrate should be made the victim of some outrage. Himself calm, and certain that no evidence could sully him, he was yet visibly disturbed; and I saw him once or twice start and shudder, no doubt amazed that such a delirious accusation should have been so strangely imagined against him.

"When all the requisite forms were completed, he was directed to place himself at the bar; and the judge, according to the charter, called him by name to answer to God, who was there present, for the crime of which he was accused. At that moment, and before he could reply, the sun darted a bright and golden ray upon the forehead of the judge, and made it shine as if it had been crowned with a halo. All the spectators were witnesses to this glorious symbol; and I could scarcely control my trembling limbs, so much did it shake my whole frame.

"The accused was evidently affected, but he had such mastery of himself, that he answered with firmness, 'Not guilty.'

"A pause of some time ensued, and then the widow was requested to come forward with her evidence. She advanced, and suddenly cried, 'I have but these tears.'

"The advocate with whom the accused had been consulting, rose, and animadverting on the insanity of the charge, demanded an acquittal.

"Stop," said the judge, solemnly, "the order and provisions of the charter have not yet been all fulfilled—bid the trumpets sound thrice."

"The silence of the multitude was dreadful; the trumpets sounded, and the judge, rising from his seat, reverentially uncovered his hoary head, and said with a voice of the lowest humility:

"Heaven, send forth thy witness."

"I looked at the dismayed prisoner; he was pale, but serene. The judge then resumed his seat, and the advocate again rose.

"I demand," said he, "the acquittal of the accused."

"Another short pause ensued, and the judge rising, cast his sight to a distance, and said,

"Make way for the witness."

"What witness?" cried the prisoner, in visible trepidation.

"That man in the blue coat—he with his cap on the one side—make way for him—he with the red waistcoat."

"It is himself that comes," cried the widow, with an exulting

about; and all the spectators looked back towards the spot where they expected to behold the witness, but they saw no one; and when they had again turned their eyes to the bar, the accused had fainted. This confirmed the amazed spectators, and the judge kneeled down with devotion, and, raising his hands to heaven, prayed and did homage to divine justice. The wretched criminal was left lying on the ground, for all present, at the same moment, uncovered their heads, and with tears and awe joined in worship with the judge. A more affecting scene was never witnessed; and when the adoration was ended, the guilty man awaked from his trance, rose, and confessed the crime.

"I seek not mercy," said he, "I have enjoyed it too long—yet my offence is not of an atrocious die—it was but a hasty blow. Yes, the hand of heaven is so visible here that I dare not ask remission, even if my hidden misery were not punishment enough—there, take me—be now no more delay. The gallows is ready, and mercy dare not in this place contend with justice."

Advice to Young Men, and (Incidentally) to Young Women, in the middle and higher ranks of life. In a series of Letters, addressed to a Youth, a Bachelor, a Lover, a Husband, a Citizen, or a Subject. By William Cobbett. One vol. 18mo. New-York: John Doyle.

The political writings of William Cobbett are well known in this country. Many of them first saw the light on this side the Atlantic, and all are characterized by a reckless boldness, a nervous volubility, and an egotistical eccentricity, peculiar to the man. In the character of a moral philosopher the American reader is less intimately acquainted with Cobbett, though he evidently graduated in the Franklin school; without ever acquiring, however, that chaste simplicity, that elegant purity of style, which charms us in every essay of its immortal founder. Franklin's pen was always guided by reason, Cobbett's too often by passion, when the coarsest words of the language are put in requisition to express the force of his feelings. This renders his style very unequal, and sometimes even disgusting.

Such is the case, in several instances, in the work before us. It is generally original, sensible, and interesting; often eloquent, chaste, and amusing, but occasionally unpardonably coarse and vulgar. It is true, these letters were intended chiefly for what is called the middle class of society in England: tradesmen, mechanics, farmers, &c. There are maxims of general utility in Chesterfield's letters to his son, to which those of Cobbett might, in many respects, be termed the antipodes. The morals they inculcate, however, are sound, the end laudable, and the execution, for the most part, highly respectable. Whatever rank this work may occupy as a literary production, it is certainly entitled to an elevated one as a book of useful instruction; abounding in personal anecdote, shrewd remark, and practical aphorisms, the result of the author's own experience, through a long, laborious, and useful life—the whole plentifully sprinkled over and seasoned with the same amusing egotism which characterizes every production of this extraordinary and eccentric person. Without extending these remarks, we had better illustrate them by an extract from the book itself. In advising a lover as to the choice of a partner for life, he thus speaks of a good temper as one of the requisites of an amiable wife:

"Good temper is a very difficult thing to ascertain beforehand. Smiles are so cheap; they are so easily put on for the occasion; and, besides, the frowns are, according to the lover's whim, interpreted into the contrary. By 'good temper,' I do not mean easy temper, a serenity which nothing disturbs, for that is a mark of laziness. Sulkeness, if you be not too blind to perceive it, is a temper to be avoided by all means. A sulky man is bad enough; what, then, must be a sulky woman, and that woman a wife; a constant inmate, a companion day and night! Only think of the delight of sitting at the same table for a week, and not exchanging a word all the while! Very bad to be scolding for such a length of time; but this is far better than the sulks. If you have your eyes, and look sharp, you will discover symptoms of this, if it unhappily exist. She will, at some time or other, show it towards some one or other of the family; or, perhaps, towards yourself; and you may be quite sure that, in this respect, marriage will not mend her. Sulkeness arises from capricious displeasure not founded in reason. The party takes offence unjustifiably; is unable to frame a complaint, and therefore expresses displeasure by silence. The remedy for sulkeness is, to suffer it to take its full swing; but it is better not to have the disease in your house; and to be married to it is little short of madness.

"Querulousness is a great fault. No man, and especially no woman, likes to hear eternal plaintiveness. That she complain, and roundly complain, of your want of punctuality, of your coolness, of your neglect, of your liking the company of others: these are all very well, more especially as they are frequently but too just. But an everlasting complaining, without rhyme or reason, is a bad sign. It shows want of patience, and, indeed, a want of sense. But, the contrary of this, a cold indifference, is still worse. 'When will you come again? You can never find time to come here. You like my company better than mine.' These, when groundless, are very teasing, and demonstrate a disposition too full of anxiousness; but, from a girl who always receives you with the same civil smile, lets you, at your own good pleasure, depart with the same; and who, when you take her by the hand, holds her cold fingers as straight as sticks, I say (or should, if I were young,) heaven, in its mercy, preserve me!

"Pertinacity is a very bad thing in any body, and especially in a young woman; and it is sure to increase in force with the age of the party. To have the last word is a poor triumph; but with some people it is a species of disease of the mind. In a wife it must be extremely troublesome; and, if you find an ounce of it in the maid, it will become a pound in the wife. An eternal disputer is a most disagreeable companion; and where young women thrust their say into conversations carried on by older persons, give their opinions in a positive manner, and court a contest of the tongue, those must be very bold men who will encounter them as wives.

"Still, of all the faults as to temper, your melancholy ladies have the worst, unless you have the same mental disease. Most wives are, at time, misery-makers; but these carry it on as a regular trade. They are always unhappy about something, either past, present, or to come. Both arms full of children is a pretty efficient remedy in most cases; but, if the ingredients be wanting, a little want, a little

real trouble, a little genuine affliction must, if you would effect a cure, be resorted to. But, this is very painful to a man of any feeling; and, therefore, the best way is to avoid a connexion, which is to give you a life of wailing and sighs."

In his advice to a husband, we find the following sensible remarks:

"The cares and troubles of the married life are many; but, are those of the single life few? Take the farmer, and it is nearly the same with the tradesman; but, take the farmer, for instance, and let him, at the age of twenty-five, go into business unmarried. See his maid-servants, probably rivals for his smiles, but certainly rivals in the charitable distribution of his victuals and drink amongst those of their own rank; behold their guardianship of his pork-tub, his bacon-rack, his butter, cheese, milk, poultry, eggs, and all the rest of it: look at their care of all his household-stuff, his blankets, sheets, pillow-cases, towels, knives and forks, and particularly of his crockery ware, of which last they will hardly exceed a single cart-load of broken bits in the year. And, how nicely they will get up and take care of his linen and other wearing apparel, and always have it ready for him without his thinking about it! If absent at market, or especially at a distant fair, how scrupulously they will keep all their cronies out of his house, and what special care they will take of his cellar, more particularly that which holds the strong beer! And his groceries and his spirits and his wine, (for a bachelor can afford it,) how safe these will all be! Bachelors have not, indeed, any more than married men, a security for health; but if our young farmer be sick, there are his couple of maids to take care of him, to administer his medicine, and to perform for him all other nameless offices, which in such a case are required; and what is more, take care of every thing down stairs at the same time, especially his desk with the money in it! Never will they, good-humored girls as they are, scold him for coming home too late; but, on the contrary, like him the better for it; and if he have drunk a little too much, so much the better, for then he will sleep late in the morning, and when he comes out at last, he will find that his men have been so hard at work, and that all his animals have been taken such good care of!

"Nonsense! a bare glance at the thing shows, that a farmer, above all men living, can never carry on his affairs with profit without a wife, or a mother, or a daughter, or some such person; and mother and daughter imply matrimony. To be sure, a wife would cause some trouble, perhaps, to this young man. There might be a nurse to gallop after at midnight; there might be, and there ought to be, if called for, a little complaining of late hours; but, good heaven! what are these, and all the other troubles that could attend a married life, what are they, compared to the one single circumstance of the want of a wife at your bedside during one single night of illness! A nurse! what is a nurse to do for you? Will she do the things that a wife will do? Will she watch your looks and your half-uttered wishes? Will she use the urgent persuasions so often necessary to save life in such cases? Will she, by her acts, convince you that it is not a toil, but a delight, to break her rest for your sake? In short, now it is that you find that what the women themselves say is strictly true, namely, that without wives men are poor helpless mortals.

"As to the expense, there is no comparison between that of a woman servant and a wife, in the house of a farmer or a tradesman. The wages of the former is not the expense; it is the want of a common interest with you, and this you can obtain in no one but a wife. But there are the children. I, for my part, firmly believe that a farmer, married at twenty-five, and having ten children during the first ten years, would be able to save more money during these years than a bachelor, of the same age, would be able to save, on the same farm, in a like space of time, he keeping only one maid-servant. One single fit of illness, of two months' duration, might sweep away more than all the children would cost in the whole ten years, to say nothing of the continual waste and pillage, and the idleness, going on from the first day of the ten years to the last.

"Besides, is the money all? What a life to lead! No one to talk to without going from home, or without getting some one to come to you; no friend to sit and talk to; no pleasant evenings to pass! Nobody to share with you your sorrows or your pleasures: no soul having a common interest with you: all around you taking care of themselves, and no care of you."

Here are some of the gentleman's ideas of Shakspeare:

"Shakspeare, who is cried up as the great interpreter of the human heart, has said, that the man in whose soul there is no music, or love of music, is 'fit for murders, treasons, stratagems, and spoils.' Our immortal bard, as the profligate Sheridan used to call him in public, while he laughed at him in private; our 'immortal bard' seems to have forgotten that Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, were flung into the fiery furnace (made seven times hotter than usual) amidst the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music; he seems to have forgotten that it was a music and a dance-loving damsel that chose, as a recompense for her elegant performance, the bloody head of John the Baptist, brought to her in a charger; he seems to have forgotten that, while Rome burned, Nero fiddled: he did not know, perhaps, that cannibals always dance and sing while their victims are roasting; but he might have known, and he must have known, that England's greatest tyrant, Henry VIII. had, as his agent in blood, Thomas Cromwell, expressed it, 'his sweet soul enwrapped in the celestial sounds of music;' and this was just at the time when the ferocious tyrant was ordering catholics and protestants to be tied back to back on the same hurdle, dragged to Smithfield on that hurdle, and there tied to, and burnt from, the same stake. Shakspeare must have known these things, for he lived immediately after their date; and if he had lived in our day, he would have seen instances enough of 'sweet souls' enwrapped in the same manner, and capable, if not of deeds equally bloody, of others, discovering a total want of feeling for sufferings not unfrequently occasioned by their own wanton waste, and waste arising, too, in part, from their taste for these 'celestial sounds.'

"O no! the heart of man is not to be known by this test: a great fondness for music is a mark of great weakness, great vacuity of mind: not of hardness of heart; not of vice; not of downright folly; but of a want of capacity, or inclination, for sober thought."

On the whole, we feel a pleasure in recommending this work to attention, sincerely believing that it is well calculated to improve the character, and promote the happiness of all who receive its admonishments in a proper spirit.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

DECEMBER.

THE first month of winter, and the last of the modern year, derives its name from the Latin, *decem*, ten, being the tenth month counting from March, which was anciently reckoned the beginning of the year. The Saxons called it winter month, and afterwards holy month, on account of the nativity of our Lord.

Among the memorable events which have distinguished this month, the following are deemed of sufficient importance to claim a record in the present article: Bonaparte was crowned emperor of the French on the second, 1804, by Pope Pius VIII., in the church of Notre Dame, Paris; the battle of Austerlitz took place on the same day, in the following year, between the French, under Bonaparte, and the combined armies of Russia and Austria, under the Emperor Alexander and Francis I., who were defeated with the loss of thirty-five thousand killed or drowned, and twenty thousand taken prisoners, with their whole park of artillery; the celebrated battle of Hohenlinden was fought on the third, in a snow-storm, four years previous, 1800, when the Austrians, under the Arch-duke John, were defeated with great slaughter by the French, under General Moreau—Eighteen thousand prisoners were taken by the French, and night alone saved the Austrian army from total destruction. Campbell's sublime description of this contest is well-known, beginning,

"On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Isar, rolling rapidly.
But Linden saw another sight,
When the drums beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery."

Washington died on the fourteenth, 1799, just one hundred and seventy-nine years, lacking seven days, from the landing of the pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, which took place on the twenty-second, 1620: the battle of Trenton occurred on the twenty-sixth, 1776; the United States frigate Constitution captured and sunk the British frigate Java on the twenty-ninth, 1813: Montgomery was slain before Quebec on the thirty-first, 1775.

On the twenty-second of this month the sun enters that constellation of the zodiac which is called Capricorn, a monster, half man, half goat. In the quaint language of an old poet,

"Pan turned himself into that shape
When he did from Typhoeus fly,
And in that form did safe escape,
Which made Jove place it in the sky."

This sign in the zodiac is composed of twenty-eight stars, so situated as to form a striking outline of the figure of a goat. Some of the ancients supposed it to be the goat Amalthea, which fed Jupiter with her milk; while others contend that it is Pan, the god of shepherds and huntsmen, who is said to have changed himself into a goat when frightened at the approach of Typhæus, or Typhon, whose figure was indeed hideous enough to appal old Nick himself; for he is represented as having a hundred serpent or dragon heads, with devouring fire darting from every mouth, and even from every eye! while he uttered horrid yells, like the dissonant shrieks of different animals; the tones of his hundred voices being neither thirds, fifths, nor octaves, but comprising every semi-tone that could produce a discord. This amiable Typhon was no sooner born, than he sought to avenge the death of his elder brothers, the giants, by making war against heaven, and so frightened the gods, that they fled away, and assumed different shapes. Jupiter became a ram, Mercury a swan, Juno a cow, Bacchus a goat, Diana a cat, (bad taste in the pretty Diana) Venus a fish, Pan a satyr, &c. The father of the gods at last put Typhon to flight with his thunderbolts, and crushed him under Mount Ætna, in the island of Sicily, where he remaineth even unto this day. Such was the fate of

"The many-headed Typhon
Who 'gainst the gods once carried strife on."

But let us not lose sight of our friend Pan, at whose inn Apollo might soon be regaling himself, would he condescend to stop:

"For still, as a poet, you know, I am bound
To believe that bright Phœbus yet travels around
The turnpike of heaven, in chariot of fire,
Drawn rapidly onward by steeds that ne'er tire;
Nor stop to refresh, though they pass as they fly
The signs of a dozen fine inns in the sky;
The scorpion and centaur he swiftly has passed,
And Pan, his old comrade, salutes him at last."

This Pan was said to be a monster in appearance, having two small horns on his forehead. His complexion was ruddy, his nose flat, and from the hips downwards, he resembled a goat. His education was entrusted to a nymph of Arcadia, called Sinœe, who, the moment she was introduced to her likely-looking pupil, fled from him with terror. We think, however, that Miss Sinœe must have been somewhat fastidious in her taste, as Pan was afterwards very successful in winning the smiles of the ladies, and numbered among his conquests, not only the lovely mountain nymph Echo, but even the chaste Diana herself. He became the god of shepherds, and took up his residence in Arcadia, where the woods and the most rugged mountains were frequently his habitation. He invented the *syrix*, a musical instrument, composed of seven reeds of unequal length and diameter, now called the *Pandean flute*. Though remarkably good-humored and inoffensive in his conduct, many of the timid Arcadians, of both sexes, had cherished such a prejudice against his personal deformity, that they were terrified at his approach. Hence originated the word panic, or groundless fear. This kind of terror has been exemplified, not only in individuals, but in numerous armies, such as that of Brennus, which was thrown into the greatest consternation at Rome without any cause, or plausible reason.

As the patron of shepherds and agriculturists, Pan was worshipped as a god; his different functions being derived, it is believed, from the mythology of the ancient Egyptians, by whom he was adored with the greatest solemnity. His statues represented him as a goat, because that figure was their hieroglyphic emblem of fruitfulness. His horns, as some writers observe, represented the rays of the sun; while the brightness of the heavens was expressed by the vivacity and the ruddiness of his complexion. The star which he wore on his breast was the symbol of the firmament; and his hairy legs and feet denoted the inferior parts of the earth, such as the woods and plants.

The trial of musical, or poetical skill, between Pan and Apollo, is a prominent incident in the history of these worthies. Midas, the king of Phrygia, awarded the victory to Pan, which so incensed "Latona's bright-haired son," that he changed the monarch's ears into those of a donkey, to show his ignorance and stupidity. Were the same power exercised on similar occasions now-a-days, how many long-eared critics should we meet with in our perambulations!

But whether the astronomical sign, called *capricorn*, be derived from Pan, the god of shepherds, or from Amalthea, the she-goat who nourished Jupiter with her milk, one thing is certain, when the sun enters this sign it is the winter solstice; the longest night and the shortest day in the year exactly opposed to a similar phenomenon in June, when the sun enters the sign *cancer*, which is the summer solstice, when the day is at its greatest length, and the night is shortest.

The month of December, however, has some distinguishing characteristics which have been thus far only slightly alluded to. It is the commencement of winter—it is the termination of the year.

"Winter succeeds, with snow-wreaths on his brow;
Alas! I feel his icy fingers now!
Winter succeeds—the midnight of the year,
And all the fields are barren, cold, and drear:
He binds the streams and lakes in silver chains,
And hoary frost has candied all the plains.
The liveried trees their yellow coats forego,
And, shivering, stand in shrouds of frozen snow;
While the child's sap leaves succorless the shoot,
And shrinks below to cheer the dying root."

Early in the evening of Friday, the ninth of this month, (the day after thanksgiving,) the citizens of New-York, if the sky be cloudless, will have an opportunity of witnessing a phenomenon, which may not occur again during their brief pilgrimage on this mundane planet. The beautiful planet Jupiter, with all his satellites, will appear to be eclipsed by the moon, under circumstances the most favorable to observation. The *immersion* will take place on the dark, and the *emersion* on the enlightened side of the moon. This phenomenon is called an *occultation*, and is of very rare occurrence. The last that was observed in this country, happened in the autumn of 1820, and another is not to be expected for many years.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1831.

Editor's study.—It was one of the most dreary and melancholy weeks of the year. For the last several days the city had been either drenched with rains or wrapped in a drizzly fog. Wet weather in a city! Shudder at the thought, ye victims of dyspepsia and the blue devils. Ye susceptible creatures, whose spirits are influenced by the changes of the atmosphere, bless your stars for the dry pavements, the blue sky, and the revivifying sunshine, and remember with horror the murky, dismal, dim, dreadful look of the sloppy streets during a forty-eight hours' rain in November! Thou lovely belle, droop the light lids over thine orbs of dangerous fire at the recollection of those stupid hours! Gentlemen of business perform their peregrinations mournfully, and tramp through the streets shod like horses; and the Broadway loungers bid farewell to all the sweet faces and pretty feet, till the jolly smiles of Phœbus shine once more through the mist. We sat by our window gazing out upon the streets with a sort of patient misery; for, in common with all our unfortunate fellow-citizens, we were enjoying a hearty visit from the influenza. Our distant readers must be informed that every body in the city is afflicted with this annoying disease. It is, to be sure, not alarming, but is nevertheless exceedingly unwelcome. The poor victim is struck with a pain in the head, chest, and through all his bones, as if he had been beaten. His eyes grow weak, his throat sore: he coughs, complains, and, if not so seriously ill as to be confined to his bed, travels through the city barking as furiously as a suddenly awakened house-dog. Critics attend the theatres with their chins buried in red bandanna handkerchiefs, and cough Shakespeare, Rossini, and Auber out of countenance. The lecturer stops in the midst of his corollary to afford a practical illustration of the reigning epidemic; and, unhappy fat men stand in knots at the corners of streets, uniting their vocal powers in such a way as to hold out to impatient young heirs good prospects of coming into possession. We recommend that the earliest symptoms of this epidemic be met with a general abstemiousness. Pass a day or two without eating. It will do no harm, and may prevent a great deal. We all eat and drink too much for our sedentary habits. It may be questioned whether a wild Indian is afflicted with dyspepsia and influenza; and the most reasonable method of repairing the evil wrought in us by frequent violations of the rules of nature, is to suffer that excellent physician to treat us in her own way without interfering with her influence. And yet it is astonishing how few have the resolution to refrain when the dinner

comes before them, with its fragrant temptations; and how on this, as on too many other occasions of life, we are apt to enjoy ourselves to-day, and put off a disagreeable duty till to-morrow. Yet how many a being has been cut off for the want of a simple caution in the commencement of a sickness! What suffering might be prevented by a timely attention! This is ably illustrated by one of the stories from the Diary of a Physician, entitled the "Slight Cold." These same diseases are dreadful drawbacks on the happiness of human life. We should not be so ready to murmur if they were all entailed on us by a decree of nature; but, alas! too many are the result of our own immoderate eagerness for enjoyment. Our luxurious banquets and exhilarating wines, our late sittings-up and our late risings, and the vast variety of our exciting pleasures and harrowing occupations to pay for them, load us with evils which never oppress the savage. And then with what horror a man yields to the benumbing influence of disease! Peradventure we are more than usually susceptible on this point, but the gradual development of any malady upon us has in it something absolutely appalling. The shadows that come slowly over our consciousness of existence, the blight and palsy that fall on our senses and feelings, the final incompetency to fulfill the ordinary duties of life, the drooping amid the bustle of business and pleasure, beneath a weight of pain and languor, all come over us with an involuntary shudder. When the hand of sickness presses us down, stealing away the strength from our limbs, and shooting fearful pains along our nerves, no matter how slight may be the occasion, we acknowledge a feeling of vague horror. We struggle long and manfully before confessing ourself an invalid. There is much in being among the gay and healthy. We shrink from the earliest symptoms of the sick chamber, and when at length forced to yield and in the silent darkened room we press our forehead upon a feverish pillow, it ever seems to us as if we had done with the world; its busy and varied scenery and adventures shuffle by us as the dim images of past things, and we may not easily describe the thoughts that come up gloomily in our imagination when the midnight bell reverberates solemnly through the still night, and finds us thus stricken down into helplessness and pain, the result of which we cannot conjecture. Then the dreams of a sick man are so awful. They are often full of some distorted and monstrous wo. We shall never forget two dreadful visions that once oppressed us when laboring under a trivial indisposition, which, in obedience to the advice of some kind counsellor, whose good nature exceeded his wisdom, we had endeavored to feed as the phrase is, instead of starving it. We therefore gaily abandoned ourself to the hearty cheer of the supper-table and forgot our insignificant suffering, (as who would not?) under the influence of wine, song, and the bewitching physiognomies of two right merry young damsels. Well! we are older now, and at these scenes of glee we fancy we behold the arch fiend's dark form in some shadowed embrasure, leering upon the victim of immoderate diet with a tolerably sure hope that he will pay for his mirth at last. The hours went on—the songs were over—the wine cups were emptied—the sweet faces were gone—and the high clear voices hushed. Morpheus paid his customary visits to the inhabitants of the mansion, and us among the rest. But in our case he brought a companion by no means welcome. Among the party had been one powerfully formed, a keen and intelligent young deaf mute, on the point of setting out on his travels. Having taken somewhat of a fancy to us, he had in the afternoon displayed, for our benefit, several weapons, which he intended to carry with him on his journey—pistols, a sword-cane, and, in particular, a large, double-edged, extremely sharp and beautiful dagger, which glittered brilliantly with every motion.

On retiring to rest, the feverish excitement of sickness, aided by the manner in which we had spent the evening, began to stir up our imagination, producing at first only pleasant images. We thought we stood on a delightful grassy knoll, which overlooked what appeared to be Lake George—just so lively and transparent. In the midst of its calm and crystal water, we presently observed a stupendous monster, or sea serpent, wreathing his gigantic form into ponderous folds—now unfolding the massive knots, and shooting along in gentle curves—then rising to the surface and diving down again with fantastic gambols to the pearly depths. Presently the leviathan's fiery eyes were fixed on us, and he darted towards us with the velocity of an arrow. We fled for miles and miles, through woods and over mountains, plains and cities, and, wherever we came, multitudes made way for us, till we took refuge in a castle, and there were locked in with our terrible pursuer, chasing us round the walls and into the dim recesses—till we awoke, and immediately sank again into slumber. But now we were stretched on a sick couch, and by some fatality deprived of motion—locked there, in a deathly stillness and silence, as we had been cut out of marble, or a block of granite flung down carelessly, yet endowed with the consciousness of life. It was a strange and fearful spell that petrified our limbs and sealed our lips utterly, and denied us the power to betray the faintest possible sign of being. Then the door opened, a stealthy step moved on the floor, and we could detect the young mute, of whom we have spoken before, stealing towards us. The conviction that he was a maniac flashed upon our mind, and that he was about to assassinate us. He came on slowly, his eyes glared, he lifted his arm—the bright, broad, pointed blade of the dagger gleamed—and, although our sufferings at the moment, were merely imaginary, they were sufficiently disagreeable to excuse us at present for recommending our friends with the influenza, and other fashionable disorders, to abstain from heavy meals of any kind, especially suppers, if they do not wish to be murdered by the ghosts of lunatics, and swallowed unceremoniously by phantom sea-serpents.

GRAND WALTZ,

FROM THE OVERTURE TO THE OPERA OF LA GAZZA LADRA—COMPOSED BY ROSSINI.

MISCELLANY.

SCRAPS FROM D'ISRAELI.

Mr. MOORE alone, like Murat, charging in the hottest fight, still maintains the war. Oh! long may victory poise on his unsullied plume!—long may the trenchant sabre of his wit gleam in our ranks, and long may his trumpet sound to triumph! Methinks that whenever he may leave us, on that day the sun will be less warm, the stars less bright, the moon less soft; that a cloud will burst over the gardens of Cashmere, and the peris grow pale in the palaces of Amrabad; that every nightingale will pine, and every rose will fade!

A BANQUET.—Shall I attempt to describe the delicacy of this banquet, where imagination had been racked for novel luxury? Through the centre of each table ran a rivulet of rose-water, and gold and silver fish glanced in its unrivalled course. The bouquets were exchanged every half hour, and music, soft and subdued, but constant and thrilling, wound them up, by exquisite gradations, to that pitch of refined excitement which is so

strange a union of delicacy and voluptuousness, when the soul, as it were, becomes sensual, and the body dissolves into spirit. And in this choice assembly, where all was youth and elegance and beauty, was it not right that every sound should be melody, every sight a sight of loveliness, and every thought a thought of pleasure?

PURE LOVE IN THE BOSOM OF A DISSIPATED YOUNG SPENDTHRIFT.—In the mean time, the young duke was not in so calm a mood as the baronet. Rapidly the late extraordinary events dashed through his mind, and already those feelings which had prompted his soliloquy in the garden were no longer his. All forms, all images, all ideas, all memory, melted into May Dacre. He felt that he loved her with a perfect love; that she was to him what no other woman had been, even in the factitious delirium of early passion. A thought of her seemed to bring an entirely novel train of feelings, impressions, wishes, hopes. The world, with her, must be a totally different system, and his existence in her society, a new and another life. Her very purity refined the passion

which raged even in his exhausted mind. Gleams of virtue, morning streaks of duty, broke upon the horizon of his hitherto clouded soul; an obscure suspicion of the utter worthlessness of his life whispered in his hollow ear; he darkly felt that happiness was too philosophical a system to be the result, or the reward of impulse, however unbounded, and that principle alone could create, and could support, that bliss which is our being's end and aim.

A BEAUTIFUL BELLE.—She turns her head, she throws around a glance, and two streams of liquid light pour from her hazel eyes on his. It was a rapid, graceful movement, unstudied as the motion of a fawn, and was in a moment withdrawn, yet was it long enough to stamp upon his memory a memorable countenance.

A SOFT LADY.—There is about Afy, in spite of all her softness and humility, a strange spirit, a cursed courage, or obstinacy, which sometimes has blazed out, when I have over-galled her, in a way half awful.

REVERIES OF A ROUE.—As his carriage rolled on he revelled in delicious fancies. The young duke built castles, not only at Hauteville, but in less substantial regions. Revery, in the flush of our warm youth, generally indulges in the future. We are always anticipating the next adventure, and clothe the coming heroine with a rosy tint. When we advance a little on our limited journey, and an act or two of the comedy, the gayest, in all probability, are over, the wizard Memory de-thrones the witch Imagination, and it is the past on which the mind feeds in its musings. It is then we ponder on each great result, which has stolen on us without the labor of reflection; it is then we analyze emotions which, at the time, we could not comprehend, and probe the action which passion inspired, and which prejudice has hitherto defended.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,
To whom all communications must be addressed. No
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ENGLISH LITERATURE.

We think our readers will like the following article, although not altogether what we call a "great poem." It is sketchy, graphic, humorous, and eloquent; containing many plain truths, mingled up with false opinions; or, as the writer himself would say, the flame of much true genius smouldering under the rubbish of a tolerable heap of prejudices. We do not entirely acquiesce in his apparent definition of a "great poem." He speaks of it as if any weakness, error, or inconsistency must necessarily destroy its greatness—an idea we need scarce be at the trouble of confuting. If he had sought a perfect poem instead of a great one, we could better excuse him for unceremoniously sweeping away not only Rogers, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Crabbe, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, and Wordsworth—not only Bowles, White, and Montgomery, but even Cowper, Thomson, Collins, and Gray—the proud Burns, the magnificent Pope, the mighty Dryden, and (has Cobbett turned his brain?) the "high-browed Shakspeare." None of these have written (are we speaking heresy too?) a perfect poem; but great poems they incontrovertibly have produced. Nothing is more dangerous to a critic than these errors of comparison. That word is a spell. Under its influence little things grow gigantic, and stupendous objects shrink into dwarfish shapes. A star blazes, or the sun grows dim—we are wretched and happy—we are ruffians and saints—we are rich or poor—we are great or insignificant, by comparison; and while, when used to a certain extent, it affords the only means of estimating things accurately, if carried farther, on the principle of our Blackwood friend, in the annexed article, it undoes what it has done, and resolves every thing into a grand chaos. Viewing the works of the poets above mentioned, with a model in his own imagination, the critic finds none of them great. But on this principle Milton is not great. He too has faults. You feel that in superintending the machinery of that splendid and immortal work, which Blackwood's Magazine terms the only great poem in the English language, and which we can almost excuse a man for running into a little rhapsody about, you feel that even the blind bard of England is working upon materials too vast for his management. You feel that his superior beings, except Satan, are but mortals—their battles are the conflicts of human creatures with a few probabilities violated, and magnified into colossal proportions by the poet's imagination, as shadows are on the wall by the evening fire. You feel—but we will no longer beguile our readers into an hour of our own talk about poetry, but let them embark forthwith upon that of one more fluent.

AN HOUR'S TALK ABOUT POETRY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Ours is a poetical age; but has it produced one great poem? Not one. If you think it has, you will perhaps favor us with the name of the author and his work. But hark! you may first demand of us what we mean by a great poem. If you do, we shan't answer you, for we deal not in reasoning, but in assertions. Reasonings are apt to be tedious and unsatisfactory; assertions are short—and if correct—which ours always are—they carry their own demonstrations along with them—neatly folded up—and all that you have to do is to allow them to evolve themselves at their leisure in the light of truth, till they appear before you like "bright consummate flowers," which it is pleasant to gaze on, and profitable to gather. From the commencement of our career we have flourished on assertions, while most of our contemporaries have "faded, languished, grown dim, and died" on demonstrations. We learned this great secret from the observation and meditation of half a century; and applying to literature the philosophy of life, we have become immortal. In vain would you search through nearly twenty decades of *Maga* for one specimen of an argument above an inch long; whereas in every page the most astounding assertions stare you in the face, till you are out of countenance, and shut your eyes in the sudden and insupportable effulgence of the naked truth—only to open them again with gifted vision on a wider revelation of earth and heaven.

We therefore repeat our assertion—that ours is a poetical age, but that it has not produced one great poem. Just look at them for a moment. There is the "Pleasures of Memory,"—an elegant, graceful, beautiful, pensive, and pathetic poem, which it does one's eyes good to gaze on—one's ears good to listen to—one's very fingers good to touch, so smooth is the versification and the wire-wove paper. Never will the "Pleasures of Memory" be forgotten till the world is in its dotage. But is it a great poem? About as much so as an ant or a mole-hill, prettily grass-grown and leaf-strewn, is a mountain purple with heather and golden with woods. It is a symmetrical erection, in the shape of a cone, and the apex points heavenwards; but 'tis not a sky-piercer. You take it at a hop, and pursue your journey. Yet it endures. For the rains and the dews, and the airs and the sunshine, love the fairy knoll, and there it greens

and blossoms delicately and delightfully, half a work of art and half a work of nature.

Then there is the poetry of Crabbe. We hear it is not popular. If so, then neither is human life. For of all our living poets, he has most skillfully "woven the web and woven the woof" of all his compositions with the materials of human life—homespun indeed—but though often coarse, always strong—and though set to plain patterns, yet not unfrequently exceeding fine is the old weaver's workmanship. Ay—hold up the product of his loom between your eye and the light, and it glows and glimmers like the peacock's back, or the breast of the rainbow. Sometimes it seems to be but of the "hadden grey," when sunbeam or shadow smites it, and lo! it is burnished like the regal purple. But did the boroughmonger ever produce a great poem? You might as well ask if he built St. Paul's.

Breathes not the man with a more poetical temperament than Bowles. No wonder that his eyes "love all they look on," for they possess the sacred gift of beautifying creation, by shedding over it the charm of melancholy. "Pleasant, but mournful to the soul is the memory of joys that are past," is the text we should choose were we about to preach on his genius. No vain repinings, no idle regrets, does his spirit ever breathe over the still receding past. But time-sanctified are all the shows that arise before his pensive imagination—and the common light of day, once gone, in his poetry seems to shine as if it had all been dying sunset or moonlight, or the newborn dawn. His human sensibilities are so fine as to be in themselves poetical; and his poetical aspirations so delicate as to be felt always human. Hence his sonnets have been dear to poets—having in them "more than meets the ear"—spiritual breathings that hang around the words like light around fair flowers; and hence, too, have they been beloved by all natural hearts who, having not the "faculty divine," have yet the "vision"—that is, the power of seeing and of hearing the sights and the sounds which genius alone can awaken, bringing them from afar, out of the dust and dimness of evanishment. But has Bowles written a great poem? If he has, then, as he loves us, let him forthwith publish it in *Maga*.

What shall we say of the "Pleasures of Hope?" That the harp from which that music breathed was an *Æolian* harp placed in the window of a high hall, to catch airs from heaven, when heaven was glad, as well she might be with such moon and such stars, and streaming half the region with a magnificent aurora borealis. Now the music deepens into a majestic march—now it swells into a holy hymn—and now it dies away elegiac-like, as if mourning over a tomb. Vague, indefinite, uncertain, dream-like, and visionary all; but never else than beautiful; and ever and anon, we know not why, sublime. It ceases in the hush of night, and we awaken as if from a dream. Is it not even so? As for "Gertrude of Wyoming," we love her as if she were our own only daughter—filling our life with bliss, and then leaving it desolate. Even now we see her ghost gliding through those giant woods! As for "Lochiel's Warning," there was heard the voice of the "Last of the Seers." The "Second Sight" is now extinguished in the "Highland Glooms"—the "Lament" wails no more.

"That man may not hide what God would reveal."

Never saw we a ship till Campbell indited "Ye Mariners of England." Sheer hulks before our eyes were all ships till that strain arose, but ever since in our imagination have they brightened the roaring ocean. And dare we say, after that, that Campbell has never written a great poem? Yes—in the face even of the Metropolitan.

It was said by the Edinburgh Review, that none but maudlin milliners and sentimental ensigns supposed that James Montgomery was a poet. Then is *Maga* a maudlin milliner, and Christopher North a sentimental ensign? We once called Montgomery a Moravian; and though he assures us that we were mistaken, yet having made an assertion, we always stick to it, and therefore he must remain a Moravian, if not in his own belief, yet in our imagination. Of all religious sects, the Moravians are the most simple-minded, pure-hearted, and high-souled—and these qualities shine serenely in the "Pelican Island." In earnestness and fervor that poem is by few or none excelled; it is embalmed in sincerity, and therefore shall fade not away, neither shall it moulder—not even although exposed to the air, and blow the air ever so rudely through time's mutations. Not that it is a mummy. Say rather a fair form laid asleep in immortality—its face wearing, day and night, summer and winter, look at it when you will, a saintly, a celestial smile. That is a true image; but is the "Pelican Island" a great poem? We pause not for a reply.

Lyrical poetry, we opine, hath many branches—and one of them, "beautiful exceedingly," with bud, blossom, and fruit of balm and brightness, round which is ever heard the murmur of bees and of birds, hangs trailing along the mossy greensward, when the air is calm, and ever and anon, when blow the fitful breezes, it is uplifted in the sunshine, and glows wavingly aloft, as if it belonged even to the loftiest region of the tree which is amaranth. That is a fanciful, perhaps foolish form of expression, employed at present to signify

song-writing. Now, of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore. True, that Robert Burns has indited several songs that slip into the heart, just like light, no one knows how, filling its chambers sweetly and silently, and leaving it nothing more to desire for perfect contentment. Or let us say, sometimes when he sings, it is like listening to a linnet in the broom, a blackbird in the brake, a laverock in the sky. They sing in the fulness of their joy, as nature teaches them—and so did he—and the man, woman, or child who is delighted not with such singing, be their virtues what they may, must never hope to be in heaven. Gracious Providence placed Burns in the midst of the sources of lyrical poetry, when he was born a Scottish peasant. Now, Moore is an Irishman, and was born in Dublin. Moore is a Greek scholar, and translated—after a fashion—Anacreon. And Moore has lived all his life long in towns and cities, and in that society which will suffer none else to be called good. Some advantages he has enjoyed which Burns never did; but then how many disadvantages has he undergone from which the Ayrshire ploughman, in the bondage of his poverty, was free! You see all that at a single glance into their poetry. But all in humble life is not high—all in high life is not low; and there is as much to guard against in hovel as in hall—in "auld clay-biggings" as in marble palace. Burns too often wrote like a rude, unpolished boor—Moore has too often written like a mere man of fashion. But take them both at their best, and both are glorious. Both are national poets—and who shall say that if Moore had been born and bred a peasant, as Burns was, and if Ireland had been such a land of knowledge, and virtue, and religion as Scotland is—and surely without offence we may say that it never was, and never will be—though we love the green island well—that with his fine fancy, warm heart, and exquisite sensibilities, he might not have been as natural a lyricist as Burns, while, take him as he is, who can deny that in richness, in variety, in grace, and in almost all the power of art, he is infinitely superior to his illustrious rival? Of "Lallah Rookh" and the "Loves of the Angels," we defy you to read a page without admiration; but the question recurs, and it is easily answered, we need not say in the negative, did Moore ever write a great poem?

Let us make a tour of the lakes. Ridal Mount! Wordsworth! The bard! Here is the man who has devoted his whole life to poetry. It is his profession. He is a poet just as his brother is a clergyman. He is the head of the lake school, just as his brother is master of trinity. Nothing in this life and in this world has he had to do beneath sun, moon, and stars, but

"To murmur by the living brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

What has been the result? Five volumes (oh! why not five more?) of poetry as beautiful as ever charmed the ears of Pan and of Apollo. The earth, the middle air, the sky, the heaven, the heart, mind, and soul of man, are "the haunt and main region of his song." In describing external nature as she is, no poet, perhaps, has excelled Wordsworth—not even Thomson—in imbuing her and making her pregnant with spiritualities, till the mighty mother teems with "beauty far more beautiful" than she had ever rejoiced in till he held communion with her—therein lies his own especial glory, and therein the immortal evidences of the might of his creative imagination. All men at times "muse on nature with a poet's eye," but Wordsworth ever, and his soul has grown religious from worship. Every rock is an altar, every grove a shrine. We fear that there will be sectarians even in this natural religion till the end of time. But he is the high priest of nature—or, to use his own words, or nearly so, he is the high priest "in the metropolitan temple built by nature in the heart of mighty poets." But has he—even he—ever written a great poem? If he has, it is not the "Excursion." Nay—the "Excursion" is not a poem. It is a series of poems, all swimming in the light of poetry, some of them sweet and simple, some elegant and graceful, some beautiful and most lovely, some of "strength and state," some majestic, some magnificent, some sublime. But though it has an opening, it has no beginning; you can discover the middle only by the numerals on the page; and the most serious apprehensions have been very generally entertained that it has no end. While "Pedler," "Post," and "Solitary" breathe the vital air, may the "Excursion," stop where it will, be renewed; and as in its present shape it comprehends but a three days' walk, we have but to think of an excursion of three weeks, three months, or three years to feel the difference between a great and a long poem. Then the life of man is not always limited to the term of threescore and ten years. What a journal might it prove at last! Poetry in profusion till the land overflowed; but whether in one volume, as now, or in fifty, in future, not a great poem—nay, not a poem at all—nor ever to be so esteemed, till the principles on which great poets build the lofty rhyme are exploded, and the very names of art and science smothered and lost in the bosom of nature from which they arose.

Let the dullest clod that ever vegetated, provided only he be alive

and hears, be shut up in a room with Coleridge, or in a wood, and subjected for a few minutes to the ethereal influence of that wonderful man's monologue, and he will begin to believe himself a poet. The barren wilderness may not blossom like the rose, but it will seem, or rather feel to do so, under the lustre of an imagination exhaustless as the sun. You may have seen perhaps rocks suddenly so glorified by sunlight with colors manifold, that the bees seek them deluded by the show of flowers. The sun, you know, does not always show his orb even in the daytime—and people are often ignorant of his place in the firmament. But he keeps shining away at his leisure, as you would know were he to suffer eclipse. Perhaps he—the sun—is at no other time a more delightful luminary, than when he is pleased to dispense his influence through a general haze, or mist—softening all the day till meridian is almost like the afternoon, and the grove, anticipating gloaming, bursts into "dance and minstrelsy" ere the god go down into the sea. Clouds too become him well—whether thin and fleecy and braided, or piled up all round about him castlewise and cathedral-fashion, to say nothing of temples and other metropolitan structures; nor is it reasonable to find fault with him, when, as naked as the hour he was born, "he flames on the forehead of the morning sky." The grandeur too of his appearance on setting has become quite proverbial. Now in all this he resembles Coleridge. It is easy to talk—not very difficult to speechify—hard to speak; but to "discourse" is a gift rarely bestowed by heaven on mortal man. Coleridge has it in perfection. While he is discoursing, the world loses all its common-places, and you and your wife imagine yourselves Adam and Eve listening to the affable archangel Raphael in the garden of Eden. You would no more dream of wishing him to be mute for a while than you would a river that "imposes silence with a stilly sound." Whether you understand two consecutive sentences, we shall not stop curiously to inquire; but you do something better; you feel the whole just like any other divine music. And 'tis your own fault if you do not

"A wiser and a better man arise to-morrow's morn."

Reason is said to be one faculty, and imagination another, but there cannot be a grosser mistake; they are one and indivisible; only in most cases, like man and wife, they live like cat and dog, in mutual worrying, or haply sue for a divorce; whereas in the case of Coleridge they are one spirit as well as one flesh, and keep billing and cooing in a perpetual honey-moon. Then his mind is learned in all the learning of the Egyptians, as well as the Greeks and Romans; and though we have heard simpletons say that he knows nothing of science, we have heard him on chemistry puzzle Sir Humphrey Davy, and prove to our entire satisfaction that Leibnitz and Newton, though good men, were but indifferent astronomers. Besides, he thinks nothing of inventing a new science, with a complete nomenclature, in a twinkling; and should you seem sluggish of apprehension, he endows you with an additional sense or two, over and above the usual seven, till you are no longer at a loss, be it even to scent the music of fragrance, or to hear the smell of a balmy piece of poetry. All the faculties, both of soul and sense, seem amicably to interchange their functions and their provinces; and you fear not that the dream may dissolve, convinced that you are in a future state of permanent enjoyment. Nor are we now using any exaggeration; for if you will but think how unutterably dull are all the ordinary sayings and doings of this life, spent as it is with ordinary people, you may imagine how, in sweet delirium, you may be robbed of yourself by a seraphic tongue that has fed since first it lisped on "honey-dews," and by lips that have "breathed the air of Paradise," and learned a seraphic language, which all the while that it is English, is as grand as Greek, and as soft as Italian. We only know this, that Coleridge is the alchemist that in his crucible melts down hours to moments—and lo! diamonds sprinkled on a plate of gold.

What a world would this be, were all its inhabitants to fiddle like Paginini, ride like Ducrow, discourse like Coleridge, and do every thing else in a style of equal perfection! But, pray, how does the man write poetry with a pen upon paper, who thus is perpetually pouring it from his inspired lips? Read the "Ancient Mariner," the "Nightingale," and "Genevieve." In the first, you shudder at the superstition of the sea—in the second, you slumber in the melodies of the woods—in the third, earth is like heaven, for you are made to feel that

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his holy flame."

Has Coleridge, then, ever written a great poem? No; for besides the regions of the fair, the wild, and the wonderful, there is another, up to which his wing might soar; for the plumes are strong as soft. But why should he who loveth to take "the wings of a dove that he may flee away" to the bosom of beauty, though there, never for a moment to be at rest—why should he, like an eagle, soar into the storms that roll above this visible diurnal sphere in peals of perpetual thunder?

Wordsworth, somewhere or other, remonstrates rather angrily with the public, against her obstinate ignorance, shown in persisting to put into one class himself, Coleridge, and Southey, as birds of a feather, that not only flock together, but warble the same sort of song. But he elsewhere tells us that he and Coleridge hold the same principles in the art poetical, and among his lyrical ballads he admitted the three finest compositions of his illustrious compeer. The public, therefore, is not to blame in taking him at his word, even if she had discerned no family likeness in their genius. Southey certainly resembles Wordsworth less than Coleridge does—but he lives at Keswick, which is but some dozen miles from Rydal, and perhaps with an unphilosophical though pensive public that link of connection should be allowed to be sufficient, even were there no other less patent

and material than the Macadamized turnpike road. But true it is and of verity, that Southey, among our living poets, stands aloof and "alone in his glory." For he alone of them all has adventured to illustrate in poems of magnitude, the different characters, customs, and manners of nations. "Joan of Arc" is an English and French story—"Thalaba" an Arabian one—"Kehama" is Indian—"Madoc" Welsh and American—and "Roderic" Spanish and Moorish; nor would it be easy to say (setting aside the first, which was a very youthful work) in which of these noble poems Mr. Southey has most successfully performed an achievement entirely beyond the power of any but the highest genius. In "Madoc," and especially in "Roderic," he has relied on the truth of nature, as it is seen in the history of great national transactions and events. In "Thalaba" and in "Kehama," though in them, too, he has brought to bear an almost boundless lore, he follows the leading of fancy and imagination, and walks in a world of wonders. Seldom, if ever, has one and the same poet exhibited such power in such different kinds of poetry, in truth a master, and in fiction a magician. Of all these poems the conception and the execution are original; in much faulty and imperfect both; but bearing throughout the impress of highest genius, and breathing a moral charm, in the midst of the wildest, and sometimes even extravagant imaginings, that shall preserve them forever from oblivion, and embalm them in the spirit of love and of delight. Fairy tales, or tales of witchcraft and enchantment, seldom stir the holiest and deepest feelings of the heart; but "Thalaba" and "Kehama" do so; "the still sad music of humanity" is ever with us among all most wonderful and wild; and among all the spells, and charms, and talismans that are seen working strange effects before our eyes, the strongest of them all are ever felt to be piety and virtue. What exquisite pictures of domestic affection and bliss! what sanctity and devotion! Meek as a child is innocence in Southey's poetry, but mightier than any giant. How

"Like a spirit, still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

matron or maid, mother or daughter—in joy or sorrow—as they appear before us, doing or suffering, "beautiful and dutiful," with faith, hope, and charity, their guardian angels, nor fear ever once crossing their path! We feel in perusing such pictures, "purity! thy name is woman!" and are not these great poems? We are silent. But should you answer "yes," from us, in our present mood, you shall receive no contradiction.

The transition always seems to us, we scarcely know why, as natural as delightful from Southey to Scott. We intend, some happy hour or other to draw parallel characters of these two chiefs, not exactly after the manner of Plutarch. For the present let it suffice—that for nothing can be more sketchy than this outline of an article—that we suggest to you that they alone of all the poets of the day have produced poems in which are pictured and narrated, epically, national characters, and events, and actions, and catastrophes. Southey has heroically invaded foreign countries; Scott as heroically brought his power to bear on his own people, and both have achieved immortal triumphs. But Scotland is proud of her great national minstrel—and as long as she is Scotland, will wash and warm the laurels round his brow, with rains and winds that will forever keep brightening their glossy verdure. Whereas, England, ungrateful ever, to her men of genius, already often forgets the poetry of Southey, while Little Britain abuses his patriotism in his politics. The truth is, that Scotland had forgotten her own history till Sir Walter burnished it all up till it glowed again—it is hard to say whether in his poetry or his prose the brightest—and the past became the present. We know now the character of our own people as it showed itself in war and peace, in palace, castle, hall, hut, hovel, and shieling, through centuries of advancing civilization, from the time when Edinburgh was first cycled Auld Reekie, down to the period when the bright idea first occurred to her inhabitants to call her the modern Athens. This he has effected by means of about one hundred volumes, each exhibiting to the life about thirty characters, and each character not only an individual in himself, or herself, but the representative—so we offer to prove, if you be sceptical—of a distinct class or order of human beings, from the monarch to the mendicant, from the queen to the gipsy; as for example, from the Bruce to Sir Richard Monipies, from Mary Stuart to Meg Merrilies. We shall never say that Scott is Shakespeare; but we shall say that he has conceived and created—you know the meaning of these words—a far greater number of characters—of real living flesh-and-blood human beings—and that more naturally, truly, and consistently than Shakespeare; who was sometimes transcendently great in pictures of the passions—but out of their range, which surely does not comprehend all rational being—was—nay, do not threaten to murder us—a confused and irregular delineator of human life. All the world believed that Sir Walter had not only exhausted his own genius in his poetry, but that he had exhausted all the matter of Scottish life—he and Burns together—and that no more ground unturned up lay on this side of the Tweed. Perhaps he thought so too for a while, and shared in the general and natural delusion. But one morning before breakfast it occurred to him, that in all his poetry he had done little or nothing—though more for Scotland than any other of her poets, or perhaps than all put together—and that it would not be much amiss to commence a new series of inventions. Hence the prose tales, novels, and romances—not yet at an end—fresh floods of light, pouring all over Scotland, and occasionally illuminating England, France, and Germany, and even Palestine—what ever land had been ennobled by Scottish enterprise, genius, valor, and virtue. Now, we beg leave to decline answering our own question—has he ever written a great poem? We do not care one straw whether he has or not, for he has done this—he has exhibited human life in a greater variety of forms and light, all definite and dis-

ting, than any other man whose name has reached our ears—and therefore, without fear or trembling, we tell the world to its face, that he is, out of all sight, the greatest genius of the age, not forgetting Goethe, the Devil, and Dr. Faustus.

"What? Scott a greater genius than Byron?" Yes—beyond compare. Byron had a vivid and strong, but not a wide imagination. He saw things as they are, occasionally standing prominently and boldly out from the flat surface of this world; and in general, when his soul was up, he described them with a master's might. We speak of the external world—of nature and of art. Now observe how he dealt with nature. In his early poems he betrayed no passionate love of nature, though we do not doubt that he felt it; and even in the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* he was an unfrequent and no very devout worshipper at her shrine. We are not blaming his lukewarmness, but simply stating a fact. He had something else to think of, it would appear; and proved himself a poet. But in the third canto, "a change came over the spirit of his dream," and he "babbled o' green fields," floods, and mountains. Unfortunately, however, for his originality, that canto is almost a cento—his model being Wordsworth. His merit, whatever it may be, is limited, therefore, to that of imitation. And observe, the imitation is not merely occasional, or verbal; but all the descriptions are conceived in the spirit of Wordsworth, colored by it and shaped—from it they live, and breathe, and have their being—and that so entirely, that had the "Excursion" and "Lyrical Ballads" never been, neither had any composition at all resembling, either in conception or execution, the third canto of *Childe Harold*. His soul, however, having been awakened by the inspiration of the bard of nature, never afterwards fell asleep, nor got drowsy over her beauties or glories; and much fine description pervades most of his subsequent works. He afterwards made much of what he saw his own; and even described it after his own fashion; but a far mightier master in that domain was his instructor and guide—nor in his noblest efforts did he ever make any close approach to the beauty and sublimity of those inspired passages, which he had manifestly set as models before his imagination. With all the fair and great objects in the world of art, again, Byron dealt like a poet of original genius. They, themselves, and not descriptions of them, kindled his soul; and thus, "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," do almost entirely compose the fourth canto, which is worth, ten times over, all the rest. The impetuosity of his career is astonishing; never for a moment does his wing flag; ever and anon he stoops but to soar again with a more majestic sweep; and you see how he glories in his flight—that he is proud as Lucifer. The two first cantos are frequently cold, cumbrous, stiff, heavy, and dull; and, with the exception of perhaps a dozen stanzas, and these far from being of first-rate excellence, are found woefully wanting in imagination. Many passages are but the baldest prose. Byron, after all, was right in thinking—at first—but poorly of these cantos—and so was the friend, not Mr. Hobbhouse, who threw cold water upon them in manuscript. True, they "made a prodigious sensation," but bitter bad stuff has often done that; while often unheeded or unheard has been an angel's voice. Had they been suffered to stand alone, long ere now had they been pretty well forgotten; and had they been followed by other two cantos, no better than themselves, then had the whole four in good time been most certainly damned. But fortunately, the poet, in his pride, felt himself pledged to proceed; and proceed he did in a superior style; borrowing, stealing, and robbing, with a face of aristocratic assurance that must have amazed the plundered; but intermingling with the spoil, riches fairly won by his own genius from the exhaustless treasury of nature, who loved her wayward, wicked, and wondrous son. Is "Childe Harold," then, a great poem? What! with one half of it little above mediocrity, one quarter of it not original, either in conception or execution, and the remainder glorious! As for his tales—the "Giaour," "Cornair," "Lara," "Bride of Abydos," "Siege of Corinth," and so forth—they are all spirited, energetic, and passionate performances—sometimes nobly and sometimes meanly versified—but displaying neither originality nor fertility of invention, and assuredly no wide range either of feeling or of thought, though over that range a supreme dominion. Some of his dramas are magnificent—and over many of his smaller poems, pathos and beauty overflow. "Don Juan" exhibits almost every kind of cleverness—and in it the degradation of poetry is perfect. Many of these hints will doubtless appear impertinent and heterodox; but we would not advise any hostile critic in any periodical work to attempt to prove them so; for if he do, he may count upon the crutch.

There are not a few other praiseworthy poets adorning this age, of whom it would be far from unpleasant to speak; but we appear to have proved our point that the age has not produced a single great poem. It is, however, as we said before, a most poetical age; and were we to gather together all the poetry it has produced, and fling it into one heap, what an Olympus!

(To be concluded in our next.)

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Hewitt, Broadway, has just issued the following pieces of music: the "Minstrel to his harp," a ballad; the "Sea," as sung by Phillips; "Come to the sun-set tree," poetry by Mrs. Hemans; "Prince Leopold's grand march;" the "Rover's bride," by T. Haynes Bayley; the "Leipic gallopade;" a "Waltz rondo," for the piano-forte; the "Bridal star," and the "Tompkins Blues' quick march."

MONUMENTS IN EDINBURGH.

There are no less than three public monuments in process of erection in the metropolis of Scotland. One to Dugald Stewart, one to Robert Burns, and one to King George the Fourth.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER in New-York, if not the pleasantest month in the year, is still sure to furnish us with enjoyments which cannot be tasted at any other season. The Christmas holidays commence on the twenty-fifth, when thousands of grateful hearts unite to celebrate the nativity of our blessed Redeemer. "As the closing festival of the year, Christmas eclipses all its predecessors in splendor and hilarity; and Christmas eve in the city of New-York, exhibits a spectacle, which, to a stranger, must be highly pleasing and imposing. Whole rows of confectionary stores and toy-shops, fancifully, and often splendidly, decorated with festoons of bright silk drapery, interspersed with artificial flowers and natural evergreens, are brilliantly illuminated by gas-lights, arranged in every shape and form that fancy can devise. During the evening, until midnight, these places are crowded with visitors, some selecting toys and fruits for holiday presents; others merely sauntering from shop to shop to enjoy the varied scene. But the most interesting, and, in our estimation, the most delightful sight of all, is the happy and animated countenances of children on this occasion. Their joys cannot be restrained, but burst forth into boisterous mirth, or beam from the countenance in sunny smiles, which are still more expressive. If the weather be fair, music is heard from various quarters, while changing peals from the chiming bells of old Trinity, fall at intervals on the delighted ear."

Our English ancestors always considered Christmas in "the double light of a holy commemoration, and a cheerful festival; and accordingly distinguished it by devotion, by vacation from business, by merriment and hospitality." They seemed eagerly bent to make themselves and every body about them happy. The great hall resounded with the tumultuous joys of servants and tenants, and the gambols they played served as amusement to the lord of the mansion and his family; who, by encouraging every act conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavored to soften the rigor of the season, and mitigate the influence of winter.

On Christmas eve, it was customary with our ancestors to light up candles of an uncommon size, and lay a log of wood upon the hearth called a yule-log, to illuminate the house, and as it were, to turn night into day. The custom of decorating their churches and dwellings with evergreens, at this season, is still observed by their descendants, though few have ever investigated its origin. "Among the ancient Romans, the laurel was an emblem of peace, joy, and victory; whence, it has been conjectured, we have taken the custom of dressing up our houses with laurel, as an emblem of joy for the victory gained over the power of darkness, and of that peace on earth, and good will towards man, which the angels sang over the fields of Bethlehem! Other evergreens were subsequently added, with artificial flowers, and such other ornaments, as taste and fancy have successively suggested.

We most cordially agree with the writer just quoted, in the following sentiments:—"Let the external decorations and the superficial forms of this anniversary fade and fall into desuetude; or be replaced with newer glories, as fashion and caprice may dictate; but, let not the spirit of Christmas, at once holy and festive, ever evaporate from our feelings or be chilled by a non-observance of this happy season. Let the laurel—the symbol of peace and good-will—be green in our hearts, though it no longer adorn our parlors. A proper observance of the prescribed religious duties, hospitality and social brotherhood; an interchange of love; promoting presents; the festive board; the blazing fire; the moderate bowl, enlivened by music, wit, and song; the harmless sports and pastimes, for which none are too old who find a reflected pleasure from delighting the young; or who can renew, even for a single evening, the pleasant memories of their own childhood; but, above all, that enlarged philanthropy, which prompts us to look beyond our own circle of smiling faces, and to light up a similar gladness in the cottages of the poor by acts of charity—these are the observances which every man, to the extent of his ability, is strictly bound to maintain; for they constitute the foundation of that religion which inculcates universal love."

In country places, as has been before observed, where home-born joys must necessarily be resorted to, the Christmas holidays, perhaps, afford the highest degree of satisfaction. The gigantic yule-log, a long time previously selected for the purpose, is rolled upon the hearth; and around the crackling flame, soon kindled before it, is placed a plentiful supply of nuts, cake, and sparkling cider, to regale the mirthful circle.

"In all my wanderings through this vale of tears,
From infancy to manhood's riper years,
Whatever pains assailed, or griefs oppress'd,
Christmas and New-year always saw me best.
A lengthened absence o'er, how pleasant then
To meet the friends I dearest loved again!
Grasp the warm hand, or share the fond embrace,
And see new smiles lit up in every face.
'Twas Christmas-eve—the supper-board was spread,
The fire blazed high, with logs of hickory fed;
The candles, too, unusual lustre lent,
Candles expressly made for this event.
Old tales were told—the cheerful glass went round,
While peals of laughter made the cot resound.
A thousand welcomes hailed the truant boy,
And swift the moments flew on hours of joy;
Till (as they thought, too soon) the hour of prayer
Bade the young urchins to their beds repair;
But first the stocking from each little leg
Must be suspended from a hook or peg.
That Santa Claus, who travels all the night,
Might, in the dark, bestow his favors right.
These rites observed—they take a parting kiss,
And go to dream of morning's promised bliss;
Thus did a week of festive pleasures roll,
Till New-year's happy morning crown'd the whole."

* Festivals, games, and amusements.

For the New-York Mirror

MY AUNT.

My aunt has many queer notions,
She never butters her bread;
She declares that the Bulwer novels
Are things not fit to be read;
She thinks that to flirt is a crime,
And especially with youth;
And she thinks the "Paradise Lost,"
Is every syllable truth.
My aunt has got to her spectacles,
Though without them she sees well enough;
She is very well versed in politics,
And thinks your poetry stuff.
She imagines that all the clergymen
Are as wise as wise can be;
She thinks that Pope is a poet—
But there she agrees with me.
She dreams she can tell the mark that is left
On my cousin's lip by a kiss;
And of all her antic theories
I am sure not to meddle with this.
She might tell the track of a bird through the air,
Or the track of a ship on the sea—
On the viewless heart, not the visible lip,
The stamp of a kiss will be!

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MASANIELLO is less successful than Cinderella. The prevailing opinion appears to be that it is, in several instances, ineffectively cast, and in a manner different from that originally intended. In every other respect it is well got up, and would have been uncommonly attractive. Mr. Sinclair's Masaniello is superior to all his previous efforts. There is less redundancy of embellishment, he displays a better conception of the character, acts altogether with more spirit and feeling, and imparts greater effect to the music. We have before remarked that his barcarole in the second act is strikingly beautiful, and the fragments of melodies which the rebel fisherman has sung in the earlier parts of the piece, and which, in his mad scene after the poisoning, float in broken passages through his wandering imagination, were very creditable specimens of his ability. Mr. Richings escaped safely through some pretty perilous pieces of music, partly sheltered under cover of an influenza. His playing was forcible and excellent, as in such pieces it usually is. Mrs. Barrymore, the dumb girl, exhibited the same skill in pantomime for which she has already been deservedly praised in the Dumb Savoyard, but a little more pathos might heighten the effect, which is injured by the superabundance of merry dancing. Mrs. Sharpe, as Elvira, exerted herself greatly, and her execution of the first few passages was quite above mediocrity, but every repetition of the opera has rendered it more clearly apparent that the part is entirely out of her sphere, as is also that of Alfonso out of Mr. Thorne's. Yet, we may add, it would be ingratiate to the past services of both these useful performers in other departments, to forget that the present characters, from their attempts of which we are obliged to withhold praise, are not voluntarily assumed by them, but are undertaken at the command of those who have superintended the getting up of the piece. It is no discredit to a successful representative of Lady Macbeth, that she is not at home in opera, nor to a singer with a pleasing base voice, that he does not make a hit in a part written for a high tenor.

Mr. Forest's Gladiator continues to draw, after numerous repetitions. He played it in this city to a large and gratified audience. The star of little Burke's bright fortune does not seem to strengthen its lustre.

The American Theatre and the Richmond Hill, present strong bills. Miss Clifton has been extending her circle of admirers, and Mrs. Duff, at the Richmond Hill, brings white heads, and wise ones too, to enjoy her striking and powerful playing. It is announced that her daughter, Miss Duff, whose reputation has already reached us, is to appear at this house.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

CINDERELLA IN PHILADELPHIA.

GENTLEMEN—It may not be unacceptable to many of your readers to hear of the progress which this "enfant gâté" of the New-York public has made during its visit to a sister city. In removing this pet child from under the care of the parent public which fostered its infancy, the principal agents in the affair naturally had some dread; first, as to the mode in which the piece would be treated in its production by a new management; and secondly, as to its reception by a new public. The first difficulty seemed, in a great degree, removed, by the fact, that Mr. Maywood was lessee of the theatre in Chestnut-street, whose experience and knowledge of the profession are well known. The second and greater apprehension, as regards its reception by a new audience, was materially alleviated by the known facts, that the Philadelphians are great amateurs of music; that when the French operas were well performed they were well supported; and that Cinderella, in point of musical composition, had claims of a very high order; the talents of Mr. Jones would bear criticism, and Mrs. Austin's musical attainments were previously established. The only remaining point, then, was the capability of Mr. Maywood's company to fill the very extended cast of the piece, including a full band and complete choir. Suffice it to say, that the orchestral and choral arrangements were committed to Norton, and

for further explanation we proceed to the night of performance. The doors of the gallery and pit were besieged long before the time of entrance; and, on the former being opened, a rush took place which filled the theatre with sable and party-colored gentlemen, who had no particular disposition to pay; the police having restored order, the overture commenced to a house crowded from pit to gallery. In the band we observed Milon, as *chef d'orchestre*; Norton, Cuddy, Reinhardt, and almost every musician of eminence in Philadelphia; at the first double bass, Meignan; at the second, Worral. The overture was received with great applause, and was, in truth, admirably played. The curtain then rose to the light and playful notes of the flute—and such a flute!—and the groups of fairies commenced their gambols, as at the Park. This scene decidedly exceeded that at New-York; there was a greater warmth of coloring, and a dazzling effect, admirably in keeping, with birds of all descriptions, which plumed themselves, and fluttered in every direction across the water; fish, of golden and silver hues, likewise sported through the waves. The fairy queen appeared on the lake, in a car drawn by swans—a far superior mode of travelling to that adopted at the Park, where two boys, in blue bed-gowns and black leather shoes, tug for dear life to bring on Mrs. Wallack. The flying cupids, likewise, consisted of certain painted representatives of the same in the distance, and left a better impression upon the audience than the two or three children suspended by the back at the Park theatre, like the sign of the golden fleece over the door of a hosier's shop. The female chorus, however, was neither so graceful nor so effective in their music as those we have been accustomed to see and hear in New-York; not so with the fairy queen—her music was much better executed, her action lighter, and more graceful; and her personation of the old woman excellent. Mrs. Wallack had, however, one superiority—her diction is less hurried, and more distinct. Before we quit the fairy queen we have to add, that her appearance in the *finale* of the first act was very properly in the likeness of an old woman, not of a fairy; and in the second act her entrance, instead of being clumsily managed from behind, took place through the fire-place. The scenery, excepting the first, is hardly equal to that of the Park; the transformation of the kitchen into a palace not so perfect; but that of Cinderella and Pedro, during the dance, better. The male chorus was strong and perfect to a note. Alidora was played by Mr. Rowbotham admirably; he sang the music as well as Richings, and looked more like "that wonderful man whose great wisdom, whose flaming lights—but allow me to present to you," my daughters—who were Mrs. Rowbotham and Miss Amelia Fisher, and who sang extremely well; the former acted the part as well as we could wish; the latter was superior to her sister, Mrs. Vernon, in singing, but lacked that humor which makes that lady so excellent a representative of Thibbe. Mr. Mercer was the valet Dandini; his voice is firmer and stronger than that of Mr. Thorne, and more effective in concerted music, although not so flexible; he acted the part with a good deal of broad humor, but not with so much neatness. We know that actors will make the audience laugh if they can, and if they cannot succeed with the better classes they will try the worst. We never yet could assent to the propriety of arranging the cloak ungracefully, and pressing the hat over the eyes in such a character as that of Dandini, whose daily occupation is avowedly the arranging garments so as to set off his master's figure to the best advantage; however, we suppose Messrs. Thorne and Mercer know best, or think they do, which is the same thing, touching such matters. We have now to speak of the Baron, who was represented by Mr. John Fisher, and really he exceeded our expectations. To please in the Baron Pumpolino, after Placide has been seen in that character, we consider a very arduous undertaking. Dull pomposity and grave absurdity in him have so powerful a representative; and, withal, he is what the French term *so toujours en scène*, and so correct and efficient in the music, that any body else must fail in some of these particulars. Mr. John Fisher dressed the character admirably; but he was too light, too fidgety, and lost many of the finest points in the piece for want of that impenetrable gravity which pervades Placide; he was correct in his music, and although not equal to our New-York *buffo* in the concerted pieces generally, yet in the comic duet, "Sir, a secret," there was very little to choose between them. Pedro we found in the hands of Roberts, and he had formed a very different conception of the character from Mr. Placide. We are not prepared to say a better conception; but, nevertheless, it was a very amusing one. He threw a sluggish manner and dry humor into the part, which was extremely droll; and his persuading Cinderella to smile upon the people, and hold out her foot, both which gestures he described, convulsed the audience with laughter.

The second representation brought a fine house, more fashionably attended than the first; the box-book for the third was better than either of the foregoing, but an apology was made for Cinderella, whose last trip to the ball had afflicted her with the prevailing influenza, of which malady she is confined at this present writing, to the great dismay of the manager, and disappointment of those who have already secured seats for future performances. This opera has established the fact, that if managers can be found with sufficient taste and sense to get up sterling pieces, with fine music, executed with fidelity by efficient performers, Philadelphia has taste enough to appreciate and wealth enough to reward such exertions, while quackery will fail in both cities.

B.

STENOGRAPHIC MACHINE.

At a late sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences, a statement was made that a skilful mechanic, residing in the south of France, had invented a stenographic machine by which it is possible to write sixty times faster than it is to speak. The machine consists of keys, the touches of which correspond with letters.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

COURTSHIP.

THE other day I received the following letter, which I hand to you, gentlemen of the Mirror, for publication. It comes from a young man whom I have been accustomed to advise upon various subjects, as, notwithstanding I am much the elder, there subsists between us a kind of friendship, of a warm and faithful nature:—

DEAR SEDLEY.—Although you may be inclined to smile upon the perusal of this, you will restrain your mirth, and furnish me with a serious opinion, when I declare that I am deeply interested in the event. Be secret as the grave, I pray and beseech you, for dear, dear Sedley, I am in love. How I came to be so, I can scarcely explain, but that I am so, alas, alas! these fevers and tremors, these lofty hopes and childish fears—the transcendent brightness of one, and the comparative dimness of all the world beside, but too clearly prove. I am subject to capricious depressions and exhilarations of spirits. I tremble when I come into her presence. Every thing I say, or do, or feel, convinces me that I am in love. But now, (I can feel myself blush in thus exposing my secret emotions, even to you) now we come to my grand misfortune: I have found it impossible to make my beloved Lavinia, comprehend my sentiments, although I have never neglected to pay her every marked and tender duty becoming a devoted lover to his mistress; although I have racked my brain in inventing elegant *double entendres*, by means of which I might declare my passion, although apparently performing the most trivial office of civility, yet she takes no more notice of the same than if she were my sister. That you may more clearly perceive how perverse, how deaf and blind my enchantress is, I shall enumerate several little tender things I have vainly said and done in order to touch her flinty heart, and open her dear, obstinate, beautiful eyes. Having last week attended her and her family to the play, I so far forgot myself, during the recitation of a soft passage, which I deemed applicable to my own feelings, that I seized her hand, and gave it such a gentle and expressive squeeze as I thought must do the business for me effectually, when she turned around, with an air of sweet surprise, and asked me if I was “going.” On another occasion I sat with her in the midst of a large circle, one of whom was reading the address of a lover to his mistress. It was so eloquent, and so exactly expressive of my own misery, that I felt my eyes grow moist, and cast a look of meaning towards my innamorata, intending, by treading lightly on her toe, to make her perceive how I was affected. Instead of producing my object, however, she informed me, across the table, that I was treading on her foot, with so much gravity and simplicity, that I am sure either her innocent soul has not the slightest conception that I love her, or else she is the most consummate actress that ever existed.

I have thus already declared myself a thousand times, and in a thousand different ways. I have expressed my passion while handing her a plate of bread and butter, or let it betray itself when other people thought I was poking the fire. I have done every thing that a modest man should, except plump myself down upon my knee, like respectable lovers in small-clothes, represented in the old novels, and yet I cannot detect in her, even in her most unguarded moments, any evidence that she returns my attachment, or even that she has any idea of its existence. I think I will write her a letter, only one would not like to see such things in the hand of a third person. Even should I do so, and with a trembling hand and beating heart, upon a sheet of rose-colored gold-edged paper, trace the interesting and elegant confession:—“Madam—You must be aware, from my frequent visits, little attentions, &c. &c. that my heart,” &c. &c. &c.; I should not be astonished on my next visit to find the fatal letter lying wide open on her table, or getting commented on by some detestable fop, with whiskers and whalebone cane, for the benefit of a select company.

Now, dear Mr. Sedley, what shall I do?—Shall I at once abandon the chase? alas! that is impossible. Shall I, one of these days, when I catch her alone, make up to her boldly, and swear I love her, and will marry her, if she will let me? I fear my tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth; my voice would fail me, and one of her quizzical looks would annihilate me utterly. Believe me, &c. &c.

Yours, R. L. B.

I truly sympathize with this unfortunate young man, and have thought I could render him the most appropriate service by printing his account, that the young lady, whoever she is, may take the hint, and either dismiss him at once, or give him, at least, some trifling testimony that she may one day be brought to love him. Although no subject is more often the theme of ridicule than that of love, yet few men can say they have not, at times, deemed it of more importance to their happiness than they are willing to confess. Who has not loved?—who has not, at some period of his life, found a little saucy gipsy more dear than any thing else earthly—some particular pair of eyes that possessed the magic power of ruling his proud feelings, as the moon does the tide, and shooting delicious transports, or exquisite agonies along his nerves. There is a time, when a young girl is raised to the rank of an omnipotent despot over the happiness of her lover, and I confess I should be inclined to consider her a worthy or unworthy character, by her actions towards him. If she love him, she should, in the proper time, and with due modesty, suffer him to perceive her preference. There is a noble frankness in this, superior to any rule of fashion, which a man of true delicacy and sensibility will instantly appreciate.

As for our friend, the author of the above letter, we recommend him to fall straightway in love with some more acute and discrimi-

nating damsel, or to go forward, like a man, and offer her his hand and heart. Whether he choose to do so by letter, or by any other fashion, ought to be the result of circumstances; but there is something dissatisfactory in the former method, and, I confess an antipathy to it. It is like sending in a bill, and has a cool business-look, inconsistent with the fullness and wealth of love, which ought to be gushing out from the overflowing young heart, in a thousand various directions. What can be more stiff than this?

“Madam—Permit me to adopt this method of discovering what you cannot be altogether ignorant of,” &c. &c.—and, “Sir—Your favor came to hand this morning, and, after showing it to papa and mamma, I have come to the conclusion that,” &c.

Give me the girl who can feel, and return feeling, without pen, ink, and paper. Let her lover be with her in the ordinary circumstances of daily life; let him take her hand in the dance; assist her into a carriage, or across the room; let them be distant when observed, but their eyes meet by stealth; let him whisper one word when accident flings them together alone; let him then hold her hand in the twilight room, when the dusky beams of the fire fill the apartment with pleasant shadows, and heighten all her charms; let him breathe his hopes and feelings into her half-averted ear; let her face reward him with one glowing look of love, before it buries its blushing beauties in his bosom, and then—grave and respectable readers of this gazette, pardon me—recollections of departed years, whither have ye led me? A momentary flush of youth stole over my cold spirit; I will not be so betrayed again.

The character of the young lady which my friend has depicted above, reminds me of one whom I once knew, of an exactly opposite description. Instead of resolutely blinding herself to the attempts of her lover to express his attachment, she was forever eagerly on the look out for evidences of the effects of her fascinations, and frequently succeeded in discovering them, when the lover himself was ignorant of them. A gentleman could scarcely be decent to her without convincing her that his heart was a little touched. If you drank her health, you were yielding gradually to her enchantments; carving her a piece of the beef was attended with no little risk; and leaning over her at the piano, established your reputation as a desperate adorer.

Such a lady resembles a whirlpool. Young gentlemen should be careful how they sail too near her, or they may find themselves sucked down into a promise of marriage before they suspect whom they are talking to. A civil smile covers the sensitive damsel with embarrassment and blushes; and if you hand her a motto paper, she tells you, “No, her heart is engaged to another.” There is a third class of females, who lie like pointed rocks in the apparently serene sea of courtship. They are such as will suffer from a youth any reasonable familiarity. You may squeeze their hands, snatch a kiss from their lips, steal a curl from their head, assail their hearts with the most tender attentions, until, in fact, you believe matters quite settled, and look about for “a two-story brick house, in a genteel part of the city,” when, to your horror and consternation, you discover some handsome young puppy has been actually doing the same thing, and under the same impression. From these, and similar troubles, which I may make the theme of a future essay, I am confirmed in a resolution of bachelorship, which “fire cannot burn out of me.”

SEDLEY.

FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

THE DEATH OF THE GENTLE USHER.

A CHAPTER FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Like light
That needs must die, although its little beam
Reflects upon a diamond.—Shelley.

CLEMENT REVERE, though filling an office not often popular, was loved like an elder brother by every boy under his care. He performed his duties with a modest and unassuming gentleness, that won the heart of the most refractory. Few could remember a harsh word from his lips, and yet his government was salutary and perfect to a degree never known in the previous annals of the school, and his particular pupils were remarked always at college for the vein of scholarlike and nice apprehension which ran through their attainments in the particular reading for which he had prepared them. He was himself a ripe and beautiful scholar, imbued to the very soul with the sweetness and fulness of classic poetry, and it was his only weakness as a teacher, that he would take the hesitating passage from the lips of the forgotten delinquent, and read on, in the exquisite cadence of his Latinity, with a flushed cheek and a kindling eye, to the end.

He had studied originally for the pulpit, but a pulmonary weakness had compelled him to relinquish the profession; and with the bitter disappointment of his highest hopes lying heavily at his heart, he sat down sadly, but resignedly, to his trying employment. In preparing for duties he was not to fulfil, however, he had found, like many others, that there were temptations far short of the goal, strong and winning enough to make even the most earnest slacken in his career; and it went well nigh to console him for his checked ambition, that he was left idle by the sweet wells of knowledge, and could accomplish himself, without reproach, in the seductive graces of the scholar. Later than any light in the village burned the solitary lamp in the usher's window; and the shadow of his slight figure bending over his book, lay sometimes for hours as motionless as a painting on the white curtain. It was plain to every body's eye that he was a martyr to study. As he went stooping

along the path to school, putting his hand frequently to his side, as if to still a sudden pain, the very villagers looked after him with pity. His form was the slightest that could be called a man's. A little above the middle height, and with a painful stoop in his slender chest, he looked as if he were walking out for the first time under the extremest emaciation of sickness. His countenance still held the look of calm, placid abstraction, and though it was probable, from the habitual pressure of his hand upon his side, that he suffered constant pain, the sweet, child-like smile upon his lips never changed, and his tone, up to the last day he sat in his desk, had kept its winning and serene cheerfulness unbroken.

The gentle usher had given his last lesson. A slight cold had settled upon his lungs, and after raising blood all night, with a distressing cough, he was found upon his bed at morning too faint and exhausted even to speak. The physician was called in, but a single glance at his unnaturally bright eye, and the vivid spot flushing in his cheek, convinced him that it was too late; and ordering only some soothing medicines which relieved his immediate distress, he left him to sink as gently as he might, amid the appliances of affectionate care, to his grave.

For several days he lay without much pain, growing hourly, though almost imperceptibly, weaker and weaker. His reason was still clear; and as he needed little attendance, the eldest of his particular pupils watched with him, by turns. On the fourth night of his illness, he sent unexpectedly for Ernest. He had taken a fancy to his new pupil in the short time he had been under his care, and the boy's heart had leaped to him at once with a strong reciprocation of interest. He obeyed the summons with a sorrowful eagerness.

The sick man welcomed him with a smile as he entered, and when the nurse had retired to rest, Ernest read to him, at his request, till he slept. As soon as his breathing became audible, he closed the book, and sitting down at the open window, looked out upon the night. The air blew cool and freshly amid his hair, and the solemn click of the cricket, mingling with the low murmur from the distant river, fell with a pleasant harmony upon his ear. Across the valley in every direction shot the vanishing streak of the fire-fly; and softly above burned the unclouded stars, twinkling like revolving lamps in the heavens; and as the young watcher gazed on their beautiful order, and took in with his eye the glorious bend of their courses, and felt the absolute stillness of the night pressing on him like the hand of some invisible spirit, a feeling of awe mingled with a wild delight came over him, and he uttered an involuntary exclamation—“how beautiful! how beautiful!”

“Yes!” said a low, sweet tone at his ear; and forgetting his surprise in the fascination of the voice, he yielded his chair to the dying usher, and sat down in a listening attitude beside him—“Yes; and beautiful as they are, they are all accurately numbered and governed, and just as they burn now have they burned since the creation, ‘never faint in their watches,’ and never absent from their place. How glorious they are! How thrilling it is to see them stand with such a constant silence in the sky, unsteady and unsupported, obeying the great law of their Maker! What pure and silvery light it is! How steadily it pours from those small fountains, giving every spot of earth its due portion! The hovel and the palace are shone upon equally, and the shepherd gets as broad a beam as the king, and these few rays that are now streaming into my feverish eyes were meant and lavished only for me. I have often thought—(cover me, Ernest! the night grows chill)—I have often thought how ungrateful I have been in calling myself poor, when there is so much that no poverty can take away. Clusters of silver rays from every star in these heavens are mine. Every breeze that breaks on my forehead was sent for my refreshment. Every echo that I catch from that sweet river playing upon its pebbled bottom below us, was meant for my ear, and this subdued fragrance that comes up from the earth to my window, and the singing of these melancholy insects, and your own care, my dear Ernest, are all gifts that poverty could not take away. It is not often that I forget these treasures—(sit closer to me, Ernest! the night grows cold)—not often, for I have loved the night-heavens with a passionate affection from my boyhood, and nature in every form has been always unspeakably dear to me—for in it I see the evidence of an Almighty Maker; and in the excessive beauty of the stars, and the unfading and equal glory of their steadfast fires, I see glimpses of immortal beauty, and find an answer to the eternal questioning within me.

One—two!—the village clock strikes clear to-night! Chase my hands, Ernest—I am very cold. Nay, not to bed yet—!—I sit awhile longer, and look upon the stars. It is the last time—I am sure of it—the very last! Yet, to-morrow night those stars will all be there—not one missing from the sky, nor shining one ray the less because I am dead. It is strange that this thought should be so bitter—strange that the companionship should be so close between our earthly affections and those spiritual worlds; and stranger yet, that, satisfied as we must be that we shall know them nearer and better when released from our flesh, we still cling so fondly to our earthly and imperfect vision. I feel, Ernest, that I shall traverse hereafter every star in those bright heavens. If the course of that career of knowledge, which I believe in my soul it will be the reward of the blessed to run, be determined in any degree by the strong desires that yearn so sickeningly within us, I see the thousand gates of my future heaven shining at this instant above me. There they are—the clustering Pleiades, with their “sweet influences,” and the morning star melting into the east with its transcendent lambency and whiteness, and the broad galaxy with its myriads of bright spheres dissolving into each other's light, and belting the heavens like a girdle. I shall see them all! I shall know them and their inhabitants as the angels of God know them. The

mystery of their order, and the secret of their wonderful harmony, and the duration of their appointed courses—all will be clear! I am glad that I am dying now. I would not—(colder—colder—how chill it is!) I would not live longer. * * * Well—well—I'll get to bed. * * * So—cover me! * * * Cold—cold—cold! will nothing warm me? * * * Press my hand, Ernest! * * * I feel it not—dying—dying—dying! Oh God! release me quickly! * * * Still cold—still living!—raise my head, Ernest!—dying—dying!”

Ernest took the lamp, and sitting down by the bedside gazed upon the face of the dead usher with irresistible curiosity. It was the first time he had even seen death. The lids were half closed, and in the clear blue eyes, still visible through the long dark eyelashes, there swam a softness as if they were filled with tears. He gazed upon the lips, slightly parted as if about to speak, and looking, in their fresh color and placid mildness of expression, as if just about to break into a smile, and, with tenderness, as if the form beneath him were living, he put away a lock of silken hair from his forehead, and counted the branching veins lying blue and lifeless upon his finely-formed temples. Could this be death!

He sat holding the dim lamp to the face till a broad sun-beam, falling upon the motionless lips from the eastern window, interrupted his busy thoughts.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE subject of female education, although much discussed, is not exhausted, and with pleasure we bear witness to the fact that of late years it has assumed a more favorable aspect in this city and its environs. Among other similar institutions, report speaks highly of the Brooklyn Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies. The following address was delivered at the late anniversary of that establishment by Fanning C. Tucker, president of the board of trustees. It is from the pen of a writer, herself an accomplished female of no ordinary reputation for poetic ability and general literary attainments. We copy it into our pages with the view of affording to our young readers the advantage of a perusal, which, we believe, was intended to be confined to the members of the institute.

AN ADDRESS ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

At the present period of society, when the light of knowledge, no longer the feeble glimmering of an uncertain dawn, is rapidly becoming "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day," it may seem idle and superfluous to call your attention to so hackneyed a subject as that of education. But permit me to observe, that a subject of such vital importance to us, both as individuals and citizens, can scarcely be too often presented to our view. There is, perhaps, no country in the world, where the benefits of education are so fully appreciated, and so widely diffused, as in our own. Schools, both public and private, have multiplied in every part of the union; and even our common seminaries are now conducted upon such enlarged and liberal principles, as were formerly unknown beyond the walls of a university. But, even in this enlightened age, there is one point which yet remains somewhat in dispute—I mean the education of females. It is not long since the belief in woman's inferior capacity was at least tacitly admitted; and there are many even now who adhere to that belief: but let us inquire what domain of human knowledge man can claim as his exclusive right. Is it the boundless field of classic lore? Where can be found a more indefatigable laborer in that fruitful soil, than was Madame Dacier, the elegant translator of Plutarch? Is it the rugged steep of science? How few of all those who have toiled up that ascent ever attained such an elevated station as Maria Agnesi, the young and beautiful professor of mathematics at Bologna! Is it the thorny road of political economy, or the flowery paths of general literature? Who has ever traversed the former with such masculine vigor, or threaded the pleasant mazes of the latter with such feminine tact as Madame de Staël, the wonder of the other sex, the envy of ours? Is it the fairy land of poesy? Who, since the days of Shakspeare, could lay claim to the title of "Poet of the Passions," until it was proudly won by Miss Baillie? Where, since the early days of Campbell, have been found more sweetness and polish than in the productions of our universal favorite, Mrs. Hemans?

From the almost numberless examples of female intellect, a few only have been adduced, with which we are all familiar; and surely they are enough to convince any unprejudiced mind that heaven has conferred upon woman, no less than upon man, the gifts of talent and genius. By the proper restraints of her sex, woman is prevented from buffeting the waves of popular prejudice, and diving into the depths of science after the yet undiscovered gems of truth; but who will dare assert that she is therefore insensible to their value, or incapable of grasping them?

It has been asserted by some, whose minds were capable of a much wider range of observation than the remark would seem to indicate, that education, though it always renders man an ornament to his station in society, invariably unfits a woman for the duties which seem to have been allotted her by nature. This cannot possibly be true. Our ordinary experience certainly affords no proof that an enlightened mind is the most prone to error; it rather teaches us that they whose eyes have been opened to "see the right," seldom will voluntarily "the wrong pursue." I speak not now of what is usually termed the eccentricity of genius, though that might be referred to as another evidence of the necessity of a proper education; for, were talents always subjected to the discipline of the schools, we should not find a Mary Wollstonecraft pleading the cause

of immorality and atheism under pretence of advocating the rights of women; nor would our country have been so recently insulted by the presence of a woman, who still more boldly tramples upon the restraints of modesty and decorum, and publicly proclaims herself the "apostle of infidelity." These are things which, if they were the result of mental cultivation, would induce a parent to suppress every glimmering of intellect in his darling and innocent child; but we need no argument to convince us that only those who have been "nursed in darkness," are prone to evil rather than to good.

Another objection which has been urged, with some apparent truth, against the present enlarged system of female education is, that it is calculated to render women pedants and bookworms, rather than useful members of the domestic circle; but to confute this, we need only recur to our own personal experience; since, doubtless, there are few among us, who cannot number among their friends women as much distinguished for domestic virtues as for superior intellect and extensive acquirements. Indeed, is it not absurd to suppose that our daily repast will be less grateful, because intellect and elegance preside at the social board? or that our household fires will burn less brightly, because kindled by a torch from the shrine of Minerva?

The true cause of all these various objections appears to be a misconception of the term education. A good education includes the culture of the heart as well as of the mind. It implies not merely the improvement of the mental faculties, but also the government of the passions and the proper direction of the affections. We should not think a garden beautiful where the weeds had been allowed to grow up among the flowers, however green and flourishing it might appear; neither should we deem a woman well educated whose heart was the abode of folly and vanity, however her mind might be stored with knowledge. One of our best writers on education (herself a striking proof of its benefits) has compared a well regulated mind to a watch, where every part is so nicely balanced, that no one can preponderate. This is a very apt illustration. Of the various faculties with which heaven has endowed us, each may be perfect in itself, but from some error in our adjustment of them, (if I may use the term,) all may become useless. It is only by the most unwearied self-discipline that this correct balance of the mental powers can be effected; and the ability to discipline one's self can only be derived from education.

To employ the rapidly developing faculties of early childhood merely as sources of amusement to ourselves, is certainly not the proper method of bestowing upon our children the treasures of wisdom; yet this is the course usually pursued. If we would reap the rich harvest of a truly good education, the work of cultivation must commence at a much earlier period than even our most zealous laborers in the field of knowledge would deem necessary. As soon as a child is capable of receiving different degrees of pleasure from different objects, the task of instruction should commence; not however, by means of dry precept and tedious disquisition, for these would be incomprehensible; but by resorting to all those thousand devices which a judicious instructor is so ingenious in contriving, in order to inform as well as amuse. Every opportunity of imparting knowledge should be eagerly seized; for knowledge acquired at such an age, becomes a part of our very nature; and, whatever may be the course of our after life, the impressions received in early childhood are never totally effaced.

But to whom is the sacred and laborious duty of early instruction delegated? Is it to the father, who, returning from his daily toil, seeks in the bosom of his family that peace which never abides in the turmoil of the world? Surely not. The conflict with a hard and selfish world is enough for him; the duty of combating with rebellious human nature is reserved for the mother's portion. No father can, no father ought, to know how much heaviness of heart, how much weariness of spirit, the mother has endured, in order to render his children the objects of his pride as well as of his affection. To foster the germ of mental energy, to train up the early shoots of intellect, and, more than all, to watch over the pure fresh feelings of the youthful heart, and direct its innocent affections to "things above," so that it may never be induced to "place its happiness lower than itself," these are the ennobling duties of a mother.

But can these duties be performed by the woman whose mental energies were in early youth wasted upon the fascinating pages of romance, and, in later life, frittered away amid the frivolities of fashion? "Never," observed a man of acknowledged sense and penetration, "never have I known a man distinguished for wisdom and virtue who was the son of a foolish mother." This is emphatically true; and when we consider how often the temper and dispositions which we falsely ascribe to nature, may be traced to impressions received in infancy, our own experience will bear testimony to its truth. The husbandman who should scatter his seed among the dry clods of an untilled field, and then go his way rejoicing in the anticipation of a rich harvest, would be far more likely to reap tares than wheat; yet there would not be more folly in his expectations, than in those of the well-meaning, but injudicious mother, who, after having allowed the precious years of infancy to slip by, fondly hopes to gather from the youthful mind the rare fruits of virtue and religion, the principles of which no previous culture had fitted it to receive. Education must begin in infancy. Even in the nurse's arms a child learns to distinguish between pleasurable and disagreeable objects: and in the same manner, that is to say, by making appeals to the senses, may it be taught the difference between right and wrong. If it be true, as some wise men have asserted, that the first ten years give a coloring to man's whole life, then let women look well to their maternal duties, for awful is their responsibility.

Could the secret biography of heroes and sages throughout the earth be correctly ascertained, so as to trace the progress of early education, what a brilliant lustre would be shed on the maternal character? Even in the pages of general history, notwithstanding its vague and unsatisfactory sketches of the detail of life, how universally do we find the influence of women made manifest. It is recorded of the greatest orator of antiquity, that the wise and politic plans which it had cost him years to frame, could be overturned in a single day by a woman; and Tacitus himself, the most impartial of historians, has not hesitated to trace the degeneracy of morals, under the emperors, to the period when Roman matrons began to relinquish to slaves and hirelings the education of their children. If such are the desolating effects of woman's ill-directed influence, let us reflect for a moment upon the incalculable benefits which might be derived from the same powerful force, when exerted in its proper direction. Those only who have been long accustomed to look into the springs of human action, can be aware how much the general state of civilized society depends on the sentiments and habits of women; for, while many are willing to admit the powerful effect of female elegance on the manners of men, few will readily acknowledge the influence of female principles upon their character. But to those who can only be taught by examples, we can give one noble evidence of the advantages of woman's influence. Let us recall to mind the history of the man who directed the destinies of our own proud and happy country—let us look at the moral grandeur of his character—let us behold him gifted with the heart to desire, the intellect to plan, and the hand to achieve, the freedom of an infant nation—let us observe him placed at the head of that nation, idolized by its citizens, respected by its enemies, admired by the world—yet, uncontaminated by that ambition which is so generally the offspring of power, we see him quietly resigning that proudest of all titles, the ruler of a free people, and returning with his early, simple habits, to the tillage of his humble farm. Yes—let us contemplate in every point of view the majesty of this character, which stands, like the pyramids of Egypt, the unrivalled object of a world's admiration, and then let us recollect with noble pride, that the character of our illustrious Washington was formed by his mother.

In a country like ours, where wealth is continually fluctuating, where the fortune which a father bequeaths to his son to-day may be totally consumed by some sudden revolution in commerce to-morrow, the only alienable property which can be bestowed upon our children, is an unblemished name and a good education. Under such a government as ours, the latter is indispensable. Ours has been called a nation of kings; and when we reflect on the incalculable mischief which is daily effected, in less happy countries, by unenlightened rulers and an ignorant populace, we may form some idea of the evils which would result from an uninformed and uneducated sovereign people. The little boy who climbs his father's knee, and hears his infantile prattle into his delighted ear, may be called, at some future period, to direct the destinies of a large portion of our fellow-countrymen. The path to distinction is open to all, however lowly their station; for the aristocracy of talent is the only aristocracy which Americans acknowledge; and this we cannot reject, since it bears heaven's own signet on its patent of nobility. Is it not absolutely essential, then, that the heart and mind of every child in the community should be objects of earnest solicitude to every patriotic bosom? "The old systems of education are good for nothing," said the first consul of France to Madame Campan, when he visited the school under her direction. "What is yet requisite, in order that young persons may be well educated in France?" continued he. "Mothers," was the emphatic reply. "True, madam," answered Napoleon; "let Frenchmen, therefore, acknowledge their obligation to you, as having been the first to educate mothers for their children." Napoleon well knew that the only materials out of which a mighty nation could be formed, were rational, enlightened, educated men; and the importance of female influence, in early life, could not possibly escape the penetration of such an adept in human nature.

Let me not be misunderstood when I thus earnestly insist upon the necessity of female education. I do not mean that our daughters should be rendered capable of becoming teachers of classical literature, or professors of the sciences; but I would have them intimately acquainted with all useful branches of human knowledge. I would have them sufficiently versed in the learning of the ancients to be able to lay the foundation of a classical education in their sons; I would have them so well skilled in those elegant arts which form the embellishments of life, that they may be able to improve to the utmost the developing tastes of their daughters; and, above all, I would have them deeply and thoroughly imbued with the knowledge of the scriptures—the wisdom which cometh from above—the pure and holy and liberal principles of that religion, whose founder was the Redeemer of a world.

The duty of a mother is indeed an arduous one; but its very difficulty renders it incapable of being transferred to other hands. To struggle with the untamed passions of human nature—those passions whose early development affords the most convincing proof that the heart of the natural man is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked"—to arouse the spirit of useful inquiry in the infant mind—to direct that inquiry to subjects which may purify the heart and elevate the intellect—to impart the first notions of a deity, and afterwards to improve those vague ideas into a love and reverence for the bountiful Creator and ruler of the universe—these are tasks of which no father, however affectionate, is capable. They require woman's opportunities, woman's tact, woman's delicacy; and, may I not add, the peculiar devotedness of woman's affection?

"There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no sound

Of deep, strong, deathless love, like that within
A mother's heart. There's too much pride, wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Aye, on the boy he looks,
The bright glad creature springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name—the young
And stately tree; whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well—and this is love!
This is man's love!—what marvel?—you ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell; and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath!—you ne'er kept watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dawning, as in triumph, broke
On your dim weary eye;—not yours the face
That, early faded through fond care of him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as heaven's light,
Was there to greet his wakening!—you ne'er smoothed
His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lip to his,
When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries
With patient, vigilant, never-weary love!
No, these are woman's tasks!"

But these are not all—were a mother's cares confined to the mere physical welfare of her sons, too often, in later life, when she saw the objects of her solicitude swallowed up in the ever-yawning vortex of vice, would she be compelled to exclaim, with all the bitterness of disappointment,

"My boys! my boys!
Hath vain affection borne with all for this?
Why were ye given me!"

It is not so—her duties are of a higher order. Beautiful as is the picture of woman's tenderness which I have just presented to you, it was far exceeded in moral beauty by the exquisite description of an enlightened and pious mother, which not long since was uttered within these very walls,† by lips that seemed touched with "a live coal from the altar." If it be true that the noblest being in the scale of creation is he who has the greatest number of duties to perform, then well may woman rejoice in the dignity of her station; but let her joy be mingled with "fear and trembling," and let her so perform her allotted task, that in the day when all must be summoned before the bar of God, she may be able to say, in the emphatic words of scripture, "Behold, here am I, Lord, with the children which thou hast given me."

If such are the arduous duties of a mother, what should be the measure of gratitude which she has a right to claim from her children? It is a debt like that we owe to heaven—the day of our death finds it yet uncanceled.

To you, my young friends, I would address myself in the language of deep and earnest interest. You are now at that delightful period of life, which is like spring among the seasons, redolent of beauty and freshness, and giving fair promise of the rich fruits of maturer years. Take heed the young blossoms be not blighted. Call to mind the countless advantages which have been bestowed on you—reflect upon the anxious solicitude of the fathers who wait to see the objects of their pride, as well as the sources of their happiness—remember the cares, the exertions, the almost heart-breaking anxiety of the mothers who have guided your infant feet to the threshold of the temple of knowledge, and then press forward "in the race set before you." You are entering upon a noble career. The pure, and elevated, and holy duties, which are peculiarly a woman's, will soon claim your undivided attention. Let me pray you, therefore, so to discipline your hearts, so to cultivate your minds, so to purify your spirits, now, during the unbroken leisure of youth, that the hour of trial may find you "with your lamps trimmed and burning." You have begun well—go on, then, in the same course, and remember that "of those to whom much is given, much will be required;" and that genius and knowledge, while they lay claim to the highest honors which man can bestow, also bear with them the highest responsibilities both to God and man. Science is now opening to you her richest stores of honor and usefulness; and the prayers of parents and friends are following you, when you are utterly unconscious of them. Pause, then—in the cool freshness of the morning of life, before you wax faint in the noon-day heats—pause and form for yourselves the noble resolutions which should direct your future life. Look back through the shadowy vista of past years, and behold what are the foundations of the most lasting honors of men. Look forward, with the eye of faith, to the glories of the promised land; and while you weigh well the different results of moral conduct, take heed that ye "keep your hearts with all diligence, for out of them are the issues of life." Form your taste on the classics, your judgment on the sciences, and your principles on the book of all truth. Let the dawn of your being be hallowed by that pure devotion, which is ever an "offering of a sweet smelling savor" to the bounteous giver of all good. Let the first fruits of your intellect be laid before the altar of Him who breathed into your nostrils the breath of life, and with that breath a portion of his exalted spirit; and while your life furnishes the most striking illustration of the benefits of education, let it be your care so to persevere unto the end that it may be said of each, in her own peculiar sphere, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Roxobel. By Mrs. Sherwood, author of the "Lady of the Manor," "Little Henry and his Bear," &c. &c. Three vols. 18mo. New-York: J. & J. Harper. 1831.

Mrs. SHERWOOD's reputation as an agreeable and instructive writer is established. She has done much for youth, and the present volumes will add to the obligations they owe her. They are written with plainness and yet elegance, and are pervaded by a cast

* Mrs. Hemans. † This address was read in St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn.

of piety, which must be grateful to the pure young mind, and which renders it exactly the kind of book which parents love to behold in the hands of their children. They show what ought to be the conduct of a christian in the situations of brother, husband, father, servant, and master, and also discover several admirable displays of female character. It is, indeed, a book for a lady especially, although it would also contribute to the amusement and instruction of many of the other sex. We make one extract:

"The day after my visit to the hall was Sunday; and Mrs. Strickland's pew being very small, the ladies of the hall did me the honor to invite me into that belonging to them; a compliment which I valued the more, as it was an acknowledgment of their good opinion of the little man in the presence of the whole parish. There, being enshrined among crimson cushions and quarto prayer-books, and not choosing to mount upon a hassock (for I am rather particular in matters of decorum,) I saw no one during the service but the three elder ladies, and the blooming Lucy. However, I had the pleasure of hearing an excellent sermon from Dr. Beauchamp, who, I was informed, had returned to the parsonage the evening before, with his lady and the children.

"As we made our entries and our exits by a side-door which led from the family-pew, through a little shrubbery, into the hall gardens, I was spared all greetings in the porch, which pleased me well, as I have a particular dislike to that gossiping which too frequently takes place in going in and out of a village church. In consequence of this uninterrupted transition from devotion to retirement, I was enabled to retain that sweet frame of mind into which the service had tended to place me, till I reached the privacy of my own apartments.

"When Mrs. Strickland brought up my first dish, which she makes a point of doing every day, she took occasion to felicitate me on the compliment which the ladies had paid me, informing me that I was the first stranger who had ever been invited to the family-pew, and hinting that I owed this preferment to a word spoken in Mrs. Judy's ears by Mr. Barnaby Sample.

"So," thought I, 'there have been manoeuvres, and counter-manouvres, for ought I know, respecting the pew the little man was to sit in at church; and my friends have carried the day, and are triumphant.'

"In the evening I again went to church, and heard another sermon; but I found only Miss Lucy and her maid in the pew. After service, the little lady wished me to accompany her in a walk to the parsonage, having received permission to spend the evening there: but I thought proper to decline this tempting offer, as I had not yet received a call from Dr. Beauchamp.

"After drinking tea, I set out about six o'clock to take a walk in the park.

"Above all things, I love a solitary hour spent in some quiet place on a Sunday evening; and if to quiet I can add the epithet beautiful, so much the better. I accordingly issued from my lodging, and made my way in a straight line towards the higher regions of the park. Crossing a velvet lawn, I entered a woody region, having Torville on my left-hand, and the parsonage on my right, and began to ascend beneath the shade of a winding walk entirely sheltered by tufted trees; a cool and fragrant region—a place for the sound of rushing waters and rustling leaves. Passing on, yet continually ascending, I came out on a wide glade entirely encircled with woods, in the centre of which many deer were assembled in groups; and at the farther end of the lawn, under two aged yew-trees, was an old-fashioned wooden rotunda, opening upon a deep dingle to the left. These ancient yew-trees, extending their arms as if to embrace each other, reminded me of the story of Baucis and Philemon, as given by Dryden. They seemed so old that they appeared to have belonged to ages long forgotten. Amid the higher regions of the woods which encompassed this glade, were the nests of many rooks, who at this calm period of the evening were all in motion in their aerial city, setting things in order, as it were, against the hour of rest. I proceeded onward, musing on many matters, till I had come up close to the yew-trees, and to the wooden rotunda between their huge trunks; and then making my way around it, I suddenly found myself brought in the face of a large party within. I started back; but, before I could make my escape, I was hailed by an infant voice, and seized by an infant hand, and was thus arrested in my intended retreat. It was Lucy who had taken possession of me.

"O, Mr. Airy, I am so glad to see you," said this affectionate little creature; 'we were just talking of you, and wishing for you here. Papa, (I always call Dr. Beauchamp papa,) and Mrs. Beauchamp, and Eugenius, and Sophia, and Theodore, were all vexed because I had not brought you. But come in, and you shall see them all together.'

"I now found myself seized by the friendly hand of the doctor himself, drawn into the alcove, and addressed on all sides with such hearty welcomes, that I felt myself to be among old acquaintances almost before I had chosen a seat.

"Well, this is kind, most kind," said the doctor, his eyes glistening with christian charity, and the good man never doubting but that I had come, not by accident, but on purpose to join the party. 'This is setting aside ceremony: I meant to have called on you tomorrow; but Sunday is better than Monday for our meeting. The better the day the better the deed; and what deed so good as one which evinces our love for our fellow-creatures? Right welcome are you, dear sir, to Roxobel. We are all prepared to love you.' And then he called on the boys to offer me their hands, and drew forward his little Sophia for the same purpose.

"A lovely creature indeed she is, with those soft sleepy eyes which are always so beautiful; and more especially so, when they are capable of being lighted up, and exchanging their dove-like simplicity for a more animated expression. I soon perceived that this pretty little creature was highly prepossessed in my favor; for, although she did not venture to address a single word to me, yet she looked half-shyly, half-kindly upon me, and when brought near by her father, she stood still by my side, not seeming to desire to remove.

"Mrs. Goodwill had well described Mrs. Beauchamp; one glance assured me that she is the kindest and the best of creatures; but there is more deep study required to penetrate the characters of the two boys, who, though entirely different, are in their way each uncommonly handsome: Eugenius, whom I looked upon as the future possessor of the wide domains around me, being as elegant a boy as I ever beheld; and Theodore, on the other hand, as remarkable for the vivacity and fire of his dark eyes, and for the spirited turn

of his well-defined features. On the whole, therefore, I thought that I never had seen four more promising young people than those before me; and I naturally loved them the more for the friendliness of their manner towards myself, and for the unequivocal evidences of good-will which they exhibited.

"It is a law of our nature, from which the worst of men never wholly depart, to love those who love us. Hence it is found, that those teachers of religion who chiefly expatiate on the goodness and mercy of God, as displayed in his having given his only-begotten Son for our lost race, are always more successful in exciting our better feelings than those who take delight in exhibiting the terrors of divine justice. Nevertheless, a perfect display of the christian religion consists in a correct statement of all the divine attributes, and in an accurate display of the wonderful manner in which they all harmonize in the work of salvation through Christ our Saviour. But whither am I wandering? and how have I happened to glide into matters apparently so remote from my subject?

"Well, sir," said the good doctor, after a short silence, 'and how do you like my children? I see that you have been physiognomizing them. They are all very different. Nevertheless, and he smiled, and paused, 'I hardly know which is the worst among them. A fine legacy, indeed, did dear Emily Lovel leave me when she passed from this life to a better, in leaving me her two good-for-nothing children; and she expected me to take these young cuckoos into my nest, yea, into my very heart. How unreasonable some people are!' And the good man's eyes filled with tears, while he held a hand to the orphan brother and sister, who both rushed to his bosom, the little girl in the ardor of her embraces displacing his bushy gray wig. 'There now,' he added, looking at me while he arranged his wig, 'see what liberties these creatures take. But come, come, all to your places. Who can remind me of what we came here for?

"To sing some hymns, papa," replied the little modest Sophia; 'and for you to explain to us a chapter in the Bible.'

"Well," said the doctor, 'and we will have our hymns, though Mr. Airy is come. Who will lead the band?

Each person then produced a little edition of Dr. Watts's Hymns, and there was a sort of pause till I volunteered my services.

"Music has been my delight from infancy, and nature has endowed me with some voice and ear. I sung a well-known simple old psalm-tune; and the young people followed me up with spirit. And when we had concluded, the doctor said, 'Delightful! Most delightful, Mr. Airy! You shall teach my children to sing.'

"And to play, too," I replied. 'Will you be my scholars, my little ladies?' I added. 'Make the little man useful, if you can, Dr. Beauchamp. Shall I be your music and drawing-master, my little people? I shall require a high salary though, in return for my labors; namely, your good-will—the friendship of all here present.'

"I had thought some time of making this proposal with regard to Miss Lucy, as I had espied a neglected harpsichord in the library at the hall; and I was glad to find that my proposition was most joyfully received by all parties.

"Other subjects suitable to the day were then introduced. A chapter was read by the young people, and some remarks were made upon it by Dr. Beauchamp; after which we looked about on the lovely prospect which was extended before us.

"I cannot wonder at the ancient heathens," remarked Dr. Beauchamp, 'for converting their woods and groves into the temples of their idols. The unconverted man, indeed, pollutes every thing with which he meddles. Nevertheless, the first idea was noble and natural; for where do we feel disposed to indulge such holy aspirations, as amid scenes where the loveliest objects of creation are spread around us? And this, sir, is my reason, for bringing my children out on a Sunday evening, after the public services of the day, to study the word and to sing the praises of God among his exquisite works.'

"At this moment two crows alighted on the grass, at no great distance from our alcove. One of these most amiable specimens of the feathered race was grasping in his beak a portion of a dead horse, or some other such delicate morsel, and seemed to consider himself in a sort of dilemma; not daring to lose the savory bit lest his companion should snap it up, and yet not knowing how to transfer it to his maw without first dropping it on the earth. No doubt he had changed his place, and had flown from tree to tree, till he was wearied with his various manoeuvres, and despaired of thus delivering himself from his fellow-bird, who had made up his mind, with true crow-like impudence, to have his share in the dainty. And now, both parties having alighted on the grass, we were not a little amused with their various gestures, their struttings and flutterings to and fro, and their manifold hoppings and sidings. The careless air of the empty-mouthed bird on the one hand, and the looks of vigilance and defiance which were cast upon him by the bearer of the prey on the other, together with the various cawings and croakings which proceeded from their throats, were likewise extremely entertaining. At length, on the boys bursting into a loud laugh, the birds took wing, and we saw them no more.

"As soon as they were out of sight, Eugenius remarked, that he had often envied the vizzier in the Arabian Tales, who understood the language of birds and beasts; and that he had no doubt that those crows understood each other's cawings, as well as he could understand the discourses of his companions.

"That vizzier," I replied gravely, 'was certainly to be envied; but if he understood the language of birds and beasts only, he was but partly instructed, Master Lovel: for I once knew a person who, in some measure, understood not merely the language of birds and beasts, but also that of stars and planets, brooks, and rivers, trees and herbs, rocks and hills, and of almost every production of nature.'

The reader will perceive, from the easy simplicity of this kind of writing, how properly adapted it is to communicate moral and religious impressions to the ingenious mind in the most favorable light. For this purpose these volumes were composed, and the author has conducted her undertaking with great skill and success.

American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine. Vol. III. No. III. 8vo. p. 151. Baltimore: J. S. Skinner. 1831.

This seems to be a well-conducted work, peculiarly interesting to sportsmen, but at the same time containing some very good writing for the general reader. It is adorned with a fine engraving, by Durand, of the "Lady Lightfoot." We extract a pretty description of a dog, which may not be considered inappropriate when we remember how many great poets have been occupied on the same theme.

"The beautiful Flora is no more. The grave has closed over her. She lives now but in the memories of men, and in the heart that will long cherish the remembrance of her excellent qualities and of her pure devotion. The hand that now traces this sketch is often called in requisition to brush away the tears that will irresistibly flow at the recollection of her living beauty, her generous attachment, and the distressing manner of her death. It is a painful occupation, because that it is filled with the most melancholy associations; but I cannot deny myself the gratification of spreading on the pages of the 'Sporting Magazine' a simple record of the character and life of a most valuable dog—a sincere and devoted friend. She was, indeed, a beautiful creature—full of vivacity and of great worth.

"The sire of this fine animal was a very valuable pointer dog, of the full blood, belonging to Dr. Coleman, of the United States' army; and she descended, by the maternal line, from the excellent stock of dogs belonging to Major Andrews, of Washington city. The form and color of Lady Flora was very uncommon in the pointer dogs of this country. She was about as high as the generality of pointers; but very delicately made, and approaching, in shape and agility, in grace and flexibility of movement, nearer to the greyhound, than any dog I have ever seen. She was very fleet, and possessed uncommon activity. Her head was beautifully turned, and 'hung with ears, like the Sioux hounds, to sweep away the morning dew.' Her nose was delicate and pointed, and endowed with a sensibility and power that I have never seen equalled. In color she was brilliant and very beautiful. Her bearing, *Argent à quarter gules*. On a field of pure white, were several quarterings, or large spots of deep orange, spread at intervals over her body, and the greater part of her head, which gave her an air of brilliancy and variety.

"In the field I have seen the performances of many of the best dogs; but I have never seen one that resembled the Lady Flora. I have seen much to please and interest the mind, and to excite the agreeable feelings of the heart; but I have never yet witnessed a spectacle so exciting, so cheering, so thrilling, as the evolutions of Lady Flora in an open field. She was all motion—all vivacity—all life. As swift as thought; her light and airy tread did not seem to break the dew-drop on the grass. And when, after coursing the field with an indescribable velocity, she stopped, and showed the certain index of her game, such was the tremulous emotion that agitated her whole frame, that the spectator, then contemplating her, must have been cold indeed, who did not feel his heart's blood accelerated, as it gushed from its source and receded again—having lighted all his feelings into a glow of admiration.

"But the Lady Flora is gone. Her sports and her glory are now at an end, and will be known no more for ever. The thoughts of her death are full of anguish. I had gone to the country, and had designed to amuse myself a little in the field. I carried with me my gun and dog. The first day that I took the field was fatal to my dog, and the most melancholy to me that I have known for years. Lady Flora had made a dead point. I drew near her, and discovered a large flock of turkeys. Oh! the very name produces a revulsion in my feelings that makes my heart sick. I saw the game—they were moving, and amidst a very thick growth of underwood. I hastened round on one side, to take them as they rose. My dog moved also, but without my knowledge, and in an opposite direction. I fired, and to my utter astonishment, and consternation, I heard my dog scream. I dropped my gun, and hastened to the spot; but I was too late—she was dead. Two shot had passed through her heart. Thus she fell, and died in the very spring-time of life, aged but eighteen months. I buried her alone on the mountain side, and she sleeps now in peace where she fell; and there are of us who may envy her in this, that she died in the performance of her duty."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. PAT, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1831.

Editor's study.—A young saucy girl of our acquaintance, who has a great deal of wit, and enough good nature to manage it, but who thinks no more of an editor than of a mere ordinary human being, told us the other day, that a late number of the Mirror was quite masculine. We always feel inclined to listen to hints; they are sometimes full of wisdom. We have known one flung out, half in jest, contain more matter than an octavo. A lady too has a keener eye, and a more ready and instinctive good sense than your profound heavy-headed statesmen and scholars. Their sphere of life is by no means so enlarged as ours, but within its limits they are infinitely our superior. We are never tired of admiring their keen-sightedness, and faculty of learning rapidly, and their intuitive style of viewing a subject. There will sometimes come a stroke of innocent satire from a pair of pretty lips, that, if delivered on the floor of congress, would flash through the country "like a sheet of lightning;" and many an exquisitely-turned sentence we have heard from one who never dreamed she was carelessly casting from her ideas that the stolid and laborious author would have seized on as gems. We were therefore not a little struck with our fair friend's running criticism, and had serious thoughts of introducing several wood-cuts of bonnets and ruffles, and a trifle or two in the way of a flounce or a tippet, instead of old Dutch houses, and other specimens of ancient architecture, when a person whose opinion, though none of the literati, has much weight with us, complained that the same number designated by our fair critic, was not solid enough. The coincidence awakened in our mind a train of thought. It was in the evening, and the twilight came over our proof-sheet, and the printer's devil had borne off the last paragraph of copy, except this that we are now writing, which we in truth consider as little better than a mere reverie, and a sort of confidential confab over the embers of the fire; and we sat and meditated, and heard the draught humming in the red grate, and let our thought flow exactly where it pleased, winding in among all the little events of the past, and the shadowy conjectures of the future, just as a stream steals through the woods, sometimes lapsing along sleepily,

then hurrying onward, compressed in its deepened channel, then broken up into little cascades and eddies, while plashing and tumbling among a bed of stones. It might amuse thee, reader, whoever thou art, who perusest these insignificant scribbles of one who may be to thee ever a perfect stranger—it might amuse thee to look into the mind of an editor as he sits thus in solitary and silent rumination beside his evening fire. We are so entirely the creatures of circumstances, that we—our very souls, are in a manner formed by our daily situation and employments. All are so. The blacksmith doubtless looks upon the world with interest only as it affects iron and his anvil, and will be wondering if there is not metal beneath a hill, which brings tears of rapture into the eyes of a painter from its picturesqueness. It is not only in a single instance that our minds are filled with images of a certain cast from our ordinary occupations, but it is ever thus, and it requires a great effort to avoid betraying this difference which exists between us and those around us, for no one is such a bore, to use a common, but expressive phrase, as he whose character as a man is lost in that of his profession.

There we sat, however, pondering over our cares and prospects, thinking of the diversity of human nature, which renders it impossible to please every body, and regretting the unreasonableness of many, who will never suffer themselves to be pleased at all.

The truth is, editing a paper is a trade which requires as severe an apprenticeship as any other, and, (we speak disinterestedly) if the public wish a decent periodical, they must come forward and support it liberally. We fall into dreams sometimes, even about this hebdomadal. If we could but make people see as we see; if we could but take all the good folks in the United States, individually and familiarly by the button here, by our cheerful fire, and explain to them what an advantage it would be to them—to literature, to the world at large, to say nothing of ourself, would they but put down their names on our subscription-list, and let them be there, we do believe we might produce a tolerably well filled sheet. We do not wish to be impertinent, indeed, every body who knows us at all, knows that would be impossible; but there is a trick, which, since we are on this subject, some otherwise very sensible and respectable personages have practised upon proprietors of gazettes time out of mind—it is—if we must speak out—a capricious fashion of *discontinuing*—not to subscribe to any other, not indeed from any dissatisfaction with the present, but simply, we are sure, because they do not understand what an inconvenience it is to us editors. Has any one of our readers the slightest idea of stopping? Don't, we entreat; we make it personal—we beg you "would not mention it." It's a damper to all literary ambition to see a man come in and stop his subscription. We fling down our pen—we abuse the public privately—we vow they are not a literary people. It is uncommonly provoking; we have often thought of hinting this in a sly way. A periodical publication must be based on a concentrated and uniform patronage. It must understand exactly what it has to depend upon. They who wish to see a good paper must contribute their mite towards it promptly. No body must stop. A decent man ought to be ashamed of it. We have stanch substantial families who have never finched from our side for nine years. Some have had houses burnt down, ships sunk, banks broken, have speculated in cotton, and been cast in law-suits. Never did they come with a long face, and a doleful story of hard times, and wound up a pitiful tale of lamentation with "You need not send your paper any more to me." We hold them up for models. Those men do more for literature than if they spent whole months in racking their brains for rhymes and round periods. See what a rich article we copy from Blackwood's Magazine in the present number. We should like to present our friends with such an one original every week, but then they must stand by us. They must not come with any of their nonsense about "take more papers now than I can read," and the like.

In Great Britain they pay well for those things. The public are old hands at the business; they know there is intense labor as well as talent in such a production, and they understand how the conductor is dependent upon their steady support for the character of his journal. We are told that the British are uniformly and certainly firm and faithful in their adherence to an established periodical. They perceive that it cannot exist in any other way. London editors drive carriages! we are fond of a turn in an autumn morning,—but we must not press the conclusion, and so, if you please, we will change the subject.

No class have a more direct claim upon our sympathies than the deaf and dumb. The institution for their instruction is able to receive but a small proportion of them, and there is a collateral association for their relief, very praiseworthy in its nature, to which we would now solicit attention. Its origin is curious, and proves how much the poorest members of society may accomplish if animated with the true spirit of benevolence. An aged African woman, well known in this city for her integrity and industry, accidentally came in contact with a deaf mute, whom she found perfectly friendless, and without means of support. After having, as far as her limited stock permitted, administered to his wants, she visited a number of families and ladies for the purpose of raising a collection in his behalf. Several not only generously entered into the views of this humble but poor disciple of the true religion, but so far enlarged upon them as to organize an institution for the relief of deaf and dumb children, who were excluded by poverty, or other causes, from participating in the advantages of the other. It is termed the "Female Association for the relief of the Indigent Deaf and Dumb," and consists, we believe, entirely of ladies of this city. It has been organized

almost seven years. An annual exhibition will take place next Monday, at the city-hotel, Mr. Jennings having, with his usual kindness, afforded them the gratuitous use of one of his apartments. Several discourses will be delivered. Among the gentlemen who will probably address the society, will be M. Vayesse, recently from the Deaf and Dumb Institution, at Paris, the Rev. Mr. Haight, and Mr. Buchanan, the British consul. The object of the society is so clearly philanthropic and noble, that of alleviating the misfortune of so helpless and unhappy a class of our fellow beings, that we may safely anticipate the spacious concert room on Monday evening will be filled with the most respectable of our fellow citizens. We subjoin an appropriate extract, by Mr. James Mack upon the subject.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

And am I doomed to be denied forever
The blessings that to all around are given?
And shall those links be reunited never,
That bound me to mankind till they were given
In childhood's day? Alas! how soon to sever
From social intercourse, the doom of heaven
Was pass'd upon me! And the hope, how vain,
That the decree may be recall'd again.
Amid a throng in deep attention bound,
To catch the accents that from others fall,
The flow of eloquence, the heavenly sound
Breathed from the soul of melody, while all
Instructed or delighted list around,
Vacant unconsciousness must me enthrall!
I can but watch each animated face,
And there attempt th'inspiring theme to trace.
Unheard, unheeded, are the lips by me,
To others that unfold some heaven-born art,
And melody—oh, dearest melody!
How had thine accents, thrilling to my heart,
Awaken'd all its strings to sympathy,
Bidding the spirit at thy magic start!
How had my heart responsive to the strain,
Throb'd in love's wild delight or soothing pain.
In vain—alas, in vain! thy numbers roll—
Within my heart no echo they inspire;
Though form'd by nature in thy sweet control,
To melt with tenderness, or glow with fire,
Misfortune closed the portals of the soul;
And till an Orpheus rise to sweep the lyre,
That can to animation kindle stone,
To me thy thrilling power must be unknown.

And none are more exquisitely awake
To nature's loveliness than those who feel
The inspiration of the muse—who take
From her the glowing thoughts that as they steal
Around the soul entranced, a goddess make
Of nature to whose shrine of beauty kneel
The kind enthusiasts morning all
Within her we may dread or lovely call.
The terrible in nature is to them
The beautiful, and they can with delight
Behold the tempest, and its wrath condemn,
Stationed upon some rock whose quivering height
Is by the spirit swept, whose diadem
In burning terror wreathes the brow of night,
While the rude winds their cave of slumber rend,
And to the loud-voiced thunders answer send.
Yet nature, not alone when stern and wild
Canst thou the homage of the bard awaken,
Still art thou worshipped by the muse's child,
When thou thy throne of terrors hast forsaken;
With darkness when thy brow is undefiled,
When scarce a leaflet of thy robe is shaken
By zephyrs that soft music murmuring,
Around thee wave their aromatic wing.
When first the queen of night in beauty rides,
That with the glory of Apollo vies,
One star alone through heaven's azure glides,
That when ten thousand thousand robe the skies,
Pre-eminent in beauty still presides;
To her the lover's and the poet's eyes
Are ever fondly turned to hail the power
That smiles such loveliness upon the hour.
How often have I watch'd the star of even,
When eyes of heaven's own ethereal blue,
Have follow'd mine to gaze upon the heaven,
Where they as on a mirror's face might view
The bright and beautiful reflection given,
Of their own starry light and azure hue!
But she beholding night's resplendent throne,
Of nature's beauty thought, and not her own.
I thought of both—if earth appear so fair,
How glorious the world beyond the skies;
And if the form that heaven-born spirits wear,
This earthly shrine so fascinate our eyes,
To kneel in worship we can scarce forbear,
And e'en to gaze on thine is paradise,
O what are those who free from earthly stain,
Above yon azure realms in bloom immortal reign?

Statue of Washington.—A project is on foot, to which we lend our cordial concurrence, of employing the inimitable sculptor of the Chanting Cherubs, at present exhibiting in this city, upon a statue of Washington. The artist is highly gifted, and of great application, and is also an American. It is proposed to raise the necessary sum of five thousand dollars by subscription. The proceeds of the exhibition of the above-mentioned exquisite groupe will also hereafter be devoted to that purpose. No one should neglect the opportunity of enjoying so much gratification in so good a cause.

THE FOREST LEAF.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR BY AN AMATEUR—WORDS FROM THE LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Andantino.

p *f*

In bow-er and gar-den, rich and rare, There's ma-ny a che-rish'd flow-er, Whose beau-ty fades, whose fra-grance flits, with-in the flit-ting hour; Not so the sim-ple

p

to rest leaf, Un-prized, un-no-ticed, ly-ing— The same through all its lit-tle life—It chan-ges but in dy-ing, It chan-ges, It chan-ges,

p *fz*

It chan-ges but in dy-ing.

SECOND VERSE.

Be such, and only such, my friends,
Once mine, and mine for ever;
And here's a hand to clasp in theirs
That shall desert them never.
And thou be such, my gentle love,
Time, chance, the world defying;
And take, 'tis all I have, a heart
That changes but in dying.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

ANNA.

Why thus, with tearful eyes repining,
Lingering sad along the grove,
Each thought of joy and mirth resigning,
Wouldst thou ask why thus I rove?
Far, far, my friend, from scenes of folly,
Where pleasure yields her rosy bowl,
I soothe a tender melancholy,
That pains to transport all the soul.

Alas! 'tis love's fond, keenest anguish,
That draws my lonely footsteps here,
That bids me, silent, muse and languish,
That breathes each sigh, and starts each tear.
Fair, as the dew-gemm'd rose of morning,
Anna I loved, nor loved in vain;
The trivial arts of prudery scorning,
She saw my love—and loved again.

While her regard, my proudest treasure,
Bade jarring doubts and passions cease;
While fairy hopes of future pleasure
Lull'd all my soul to gentle peace;
E'en then his darts was death preparing;
Alas! from him what power can save?
Nor youth, nor love, nor beauty sparing,
I mourn above my Anna's grave!

Oh! in that sacred hour of musing,
When all is hushed in midnight sleep,

My busy thoughts, all rest refusing,
I wander here to muse and weep.
To Anna oft, with fond devotion,
I breathe the vow of love sincere,
While she to fancy's wand'ring notion,
Still seems to pity and to hear.

Oh! Anna, throned in yonder heaven!
For whom my grief can never die!
To whom, perchance, the task is given
To watch me with a guardian eye!
Oh! hear my vow, that never, never,
My breast shall know another love,
But dove-like mourn thy absence ever,
My Anna, till we meet above.

REWARD OF VIRTUE.—This old-fashioned phrase was curiously verified on a late occasion, in the person of Dr. — of this city, whom every body knows as one of the most benevolent and excellent men in the world. This estimable physician has been, for many years, in the habit of performing his pedestrian peregrinations to his patients, at all hours of the day and night, without any fear of molestation. It will be remembered, that at a certain recent period, our citizens were thrown into a pretty general panic by the frequent proofs of the existence of a gang of marauders, who resorted to every expedient for purposes of plunder. The doctor once started off in the middle of the

night from the house of a sick man towards his own. In a lonely part of the street he was passed by a ruffian-looking fellow, who, after eying him narrowly, returned and asked—

"How late is it, sir?"

"Just struck two," said the doctor.

"But I want to know exactly," said the man—"I want to know to a minute. So out with your watch."

Of course he refused, and the man, looking closely under his hat, made an exclamation of surprise, and bade him good-night.

Several months after this occurrence, a prisoner in bridewell was heard to confess to his companion that he was the aggressor who attacked Doctor — with the intention of plundering him.

"That was wrong," said the other—"Doctor — is a good man."

"I know it," replied the ruffian, "but when I accosted him I did not know him; as soon as I perceived who it was, I concluded to let him go, and accordingly left him, and made signs to my accomplices, who suffered him to pass free. If it had been any other man, he would have gone home that night without a watch, that's certain."

Such an enviable security against the attacks of

these "minions of the moon," is certainly a very great additional inducement to virtue, and, we trust, all night-walkers will profit by the example.

LABOR.—There is a kind of man who thinks nothing is labor but that which is accomplished by bodily strength. To satisfy such a one that you are industrious, you must blast rocks, or dig the earth. I am convinced that corporeal toil is by far most favorable to happiness, because, however tiresome, its intervals are delicious. The most violent labor possible is that which requires an exertion of the mind at stated intervals. For example, the necessity of writing an essay by a given time; the necessity of it—dreadful thought! These heavy penalties entailed upon us by the nature of civilized society, cause much suffering in the mass. I have known an actress compelled to go through a smiling and light-hearted character, when her thoughts were actually engaged by domestic scenes of woe and death! That is what I call labor.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,

To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscriptions received for a less term than one year. New subscribers can be supplied from the commencement of the present volume.

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VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1831.

No. 24.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

AN HOUR'S TALK ABOUT POETRY.

[Concluded.]

Just take a moment's glance at the period that elapsed between Pope and Cowper, and, mercy on us! what a period of drought and sterility! Versification flourished, and all else decayed. Among the crowd, of fancy there was a little, of feeling less, and of imagination none, while intellect was so feeble it could hardly crawl. Among the honored, Collins was a poet, and his name was Fine Ear. But feeling his own weakness, he took refuge in abstractions, and hid himself in the shadowy twilight which they afford. Filmy visions floated before his half-shut eye, and they were beautiful; but unsubstantial all, and owning remotest kindred with the flesh-and-blood creatures of this our living world. He loved to dream of superstitions and enchantments; but he was not a sublime seer. His ode—as it is absurdly called—on the superstitions of the Highlands, is uninspired by the fears that beset fancy, and but an elegant and eloquent narration of sights and sounds, that, had they been seen and heard aright, would have wailed in rueful and ghastly strains, curdling the blood. "The Passions" is an unimpassioned series of portraits, from which Reynolds or Lawrence might have painted graceful pictures. But he calls no spirits from the "vasty deep." Now passions are spirits, and the human heart is "a vasty deep;" and therefore Collins's "Ode on the Passions" is but a poor performance. But he had a soul finely strung to the obscure pathetic,—and it often yields melancholy murmurs by moonlight "when the high woods are still," which, spell-like, sadden the imagination, making the night pensive. Gray, again, had no pathos. His famous Elegy pleases and elevates the mind, for the feelings and thoughts flow naturally, and the language and versification are elegant in the extreme—scholar-like without being pedantic—in the best sense classical, and free from flaws, like "a gem of purest ray serene." Then, the subject is of universal and eternal interest. It is, therefore, an immortal elegy, and "Its curfew tolls" will, we fear, continue to be the pest and plague of all rising generations, till the schoolmaster now abroad be dead. As to his odes—with fine passages—they are but cold and clumsy concerns. Their day is over. We, ourselves, love to read them for the sake of the mere sound, which is rushing and river-like, and sometimes we think we hear the sea, sullen afar off, or near at hand, in a high tide, and dashing rejoicing among the rocks. He was a skilful artist—but no Pindar—though he describes grandly the Theban eagle. Mason has more poetry in him than Gray, but he threw it away on unhappy, at least unfit subjects, and he always wrought after a model. All his writings, except a few beautiful lines in his English garden, which one meets with now and then in quotation, without knowing whence they come, are forgotten now by all the world, except by a few old parsons not yet died out; but his name will survive. A sad case! Tom Wharton was one of the finest fellows that ever breathed, and the gods had made him poetical, but not a poet. He loved poetry dearly, and he wrote its history well; that book being a mine. He loved nature dearly too; and some beautiful sonnets did he indite about the Isis, and the Charwell, and the rural scenery about Oxford, and Oxford's self—she who is worthy of an immortal song. In short, Collins, Gray, and Wharton were three such men as one will not often meet with on a summer's day. But had they genius sufficient to glorify an era? No—no—no.

To what era, pray, did Thomson belong, and to what era Cowper? To none. Thomson had no precursor—and till Cowper no follower. He effulged all at once sunlike—like Scotland's storm-loving, mist-enamored sun, which till you have seen it on a day of thunder, you cannot be said ever to have seen it at all. Cowper followed Thomson merely in time. We should have had the "Task" even had we never had the "Seasons." These two were "Heralds of a mighty train issuing;" add them, then, to the worthies of our own age—and they belong to it—and all the rest of the poetry of the modern world—to which add that of the ancient—if multiplied by ten in quantity—and by twenty in quality—would not so variously, so vigorously, so magnificently, so beautifully, and so truly image the form and pressure, the life and spirit of the mother of us all—nature. Are then the "Seasons" and the "Task" great poems? Yes. Why? We shall tell you in two separate articles. But we presume you do not need to be told that that poem must be great which was the first to paint the rolling mystery of the year, and to show that all its seasons were but the varied God? The idea was original and sublime; and the fulfilment thereof so complete, that some six thousand years having elapsed between the creation of the world and of that poem, some sixty thousand, we prophesy, will elapse between the appearance of that poem and the publication of another equally great, on a subject external to the mind, equally magnificent. We farther presume, that you hold sacred the "Hearth."

Now, in the "Task," the "Hearth" is the heart of the poem, just as it is of a happy house. No other poem is so full of domestic happiness—humble and high; none is so breathed over by the spirit of the christian religion.

We have not forgotten an order of poets, peculiar, we believe, to our own enlightened land—a high order of poets sprung from the lower orders of the people—and not only sprung from them, but bred as well as born in "the huts where poor men lie," and glorifying their condition by the light of song. Such glory belongs, we believe, exclusively to this country and to this age. Mr. Southey, who, in his own high genius and fame is never insensible to the virtues of his fellow-men, however humble and obscure the sphere in which they may move, has written a volume—and a most interesting one—on the poets of this class in other ages of our literature. Nor shall we presume to gainsay one of his benevolent words. But this we do say, that all the verse-writers of whom he there treats, and all the verse-writers of the same sort of whom he does not treat, that ever existed on the face of the earth, shrink up into a lean and shrivelled bundle of dry leaves or sticks, compared with these five—Burns, Hogg, Cunningham, Bloomfield, and Claire. It must be a celestial soil—the soil of this Britain—which sends up such products, and we must not complain of the clime beneath which they grow to such stately height, and bear such glorious fruitage. The spirit of domestic life must be sound and strong—the natural knowledge of good and evil must be high—the religion true—the laws just—and the government, on the whole, good, methinks, that have all conspired to educate these children of genius, whose souls nature has framed of the finer clay.

Such men seem to us more clearly and certainly men of genius, than many who, under different circumstances, may have effected higher achievements. For though they enjoyed in their condition ineffable blessings to dilate their spirits, and touch them with all tenderest thoughts, it is not easy to imagine the deadening or degrading influences to which by their condition they were inevitably exposed, and which keep down the heaven-aspiring flame of genius, or extinguish it wholly, or hold it smouldering under all sorts of rubbish. Only look at the attempts in verse of the common run of clod-hoppers. Buy a few ballads from the wall or stall, and you groan to think that you have been born, such is the mess of mire, mud, and filth which often, without the slightest intentions of brutality, those rural, city, or suburban bards of the lower orders prepare for boys, and virgins, and matrons, who all devour it greedily, without suspicion of its being a foul and feid stir-about of grossness and obscenity. Strange, as true, that even in that mural minstrelsy, occasionally occurs a phrase or line, and even stanza, sweet and simple, and to nature true; but consider them in the light of poetry read, recited, and sung by the people, and you might well be appalled and disgusted by the revelation therein made of the coarse, gross, and beastly tastes, feelings, and thoughts of the lower orders. And yet in the midst of all the popularity of such productions, the best of Burns's poems, his "Coxar's Saturday Night," and most delicate of his songs, are still more popular, and read by the same classes with a still greater eagerness of delight! Into this mystery we shall not now inquire; but we mention it now merely to show how divine a thing true genius is, which, burning within the bosoms of a few favorite sons of nature, guards them from all this pollution, lifts them up above it all, purifies their whole being, and without consuming their family affections or friendships, or making them unhappy with their lot, and disgusted with all about them, reveals to them all that is fair and bright and beautiful in feeling and in imagination, makes them very poets indeed, and should fortune favor, and chance and accident, gains for them wide over the world, living and dead, the glory of a poet's name.

From all such evil influences incident to their condition—and we are now speaking but of the evil—the five emerged; and first in beauty and in brightness—Burns. Our dearly beloved Thomas Carlyle is reported to have said at the dinner lately given to Allan Cunningham, in Dumfries, that Burns was not only one of the greatest of poets, but likewise of philosophers. We hope not. What he did may be told in one short sentence. His genius purified and ennobled in his imagination and in his heart the character and condition of the Scottish peasantry, and reflected them, ideally true to nature, in the living waters of song. That is what he did; but to do that, did not require the highest powers of the poet and the philosopher. Nay, had he marvellously possessed them, he never would have written a single line of the poetry of the late Robert Burns. Thank heaven for not having made him such a man, but merely the Ayrshire ploughman. He was called into existence for a certain work, for the fulness of time was come—but he was neither a Shakespeare, nor a Scott, nor a Goethe; and therefore he rejoiced in writing the "Saturday Night" and the "Two Dogs," and the "Holy fair," and "O' a' the Airts the Wind doth blaw," and eke the "Vision." But forbid it, all ye gracious powers! that we should

quarrel with Thomas Carlyle, and that too for calling Robert Burns one of the greatest of poets and philosophers.

If he were, then so is the Ettrick Shepherd. The truth ought always to be spoken; and therefore we say that in fancy and in imagination James Hogg—in spite of his name and his teeth—is superior to Robert Burns, and why not? The forest is a better schoolroom than ever Burns studied in; and it once overflowed with poetical traditions. But comparisons are always odious; and the great glory of James is, that he is as unlike Robert as ever one poet was unlike another, as we once showed in an article many years ago, which we modestly believe exhausted the subject, and left nothing valuable to be said about the genius of either bard. So have we written of Allen Cunningham—though of him we purpose to write again—for while as a poet he is well worthy to be one of the three, he must be spoken of properly, out of poetry, as a man of great talents in literature.

The five, then, belong to this age; and that is a glory, as we said, peculiar to itself; for they alone deserve the name of poets, of all the aspirants belonging to the people—born and bred among them—and singing of their condition. No inconsiderable talent and ingenuity some others similarly circumstanced in youth or all life long have exhibited; but as to poetry, properly so called, it was not in them; they did nothing worthy of remembrance, and they are all forgotten for ever.

But there is another glory belonging to this age, and almost to this age alone of our poetry—the glory of female genius. We have heard and seen it seriously argued whether or not women are equal to men; as if there could be a moment's doubt in any mind unbesotted by sex, that they are infinitely superior; not in understanding, thank heaven, nor perhaps even in intellect, but in all other impulses of soul and sense that dignify and adorn human beings, and make them worthy of living on this delightful earth. Men for the most part are such worthless wretches, that we wonder how women condescend to allow the world to be carried on; and we attribute that phenomenon solely to the hallowed yearnings of maternal affection, which breathes as strongly in maid as in matron, and may be beautifully seen in the child fondling its doll in its blissful bosom. Philoprogenitiveness! But not to pursue that interesting speculation, suffice it for the present to say, that so far from having no souls, a whim of Mahomet's, who thought but of their bodies, women are the sole spiritual beings that walk the earth not unseen; they alone, without pursuing a complicated and scientific system of deception and hypocrisy, are privileged from on high to write poetry. We—men we mean—may assume a virtue, though we have it not, and appear to be inspired by the divine afflatus. Nay, we sometimes—often—are truly so inspired, and write like gods. A few of us—not we—are subject to fits, and in them utter oracles. But the truth is too glaring to be denied, that all male rational creatures are in the long run vile, corrupt, and polluted; and that the best man that ever died in his bed within the arms of his distracted wife, is wicked far than the worst woman that was ever iniquitously hanged for murdering what was called her poor husband, who in all cases righteously deserved his fate. Purity of mind is incompatible with manhood; but all women, till men reduce them nearly to their own level, are pure as dew-drops or moon-beams, and know not the meaning of evil. Their genius conjectures it, and in that there is no sin. But their genius loves best to image forth good, for 'tis the blessing of their lives, its power and its glory; and hence, when they write poetry, it is religion, sweet, soft, solemn, and divine.

Observe, however—to prevent all mistakes—that we speak but of British women—and of British women of the present age. Of the German fair sex we know little or nothing; but daresay that the Baroness de Motte Fouque is a worthy woman, and as rapid as the Baron. Neither make we any allusion to Madame Genlis, or other illustrious lemons of the French school. We restrict ourselves to the maids and matrons of this island, and of this age; and as it is of genius that we speak, we name the names of Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Tighe, Felicia Hemans, Lucy Eliza Landon, and the lovely Norton, while we pronounce several other sweet-sounding christian surnames in whispering under-tones of affection, almost as inaudible as the sound of the growing of grass on a dewy evening.

Corinna and Sappho must have been women of transcendent genius so to move Greece. For though the Greek character was most impressive and combustible, it was so only to the finest finger and fire. In that delightful land dunces were all dumb. Where genius alone spoke and sung poetry, how hard to excel! Corinna and Sappho did excel—the one conquering Pindar, and the other all the world but Phaon.

But our own Joanna has been visited with a still loftier inspiration. She has created tragedies which Sophocles, or Euripides, nay, even Æschylus himself would have feared in competition for the immortal garland. Plays on the passions. "How absurd!" said one philosophical writer. "This will never do!" It has done—perfectly.

What, pray, is the aim of all tragedy! The Stagyrite has told us, to purify the passions by pity and terror. They ventilate and cleanse the soul, till its atmosphere is like that of a calm, bright summer day. All plays, therefore, must be on the passions. And all that Joanna intended—and it was a great intention greatly effected—was in her series of dramas to steady her purposes by ever keeping one mighty end in view, of which the perpetual perception could not fail to make all the means harmonious, and therefore majestic. One passion was, therefore, constituted sovereign of the soul in each glorious tragedy—sovereign sometimes by divine right, sometimes an usurper, generally a tyrant. In "De Monfort" we behold the horrid reign of hate, but in his sister, the seraphic sway of love. Darkness and light sometimes opposed in sublime contrast, and sometimes the light swallowing up the darkness, or "smoothing its raven down till it smiles." Finally, all is black as night and the grave—for the light, unextinguished, glides and gleams away into some far-off world of peace. "Count Basil!" A woman only could have imagined that divine drama. How different the love Basil feels for Victoria from Anthony's for Cleopatra! Pure as the heaven and deep as the sea. Yet on it we see him borne away to shame, destruction, and death. It is indeed his ruling passion. But the day before he saw her face, his ruling passion was the love of glory. And the hour he died by his own hand was troubled into madness by many passions; for are they not all mysteriously linked together, sometimes a dreadful brotherhood?

We must really not much longer delay our long-projected panegyric on the genius of our lady-poets. Let them be assured that the old man loves them all, as they would wish to be loved; and that he would not "let even the winds of heaven visit their faces too roughly." Not too roughly; but long may the winds of heaven visit them freely and boldly, for there is health and beauty in the breeze; and as for the sunshine and the moonshine, may they let fall their lights and their shadows unobstructed on countenances "instinct with spirit," whether dim in pensiveness or radiant with joy, still in all expression "beautiful exceedingly," for it alone deserves the name, the beauty of the soul.

Well may our land be proud of such women. None such ever before adorned her poetical annals. Glance over that most interesting volume, "Specimens of British poetesses," by that amiable and ingenious man, the Reverend Alexander Dyce, and what effulgence begins to break towards the close of the eighteenth century! For hundreds of years the genius of English women had ever and anon been shining forth in song; but faint, though fair, was the lustre, and struggling, imprisoned in clouds. Some of the sweet singers of those days bring tears to our eyes by their simple pathos, for their poetry breathes of their own sorrows, and shows that they were but too familiar with grief. But their strains are mere melodies "sweetly played in tune." The deeper harmonies of poetry seem to have been beyond their reach. The range of their power was limited. Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, Catharine Phillips, known by the name of Orinda, and Mrs. Anne Killegrew, who, Dryden says, was made an angel, "in the last promotion to the skies," showed, as they sang on earth, that they were all worthy to sing in heaven. But what were their hymns to those that are now warbled around us from many sister spirits, pure in their lives as they, but brighter far in their genius, and more fortunate in its nurture! Poetry from female lips was then half a wonder and half a reproach. But now 'tis no longer rare—not even the highest—yes, the highest, for innocence and purity are of the highest hierarchies; and the thoughts and feelings they inspire, though breathed in words and tones, "gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman," are yet lofty as the stars, and humble too as the flowers beneath our feet.

And now we are upon the verge of another era of poetry, when the throne was occupied by Dryden, and then by Pope, searching still for a great poem. Did either of them ever write one? No—never. Sir Walter says finely of glorious John,

"And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the table round again,
But that a ribald king and court
Bade him play on to make them sport,
The world defrauded of the high design,
Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line."

But why, we ask, did Dryden suffer a ribald king and court to debase and degrade his immortal strain? Because he was poor. But could he not have died of cold, thirst, and hunger—in a state of starvation? Have not millions of men and women done so, rather than sacrifice their conscience? And shall we grant to a great poet that indulgence which many a humble hind would have flung in our teeth, and rather than have availed himself of it, faced the faggot, or the halter, or the stake set within the sea-flood? But it is satisfactory to know that Dryden, though still glorious John, was not a great poet. His soul, we know, was insensible to the pathetic and the sublime, else had his genius held fast its integrity, been ribald to no ribald, and indignantly kicked to the devil both court and king. Pope, again, with the common frailties of humanity, was a pure, pompous little fellow of a poet, and played on his own harp with fine taste and great execution. We doubt, indeed, if such a finished style has ever been heard since, from any of the king Apollo's musicians. His versification sounds monotonous only to ears of leather. That his poetry has no passion is the creed of critics "of Cambyse's vein;" as for imagination, we shall continue, till such time as that faculty has been distinguished from fancy, to see it shining in the "Rape of the Lock," with a lambent lustre; if high intellect be not dominant in his Epistles and his "Essay on Man," we advise you to look for it in Keates, or Barry Cornwall: and could a man, whose heart was not heroic, have given us another Iliad, which may be read with transport, even after Homer's?

In Johnson's "Lives of the Poetasters," may be spied with a

microcosm, a variety of small fry, wriggling about in the waters of Helicon, which the creatures at last contrive so to muddle, that they elude observation, even through that microscopic instrument; and in Chalmers's edition of the "British Poets," the productions of people are inserted, who must, when alive, have been almost too stupid for the ordinary run of social life. Some folks are born, it is proverbially said, with a silver spoon in their mouths, and others with a wooden ladle. But what is more perplexing still, some are born poets, whom the world persist in thinking prosers, and some are born prosers, and live and die in complete possession of all the faculties essential to the support of that character, whom the world, or the world's counsellors and guides, the critics, insist upon dubbing poets, wreathing their brows with laurels, and consigning them to immortal fame. Some of them—persons not destitute of common sense—such as the Sprats, the Dukes, the Pomfrets, and the Yaldens, must have been themselves much astonished at such procedure on the part of the public. In former ages this fortunate and unfortunate breed flourished in England, nor are they yet extinct. The dunces are not yet dead, and occasionally the empty skull gets a leaf of laurel. But to do our poetasters justice, many of them are in a degree poetical, and really write verses very prettily indeed, in a style seldom sufficiently felicitous to shield them from a certain share of contempt from their contemporaries, but often superior to the very highest and most successful efforts of many who, in former times, were asked to sup in taverns as persons of wit.

We have not yet, it would seem, found the object of our search—a great poem. Let us extend our quest into the Elizabethan age. We are at once sucked into the theatre. With the whole drama of that age we are conversant and familiar; but whether we understand it or not, is another question. It aspires to give representations of human life in all its infinite varieties and inconsistencies, and conflicts, and turmoils produced by the passions. Time and space are not suffered to interpose their unities between the poet and his vast design, who, provided he can satisfy the souls of the spectators by the pageant of their own passions moving across the stage, may exhibit there whatever he wills from life, death, or the grave. 'Tis a sublime conception, and sometimes has given rise to sublime performance; but in our opinion, has been death to the drama, in all hands, but in those of Shakespeare. Great as was the genius of many of the dramatists of that age, not one of them has produced a great tragedy. A great tragedy indeed! What! without harmony or proportion in the plan, with all puzzling perplexities, and inextricable entanglements in the plot, and with disgust and horror in the catastrophe? As for the characters, male and female, saw ye ever such a set of swaggers and rantipoles as they often are, in one act—methodist preachers, and demure young women at a love feast in another—absolute heroes and heroines of high calibre in a third, and so on, changing and shifting name and nature according to the laws of the romantic drama, forsooth—but in hideous violation of the laws of nature—till the curtain falls over a heap of bodies huddled together without regard to age or sex, as if they had been overtaken in liquor, and were all dead drunk! We admit that there is gross exaggeration in the picture. But there is always truth in a tolerable caricature, and this is one of a tragedy of Webster, Ford, or Massinger.

It is satisfactory to know that the good sense, and good feeling, and good taste of the people of England will not submit to be belabored by editors and critics into admiration of such enormities. The old English drama lies buried in the dust with all its tragedies. Never more will they disfigure the stage. Scholars read them, and often with delight, admiration, and wonder. For genius is a strange spirit. In the closet it is pleasant to peruse the countenances, at once divine, human, and brutal of the incomprehensible monsters—to scan their forms, powerful though misshapen—to watch their movements, vigorous though distorted—and to hold up one's hands in amazement on hearing them not seldom discourse most excellent music. But we should shudder to see them on the stage enacting the parts of men and women, and massacre the manager. All has been done for the least deformed of the tragedies of the old English drama that humanity could do, enlightened by the christian religion; but nature has risen up to vindicate herself against such misrepresentations as they afford; and sometimes finds it all she can do to stomach Shakespeare.

But the monstrosities we have mentioned are not the worst to be found in almost every scene of the said old English drama. Others there are that, till civilized christendom fall back into barbarous heathendom, must for ever be unendurable to human ears, whether long or short—we mean the obscenities. That sin is banished for ever from our literature. The poet who might dare to commit it, would be immediately hooted out of society, and sent to roost in barns among the owls. But the old English drama is stuffed with ineffable pollutions; and full of passages that the lowest human creature would be ashamed to read aloud. Therefore, let them rot. We have not seen that volume of the "Family Dramatists" which contains Massinger. But if made fit for female reading, his plays must be mutilated and mangled out of all likeness to the original wholes. But to free them even from the grossest impurities, without destroying their very life, is impossible; and it would be far better to make a selection of fine passages after the manner of Lamb's specimens—but with a severer eye—than to attempt in vain to preserve their character as plays, and at the same time to expunge all that is too disgusting, perhaps, to be dangerous to boys and girls. Full-grown men may read what they choose, perhaps without suffering from it; but the modesty of the young clear eye must not be profaned, and we cannot, for our own part, imagine a family old English dramatist.

And here again bursts upon us the glory of the Greek drama.

The Athenians were as wicked, as licentious, as polluted, and much more so, we hope, than ever were the Englishers; but they debased not with their gross vices their glorious tragedies. Nature in her higher moods alone, and most majestic aspects trode their stage. Buffoons, and ribalds, and zanies, and "rude indecent clowns" were confined to comedies; and even there they too were idealized, and resembled not the obscene samples that so often sicken us in the midst of the acting of "a dreadful thing" in our theatres. They knew that "with other ministrations, thou, O nature!" teachest thy handmaid art to soothe the souls of thy congregated children, congregated to behold her noble goings-on, and to rise up and depart elevated by the transcendent pageant. The tragic muse was in those days a priestess—tragedies were religious ceremonies, for all the ancestral stories they celebrated were under consecration, the spirit of the ages of heroes and demigods descended over the vast amphitheatre; and thus were Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, the guardians of the national character, which, we all know, was, in spite of all it suffered under, high indeed, and forever passionately enamored of all the forms of greatness.

Forgive us, spirit of Shakespeare! that seem'd to animate that high-browed bust—if indeed we have offered any show of irreverence to thy name and nature—for now, in the noiselessness of midnight, to our awed but loving hearts do both appear divine! Forgive us, we beseech thee, that on going to bed, which we are just about to do, we may be able to compose ourselves to sleep, and dream of Miranda and Imogen, and Desdemona and Cordelia. Father revered of that holy family! by the blue light in the eyes of innocence we beseech thee to forgive us! Ha! what old ghost art thou, clothed in the weeds of more than mortal misery—mad, mad, mad—come and gone—was it Lear?

We have found, then, it seems, at last, the object of our search—a great poem—ay, four great poems—Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth. And was the revealer of those high mysteries, in his youth, a deer-stealer in the parks of Warwickshire, a link-boy in London streets? And died he in his grand climacteric in a dimmish sort of a middle-sized tenement in Stratford-on-Avon, of a surfeit from an over-dose of home-brewed humming ale? Such is the tradition.

Had we a daughter, an only daughter, we should wish her to be "Like heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb."

In that one line has Wordsworth done an unappreciable service to Spenser. He has improved upon a picture in the "Fairy Queen," making "the beauty still more beautiful," by a single touch of a pencil dipped in moonlight, or in sunlight tender as Luna's smiles. Through Spenser's many nine-lined stanzas the lovely lady glides along the wild, and our eyes follow in delight the sinless wanderer. In Wordsworth's one single celestial line we behold her but for a moment of time, and a point of space—an immortal idea at one gaze occupying the spirit.

And is not the "Fairy Queen" a great poem? Like the "Excursion," it is at all events a long one—"slow to begin, and never ending." That fire was a fortunate one in which so many books of it were burnt. If no such fortunate fire ever took place, then let us trust that the moth-drillingly devoured the manuscript, and that 'tis all safe. Purgatorial pains—unless, indeed, they should prove eternal—are insufficient punishment for the impious man who invented Allegory. If you have got any thing to say, sir, out with it, in one or other of the many forms of speech employed naturally by the creatures to whom God has given the gift of "discourse of reason." But as you hope to be saved, (and remember your soul is immortal) beware of mispending your life in perversely attempting to make shadow light and light shadow. Wonderful analogies there are among all created things, material and immaterial, and millions so fine that poets alone discern them, and sometimes succeed in showing them in words. Most spiritual region of poetry—and to be visited at rare times and seasons—nor long there ought hard to abide. For a few moments let the veil of Allegory be drawn before the face of truth, that the light of its beauty may shine through it with a softened charm, dim and drear, like the moon gradually obscuring in its own halo on a dewy night. Such air woven veil of allegory is no human invention. The soul brought it with her when

"Trailing clouds of glory, she did come
From heaven, which is her home."

Sometimes, now and then, in moods strange and high, obey the bidding of the soul, and allegorize; but live not all life-long in an allegory, even as Spenser did—Spenser the divine—for lo, and behold! he with all his heavenly genius—and brighter visions never met mortal eyes than his—what is he but a "dreamer among men," and what may save that wondrous poem from the doom of the dust?

To this conclusion must we come at last—that in the English language there is but one great poem. What! said you not that Lear, and Hamlet, and Othello, and Macbeth were all great poems? We did—but therein we erred, for all the four have undergone, in the hands of their creator, disfiguration. There is, we repeat it, but one great poem alone in our tongue—Paradise Lost. So go and

"Gaze on that mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton."

"Fluxit—domine!" The sand in the hour-glass is still. "Tomorrow for severer thoughts," as old Crewe has it at the conclusion of his "Lewiston-hill," but now for bed, as he was then "for break-fast"—yet not till we have said our prayers. Let no man hope to sleep soundly—for many nights on end—who forgets that knees were given, along with many other purposes, for genuflection, and that among all mankind is the natural posture of thanksgiving. *Eugene et telete, amica! formosissima.*

A new description of sleigh bells has been invented in Boston, the notes of which are said to be as perfect as those of the harpichord, and, instead of tinkling drowsily, "discourse most eloquent music."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE TON OF TO-DAY.—DRESS, PAINTING, MUSIC, POETRY.

A DESULTORY ARTICLE.

EITHER all fashions are absurd, or else there is no real absurdity in fashion. It is the mistiming of things that makes them ridiculous. He who is called mad for wearing an eccentric dress, is only so in not waiting till every body else is equally mad. An umbrella bonnet should not, therefore, despise one the size of a pinched farthing: "they're all of them queens in their turn." Time was, when the beauty of the female figure was estimated by the smallness of the shoulders and the largeness of the hoop; but now, under the hideous regime of the gigot sleeves, a fair lady's shoulders are wider than those of any of Barclay and Perkins's draymen. The lord and master standing by her side, bears about the same proportion to her that a figure of one does to a cipher. She is *all nothing*! Yet, the ambition of the sex is gratified by the appearance of magnitude, even though they must know that the men are aware of its being mere wind and buckram. A male, of the finest dimensions, passes the park entrances with ease, while the huge little creature on his arm, either has to go edgewise, or crumple through, to the detriment of many yards of silk, in consequence of a monstrous fashion, so graceless and ugly in itself, that it could only have been invented in order that the first who followed it might take advantage of the convenience to smuggle lace. The "bishop sleeves" are much better; yet even these are unspeakably troublesome, being continually trailed across the ragouts at dinner, or dipped in the slop-basin at tea. It is well if they do not take fire in snuffing the second candle.

Alas! and has the poetry of the female figure fled for ever? Shall we think of the graceful undulating forms of beauty, the sylphid symmetry of limbs, the buoyancy of elastic loveliness, and nature's real elegance, pure, glowing, and spontaneous in every motion, only as dreams that are passed? Are these bright visions of our youth no more to be realized? Must a married man never expect to see his wife grace his board in her own proper person, which, as far as he can judge, cannot fail to be considerably different from the egregious outline she now presents? Must a bachelor never more hope to see a sweet woman in her natural shape? "There were angels in those days," when, in the fragrance of the noontide groves, the heart might beat a joyous measure,

"To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair."

But now Amaryllis is cased in pasteboard, and Neera's hair is played the fool with. All *coiffures* are abominable. The giraffe head-dress made the fairest female a figure of fun! and if the "*coiffure à la chinoise*" is ever really adopted—for we actually hear it is contemplated—then farewell the tangles of luxuriant tresses, and hail bare face!

"Out upon thee, lie upon thee, bare face!"

We have never been so truly out of temper with head-dresses as in the pit of the Italian Opera, when a lady in one of the stalls, with a head like a large bush in blossom, happened to be directly in a line with our vision, to the outrage of our excited feelings, and the waste of our half-guinea. If Pasta comes next season, this really ought to be put a stop to. One moment to be fixed in breathless awe with her powerfully expressive countenance, wrought up with the demon or the divinity of human passion, and the next, to have it obscured by a bunch of greens, or something far more nonsensical, if not so vulgar—is a thing beyond endurance. Real refinement in social life consists in having a courteous sympathy with the feelings of others, and to outrage them for a freak of vanity, is moral vulgarity. Many a woman who sells cauliflowers, would act with far more consideration and decency. Perhaps the lady may reply, "Pray, sir, cannot you hear through my head-dress?" True, we go to the opera chiefly for the music; but, even without allusion to our second Siddons, the eye is curious to inform itself of the visible figure and features of the object which is so powerfully exciting the feelings. It is the same in listening to an instrumental solo: unless we can see the person performing, we are by no means satisfied or comfortable. This is to be attributed to the insufficiency of the sense of hearing (with some few fine exceptions) to convey a definite impression to the understanding: the heart beats, and it is the brain wishing to know why it is, and how it is, that creates anxiety to see the performer. We wish to bring all our senses to bear upon the interpretation.

Much as we admire a flowing costume for both sexes, like that of the Persians or Turks, in preference to the hateful angular-cut, or puffed-up monstrosities of Paris and England, we are, nevertheless, free to confess, that the only thing that puts us seriously out of temper with "fashion," is the shameful influence it is suffered to have over works of intellect and art. And herein lies the source of many a grievous wound, which men of genius will understand too well, without further probing. Yet, let us adduce an instance or two.

The grandeur of the old masters in painting—their truth, and character, and power, is now only appreciated and admired by a select few; and the artists of the present day, being compelled to adopt an opposite style, have come to an opinion that the modern school is the superior. This is the natural consequence, when their pecuniary interests come to be acted upon by human vanity and habitual associations. Flat, high-colored, smooth, surface-like painting, with no more depth or substantiality than can be avoided, in fact, only a few removes from Chinese, is the reigning fashion! Whatever approaches the genuine standard is prescribed. The ladies and gentlemen of the present day are all determined to be painted like sweet peas. There is, however, an engraving now about town, far above all trifling; and we hope to be believed, when we declare upon our honors that we would "bear it out, even to the edge of doom," to obtain the heart and hand of such a woman. The print is entitled "*Une Tragedienne*," and is not at all like the person said to be the original. It is the finest thing that has been published these many years. It has not sold well, as may be imagined, nor is it likely; and we are selfish enough in our admiration, to wish it never may.

We have heard more than one royal academical affirm that a real fine painting by a modern artist, in the style of the old masters, would scarcely be looked at, much less sell. We are not quite sure of this. A painter has the advantage of coming before the public with far less difficulty, trouble, and expense than those who devote

themselves to the sister arts. Suppose, for instance, a young man, of "no name," composes a piece of music, which possesses every merit that genius and science can accomplish—who will publish it? What manager will give it a trial? If he relinquishes the idea of fame, and merely wishes to make it the respectable medium of his interest, and to take it as his diploma of capability to give lessons, it will cost nearly one hundred pounds to get a full orchestra for the trial; and he has not as many shillings! Again, suppose an obscure man writes a powerful epic poem or tragedy, what can he do with it? Why, if he have not interest, money, or luck—things which no man of genius ever yet had—he can do nothing with it. Whereas an artist has only to contend with the circumstance of his painting being hung in "an infamous bad place," which may not always occur, and even there it may be spied out some fine day. The painters, however, seem all of opinion, not only that historical painting is ruinous, but that fine painting of any kind is secondary to the "humor" of the story. Oh, the grievous necessity for doing foolish things!

Without deteriorating from the great talent of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and allowing him every merit connected with grace, delicacy, high finish, correct drawing, harmony of color, and the art of making the most of his sitter's beauty, it is still to be lamented that he made so few attempts at higher things. It may be said, in answer to our objections to the aerial fashion he has set, his portraits being all like flowers in the sun, that, had he done otherwise, he must have given up his originality. This, of course, implies that his chief originality lay in the above qualifications; and this we shall not deny. What we principally regret is, that he did not choose nobler subjects for his pencil. We never heard of his seeking for fine heads, and there is no appearance of many having sought him. If a man had a name, Sir Thomas was happy to paint him; but if he read a great work by an obscure individual, he was one of the last persons to feel an impulse to go and have a look at him. However, Sir Thomas was a beautiful painter, and would deserve no mean fame, even if we had no other proofs of his talents than his portraits of Walter Scott, and Kemble in the character of Hamlet.

Pass we now to music. Shades of dead kings of melody! how are your names and memories outraged! how are your immortal lessons neglected! The prevailing taste in music is for nursery trash in the vocal, and trickery execution in the instrumental. The great composers of former days had none of these gymnastic exercises, these feats of slight of hand, in their pieces; they preferred a Doric simplicity—grand, original, and pure; and in their vocal composition they identified music with the most sublime ideas. They felt the divinity within, and chose words according to their own comprehension and sense of power. This is what makes the names of Handel and Haydn sacred to fame. With them, it was

"Music married to immortal verse."
What have we now?—music seduced by trumpery; and the town peopled with a truly ephemeral and no less spurious offspring, in the shape of butterflies, ripe cherries, gentle moons, and oysters! By the by, the last-mentioned disgusting song is a garbled and polluted version of "Aurora che sorgea!" and Miss Graddon, bearing that in mind, used to introduce a long Italian cadence in concluding, and descended to her lowest note upon o-o-o-y-o-y-tes! The song sold well. So much for taste; but we would rather a thousand times listen to "Hokey pokey wonky pong, &c. king of the Cannibal Islands," in which there is at least some character and grotesque oddity, without any anomalous pretence or puerile warbling. How far his present majesty feels flattered by the melodious effusion of "King William the far for me," it is impossible to say; but we would not have grudged walking a mile to see the face George the Fourth would have made at a similar appellation. We do not, however, object to a pleasant song, a droll song, or a young lady's song; we only mean to declaim against the preference given them, to the exclusion or cold neglect of fine compositions, by which we are far from meaning mere scientific music.

We have only a few words to say about poetry. The dynasty of maudlin rhyme and prettiness, and the substitution of personal character for dramatic imagination, has reached its utmost height, and is now upon the wane. Several bold attempts have recently been made in blank verse, which is the true standard style of solid English poetry. It is now a long while since the age of Elizabeth, "and there were giants in those days!" So long an interval having elapsed, surely the genius of the world can now afford to bring forth a few powerful dramatic writers again; and even the critics must hail them with pleasure, being heartily sick of decrying nonsense. Polish has levelled nature, and refinement has arrived at the last state of effeminacy and consumption. Let us hope that the stirring period which approaches will not fail to do what such periods have always done hitherto, and that the ephemeral productions of time-serving taste will be swept off like chaff and tinsel from the stage of intellectual life; when "the powers that be" will be found to wither away before the powers that last, even as those of ages gone have outlasted the perishable empires of the world. London Lit. Jour.

HERRICK THE POET.

Poor Herrick was subjected to all the ups and downs of fortune, which are so peculiarly the lot of poets. He took orders in the church; but the ill odor into which the establishment fell, and the growing power of the Puritans, induced him to give up his profession, and take shelter under the character of a layman. The evening of his days was spent more happily:

"For good-luck came, and on my roof did light,
Like noiseless snow, or as the dew of night,
Not all at once, but gently."

Though an enthusiastic companion, as every man worth a farthing ought to be when in the company of those whose minds assimilate with his own, Herrick was, at the same time, a man of principle and integrity. A fine spirit of pious morality breathes through many of his compositions; as, for example, in these lines

ON HIMSELF.

"A wearied pilgrim I have wander'd here
Twice five-and-twenty, bate me but one year.
Long have I lasted in this world, 'tis true,
But yet those years that I have lived are few.
Who by his gray hairs does his lustres tell,
Lives not those years, but he that lives them well.
One man has reach'd his sixty years; but he,
Of all those threescore, has not lived half three.
He lives, who lives to virtue: men, who cast
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last."

KORNER'S TRAGEDY OF ROSAMOND.

We rank a tragedy next to an epic poem; years and experience must be added to natural endowments, before a high rank can be attained in either. Korner's chief fault is one of the faults of youth; he is too diffusive and didactic. There is not enough of the poetry of action in "*Rosamond*," and too much of the poetry of sentiment. The play is, of course, founded on the love of Henry II. for the unfortunate daughter of Lord Clifford, who met an untimely fate through the jealousy of Queen Eleanor. The story is certainly well adapted to the stage, yet it has never been very successfully dramatized.

ΤΑ ΣΠΟΡΑΔΗΝ,

OR NOTICES OF ANTIQUITY, APOTHEGMS, CUSTOMS, ANECDOTES.

WHEN Ptolemy the second, king of Egypt, looked forth one day from his palace window, afflicted as he was at the time with the gout, the consequence of his luxurious indulgence, and distracted with kingly anxieties, he observed a multitude of his plebeian subjects reclining in festal ease, on the sandy banks of the Nile, and dining with immense glee and great good appetite on such plebeian entertainment as they had provided for themselves. "Miserable me!" said the monarch, "that my fate hath not allowed me to be one of them!"

Anaxagoras, the Clazomenian philosopher and preceptor of Socrates, being asked for what purpose he conceived he had come into the world, answered, "To see sun, moon, and stars." The same philosopher, being utterly negligent regarding the politics of his town of Clazomena, was twitted for his indifference on that subject by some one of his more zealous fellow-citizens, who asked him whether he entertained no concern for his native country? "For my country," replied the sage, "I have always great concern; my native city"—pointing to the heavens—"is perpetually the subject of my thoughts!"

Chilon, the sage of Sparta, inquired of Æsop what was Jupiter's employment—what was his regular daily business in the skies? "To humble those that are elevated, and elevate those that are humble!" said the fabulist.

Dancing seems to have been reckoned, as well among the Hebrews as the Greeks, one of the first-rate accomplishments, and to have been associated not only with their poetry, but with their religious worship. Almost all the earliest Greek poets, as Thespie, Cratinus, and others, not only excelled in dancing, but taught it to freemen, or gentlemen, for money. We do not read, however, that Homer was a dancer, or kept a dancing-school. Sophocles was one of the best dancers of his generation; he had a very handsome person, which he was fain to exhibit in the dance's grace-displaying movements. After the celebrated battle of Salamis, in the glory of which he and Æschylus alike as warriors partook, he exhibited himself as a lyrist and dancer, nearly in the same manner as David did before the ark: he footed it along, dancing and singing to his lyre, being anointed also with oil, and naked to the waist; though others say he wore his robe. When his play of *Nausicaa* was acted, he not only danced, but played at the ball. With the Hebrews, dancing must assuredly have been associated with notions of dignity, otherwise it would not have been used in their most solemn worship. And yet the taunting rebuke given to David by his wife, presupposes, in her estimation, something of levity combined with that exercise. With the Romans, after their connexion with Greece, dancing was also deemed a high accomplishment. In the age of Cicero, the first men of Rome made a boast of their skill in dancing; as Claudius, who had triumphed; Cælius, the enemy of Cicero; and Lic. Crassus, son of the celebrated Parthian Crassus.

Anacharsis, though a Scythian, uttered sentiments as beautiful as those of Plato himself. Among his fine sayings is the one—"The vine bears three grapes: the first is that of pleasure; the second is that of drunkenness; the third is that of sorrow." A Greek poet, I forget his name, gave the first bowl, or crater, to the Graces, Hours, and Bacchus; the second to Venus, and again to Bacchus; the third to Mischief and Atë.

When Mark Antony was fast fleeing from his conqueror, after the battle of Mutina, one of his acquaintances gave as a reply to some person that inquired of him what his master was about—"He is doing what dogs do in Egypt when pursued by the crocodile—drinking and running!"

How different are the times and modes of study practised by literary men in all nations and ages! Demosthenes studied always during the night, utterly secluded, and quaffing at cold water; Demades, his rival in the forum, hardly studied at all, but dissipated away his time amid wine and licentiousness. Æschylus was said to be always drunk when he wrote, whence Sophocles remarked to him with some of the bitterness of jealousy, that "if he wrote well, he did so perchance and unwittingly." If it be true that Æschylus wrote always in a state of inebriation, it may perhaps account for his harsh, contorted, yet furious, forceful, and sublime style of poetry. I should infer from Homer's simple style, that he was a drinker of cold water. Not only Æschylus, but Alcæus and Aristophanes, composed their poetry in a state of excitation from liquor; yet Anacreon, bacchanalian as he was, wrote, it is said, always sober—he only feigned inebriety. Among modern writers, I have only heard of Tasso and Schiller, who composed in a state of semi-inebriation; Schiller used to study till long after midnight, with deep potatoes of Rhenish; Tasso was wont to say that Malmsey was that alone which enabled him to compose good verses.

The Greeks seldom drank wine undiluted with water. Hesiod recommends three cups of water to one of wine; they sometimes drank four to one; the Greek proverb prescribes five of water to two of wine, or three of water to one of wine. The proportion of five to two seems generally to have been preserved by those who wished to drink cheerfully, and converse for a long time without inebriation. Anacreon, whom we may conceive the pattern of all jolly winebibbers, used two of water to one of wine. It was considered a Thracian or Scythian custom to drink pure wine. The Romans drank more undiluted wine than the Greeks; yet we hear Ovid himself saying, that he could never drink wine in an unmixed state; it was too strong for him.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

TITLES.

A LOVE of distinction is implanted in almost every human breast. It displays itself in the earliest stages of childhood, and may be detected under various disguises, for it has many degrees of quality and fineness; and, while it urges on some to feats of intellect, researches of science, and virtuous actions, it breaks forth in others in wild irregularities, schemes of mischief, or silly affectation. One commands it by perilous deeds, another by unremitting assiduity, a third by benefiting, a fourth by plaguing mankind; while a fifth is satisfied with it, even in the shape of abuse and execration; and, if he can but succeed in becoming an object of notice, is indifferent whether he is held above the million as a hero or a scoundrel, like that "aspiring youth who fired the Ephesian dome," with the design of having his name handed down to posterity, if not for a building, at least for the destruction of the celebrated temple. I know those who will receive distinction only in an honest way forming a small number compared with those who grasp at it on any condition; for multitudes may be every day observed so thirsty for renown, as to willingly abandon the path of virtue, modesty, and good sense in the pursuit. Nature, doubtless, bestowed this passion for a good purpose, as, without it, the arts and sciences, and perhaps the whole machinery of society would stop. She intended it as an inducement to industry, morality, and benevolence, and to create a generous emulation among mankind in enterprises to ennoble themselves and to benefit each other. But, like many of her gifts, it is frequently abused; and we partake of it as drunkards do of wine, even to inebriation. They who despair of it for genius, or courage, or true virtue, will have it for subordinate, and often opposite qualities. A youth of my acquaintance set out in life with an idea that his talents must raise him to eminence, but, being of an effeminate, pleasure-loving, and irresolute disposition, he has let years slip by in common-place and enervating gratifications; and now, incapable of accomplishing his wishes in an honest way, and equally unable to overcome his love of notoriety, he aspires to it by the aid of several silly absurdities of dress and manner. It is amusing to observe the disappointed candidate for immortality, who contentedly substitutes a coat bedaubed with tawdry lace for the elegance of learning and the dignity of virtue; and who, if he cannot make his fellow-creatures regard him for the flashes of his wit, slyly claims their attention by the eccentricity of his gait and the curl of his mustachios.

Everybody could be distinguished for something good if they would strive for it with sufficient perseverance, as a female, without beauty, may charm by modesty, cheerfulness, and intelligence. Nature did not afflict us with the desire without leaving the path open to all for its accomplishment, and it should encourage such as are not gifted with any extraordinary advantages of person, or peculiar feature of mind sufficient, without exertion on their part, to attract the attention of the world, to know that the most valuable distinction which can attend a human being is that which arises from a long and faithful performance of the ordinary duties of life. We may be dazzled for a time by the sparkle of wit, the exhibition of genius, or the effulgence of beauty; but these, even in their highest perfection, are inadequate to retain our love, and do not contribute as much to the happiness of those around, as the simple and useful virtues. What wife would not prefer an affectionate and good-tempered husband to a witty or a handsome one of a different description? What man would not delight in a wife who kept his home neat and happy, who ever met him with good humor at his fireside, when the exhausting and wearisome labors of the day were over, to one whose excellences would only bloom in the sunshine of public admiration? Indeed I have wondered how sensible people could, so often as they do, overlook the precious, durable, and infinitely superior qualities I have mentioned, and which are in the reach of all who seriously endeavor to obtain them, yet be so blindly fascinated by the glare and glitter of superficial accomplishments, which, like ornaments on the stage of a theatre, shine brilliantly for the audience, but are useless in private life. Who would toil and pant after artificial flowers when the buds of nature's own formation could be plucked every day by the road side?

Perhaps it is a defect in our system of education that this species of ambition is too early and strongly developed. The child is taught to study and conduct himself well, not that he may enjoy the pleasure of knowledge and the consciousness of virtue, but that he may receive a book bound richly, or wear a gold medal. This is a dangerous principle to arouse and cherish in the youthful breast. What is a piece of glittering metal, compared with the inward noble consciousness of having performed one's duty. That is the reward of virtue in this world, and children cannot too soon be made acquainted with it. How cruel, to deceive an ardent and generous child into labor by teaching him to rest all his hopes and wishes upon a mere outward triumph. It is in reality nothing more than a conspiracy, on the part of his guardians, to lead him into industry, by a false picture of the world. When he grows up, how his heart will droop and sicken if not supported by some *inward* principle of reward, in a measure independent of external distinction.

It is not extraordinary that children should be contented with baubles as the reward of their efforts, or, in the words of Pope, be

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;"

but a quiet observer, withdrawn from the excitements of life, will smile to find what empty honors and insignificant trifles persons grown up to maturity are frequently "tickled" with. Although we dwell under a republican form of government, one of the great

principles of which is universal equality, I am continually struck with the endeavors of individuals to escape from its restrictions, and the consequent approaches we are making towards the construction of a nobility. Men are apt to imitate what they admire, and to become what they imitate; and what creates a greater sensation among us plain professing democrats than the appearance of a count or a duke? Their arrival in our sphere is as greatly distinguished as that of a hawk in a barn-yard; except that, instead of screaming with terror, and crowding away into dark corners and secret holes to shun his approach, there is a universal flutter of joy and admiration among us; he is received by a throng of sycophantic natives, and, to carry out a rather irreverent simile, every old hen displays her pretty brood of chickens with a cackle of maternal delight and ambition. Far be it from me to cast ridicule on a gentleman for having been born in a country where fortune or his own merits, or both combined, may have added a celebrated name to his possessions, or to object to whatever hospitable attention a stranger is entitled to on our shores; but I would distinguish between the welcome elicited by worth, and that blind deference paid to titles, which is too frequently yielded to the undeserving, and which then renders one party an object of contempt, and the other of derision. I know a very excellent young man who, on the brink of a successful termination of a long courtship, was completely put to rout by the appearance of a pair of French mustachios on the scene of action; and, although, as it afterwards appeared, they were directed against the heart of the lady only obliquely, and for the temporary amusement of the personage who stood behind those powerful engines of love, the mortified youth very properly disdained afterwards to receive the affection so readily inclined to yield to a foreign enemy, and astonished his relatives by marrying a pretty country girl, as fresh and untainted with these city diseases as the roses in her father's garden, and who could never look at a duke without laughing.

Another capital reason why our honest citizens and their wives and daughters should be on their guard against displaying too much solicitude touching titled travelers, merely because they are so, consists in the simple fact that no one laughs at them for their pains more heartily than the very objects of their respect; for these are sometimes clear-headed and talented men, accustomed to put the right value on things, and estimating their own stars and garters only as means of passing through the world in a more agreeable manner. When such gentlemen find themselves suddenly elevated to an artificial consequence among people who can have no earthly reason but vanity to prefer them before their own friends and countrymen, they are rather disgusted than gratified, and are unfortunately at once let into the secret of one of the worst weaknesses in the character of the American people.

I could name two instances, which some of my readers will easily recollect, without the mortification of mentioning the parties, each of which, in its own way, illustrates what I have been saying. One guest, who perhaps might have commanded by his talent that deference which he refused for his military rank, left a token of his disapprobation in the form of a severe poem, printed in one of the daily papers, not long since; and the other, with a ludicrous mixture of frankness, ignorance, prejudice, egotism, and good-nature, no sooner escaped from under the ponderous honors and compliments beneath which he was nearly suffocated, than he turned about and belabored the whole nation with such lusty and indiscriminate abuse, as, in the opinion of several discreet persons, we richly deserved, although it had no foundation in truth.*

Since these wandering stars from the spheres of foreign nobility avail themselves so successfully of exterior elegance and distinctions, or, as the phrase is, succeed so well in "astonishing the natives," and practise with so much profit upon their simplicity, and lurking respect for titles, it is not to be wondered at that some among ourselves aspire to the same advantages. The most ludicrous mimicry of foreign manners, dress, and customs, is sprouting up in different places around, as the seeds of false taste begin to grow. I have already seen a company awed by the announcement of the Hon. Mr. B., or Major C., or Col. D. Every title is hoisted into notice with a careful publicity. Time, instigated by pride of family and office, is slowly building up barriers between the high and the low; and a coach-maker, the other day, told me that his customers are busy in raking up, from the forgotten history of their ancestors, the fragments of heraldic bearings, that they may be patched up in this country of public simplicity, and lead the way to more serious innovations. I mention this more particularly, because of the allusion to it in the annexed letter, which came to me in a neat but unknown hand, and which I publish without comment.

SIR—As I observe several others addressing you upon subjects which most concern themselves, I am bold to drop you a line upon a topic of a good deal of importance to all such as have claims to gentility. You must know pa is having a carriage built, and wants to find out something about his great-great-grandfathers and mothers, so that he can get a coat-of-arms to be painted on the coach, cut on the silver, &c. It is very queer, but we cannot, for the life of us, discover where we came from. Pa says, he thinks we belong to the family of a Scotch lord, who, if the plain truth was known, is connected with a young man by marriage who is believed to be a member of a family who are cousins to a person related to the Pretender. If that is the case then, I have royal blood in my veins, have not I?—and I think pa ought to get something expressive of a princess in disguise. A person in England, to whom pa wrote on the subject, answered him that he could not

*We presume our correspondent alludes to the author of *Cyril Thornton*, and Captain Basil Hall.—*Eds.*

tell him anything of the family of the Batterkins, but that for a moderate sum of money he could trace them back to the Botherkins, which was corrupted from Bolingkins, which, in fact, was no other than the Bolingbroke, who seem to have been great people in England. For my part, I do not see the use of traveling so far for a name, and wonder folks here do not set up names for themselves, and titles, and coats-of-arms too. I should like to know what makes Bolingbroke a better name than Batterkin? Is it not the divine Shakspeare that says, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet?"—and so would Bolingbroke or Batterkin. I think we had better stop sending abroad for these things, as well as others, and manufacture our own titles, &c. as we do our cloth and hats. Let General Jackson open a great United States' shop, and sell titles and mottoes, &c. to the richest people. My pa made his money trading between here and New Orleans for sugar, molasses, and I do not know what. So let him be called the Duke of Brown Sugar. Then the tobacconist would be Count Pigtail; and the broker Lord Shaver, and so on. Or rather, let them adopt the appellations of the places of their birth, and I am sure our history would make as good a figure as any other, informing posterity how the Count Quogue challenged Lord Musquito Cove, or the Duke of Poughquag was arraigned for high-treason at the instigation of Lord Passadunk, &c. &c. we should then be upon a par with other nations, and have enough to do in admiring our own noblemen, without going crazy about those of other countries. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, yours, &c. SUSAN BATTERKIN.

FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

TETE-A-TETE CONFESSIONS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

FLORENCE! cousin Florence! will you speak to me, or shall I open your lips with this pearl folder—my own silly gift to a lady who would not read the last and best novel ever written, if she was to be troubled to cut the leaves. Are you very indolent to-night, or is your heart broken, or your bird dead? What ails you? There you sit with your great shawl about you, and your great black eyes fixed on that little foot imbedded in the ottoman, as if you were planning a flirtation, or inventing a mouse-trap, or what is more probable, musing on the constancy of your amiable cousin, and very humble servant. Well! I see how it is. Bring the pastille into this corner, Bettina, get me the deep chair and a cricket, and leave the room. And now, *carissima*, tell me the class of your devils, and I'll select something to read to you for their particular annoyance.

"I have been thinking, cousin, that I am growing old. Nay—never laugh—indeed I am serious. Leave burning my nice alumets, and reflect, as I have been reflecting for the last half hour, that this very moment—this—while I am speaking—is gone—irreparably gone! Think that life is made up of so few such that a child may reckon them, and then remember that an eye, eternal and unsleeping, keeps watch upon their lapse, and notes every waste and blot of their holy uses. Ah, cousin, I sometimes wonder if I am not mad to live the life I do—mad to forget death even for a moment. Heigho! come! read to me. I do not know what to make of this mood of mine. If I am in my senses, it is a lucid interval in a lifetime madness. Read, cousin, or the dark curls you have wasted so much poetry on will grow gray with this dull thought."

Cupid defend us! what a homily! Well, now do you know, Florence, I never suspected you of a thought before? It's quite surprising how one may live a century near a pretty woman, and know no more about her, till the gods enlighten him, than the moth knows of the star he flies at for a candle. Who would have dreamed that a raging belle—a gay, saucy, magnificent romp of a belle, would ever have conjured up such a vulgar, every-day sadness!

"And were you never sad?"

Ehem! when I was a boy, Florence—a musing, dreaming, melancholy schoolboy—I used to think of such things till the stars grew pale. Spring made me extravagantly happy, and summer deliciously *poco curante*, and autumn—oh, in autumn, the gods made me poetical! I fed upon existences, and visions, and all the mysteries of philosophy, till I was well nigh mad. Life was a rain-drop, a very bubble in my regard, and as for the glories of Dr. Kitchiner and Pelham, the "nare" of an olive, or the subtle differences in sheries—you will scarcely credit me when I tell you I thought them very insignificant. I built a bower of hemlock in the depth of a secluded wood, and filling the floor with leaves, I went there in the summer mornings, and lay all day gazing up at the flecked sky through the latticed roof, and weaving visions out of my little store of knowledge that would have staggered the hallucination of an opium-eater. Oh, what poor deluded creatures seemed to me then the fashionable and ambitious and industrious of this world! How wonderful I thought it that they could set their hearts for a moment on things which death might at any time take away, or the slightest change of fortune shift to the waiting hands of another. Beauty, rank, riches, every thing perishable—every thing that the stars would outlive, or the soul shake from its recovered wings with its mortal fetters, was, to my boyish esteem, as the gold colors of the clouds to the eagle that sails through. (Shadow of Pelham! forgive me for the poetry of that last sentence!) Well—from Epictetus I took to Epicurus. I reasoned that if life was so brief, it was not worth while to improve it—concluded to wait till I could travel to the stars before I studied them—renounced solitude till I could get a by-corner of the universe—and pulling down my bower, and selling my vellum Plato for an eye-glass, I fell in love with my cousin Florence! There was a metempsychosis! Since then, my sweet coz,

as thou very well knowest, the "*dum vivimus*" of the gardens has been my motto; and truly, up to this my twenty-third mortal year, I find myself a most contented disciple.

"But, cousin, do you never regret those early days? Do you never feel that your childish philosophy was the better of the two? Do you never, in a sudden pause of music, or when passing out from the crowded dance into the clear, still air of midnight, feel that you are desecrating your own nature, and perverting your own once active faculties by such a life as yours? Nay—do not answer me—I know it is so. I know that I—even I, cousin—who never knew the impassioned days which you describe, and who have been a common child, with the common and artificial nurture of my sex—even I, never am checked for a moment in the whirl of gaiety without a sudden coldness of heart—never look on the quiet night in coming from a ball without a sinking reproach which sleep only can silence."

Very prettily romanced indeed! Why, Florence, you should write for the *Souvenirs*. Which of your one hundred and one victims ever suspected peerless perfection of such a drawback as this? Since you have betrayed yourself, however, I will tell you in a whisper, that I—(you won't tell—honor bright!) I—repent now and then—I do, indeed. Sometimes of a rainy day, or when the clock strikes one at midnight, or on coming suddenly upon moonlight, or a sweet place in the country, or on seeing unexpectedly a gorgeous sunset—my boyish heart comes back to me, and makes me a very child, with its silly weaknesses. Whenever I am taken thus, I go into my own room, and with a locked door and curtains drawn, sit down and read over my old diary—a book in which, besides recording every feeling of my heart, I wrote constantly in rhyme. It would amuse you to look over it. It is crowded with nonsense, of course, the inflated notions of a boy; but when "bit by the dipsas" of childhood, it is to my feverish feelings like water from a cold spring. I have not looked into it now for a month, but so well are its loose rhymes graven on my memory that I could repeat it from end to end. Shall I give you a specimen? You will remember that it is from a diary, and written by a boy—for there are both carelessness and egotism to excuse. Thus runs a page of recollections:

"My childhood has been happy, yet
I had some hours of shadowed thought,
Some hues from darker passions caught,
Some feelings I may not forget.

I have been wandering when the sky
Was black with tempest—when the air
Was rent by the loud thunderer—
And I have felt that I could die

To utter my defiance. Storm
Has been, at times, my passionate,
My ardent love, and I have sate
And wept that I was such a worm
Having no power to meet or dare
The stalking spirits of the air.

I have had softer feelings. Night
Has pour'd her flood of silver light
Into my very soul; and wings
Have come, in my imaginings,
And fanned the fever of my brow.
I do remember, even now,
How I have gazed till soul and eye
Were fixed in deep idolatry
On that pure planet—how I pray'd
That life's warm pulses might be stay'd—
Pray'd—to give heaven, and hope, and all
To be one hour ethereal.

And I have gazed on woman's eye,
And kindled at its hallowed fire,
And felt her fresh breath passing by
In tones as sweet as Jubal's lyre;
And I have seen her bosom swelling
To hear the softly whisper'd vow,
As if the soul in its deep dwelling
Were all too full for stillness now.

And then I felt as every drop
Of my heart's blood were backward rushing,
And drowning spirit, life, and hope,
In the wild tumult of its gushing.
I cannot tell you how it is—
But one pure glance from woman's eye
Will waken feelings like to this,
And give me deeper, holier bliss
Than a whole world's idolatry.

I never interchanged with men
My deeper feelings. I have kept
My sanctuary closest when
Their eyes would scan it. They ne'er wept
As I would wish to weep. They never
Have felt a longing wish to die,
But feel as they could live for ever
In this world's hollow pageantry.
How can I hold communion? Still
It sickens at the heart to keep
The fountain seal'd—its waters will—
Ay, must—or the swell'd heart will break—
Flow full and freely. I have felt
As I would give a world to shed
One burning tear, and yet have dwelt
As if I were among the dead—
Myself the only living thing
Left of a total perishing.

And yet there is a pride in feeling
That thoughts are mine they never knew—
That though my heart may need their healing,
Grief never can my soul subdue.
There is a pride in self-communion
On things men cannot feel or share;

In soaring on a nobler pinion
To some bright home of purer air
Where man hath never been. They waken,
Such thoughts as these, an energy,
A spirit that will not be shaken
Till frail mortality shall die.
They make man nobler than his race,
And give expansion, strength to thought;
The tears they start leave not a trace,
For they are fragrant tears, and fraught
With soothing power—they heal and bless
The spirit in its loneliness.

I have peculiar feelings when
I hear sweet music. I can find
No sympathy but silence then,
No kindred eye, nor kindred mind
To give me back my thoughts. Men are
Too tame, too passionless. They deem
My holier feelings singular,
My heart's delirious joy a dream,
Myself a strange enthusiast: Still
It is a source of pride to me
To feel my blood tumultuously
Career at the minstrel's will;
To feel the warm unbidden tears
Press gently through the lash, and know,
That, though it shame my sterner years,
There is a luxury in the flow
Too full for their communion. Strange
That minds of an immortal birth,
Formed through the universe to range,
Should so ignobly cling to earth—
Having no passion but of sense,
No eye for moral loveliness,
No hate for mental impotence,
Degraded, earthly, passionless—
Just living and no more—like worms,
Eating the earth their soul deforms.

I have met here and there a heart
Whose passion pulses beat like mine;
Some few who lived, like me, apart,
And learned their feelings to enshrine
Like holy things. I have lived years
In one short hour spent blissfully
In their communion—mingling tears
Till I had been content to die,
My spirit was so chastened. One
I do remember now—a maid
Whose voice came o'er me like a tone
From some lost Peri. I have said
How much I worshipped melody—
And, sure I am, that all the strings
Which I have ever heard will die,
Ay, fade from my remembrings,
Ere I forget that tone. We parted—
I fear—forever! for her cheek,
Save when some thought the life-blood started,
Wore not the fresher hues which speak
Of life's continuance. Her eye
Was fraught with too much eloquence;
Its full, fixed gaze was too intense,
Too passionate, not soon to die.
She'll fade ere long—Oh how the flowers,
The fairest flowers of earth, do fall!
How young that hollow grave devours
Life's rosy hopes;—how soon that pall,
Like heaven's broad mantle, covereth all.

That was a kind of rhyme I was fond of then. Its ease and freedom won on my unpractised ear, and I wrote in it exclusively. The thoughts, as you see, are perfect midsummer madness, just such as a boy would nourish, who had lived alone till he believed himself a hero. And yet with all its folly it was a splendid delusion! I must confess, Florence, I have less enthusiasm now than I felt in those days when walking wet to the skin, bareheaded, in the thunder-storm. To climb to the top of a tall pine, and sit and rock for hours in the strong wind, or to pace the dark paths of the woods when the flash of the lightning was my only guide, were passions which filled me with thrilling delight, though, at the same time, a vague suspicion that they might be ridiculous made me indulge in them with guarded secrecy. It amuses me to remember the feelings with which I received the conjectures of my schoolfellows upon my solitary habits. I had naturally a singular kindness for those about me with which my pride was constantly at war, and when my oddities were sneered at, if I could not find cause for resenting it openly, I went away and brooded over it with all the dignified grief of a Marius. I will repeat you a heroic verse or two which I remember inditing on one of these occasions:

There are some things I cannot bear,
Some looks which rouse my angry hate,
Some hearts whose love I would not share
Till earth and heaven were desolate.
I cannot bear to be with men
Who only see my weaknesses;
Who know not what I might have been,
But scan my spirit as it is:
And when my heart would gush with feeling
To catch one kind, one sunny look,
When love would be a leaf of healing,
But scorn a thing I will not brook—
Oh, it is hard to put the heart
Alone and desolate away,
To curl the lip in pride, and part
With the kind thoughts of yesterday—
To wear a cold, repulsive brow,
While kindly feelings throng beneath,
To know that my proud heart must bow
Or live in solitude till death—

And all because men will not see
That pride is my infirmity.
'Tis strange they know not that the chill
Of their own looks hath made me cold;
That though my words fall seldom, still
Their own proud bearing hath controll'd
My better feelings—They forget
I have a heart of kindness yet.

"But where was *la belle passion* among all these extravagancies? Such a prurient fancy as yours could not have been all engrossed in the Platonism of woods and solitudes. Confess, cousin, that there was a softer shade in this boy picture."

I do—I do! Cytherean Venus! how I did love Miss Polly D. Low, the pride of the factory on the romantic Shawsheen! I saw her first in the tenderest twilight of a Saturday evening, washing her feet in the river. I was a lad of some impudence, and I sat down on a stone beside her, and by the time it was dark we were the best friends possible. She was beautiful. I think so now. She was about eighteen, and though four years older than I, my education had more than equalized us. At least, if not the wiser of the two, I was the most skilled in the subtlety of love, and practised with great success "*les petits ruses*." She was a tall brunette, and I sometimes fancied, when her eye exhibited more than ordinary feeling, that there was Indian blood under that dark and glowing skin. The valley of the Shawsheen just below the village where I was at school, is a gem of solitary and rich scenery, and the overhanging woods and long meadows afforded the most picturesque and desirable haunts for rambles who did not care to be met. There, on Sunday afternoons, when she was released from her shuttle and I from my Schrevelius, did we meet and stroll till the nine-o'clock-bell of the factory summoned her unwillingly home. I could go without my supper in those days, though I doubt if I would now, on such slight occasion. By the time vacation came, I found myself seriously in love—declared my passion, and left her with my heart half broken. We were gone four weeks, and, when I returned, the butcher's boy was engaged to Miss Low, and I was warned to avoid the factory at the peril of a flogging. The threat was, of course, superfluous. Her inconstancy was a serious grief to me, and, after being miserable a week, I had recourse to my usual panacea for all ills—poetry. If you will look away, Florence, I will try to repeat the verses with becoming gravity. Imagine the heroine's name to be Clementina, or Saccharissa:

Farewell—the tie is broken. Thou
With all thou wert to me hast parted—
I feel it on my burning brow—
I could not else be broken-hearted.
I may not weep—I cannot sigh—
A weight is pressing on my breast,
A breath breathes on me witheringly,
My tears are dry, my sighs suppress,
I almost wish my spirit were at rest.
Farewell—I've loved thee much!—I feel
That my idolatry was deep;
I know my heart can never heal
Till in the grave my passions sleep.
Yet—I upbraid thee not—my love
Was all I had to offer thee—
Love in its lone simplicity;
How could I deem thou wouldst approve?
How hope to draw an angel from above?
I cannot hate—although its gall
Would bind my wounded spirit up,
Ay, sweeten mine embitter'd cup—
I love thee still. I feel thy thrall
Like chains that sear, but bind me yet;
I feel that I could die to bring
To my crush'd hopes a withering—
Could die—if I could all forget
That thou hadst spurned my love—nor felt regret.
Farewell—my blessing on thee! Live
Still in thy hallowed loveliness—
I've tried—but no!—I cannot bless
Another too! I may forgive,
But oh the tie to life would part—
My heart would burst to bless him. Go!
We may not meet again below—
But wipe not out my memory from thy heart.

That's *bathos*—but it was *pathos* when it was written. I remember thinking at the time that I should stifle with the sick, leaden, oppressive closeness about my heart. I can scarcely realize now that the passion was real; but that is not so much a wonder. I was speculating on that subject a day or two since, while giving some advice to a young literary friend of mine. He is a genius, a real positive, genius, and has qualities of a personal character, which, in connection with his talents, will one day elevate him to the first rank of society. He had fallen in love with a pretty brunette, however, and, though poor, and without prospects, he was balancing the question of the desperate step. I was fortunate enough to reason him out of it, and have thus saved him, I doubt not, a life-time repentance. One of the greatest phenomena I know of, Florence, is the deluded sincerity of every stage in the progress of taste. Who ever brought himself to believe that his present impressions were incorrect and would alter with time? Who ever sat down deliberately and put aside his enthusiasm with the thought that it would become ludicrous hereafter? Who that is young (and I suspect it is as true of the old) does not think himself, now, at this passing moment, in his zenith? if not wiser, at least fresher than he will ever be—if not richer, more content—if not so complete in his accomplishments or so manly in his bearing, still more original, and vivid, and graceful, and therefore, on the whole, happier and better. It is difficult for any one to understand the relative standard of life. The ascent through the many

strata of rank and consequence, by one who is born to rise, is so slow, that the heart finds time in each to put out its tendrils and cling. This is so true, that you cannot find an ambitious and successful aspirant in any walk of glory, (save such as deaden the heart,) who is not fettered with by-gone and inferior attachments—the dignity of his fame affected constantly by early, and, to the world, unbecoming and unaccountable partialities. In the passion of love, for instance, the school-boy, who is born to wealth and distinction, thinks the village beauty peerless; the student who is to honor his country's scholarship, worships the eternal daughter of his professor; and the new lion of a blue-stocking circle wastes his sonnets on the patronizing and intellectual "Miss Brown." There is a perpetual hallucination about genius, which colors every thing goldenly. If its possessor is kept low, the vulgar beings about him are always the heroines of his fancy, and if he rises to cultivated society, the first high-bred woman who notices him, be she ugly as *Leonarda*, in his grateful enthusiasm becomes the queen of grace and dignity.

"Very true, but very didactic, *mon cousin*! I pray you abandon that vein. I am in the humor for any thing else. Have you no more *jets de l'amour* in your memory to let off for my amusement? The mock heroic of your youth is quite like a comedy."

Comedy to the spectator, but tragedy to the actor—a very pretty inversion of things. No, Florence, I'll show up no more of my live *Amaryllises* to you. But I was addicted to ideal passions which were scarcely less violent, and to which I look back with a far more pleased dignity of remembrance. Sappho—"burning Sappho!"—with what a glowing idolatry of imagination I mused upon the immortal story of the beautiful Grecian, and in what impatient, though inadequate poetry I painted and sung my conceptions of her character and fate! I remember attempting, among other things, her "Last Song." A part of it ran thus:

My life has been a rapid stream
Made deeper by the rain of tears;
My hours have fled like a dream,
And yet those hours to me were years,
So fraught were they with feeling. Love
Has lent life's wings a rosy hue;
But ah! Love's dyes were caught above—
They brighten—but they wither too.
Still do I not regret the fire
Which, while it burnt, has purified;
I would not change this glorious pyre,
My burning love, for all the pride
And pomp of glittering heartlessness;
I would not break my golden lyre,
Nor love its hallow'd tones the less,
Though all my woman's hope expire
Upon its fevered chords. Oh life
Should never linger in the heart
Of injured woman. She should die
Ere one bright, rosy hue depart
From the lip's loveliness, and fly
At the first breath which stirs her wing,
The very hour her heart is riven,
Ere tears have come, or sorrowing,
All spotless as she is, to heaven.

I love to look upon that sea
Where I shall find my early grave;
It is so like my life and me—
There is so much in its wild wave,
Like what I've always been. Beneath
There ever is an icy chill,
A dark, drear flow, a living death,
A nameless, ceaseless tide of ill;
And yet upon its surface ride
The splendors of the white wave-crest,
And o'er its holy moonbeams glide,
Or on its bosom sink to rest,
And beautiful, bright things are sleeping,
Ay, in stormiest hour, beneath,
And Peri forms their vigils keeping
O'er maids who breathe but passion's breath,
And who are troubled not, nor wake
At the loud waves above them breaking,
While thirst for love no thought can slake,
And yet whose love knows no forsaking.

Passion!—passion! It is the history of a boy's life. When is there a time in manhood, when a dream—an idea only, of beauty—can engross the whole tide of existence? I have loved Sappho, and the "quaint, delicate Ariel," Juliet and Endymion, the gentle Rosalind, and chaste Florimel—every creation of poetry that won upon my boyish fancy, without distinction of sex, by the mere force and sweetness of poetic beauty. It has followed me—that same disposition for imaginary passions—up to this very moment. Every fine character of the novelist haunts me for a time with an inevitable affection. Di Vernon, and Flora Melvor, and Catherine Seyton, and Allston's painted Beatrice—all have had their hour.

"Speaking of 'hours,' cousin, do you know that its twelve?"
You should not have known it when I was so eloquent, Florence! It would be a little more *a la spirituelle* in you, to prefer waking in

"These lone and silent hours,
When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness."
But good night! Sweet dreams to you, "an' you will sleep!"

"Whatever draws a man out of himself, makes him wiser, and better, and happier; at least if it does not, the fault is his own, and he has to answer for abusing one of the most effectual means of improvement which Providence has placed within his power. He cannot benefit others without being himself benefited in return, either by the influence of his action, his own feelings, or by the gratitude with which it is more than repaid on the part of its fellow-creatures. Ascetics may say what they please, but seclusion is neither favorable to wisdom nor to virtue, and least of all to enjoyment."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Eulogy on the Life and Character of the Hon. Samuel Latham Mitchill, M. D.
By Felix Pascalis, M. D. New-York. 1831.

If we have delayed till now a notice of this address, it is not, by any means, because we deem the subject uninteresting, or the writer not fully competent to his task. His eulogy is a clear, unaffected, and extremely well written outline of the life and character of a very eminent and uncommon scholar. It is not unusual to hear of an individual as a great literary character, while the mass of the people are unable to explain the grounds on which his claims to that distinction are founded. If any are thus unacquainted with the causes of Dr. Mitchill's high and very widely extended reputation, this pamphlet furnishes them with every requisite information in the shape of numerous facts respecting him, and honors elicited by his science and learning from distant quarters of the globe. He was born in 1764, in Queen's county, Long Island, near New-York; and was, even in his early years, so well appreciated by his uncle, Dr. Samuel Latham, that he adopted him as a son, and "appropriated a liberal legacy" for his education.

"So intense was his eagerness for improvement," says Dr. Pascalis, "that during the long winter nights, when candlelight was not allowed him according to his wishes, it was his custom to make a preparation of brushwood and other light fuel, by the flame of which he continued his studies long into the night, to the great injury, however, of his eyes, which never entirely recovered their previous strength of vision."

"After the return of peace and the victorious achievement of American independence, and before the completion of the twentieth year of his age, Mitchill was directed to repair to Europe, to attend at the courses of one of the most celebrated schools of medicine."

"This second period in his education was destined to be as remarkable as the first had been fortunate; for in this he became the pupil of some of the greatest physicians and philosophers that the university of Edinburgh, in its palmy day, could boast of; the celebrated John Brown, of whom it was said in parliament, that he deserved a statue of gold for the new and philosophical character he had given to the study of medicine; the venerable Cullen, who is ranked among the first European masters of the healing art; a Home, a Monro, a Gregory, a Nesbitt, and an Alexander Hunter, whose works constitute such important text-books, and the great John Black, one of the fathers of the science of chemistry.—Young Mitchill diligently attended to the lectures of these, and of several others, and the courses of natural history, for three years, not only as a matriculated student, but as a *mace-bearer* of the university. This appointment of mace was no small honor, conferred on an American citizen, after the late struggle which had resulted in the separation of the two nations. Mr. Mitchill was received in this new circle with a consideration beyond even the claims of his personal recommendations and suavity of manners."

His profound knowledge of chemistry, natural history, and agriculture, of mineralogy, botany, and medicine, called forth acknowledgments of the highest authority; and, in conjunction with two other gentlemen, he was an efficient editor of the American Medical Repository, a work of established reputation. As a legislator his friend proves him to have been both a liberal patriot and rational statesman, and he possessed both facility and grace as a poet. As an extended biography is in preparation, we will not detain the reader with further particulars respecting him, but cannot lay down the present production without calling attention to its close, wherein the survivor, with affectionate and amiable feeling and simplicity, comments upon the domestic character of his departed companion:

"The affability of Mitchill and his simplicity of manners were proverbial; there naturally were time, indeed, when after long application, he found it difficult abruptly to unbend from deep study, and to counterfeit or assume the easier tone of mind of the occasional visitor; he then was apt to be slow of speech and absent in address. Yet it was admirable to see with what equanimity he bore the unreasonable demands upon his time, called on, as he was, as umpire of all merits, in inventions, discoveries, projects, arts, sciences, literary subjects and schemes, new books and publications, professional cases, acts of charity or public spirit; to decide on most multifarious topics, to give advice, or to bestow recommendation, as if his versatile and applicable talents, alike in books or the business of the world, possessed ubiquity of perception. Of this slavery he would sometimes petulantly complain to a friend; but he was never disconcerted by intruders, however ignorant, or idle, or indiscreet—and managed to send each away contented; nor was he ever perplexed by the bright and hurried wit of men of parts, seeking his society to measure their faculties with his. No man was ever more universally accessible than he—holding so high a place in society, yet he condescended to the lowest without ostentation—descending even to the capacity of a child, to instruct, to encourage the love of study, or to amuse. And notwithstanding the solidity and magnitude of his acquisitions, yet he was unequalled in the cheerful and light operations of the mind, which he used as his defence against antagonists, for enemies he had none. With moral dignity and true goodness of heart he forebore all haughtiness of demeanor, acrimony in censure, or heat in disputation; but when pressed by attack, he was unsurpassed in fine raillery, neat satire, and keen sarcasm; and all the artillery of wit, and mirth, joke and epigram, were ever at his command in repartee. Chaste in mind and conversation, and trained in early habits of guarded speech, he neither permitted nor encouraged the smallest departure from decency and purity of language, nor could he be detected in the utterance of vulgarisms or profane swearing. The morality of his habits was depicted in his household; in his affectionate regard for his excellent and true goodness of heart he forebore all haughtiness of demeanor, acrimony in censure, or heat in disputation; but when pressed by attack, he was unsurpassed in fine raillery, neat satire, and keen sarcasm; and all the artillery of wit, and mirth, joke and epigram, were ever at his command in repartee. 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"Enough
For me, if, when envelop'd in a cloud
Of steam, hot from the griddle, I perceive,
On tasting, no rude mixture in the cake,
Gravel, or sandy particle, to the ear
Ever painful, and most fearful in effect:
For should the jaws in sudden contact meet,
The white, within a luscious morsel hid,
Some pebble comes between, lo! as the gates
Of hell, they 'grate harsh thunder,' and the man
Aghast, writhing with pain, the table spurns,
And looks with loathing on the rich repast."

It is pervaded generally by a vein of tenderness and pensive meditation, which betrays the author to be evidently of a poetic and melancholy turn. He delights to lead on the imagination to mournful catastrophes; as, for example, after having advised the cook to leave the *batter* a sufficient length of time before proceeding to action, he adds:

"Much less do thou neglect
The auspicious moment! There, nor business then
Must urgent claim, nor love the while engross:
For, ever to the skies aspiring still,
The fluid vivified anon ascends,
Disdains all bound, and o'er the vase's side
Flows awful! till, too late admonished, thou
Shalt frantic see the miserable waste,
And, in the acid draft within, perceive
Thy lutes all frustrate." Thus Vesuvius, in
Some angry hour, mid flames and blackening smoke,
From his infuriate crater pours profuse
The fiery lava—deluging the plains,
And burying in its course cities, and towns,
And fairest works of art! * * *
With like intent, the porker's salted rind,
Moved to and fro, must lubricate the whole;
And this perform'd, let the white batter stream
Upon the disk opaque, till silver'd o'er,
Like Cynthia, it enchants the thoughtful soul."

What hungry poet, who has a heart attuned to fine feelings, whom nature has endowed with those graceful and thrilling susceptibilities, and who, moreover, has even seen buckwheat cakes baked, but must melt at this. Then his butter, (perhaps *Philadelphia* butter)

"Delicate and firm,
And golden like the morn."

Only one other thing within the range of human fancy could heighten the picture. We trembled for the fame of the poet who at this crisis had elevated our fancy to a pinnacle, which we considered a *nil ultra*; but observe how he still goes on, and while he makes the genuine buckwheat cake cater smack his lips, also brings tears into his eyes, as he pours out the honey—that

"Liquid amber which, untired, the bee
From many a bloom distills for thankless man;
For man, who, when her services are o'er,
The little glad purveyor of his board
Remorseless kills."

Affecting Scenes; being Passages from the Diary of a Physician. Second volume, 18mo. New-York: J. & J. Harper. 1831.

The second volume of these popular sketches has been published in a neat dress. As it is merely a collection of pieces already familiar to the reading world, we only make space to say they have appeared in the present form.

A Compliment for the Season. 18mo. p. 216. New York: N. B. Holmes.

An enticing and appropriate volume for the young, and apparently more pervaded than annuals in general by a character of cheerful morality and religion. It contains some pretty lines, and will prove an acceptable gift at this season of approaching festivity, when a present is almost the right of the young from their parents, guardians, and friends. The editor, in a well-written introduction, informs us that it has been compiled with the view of making its readers "amiable, cheerful, and happy." We must not omit to notice its numerous engravings and attractive binding, nor the charming lines by J. A. C. entitled "The Gospel."

American Girl's Book: or Occupations for Play Hours. By Miss Lealie. Boston: Munroe & Francis. New-York: C. S. Francis. 1831.

A neat-looking little volume, full of pretty pictures, and apparently excellent devices to pass away the time in a manner not uninteresting. Among the games therein described are, "The hen and chickens," "Frog in the middle," and the noble and renowned play of "Hunt the slipper." All who love children will appreciate this book, and many a wild burst of irrepressible glee do we anticipate, called forth by its humble pages.

In press. Fashionable Satires. A Poem.

The subjoined lines have been handed us, as an extract from a poem which Peabody & Co. have in the course of publication:

"And now adieu most 'gentle reader, and
Still gentler purchaser,' again we meet
If these good gentry take me by the hand,
And with all proper praise my numbers greet.
If not, 'tis no great matter, in a land
Where bards may turn to grocers, and complete
Their fortunes in a manner less divine;
Instance the 'cotton trade and sugar line.'
If Halleck turns 'to sugar,' may not I,
Whose wings of song are hardly yet in feather,
(If that the muse her gracious aid deny,
To bear me on through storms and cloudy weather,
In some such 'line' my rising fortunes try?
And if not laurels, gems as solid gather;
Oh yes, I will, like the immortal 'Croaker,'
Turn from a poet to a 'cotton broker!'
"Farewell my little book," good luck betide—
'I launch thee on the waters,' fare thee well;
There is a breeze upon the ocean wide,
Will bear thee out—but where, the fates can tell.
Some craft to friendly ports of favor glide!
Others, alas! to some 'trunk-maker's' cell;
In the first port he found my gentle cantos,
But never let me catch you in *port-manteaus*."

"When cold in the earth lies the friend we have loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by us then;
And for a moment the veil be removed,
Drop a tear o'er his weakness, and close it again."

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

Among the multifarious attractions of the Park, we cordially greet the appearance of Miss Clara Fisher. Phoebe, in Paul Pry, is one of those characters to which she imparts a charm probably not conceived even by the author of the piece. It is replete throughout with humor and grace, and never fails to draw forth frequent and simultaneous plaudits. In *Victoire* she is also at home. Nothing can be more precisely elegant and natural than her "your honor's cloak," when discovered in the act of bearing it to her mistress. We do not greatly admire Burke in long plays, though his Paul Pry is neat and clever; but the Irish tutor always convulses the house with laughter. Miss Fisher appeared again for Mr. Simpson's benefit, with Sinclair and a host of other attractions. No one who has seen her in "Sweet Home" requires our opinion, and they who have not, do not deserve to be enlightened upon one of the prettiest pieces of acting on the stage. The house was crowded.

Mrs. Anderson, at the American theatre, is evidently a favorite with the audience, both as an actress and a vocalist. A want of power in her singing is in a measure compensated by considerable taste and sweetness. In the popular song, "Away, away to the mountain's brow," she was much applauded, and several of her duets with Mr. Spencer were quite pretty, particularly "Plighted faith." An improvement is evident in the orchestra of this house. The experience of Mr. Taylor, the leader, is well known. It struck us, however, that the gentleman with the trombone, although a good player, uses his instrument too vociferously. This theatre has distinguished itself by the production of splendid spectacles, and several new ones are announced in rehearsal.

The exertions of the Richmond-Hill managers are also praiseworthy. Some fine actors are at present treading its boards. Finn, Kilner, and the best tragic actress in the country. We have seldom, if ever, beheld a lady capable of arousing and touching the feelings more than Mrs. Duff. With a noble person for the stage, and a face full of soul, she addresses herself to the hearts of her hearers in a voice, which for plaintive tenderness, and thrilling expression, we have never known equalled. Two young gentlemen recently made their *debut* here. The one in *Pescara*, in the play of the "Apostate," the other in the "Turnpike Gate," as Crack. The former, through the usual ignorance of the *business* of the stage, betrayed a few sparks of talent, and the latter followed rather too closely in the style of Mr. Cowell, an excellent comedian, for us to venture upon any decided opinion touching his intrinsic merits. Mr. Russell improves much upon acquaintance, and Mr. C. Thorne in the "Robber's Wife," sustained a character, with one or two exceptions, extremely well. We have not yet been able to see Miss Coleman.

FRICANDEAU, OR THE CORONET AND THE COOK.

A new farce, by Mr. Howard Payne, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London, a short time since. There was an attempt made, (which, by-the-by, we are given to understand, has been systematically done lately against all plays known to be the work of this author) to obstruct it on the first night; but it was overpowered by the good sense and fairness of the majority, and not a shadow of opposition has been offered since. The *Morning Post*, from which we extract the following, takes no notice of the party attack to which we have alluded; but we have it from other papers and from private information. Indeed, it was so obvious, that one of the noisiest of the foe was very unceremoniously ejected from the house. Here is the account to which we refer from the *London Morning Post*:

"A new farce, entitled *Fricandeanu*, or the Coronet and the Cook, was produced here last night. The plot is as follows:

"Ellen, (Mrs. Ashton) a beautiful orphan girl, has been sheltered and educated by Fricandeanu, (Mr. Harley) a notable and good-natured person, who, from a scullion in Paris, has risen by industry to the proprietorship of a cook-shop. Fricandeanu has two passions—the one to become the husband of his protégée, and the other to ascend from the dignity of a cook-shop to that of a restaurateur. The former passion is about to be gratified; Ellen consents to become the wife of her patron: and the latter might be gratified were Fricandeanu a little richer. The house of a first-rate restaurateur facing the cook-shop is for sale, but at too high a price for our hero, and over his delight at his approaching union with Ellen his disappointed ambition is perpetually casting a shadow—he cannot be a restaurateur. So beautiful a girl as Ellen is not to be supposed to have been about a cook-shop in a conspicuous part of Paris without attracting observation. Two noblemen, one the Duke de Valois, (Mr. Vining) and the other the Marquis St. Albe, (Mr. Brindal) have been, unknowing to each other's admiration, equally attracted by her charms. The latter has endeavored to win her attention but being foiled, has withdrawn; the other, Valois, more persevering, disguises himself as a cook, and enters into the service of Fricandeanu, who takes much interest in his education for the scullery. Ellen, however, sees that the pretended apprentice is better bred than he would be thought, although entirely unsuspecting who he really is; and fearing the power he is gaining over her affections, it is arranged that her marriage with Fricandeanu shall take place forthwith, and she warns the false cook to quit the house instantly, and never think of her again. The duke, much to the regret of Fricandeanu, affects to submit, but arranges with his myrmidons to watch their opportunity for conveying the bride, after the marriage ceremony, to a sporting pavilion of his in the suburbs of Paris. During these occurrences the first admirer of Ellen, the Marquis St. Albe, happening to pass Fricandeanu's with the Chevalier de Courcy, (Mr. Bartlett) a young friend of his, to whom he wishes to teach what he calls 'life,' forces his companion into the cook-shop to see his quondam flame; here the friends recognize Valois under his disguise; explanations follow, when the marquis, insisting that the duke's labor of love will be lost, having himself failed in the

same enterprise, Valois wages fifty louis that ere the expiration of twenty-four hours the marquis shall dine with her he fancies so invincible, at the sporting pavilion of his grace. The duke writes an order to his steward to prepare a banquet there on the following day; his steward is an old acquaintance of Fricandeanu, by the name of Lambert (Mr. Webster.) No sooner has the duke, as the cook, taken his formal leave of his master, than Lambert makes his appearance. Fricandeanu learns the high standing in the household of Valois of his old crony, who, to the cook's great delight, gives him an order to prepare the banquet to be given at the sporting pavilion on the morrow. The wedding of Fricandeanu proceeds; Ellen's bridemaid is a young Soubrette, by the name of Rose (Mrs. Humby), who takes great delight in tormenting Fricandeanu. Ellen, overcome by the heat of the room where the bridal party are carousing, comes into the garden for air with Rose, who disembarrasses her of her veil and wreath, and she at length retires into the little pavilion opposite the cookshop, prepared for the abode of the new-married couple. Rose, in the spirit of mischief, locks her in, and takes the key, for the sake of teasing the bridegroom, who, infinitely disconcerted at not being able to get access to his wife, darts out for a ladder to scale the balcony; while he is gone, Ellen tries on the bridal veil and wreath left behind by her friend. At this moment the retainers of the duke enter, and, mistaking her for their destined victim, convey Rose to the sporting pavilion. Her screams alarm the night patrol, who, on arriving, find Fricandeanu breaking open the pavilion window. They seize him as a robber, just as he discovers the carrying off of a female, whom he takes, from her dress, to be his wife. He escapes them, and flies to his friend Lambert, on whose influence with the duke he relies for protection, and for the recovery of his supposed stolen wife. Though puzzled with the likeness of the duke and his late cook, on receiving the promise of a recommendation to the head of the police for aid in regaining Ellen, he is pacified until he finds the pretended kindness to be only an injunction to detain him, that he may not obstruct the duke's designs. Instead of delivering the order, therefore, he returns and climbs over the garden-wall up to the window of the duke's apartment. In the interim Ellen arrives in search of Lambert, hoping, through him, to get her lost husband out of the trouble in which she supposes him. Rose steals a sight of her friend, and apprises her of the plot and the mistake, which she enjoins upon Ellen to humour. The duke appears, and Rose vanishing, he finds only Ellen. Her husband overhears their conversation, with which he is greatly disturbed, until on the duke insisting that Ellen shall name the dearest object of her ambition, she mentions the house of their neighbor, the restaurateur, for her husband, which the duke promises; but, presuming upon her delight to become more affectionate, Rose makes a noise in the adjoining room, which alarms his grace, who turns to call his servants: at this moment Rose flings open the door of her hiding-place, receives Ellen, and they lock themselves in: Fricandeanu, maddened at seeing his wife run thus at the signal of a stranger, rushes down from the window. The duke, returning with the servants, finds him there. The parties are brought together, the mutual blunders are explained, the visitors enter to see the bet decided, the duke acknowledges himself outwitted, Fricandeanu is rewarded for his sufferings by the attainment of his great ambition, the establishment of the restaurateur;—and all terminates in a laugh and a banquet.

From the above description it will be seen that this is an exceedingly pleasant piece. It is well contrived, and ingeniously worked up, and full justice being done to it by the performers, we need scarcely add that it was entirely successful.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Census.—The official returns of the United States present the following results:

Total number of males	5,358,739
Ditto females	5,167,299
Ditto male slaves	1,014,345
Ditto female slaves	998,264
Ditto free blacks	3,019,467

Total aggregate of the U. S. 12,566,144

Spirit of the Age.—A new weekly paper, under this title, has been established in this city by Messrs. Porter and Howe. The first number is ornamented with an engraved head, and the contents are various and amusing.

Percival's Poems.—We perceive it announced in several journals—says the *Evening Post*—that Dr. Percival proposes to publish his poems by subscription. They will make their appearance in two duodecimo volumes of three hundred and fifty pages each. Percival's brilliant imagination, and his command of poetic diction and poetic numbers are universally acknowledged. He has cultivated the art of verse with a more entire devotion than any living author on this side of the Atlantic whom we now recollect. Slight as is the encouragement held out to poets by the public in this country, we cannot doubt that claims like those of Percival will be fully admitted.

Life preserver.—A London paper gives the following account of an invention, which may be the means of saving many lives:—An interesting experiment of a new but simple mode of assisting the inmates of a house when on fire to escape from impending destruction, took place in Bridge-road, Borough, near the police station. The apparatus consists of a broad sheet of canvas, with numerous loop-holes at the border, to admit the grasp of persons in attendance in the stretching of the sheet. The firemen, numerous police constables, and a considerable number of scientific and other individuals were present. The canvas, being stretched, a number of persons leaped several times from the roof, and other parts of the house, and alighted in perfect safety. Those who witnessed the proceedings seemed convinced that, of every means of rescuing the inmates of houses, when on fire, from the risk of perishing in the flames, the simple canvas sheet is the most effective, the most portable, and the most certain of being adopted as an effectual life preserver.

MY SISTER DEAR.

AS SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR, IN THE OPERA OF MASANIELLO, NOW PERFORMING AT THE PARK THEATRE.

Andantino con moto.

My sis - ter dear, o'er this tude

cheek Oft I've felt the tear - drop steal - ing, When those mute looks have told the feel - ing, Heav'n de - nied thy tongue to

f *p* *fp* *fp* *fp* *Cres.*

Con *espress.*

speaking; And thou hadst com - fort in that tear Shed for thee, my sis - ter dear, Shed for thee, my

L. h. *p* *f* *p* *fp*

sis - ter dear.

SECOND VERSE.
And now, alas! I weep alone,

By thee, my youth's dear friend forsaken,
Mid thoughts that darkest fears awaken,

Trembling for thy fate unknown.
And vainly flows the bitter tear,

Shed for thee, my sister dear.
Shed for thee, my sister dear

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

In looking over Milton the other day, it struck me that I detected an inconsistency which has not been taken notice of by any of the previous critics. It occurs in that wonderful poem, *Paradise Lost*. After having informed the reader of the defeat of Satan, whom

"the almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition,"

the poet makes him cast around "his baleful eyes" to examine the nature of his new abode.

"A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flam'd: yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all."

This idea of the entire absence of hope is a fit-

ting one to express the misery of hell, but the writer cannot carry on his plot without the agency of this all-pervading passion, and therefore we presently find Satan, in the opening of the second book, making the following speech:

"Powers and dominions, deities of heaven!
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and fallen,
I give not heaven for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me, though just right, and the fixed laws of heaven,
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there

From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us: and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate: who can advise, may speak."

Notwithstanding the "hope never comes" in the first extract, it is evident this infernal assembly are animated with hopes of a very strong kind. It may be said that Satan does not actually hope, but only feigns to do so. Yet why should he feign but with the hope of accomplishing some purpose? But he does not feign, for it appears he has already conceived a vast design, which he eventually effects. Even if we grant that the great leader of the fallen angels played the part of a hypocrite in his arrangements, as indeed would be most consistent with his character, yet there is no

reason why Belial, though "false and hollow," should express other than his real feelings. He says,

"I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their Conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps, thus far remov'd,
Not mind us, not offending, satisfied
With what is punished: whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour, or, inur'd, not feel;
Or, chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain," &c.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.
To whom all communications must be addressed. No
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FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

LOVE KNOWETH EVERY FORM OF AIR.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes, unbidden, every where,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlight sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.
He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears, and the many men
May not deny him room.
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream;
And he'll float to his eye in morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.
He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And fits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
The cloud, and the open sky—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.
The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he.
He heaves the waves like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.
He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man,
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought,
Will love be lurking nigh.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BOWLING.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT a glorious place is a bowling-alley for observing characters and passions—there is no place like it; you may judge there of a man's manners, of his self-possession, of his ease, of his energy, of his temper, and in a single item, of his whole character. Like walking and smoking, bowling is a matter in which but few men come to any perfection. To arrive at grace in it, is, in my opinion, a more difficult matter than to do so in dancing. And if you will look with me at some half-dozen of my acquaintances you will say so.

There is a certain tall, broad-shouldered, graceless friend, of mine, whom you will see shambling about the street any day. I never knew him roll a ball in my life without hitting it upon the board so that it bounded at starting; and it is one chance in three that he rolls off at the side of the board. The way in which he gets on the board, too, and takes the ball, and recovers himself after throwing, are all ludicrous. He throws, too, with a vehemence; and I have known him follow the ball a rod after it left his hands. Now he does not enjoy bowling; how can he?—without using any grace or any ease in it. And bowling is a perfect development of his character.

Then there is another;—he throws a curved ball—and that, too, with an impetus. In his own mind, now, that man is superb at bowling; and you'll hear him ejaculate—exquisite! capital!—at any good hit, as though he were playing first trumpet to his own praises; and yet, withal, he is rather poor at it; to tell you the whole truth, he is a collection of vanity—and in the same proportion as he prides himself upon being graceful and elegant, is he distant from being either. I don't think that he enjoys bowling—he is too careful—there is too much aiming—and he rolls too vehemently.

Then here is another who is continually changing. At one time he rolls a swift ball—then a slow one—now he stands to the right of the board—now to the left—and in consequence he will average eight always—he is too uneasy to enjoy bowling—he is not well enough satisfied with himself—and he is the same everywhere. I never knew him keep to one thing a week in my life—and for a friend, I would as soon choose a flying squirrel.

Here is another, who does very well. You see he rolls rather slowly, and with one hand on his side; he rolls his ball off the ends of his fingers though, and does not throw it out of his hand—and that is a most slovenly way of rolling; and rather unpleasant, by a slight turn of the thumb, to send the ball whirling off the side of the

board. I think he likes it very well, and enjoys a roll—for if you speak to him when on the board, and more especially, if you make him laugh, you get him into a tremendous passion.

Here is one who throws his ball like a stone from a catapult; and it will go whistling through the pins, tearing out two or three of them, and leaving the rest standing; he ought to know that great force is often useless, and become convinced of the superiority of mind over matter—for the man might as well go to work by the job at once.

Here is another that tosses his ball half way, and then stamps and pulls his hair if it does not go right, as if a tossed ball could go right. That is just his nature; he is always for plunging “in medias res,” but he does not find the “in medio tutissimus,” for he often gets into hot water; and at last by getting in and out, he has tumbled into the “medias res” of the neutral ground, where neither party will own him—and any man who tosses a ball may expect the same fate.

But here is a man to whom bowling is a luxury—he has every requisite for a bowler—he is a poet you may know by his eye; and lazy you may know by his motions. If you get him to write you some half a dozen lines, Hercules' labors were nothing to it—but when you get it, it is superb. You may see by the way in which he goes on the board, and takes his ball, that he will enjoy it; there is a peculiar sway of body in his moving, that shows an indolent ease—and he rolls beautifully too—throwing his ball out, not letting it slide from his hands—rather swiftly, but not very, and always striking where he aims; he makes nothing of a double, and is sure of twelve and a half for an afternoon's average—and that after all is the poetry of bowling.

To a man troubled with gentlemen in blue, your bowling-alley is a specific—for indeed every toss of the ball throws out some portion of their influence at the finger's ends; it is infinitely better than suicide when you are in debt and cannot get out of it—a pistol is nothing to it—and a voyage of discovery among fishes, and lumps of gold, and great anchors, should not be spoken of in the same breath.

There is an unwritten bowling, too, when you are dreaming, broad awake—perhaps under the stars, or over blue water, with the moonlight all about you—when you bowl in a vision with some whom you know by the impress of their soul upon their pages. I have seen Byron in my mind's eye a hundred times—he rolled a fiery, straight-forward ball, with a springing forward when he threw. Coleridge must throw a straight ball too; swift, very, but quiet. Keats—blessings on his spirit, whether it be in air or earth—must have rolled a curve, with a quiet, slumbering motion. Shelley, a fiery, bounding ball, with an eye like an eagle's following it. Croly, I think I see him now, with his sleeve rolled up, and his brow bare, tossing the ball as though he were a king. Crabbe would throw a grovelling ball, stooping to the ground while he did it. Wordsworth, a great, ugly, lumbering ball, yet always taking the head pin. There goes my dream—and I am broad awake.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

POPE GREGORY AND THE PEAR TREE.

HUGO BON COMPAGNO was one of the gayest of the gay children of the south. He had archness and vivacity—a bright eye and a ready tongue. He was the favorite of the neighbors, and was predestined by the monk who taught him Latin, to make a great figure in the world. Hugo had formed a close friendship with a youth about his own age, the son of a gardener; in all respects his inferior, save in that plastic quality of temper that moulded itself to the will of others, and which by its docility made, very frequently, a far deeper impression on those who knew him, than the more apt and vivacious qualities of his patronizing companion. However, the two lads were firm friends, and in the day-dreams of boyhood, ere the warm impulses of our nature become chilled in the school of selfishness—ere, in our progress through the world, we imperceptibly imbibe so great a portion of its clay, the youths had but one hope, saw but one fortune for both. Wealth, if they gained any, was to be equally shared by them—honors, if they came, must be participated by either. So dreamt they in the delicious time of youth, so lived they in one of the loveliest spots of Italy, at a village some few miles from Bologna. The world as yet lay before them, an undiscovered country; they saw it, as the great navigator saw in his dreams, the distant yet unknown land; a halo of glory was about it—it was rich in fruits and flowers, and spicy forests and mines of gold.

At length the time arrived when this romantic region was to be explored. Hugo was to go into the world. At the period of which we write, the church was the surest road to honor: and Hugo, as we have before implied, had that keen and subtle temperament, that untiring perseverance, and that aptitude for book learning, which in those days were considered the indispensable requisites for one who, in ostensibly devoting himself to God, sought to grasp at temporal sway; and who, as he bowed with a seeming inward reverence to the cross, leered with a miser's eye at Mammon and his heaps. Hugo

was devoted to the church: he quitted his native village, and grown beyond childish years, and having cast away “all childish things,” he became a monk, and in his function pored over that awful volume so blotted with crime, or stained with tears—so confused, so scrawled with error—that mystery of mysteries—the human heart. Thus he labored, all his thoughts and feelings attuned to one purpose—worldly ambition. His home, his relatives, the companions of his youth, the scenes of his boyhood—all, all were forgotten—the monk had killed the man.

“Well, Hugo,” said Luigi, with a saddened air, “to-morrow you quit us: to-morrow you leave the village, and the saints alone know if we shall ever meet again.”

“Meet again, Luigi, and why not? you will come and see me—I shall sometimes come here. We shall see one another often—very often.”

“Yes—see one another? But you will only be to me as the ghost of a dead friend?”

“The ghost of a friend? Can I ever forget Luigi—my earliest playmate—the brother of my heart, though not of my blood? Trust me, I shall ever love you.”

“A monk love!—a monk has neither parents nor friends!”

“No; he loves, with an equal affection, all mankind!”

“Ay—and only with all must Luigi take his share. Farewell, Hugo, and the Virgin bless you;” and Luigi turned away with unconcealed emotion, and endeavored to proceed with his work. Hugo was likewise sensibly affected by the sincere passion of his friend. And let not the reader too hastily condemn the scene as weak and puerile—hitherto Luigi, although he had known and conceded to the superiority of Hugo, yet felt proud of the excellence that had cast its favor upon himself. He now saw in it the cause of separation; he now felt that he was the humble Luigi, the gardener; destined to eat from his daily toil—and that Hugo, his earliest and choicest friend, was to be severed from him to pursue a path, it might be, of glory and renown. Luigi continued at his work.

“What are you going to plant there, Luigi?” asked Hugo.

“A pear tree—and it is said to be of a rare kind.”

“Stay, let me help you,” rejoined Hugo; and, approaching Luigi, he assisted him in planting the young shrub, for it was little more. While thus employed, they uttered not a word—each drew a sombre picture of the future, and for the time Hugo felt that he could give up all hopes of the power and splendor, promised to him in his dreams, and in those reveries more delicious, though often as equally vain, as the visions of the night—that he could forego all temporal pomp, all spiritual dominion, rather than wound the honest heart beside him. For a moment, the genius of the place seemed to ask him—“Why not abide here in the home of thy father—why not rest with us, and get thy food from the earth—why pant for the commerce of the world, ‘as the hart panteth after the water-brooks?’” Ere the young tree stood supported by the earth, this feeling had subsided, as it had never risen, and Hugo stood again about to say farewell to Luigi, who looked at him with a look of mingled sorrow and distrust.

“Luigi,” exclaimed Hugo, with sudden animation, “let this tree be as a covenant between us. As it stands, it is no unapt type of your friend. The rich earth is about its roots, and the ‘dew will lie upon its branches,’ with the blessings of the saints, it may put forth swelling buds and leaves, and rich and odorous fruit—and men may pluck refreshing sweetness from its boughs, and rejoice beneath its shade. So it may grow up, and so it may adorn the land that doth sustain it; and, Luigi, it may be that it may pine and shrink, and never put forth one green leaf—or blight may eat its buds, and canker gnaw its heart, and so, cut down, it may be cast upon the fire, and so may perish. Thus stands your friend: I shall be planted in the church, Luigi—in that soil, rich with the flesh and blood of saints—heaven may rain its dews upon me, and I may put forth glorious fruit—and, Luigi, (the voice of the speaker became slightly tremulous)—these hopes may be a melancholy mockery of my fate—for I may perish, unknown, unhonored, unregretted. I know not how to account for it, my mind is possessed by a sudden superstition—I feel, and it is an odd, perhaps an unchristian fancy, that this tree will be the symbol of my destiny: if it flourish, I shall prosper; if it fade, Hugo will decay too. But, however it may be, Luigi, the hearts of our youth shall, in their friendship, be the hearts of our old age. And though we shall meet, yes often meet, yet here I promise that there is no time so distant, no state so high, that even though, parting here as youths, we never meet but as gray-headed men—that here embracing in this humble garden, we next encounter in the halls of kings—I give my solemn word that you shall be to me the same Luigi, I the same Hugo.”

Luigi grasped the hand of the speaker—“Heaven prosper you, Hugo—and forget not your friends. Remember, remember the pear tree.”

Hugo quitted his paternal home; years passed on, and whilst Luigi, a happy and contented man, tilled his ground and propped his vines, and saw his ruddy offspring flourishing around him—whilst he enjoyed that great gift of paradise, “a country life,” and lived in an atmosphere of serenity and sweetness, Hugo was toiling through the devious paths of church-craft, a childless man. He was a politician and a priest—then, more than ever, twin-flowers upon one stalk—he had advanced in dignity, and had almost within his grasp that bright reality, the shadow of which had shone like a star upon his tide of life, and tempted him to ford all depths, to dare all dangers, to hold all toil as nought.

And Luigi lived on, and became an old man. His children's children frolicked under the shadow of the pear-tree, which shot up, and spread out, as though some spirit were specially charged to tend it.

"Ha!" cried Luigi, "'tis a rare crop;" as two of his grandchildren, perched in the boughs, plucked the fruit, and threw it into the laps of their little sisters, who piled it into two large baskets—"tis a rare crop," repeated Luigi, "and if Hugo bear but half as much, there are few richer among the brotherhood. He said, as the tree flourished, so should he prosper: he was a true prophet; though 'tis well he left something behind to inform me of his increasing greatness—it seems I should never have known it from himself."

Hugo had, shortly after his departure, forgotten his friend, who, however, continued to tread the same humble, happy path in which he had at first set out. He had nothing to disquiet him, no losses, no family afflictions; the dove, peace, had always nestled in his cot—and it was not until the old man was bending downwards to the grave, that misfortune threatened his hearth-stone.

A man of high birth and immense wealth had built a magnificent palazzo in the neighborhood of Luigi's cottage. This man was connected by marriage with the family of Hugo. He was pure-proud and despotic, making of his gold a sword against the poor. One day, it was his arrogant whim that the cottage of the gardener interfered with the beauty of the prospect from the palazzo. It was almost instantly conveyed to Luigi, that he must seek another abode, as the land on which the house was built, together with the gardens, belonging to his potent neighbor, were to be devoted to other purposes. The intelligence fell with a heavy blow upon the old man. To leave the cottage—the roof under which himself, his fathers were born—to quit his gardens, his trees, things which, next to his own children, he loved with a yearning affection—the very thought of it appeared to him a kind of death. He refused to quit—he remonstrated—implored: it was of no avail—the cottage interfered with the prospect.

One evening the old man, half bewildered, had returned from a fruitless journey to the palazzo. He sat down in his garden, and looked with swimming eyes upon his mirthful children (heedless pretty ones, whose very happiness gives a deeper melancholy to a house of sorrow;) shocked and wounded by the tyranny of his landlord, he glanced at Hugo's pear tree, (for so he always called it.) The old man leapt from his seat—his resolution was taken—he would go to Rome—he would, as a last hope, strive to find some part of his boyish playmate Hugo, in the wrinkled, politic churchman. All things were soon ordered for his journey, and he quitted the cottage, bearing with him a small basket, filled with the finest pears plucked from Hugo's tree. Luigi arrived in Rome—and now, with a sinking heart, now with a confidence based on honest pride, he sought the presence of the holy father. Appearing before the servants of his holiness, Luigi asked for an audience of Messer Hugo Bon Compagno? When reminded of this unbecoming familiarity, Luigi replied, that he knew not Pope Gregory XIII., but was a dear friend of Hugo's, and therefore demanded to see his companion, not caring, he said, to trouble the pope.

To this Luigi obstinately adhered, continually urging, with great earnestness, that he should be admitted to the presence of his early comrade. There was a simplicity in the old man's manner that for once won upon the minions of the great; and the strange demand of Luigi being reported to his holiness, he was with great ceremony ushered before the sovereign pontiff—before the man who was courted by emperors, flattered by kings. All retired, and the rustic and God's vicar upon earth were confronted.

How changed, since the friends had last met! Then they were, at least in fortunes, almost equal. Now, one was bent beneath the load of empire—worshiped as one only "a little lower than the angels"—the triple crown upon his head—St. Peter's keys within his hand. What has the poor gardener to show against all these? A basket of pears!

"Now, my son," said Pope Gregory, "you sought Hugo Bon Compagno, you find him in Gregory the Thirteenth. What ask you at his hands?"

"Justice, most holy father—justice and no favor."

"Speak."

"I made with another, in my time of youth, a mutual compact of kindness and protection—we vowed that which ever should prosper in his fortune, should serve and assist the other."

"It was a christian promise. Well? Stand you in need of succor?"

"Most grievously—oppression has come upon me in my old age."

"And your friend forsakes you in your need? Have you witnesses to the compact of which you speak?"

"Yes—this basket of pears."

"Pears!" cried the pontiff, and light darted from his eyes as he fixed them earnestly on Luigi.

"We planted the tree on which they grew—'Let this tree be a covenant between us'—were the words of my companion. He and the tree have flourished; for forty years that tree has never failed; for every year it hath brought forth a crop of luscious fruit, and I have sat beneath that tree and wondered how it could be so bountiful to me, when he who helped to plant it, he who was bending beneath his honors and his wealth, had forgotten to send me even a single pear."

"Luigi—Luigi," exclaimed the pontiff, and with a face crimsoned with blushes, he threw his arms about the rustic! *Their gray heads lay on each other's shoulder.* Thus they continued for some moments, and then Luigi, stooping to the basket, presented a pear to Gregory: he took it, and looking at it, burst into tears. Luigi kept his cottage.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

Severe only to himself, he was as unwearied in his attention to business as in his pursuit of learning. His time was thus employed: at five o'clock he usually rose, and till nine continued in his study; after breakfast, part of the morning was spent in business, public or private; at eleven was the chapel-hour; at twelve the call to dinner; after which he devoted an hour to conversation with his friends, or to the amusement of the chess-board. Again to his study he then resorted, until the evening chapel-bell rang at five; and after the service, he usually walked till six, which was the hour of supper, when he took little, often no refreshment; then from seven to eight again walked, gave the next hour to his books, and at nine retired to his bed. Fox relates that the archbishop always accustomed himself to read and write in a standing posture; esteeming constant sitting very pernicious to a studious man. Of his domestic habits, and private character, all that we know is amiable. As a master he was much beloved. His hospitality and charities were great and noble, equal to his station; greater often than his ability. We have

witnessed him almost always poor; for his generosity to strangers, as well his countrymen, was boundless. His hospitality, indeed, we have seen suspected; but we have also seen it vindicated. Among other instances of his charity, he is said to have fitted up his manor-house at Bekesbourne, in Kent, for the use of wounded soldiers, who should be landed on the southern coast of the island, supplying it with a physician, a surgeon, nurses, and every thing proper as well for food as medicine; and the patients, on their recovery, with money to convey them to their homes. To the establishment of hospitals, indeed, as well as grammar-schools, his was the noble wish to have seen a very extensive appropriation of the alienated monastic revenues.—*Todd's Life of Archbishop Cranmer.*

A HAPPY INSTANCE OF PRESENCE OF MIND.

It has been related of (Cello Secondo Curio, a distinguished reformer, in the time of Cranmer, that when pursued by the familiars of the inquisition at Rome, he was sitting at dinner in an inn; and the captain of the papal band, called in Italy Barisello, suddenly making his appearance, commanded him, in the pope's name, to yield himself as a prisoner; Curio, despairing of escape, rose to deliver himself up, unconsciously retaining in his hand the knife with which he had been carving. The Barisello, seeing an athletic figure approaching him with a large carving knife, was seized with a sudden panic, and retreated to a corner of the room; upon which Curio, who possessed great presence of mind, walked deliberately out, passed without interruption through the armed men, who were stationed at the door, took his horse from the stable, and made good his flight.—*M'Crie's History of the Reformers of Italy.*

TENACITY OF LIFE IN A SNAIL.

The study of natural history is well calculated to cure us of the habit of speaking of things as impossible, merely because they are strange. Travellers tell us few things more extraordinary than the fact that animals have been known to live months, and even years, apparently without food. Bingley speaks of a gentleman whose father, a fellow of the Royal Society, left him a small collection of fossils and other curiosities, which he had in his possession many years; among them were a number of snail shells. About fifteen years after his father's death, this gentleman gave some of these shells to his little boy to play with. The boy put them into a basin of water, and the living snails were seen to come forth from them, after a confinement, not only of fifteen years, but also of those years in which they had been in possession of the collector. The number of years, however, is of little consequence—that they should live twenty years is little more surprising than that they should live one.

LINES BY A LADY.

Female correspondents multiply upon us. Heaven knows that many of the dear creatures write the most ineffable nonsense that was ever penned. Yet have we a love for them all; and whenever we see a light flowing hand covering a sheet or two of gilt letter paper, we instantly shut our eyes, and as, like Coleridge, "our eyes make pictures when they're shut," we see our gentle contributor seated at her desk, with a half-conscious blush upon her cheek, a deeper animation in her eye, a shower of dark ringlets upon her neck, and a little silver pen in her hand, which yields to the motion of the fairest fingers in the world. Heaven help us! it may be all a delusion. That very contribution may come from some ancient dame, either married or single, with a nose like a pen-knife, and a wig like a wisp of straw. But we augur better things of the authoress of the following poem, in which we discover marks of a grateful mind and true feminine feeling. There is something attractive in the very title.—*Edin. Lit. Journal.*

TO HIM I LOVE.

If ever the dew-drop was loved by the flower,
When panting it droop'd in its hot summer bower;
If e'er to the peasant soft evening was dear,
When his calm cottage home in the valley was near;
If ever the heather was sweet to the bee,
Beloved! thy affection is dearer to me!

If ever the eagle was proud of his might,
As his eye met the sun in his heavenward flight;
If ever old ocean was proud of his waves,
As foaming they roll'd over brave seamen's graves;
If captive e'er triumph'd when ransom'd and free,
I am proud of thy truth—thy devotion to me!

If ever the exile on far foreign shore
Sigh'd for friendship's kind smile, he might never see more;
If e'er the sweet nightingale wail'd in the grove,
When she miss'd the soft call of her answering love,
I pine for thy presence so blessed to me,
And waste my young spirit in weeping for thee!

But still in my sorrow one ray pours its light,
Like the moon when it bursts on the darkness of night;
If ever the bow spann'd in glory the heaven,
If ever the bark through the blue deep was driven,
If ever the summer brought calm to the sky,
Our souls are unchanged in their faith till we die!

THE "AMENDE HONORABLE."

This was an ignominious punishment, termed "honorable," on account of its being inflicted only on persons of high rank. The offender was led through the streets, bare-headed and barefooted, with a burning link in his hands, to the seat of justice, or some other public place, where he confessed his offences, and begged forgiveness of the injured party. The celebrated financier, Jacques Cœur, according to Monstrelet, was condemned to make the amende honorable to the king, by the proxy of his attorney, "bare-headed and ungirdled, having a lighted link of ten pounds weight in his hand; and he was to declare that he had falsely, disloyally," &c. The Damsel of Mortagne suffered the same ignominy, in the person of her attorney.

HIGH VOICES.

The Spaniards were particularly celebrated for the extraordinary height of their falsettos, and were sought after to sing the upper parts. They were succeeded by the artificial soprano, whose race, it is to be hoped, is well nigh extinct. The last falsetto Spaniard of the pontifical chapel, Giovanni di Sanctos, by name, died 1625; and the first soprano, Padre Girolamo Rassin, was admitted in 1601.

THE PLEASURES OF MADNESS.

A remarkable peculiarity in many cases of insanity, is a great rapidity of mind, and activity of conception,—a tendency to seize rapidly upon incidental or practical relations of things, and often a fertility of imagination, which changes the character of the mind, sometimes without remarkably distorting it. The memory, in such cases, is entire, and even appears more ready than in health; and old associations are called up with a quickness quite unknown to the individual in his sound state of mind. A gentleman, mentioned by Dr. Willis, who was liable to periodical attacks of insanity, said that he expected the paroxysms with impatience, because he enjoyed, during them, a high degree of pleasure. "Every thing appeared easy to me—no obstacles presented themselves, either in theory or practice. My memory acquired, all of a sudden, a singular degree of perfection. Long passages of Latin authors occurred to my mind. In general, I have great difficulty in finding rhetorical terminations, but then I could write verses with as great facility as prose."—"I have often," says Penil, "stopped at the chamber door of a literary gentleman, who, during his paroxysms, appeared to soar above the mediocrity of intellect that was peculiar to him, solely to admire his newly-acquired powers of eloquence. He declaimed upon the subject of the revolution with all the force, the dignity, and the purity of language, that this very interesting subject could admit of. At other times he was a man of very ordinary abilities."—*Dr. Abercrombie.*

A CHINESE DINNER PARTY.

When a Chinese invites to a ceremonious dinner, a large red paper is sent several days before the time. On this is written the invitation, in the politest terms of the language. On the day before a feast, another invitation is sent to the guests, on rose-colored paper, to remind them of it, and to ascertain whether they are coming. Again on the next day, a short time before the hour appointed, the invitation is repeated, to inform them that the feast is prepared and awaits them. When the guests are assembled, the first thing presented is warm almond milk, in large cups. Every table is served with exactly the same food, and the same number of dishes, at one and the same moment. (Only four or five or six persons sit at each table. In very fashionable houses, not more than two or three.) The tables are mostly of polished ebony, or Surat black wood, and are double; for, as they use no table-cloths, the upper table is removed, with all that is on it, at the end of the first course, to give place to the second. For the first course, the tables are laid out with chop-stick, wine-cups, china-ware, or enamelled spoons and stands, and two little plates with fruits, nuts, &c. Several small cold dishes, such as dry salted fish, shred fine, and made into a salad with mushrooms, &c. are spread over the board, only leaving room in the centre for a cup, about the size of a breakfast-cup. The dinner now commences, and all the wine cups are filled with *seu-heng-leow*, (a weak acidulated liquor, distilled from millet-seed, and always drunk hot,) and the master of the feast rises, as well as all the guests; he holds the wine-cup in both his hands, saluting them with it, after which they all drink together, and sit down again. A cup with hot food is now served in the centre of every table. After the first course the upper table is removed, and the table remaining is spread with spoons, wine-cups, chop-sticks, vinegar, soy, and sweet sauce, with some plates of sliced radishes, pears, oranges, and various other fruits and vegetables, placed before each person; and all the large fruits are sliced, as well the vegetables. While the second course is preparing, those who are tired of sitting, rise and walk about the room. The second table being prepared, the guests are all seated again, when bird's-nest soup, the most expensive and the greatest delicacy a Chinese can offer, is served up, with pigeon's or plover's eggs floating upon it, to each person. When entertaining any of the high constituted authorities, the master puts the first dish of the second course on every table himself, as it is brought in by the servants. After all, tea is served up in covered cups, as before described; on the leaves, and without milk or sugar; and thus closes the entertainment. On the day following the feast, the host sends a large red paper to each of the guests, apologizing for the badness of the dinner; and they answer him on the same sort of paper, expressing in the most exalted and extravagant terms the pleasure and unbounded satisfaction his feast has afforded them.

DRUMMED OUT.

Ledelius tells of a woman who was very much incommoded by crickets, and tried, but in vain, every method to banish them from her house. She at last accidentally succeeded; for, having one day invited several guests to her house, where there was a wedding, in order to increase the festivity of the entertainment, she procured drums and trumpets to entertain them. The noise of these was so much greater than what the little animals were used to, that they instantly forsook their situation, and were never heard in that mansion more.

TRAVELLERS DIFFER.

The visit to the antiquities was not effected without attracting the curiosity of the inhabitants, especially of the female portion. One of them, a beautiful girl, apparently about seventeen, followed me at some little distance. On my turning round, I saw her with a veil in her hand. The moment our eyes met, she threw it over her face with well-acted confusion, her object being, evidently, as much to be seen, as to see. It is the fashion for travellers in Turkey to speak of the horror the women have of being unveiled before men, and especially before christians. My own observations leads to the opposite conclusion: I consider it as a general rule, that no Turkish lady, having a convenient opportunity, objects to show her face, always provided that she considers her face worth showing.—*Major Keppel's Journey across the Balkan.*

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT.

One of our party had been employed against the Fehrees (rebellious mountaineers, whose chief, Kelmehmet, is a sort of Robin Hood.) He told us that a short time ago, a horseman staid to breakfast at a neighboring village, and consigned his steed, in the meanwhile, to the charge of one of the villagers. On remounting, the stranger asked him what he should give him for holding his horse. "Oh!" said the fellow, "I would not have charged you anything, but I am a poor man, and am obliged to leave my fields uncultivated, to go in pursuit of that scoundrel of a Kelmehmet." "But what harm has he done you?" "The trouble he gives me

is quite harm enough; and if I catch him, I promise you I'll kill him." "Don't believe he'll be such a fool as to allow himself to be caught," said the stranger, as he pressed the horse's sides, and set off at full gallop. He was scarcely out of sight, when a crowd entered the village in pursuit of the Kelmehmet. By the description it was discovered that the Febee chieftain was the identical horseman who had just quitted the town on the opposite side.—*Ibid.*

CURIOUS MODE OF TRAVELLING.

In the evening I returned to Bologlou's, where I found a large party of catholics assembled to meet me at dinner. Many of them were on their return to Constantinople, from banishment, and were in a state of glee very much at variance with the usually steady demeanor of this people. One of the guests was a young man who was returning with his grandmother, a woman upwards of eighty. When the order for banishment arrived, not knowing what to do with her, he put her into a panner slung across a horse, and in this manner she had travelled upwards of a hundred miles in the most inclement weather. The good grandson had often given up his aged relative for lost; but she weathered all the storms, and was now not a jot worse for her country jaunt.—*Ibid.*

TURKISH COURTSHIP.

When a Turk feels disposed to get married, he communicates his wishes to his mother, or any other near female relative, to whom he gives a description of the kind of woman whom he would wish to make his wife. The lady applied to then sallies forth, accompanied by a host of female friends, to visit every house in the neighborhood where young unmarried women are likely to be met with. Those who appear to answer the purpose undergo a thorough examination; their hair is regularly combed, to see that it is all their own; their mouths are opened, that it may be seen whether the teeth therein contained are the legitimate property of the jaws on which they appear; almost every part of the body is viewed, to ascertain whether it is not disfigured by any deformity; and finally, they are made to walk up and down the room, to show that they are exempt from lameness. After these examinations, a faithful report is made to the proper quarter; the choice is fixed upon immediately, and the same messengers are sent back to make formal proposals. The special bearer of the commission appears, shod with slippers of two different colors; and this outward mark indicates at once the errand on which she has come. The other preliminaries are then speedily adjusted, and the nuptial-day fixed.—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

AN UPRIGHT JUDGE.

In the time of Judge Holt, there was a riot in London, occasioned by the practice of sending young persons to the plantations, who were confined in a house in Holborn, till they could be shipped off. Notice of the riot being sent to Whitehall, a party of the military were ordered out; but before they marched an officer was sent to the chief justice, to desire him to send some of his people with the soldiers. Holt asked the officer what he meant to do, if the mob refused to disperse. "My lord," replied he, "we have orders to fire upon them." "Have you so?" said Holt; "then observe what I say. If one man is killed, I will take care that you and every soldier of your party shall be hanged. Sir, acquaint those who sent you, that no officer of mine shall attend soldiers; and let them know, likewise, that the laws of this land are not to be executed by the sword. These things belong to the civil power, and you have nothing to do with them." So saying, he dismissed the officer, proceeded to the spot with his tipstaves, and prevailed upon the populace to disperse, on a promise that justice should be done, and the abuse remedied.—*Biographia Britannica.*

THE INDIAN SPARROW.

It seems that the pigeon is not the only letter-carrier of the feathered race, for it is said of the Indian sparrow, that "he may be taught with ease to fetch a piece of paper or any small matter that his master points out to him. It is an attested fact, that if a ring be dropped into a dry well, and a signal be given to him, he will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his master with apparent exultation; and it is confidently asserted, that if a house, or any other place, be shown to him once or twice, he will carry a note thither immediately, upon a proper signal being made." What an invaluable treasure must be such a bird to any unfortunate Mrs. Knibbs, who is reduced to the necessity of a clandestine correspondence with her lover! Hard-hearted guardians should have an eye upon him, for he would assuredly be preferred to any other messenger—not only for the romance of the thing, but for his sure secrecy; and for his wings, which seem swift as even the impatience of love could desire. It seems, however, that he is in the habit of playing wicked tricks; for, Sir William Jones further tells us, that young libertines train them to steal the plates of gold which the young Hindoo women at Benares wear between their eyebrows. Upon a given signal, they pluck these golden ornaments from the foreheads of the ladies, and carry them in triumph to their lovers. This is the bird of which it has been said that it illuminates its nest at night with fire-flies, which it affixes to the walls with clay. That the fire-flies are so placed, and at night, there seems no doubt, but naturalists differ as to the intention, and probably will continue to differ until the bird himself shall declare it. Some say it is for their light; others, that they feed upon these insects. Sir W. Jones leans to the latter opinion; but a letter from a gentleman, long resident in India, quoted in the "Architecture of Birds," favors the former, which is certainly the more agreeable notion, and would be as pleasing as it is poetical, could we, as Mrs. Wakefield observes, divest our minds of the idea of the sufferings to which the brilliancy of the flies subjects them.

PARADISE.

Where paradise was, has been much debated and little agreed; but what sort of place is meant by it may perhaps easier be conjectured. It seems to have been a Persian word, since Xenophon and other Greek authors mention it, as what was much in delight among the kings of those eastern countries. So that a paradise among them seems to have been a large space of ground, adorned and beautified with all sorts of trees, both of fruits and of forest, either found there before it was enclosed or planted after; either cultivated like gardens for shades and for walks, with fountains or streams, and all sorts of plants usual in the climate, and pleasant to the eye, the smell, or the taste; or else employed, like parks, for enclosure

and harbor of all sorts of wild beasts, as well as for the pleasure of riding and walking; and so they were of more or less extent, and of different entertainment, according to the several humors of the princes that ordered and enclosed them. Semiramis is the first we are told of in-story that brought them in use through her empire, and was so fond of them, as to make one wherever she built, and in all or most of the provinces she subdued—which are said to have been from Babylon as far as India. The Assyrian kings continued this custom and care, or rather this pleasure, till one of them brought in the use of smaller and more regular gardens: for, having married a wife he was fond of, out of one of the provinces where such paradises or gardens were much in use, and the country lady not well bearing the air or enclosure of the palace in Babylon, to which the Assyrian kings used to confine themselves—he made her gardens, not only within the palace, but upon terraces raised with earth, over the arched roofs, and even upon the top of the highest tower; planted them with all sorts of fruit-trees, as well as other plants and flowers, the most pleasant of that country; and thereby made at least the most airy gardens, as well as the most costly, that have been heard of in the world. This lady may probably have been a native of the provinces of Chasimer or of Damascus, which have, in all times, been the happiest regions for fruits of all the east, by the excellence of soil, the position of mountains, the frequency of streams, rather than the advantages of climate: and it is a great pity we do not see the history of Chasimer, which Monsieur Bernier assured me he had translated out of Persian, and intended to publish; and of which he has given such a taste, in his excellent Memoirs of the Mogul's country.—*Sir William Temple on Gardening.*

BAYLEY'S SONGS OF ALMACK'S.

It is impossible, says the Literary Gazette, to conceive a more elegant and attractive publication than that which has just made its appearance under the above title. The work consists of a series of ballads, founded on incidents that have taken place in the Almack's rooms, and worked upon in playful or pathetic manner, as the occasion might require. Bishop and Addison have composed the music in their very best style; indeed, one of the songs may be accounted as among Bishop's happiest productions, and for sweetness of melody stands unrivalled. The songs of Almack's are from the pen of Mr. F. W. N. Bayley, and dedicated to the queen on her coronation. Portraits of the nobility after Beechy and Lawrence, embellish the volume. We quote the following beautiful ballad:

A rose dropt from her bosom,
And he caught it as it fell—
Was there no tale that to his heart,
That drooping rose could tell?
Did he not look upon her cheek,
And see one fading there,
That once had worn as deep a blush,
And look'd as young and fair?
And when her small and trembling hand,
Replaced the proffered flower,
O'er the bright heaven of her brow,
Did no dark shadows lower?
Started no tear to her full eye,
Heaved not her virgin breast—
Gushed there no feeling on her heart,
To speak it ill at rest!
And now when he has left her there,
And ta'en another's hand,
And led her forth to move with him,
Amid that mirthful band,
Must he not feel that his neglect
Has touched her to the core,
And from her heart-fount turned away
Joy's tide for evermore!

The incident upon which the above song is founded, was at the moment at which it occurred, the subject of fashionable remark. The Hon. Mr. R., a professed *roué*, and a character in more than one celebrated novel, had made considerable progress in the affections of Lady —, when some other object attracted his attention, and he suddenly neglected her. On the occasion alluded to, the young lady was crossing the room to speak to a friend, when she unwittingly dropped a rose which she wore at her bosom, and R., who was passing at the time, picked it up, and presented it with his usual *sang froid*. Lady — could hardly conceal her emotion.

THE IRON CHEST.

The "Iron Chest" is founded on the story of "Caleb Williams," one of the best novels in the language, and the very best of the modern school: but the play itself is by no means the best play that ever was written, either in ancient or modern times, though really in modern times we do not know of any much better. The great beauty of "Caleb Williams" is lost in the play. The interest of the novel arises chiefly from two things: the gradual working up of the curiosity of Caleb Williams with respect to the murder, by the incessant goading on of which he extorts the secret from Falkland, and then from the persecution which he undergoes from his master, which at length urges him to reveal the secret to the world. Both these are very ingeniously left out by Mr. Colman, who jumps at a conclusion, but misses his end.—*Hazlitt's Criticisms.*

LEGAL PRECAUTION.

The late Lord Clonmel, who never thought of demanding more than a shilling for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied, provided it was a good one. In his time the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following extraordinary precaution, to avoid being imposed upon by taking a bad one:—"You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God. Is this a good shilling? Are the contents of this affidavit true? Is this your name and hand-writing?"

PRESSURE AT GREAT DEPTHS IN THE SEA.

If an empty bottle, or rather one containing only air, be tightly corked, and sunk by weights attached to it, to a considerable depth in the sea, the pressure of the surrounding water will either break the bottle, or force the cork into it through the neck. On drawing up the bottle, it will be found to be filled with water, and to have the cork within it below the neck. If the bottle have flat sides, and be square bottomed, it will be broken by the pressure, the form being unfavorable to strength; but if it be round, it will be

more likely to resist the pressure, and to have the cork forced in. The shape in this case is conducive to strength, partaking of the qualities of an arch.—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia.*

SUCCESSIVE CHANGES OF WIND.

Kites made of paper, such as are usually flown by boys, may be converted into useful prognostics of the wind. When several of them are let up together, the higher ones being successively tied to the back sticks of those below them, they will ascend to a vast height. We have known the upper kite in these cases ascend to above one thousand feet. When the upper one gets a different direction from the lower one, the wind will frequently be found to get into the quarter indicated by the upper kite. This law respecting winds is more strikingly manifested by means of small air balloons, whose varying directions, as they ascend, portend the successive changes of the wind, which often take place first in the higher regions of the air.—*Forster's Natural Phenomena.*

VISION OF THE MOLE.

Does the mole see? Aristotle, and all the Greek philosophers, thought it blind. Galen, on the other hand, maintained that the mole saw. He affirmed that it has all the known means of sight. The question has been resumed in modern times. Naturalists have found the eye of the animal. It is very small—not larger than a millet seed; its color is an ebony black; it is hard to the touch; and can scarcely be depressed by squeezing it between the fingers. Besides the eyelid which covers it, it is protected by long hairs, which crossing each other, form a thick and strong bandage. Such an eye ought to be destined to see. But anatomists do not find the optic nerve. What use could an eye be of, deprived of a nerve, which in other animals transmits the visual sensations to the brain, which nevertheless exist?—*Atlas.*

MINING IN SOUTH AMERICA.

For three hundred years mining has been the favorite pursuit of the Spanish Americans; it is a species of gambling in which they delight; but the wiser of their race have a good saying on the subject, to this effect:—"If a man find only dirt on his land, he may grow rich—if he find silver, he is sure to become poor—and if gold, to be ruined."—*Beaumont's Buenos Ayres.*

PLEASURE OF BEING AN EMPEROR.

When the emperor Joseph the Second was in Paris, in the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, he was in the habit of walking about the city incognito. One morning, he went into an elegant coffee-house, and asked for a cup of chocolate. He was plainly dressed, and the waiters insolently refused it, saying it was too early. Without making any reply, he walked out, and went into a little coffee-house, nick-named the one-eyed. He asked for a cup of chocolate, and the landlord politely answered that it should be ready in a moment. While he waited for it, as the coffee-house was empty, he walked up and down, and was conversing on different subjects, when the landlord's daughter, a very pretty girl, made her appearance. The emperor wished her a good day, according to the French mode; and observed to her father that it was time she should be married. "Ah!" replied the old man, "if I had but a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a man who is very fond of her—but, sir, the chocolate is ready." The emperor called for pen, ink, and paper; the girl ran to fetch them; and he gave her an order on his banker for six thousand livres.

THE MODERN HEROINE.

Major Keppel, describing the fete given by Sir Robert Gordon, at Constantinople, gives the following account of the lady of the French ambassador to the Porte:—"In this instance, the choice of the French minister may be considered doubly fortunate, inasmuch as Madame la Comtesse is a military woman, in every sense of the word. Herself and her sister, the Demoiselles Ferring, animated with the glorious desire of serving their country in arms, enlisted as privates in Domoriez' army. They bore a distinguished part in the very first engagement, where they fought amongst the bravest, shortly after which they rose from the ranks, and obtained commissions. The sister of the ambassador was killed at the battle of Valmy. One of the two, I know not which, received a sword of honor for her chivalrous conduct. In the feminine manners of her excellency, it is difficult to trace the gallant hueser of the early times of the French revolution.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

The world is flooded with anecdotes of Johnson. Let us record an anecdote of one of his hearers:—He and Burke were one evening, I believe, at the Misses Cotterells, when the conversation turned upon the great poets of antiquity. At length it was settled on the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil. Johnson was for Homer, Burke for Virgil. Johnson poured out a prodigious quantity of thought upon the vividness, originality and grandeur of the Greek. Burke delighted in the sustained majesty, the mingled pathos and vigor, and mellifluous eloquence of the Roman. The argument went on for hours, while no one present thought of interrupting so noble a display of genius on both sides. At length, a young lady's eye glanced on her watch, and to her surprise, finding that it was past midnight, she whispered the hour to her mother.—"Child," said the mother, indignant at being disturbed, "tell me that the house is on fire, for nothing else can be an excuse for leaving such conversation."—

FLORAL CALENDAR.

By a familiar acquaintance with flowers, we may know not only the coming weather, but the time of day, and the time of year. Linnæus is said to have possessed such a knowledge of the period and indication of flowers, that he wanted neither a watch, a calendar, nor a weather-glass.—*Forster's Natural Phenomena.*—[It is very true that those who are surrounded by a variety of plants may gain all this information from them; but then it should be observed, that this natural calendar or time-piece varies with the climate, not only of different countries, but of different parts of the same country.]

AN ILL OMEN EXPLAINED.

When an owl hoots or screeches, sitting on the top of a house, or by the side of a window, it is said to foretell death. The fact seems to be this:—the owl, as Virgil justly observes, is more noisy at the change of weather, so the owl seems, by a mistaken association of ideas, to forebode the calamity.—*Forster's Phenomena.*

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ALTHOUGH we do not subscribe to all the opinions expressed in the following article, and never mingle in party politics, we still feel no hesitation in complying with the writer's request, and give it a place. It being our constant endeavor to make the Mirror a paper of general interest, we do not feel ourselves altogether at liberty to reject well-written essays, discussing in a frank and temperate manner, any subject of political economy, merely because some of their sentiments may clash with our own private opinions, or, if the reader prefers the word—prejudices. In the present instance the author is a gentleman of elevated standing in the republic of letters, and, as his name is published with his communication, the reader will be kind enough to hold him, and not the editors of this journal, responsible for what he has here written.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

BY JUDGE BRACKENRIDGE.

The soil and capacity for the reception of population of this portion of the Union form an interesting theme of observation. From the Chesapeake to the St. Marys, a distance of seven hundred miles, the sea coast is uniformly flat and sandy, with occasional pastures of rich swamp land near the mouths of the rivers. The sandy and sterile character of the soil increases in proceeding to the south, but is in some measure compensated by the greater value of the agricultural products. By far the larger portion of this extensive sea coast consists of very poor low pine lands, dreary and uninhabited. In the lower part of Virginia and North Carolina, the surface of the country, although of a better soil, is in general so flat and low as to be almost covered with water in seasons of heavy rains. These lands are, perhaps, more adapted to grasses than to culture, and I believe, at some future day, they will be the Holland of America. The whole of the southern low country is unhealthy, and in the rice region, as much so as the Campagna of Italy.

The second belt, or region, extends in like manner across the southern states, and together with that just described, may occupy a space of about two hundred miles in width. It is in general a region of poor silicious pine woods, at least to the south of the Roanoke, with a small proportion of fertile upland in spots, and of river alluvion. This immense pine wood belt extends across Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana to the Sabine; but this country is more diversified by a hilly surface, in Florida especially, and abounds in rapid streams of excellent water, but of a soil much inferior. The untraveled inhabitant of the northern, middle, or southern states can form no idea of the proportion of poor and scarcely habitable land in this immense zone, extending from the Potomac to the province of Texas. Thousands of acres may be purchased at this time, even in Georgia and South Carolina, for less than a dollar an acre; and further south, millions may be had in tracts of unvarying quality, which would not sell for six cents the acre. The northern and western portions of the Union have a continual intermixture of different qualities, first, second, or third rate; but here, tracts of vast extent are met with of little or no value to the mere cultivator of the soil. The population, of course, must be influenced by the nature of the country. Instead of farmers and industrious planters, instead of having towns and villages, those lands must be almost entirely abandoned, especially to the south, to the raising of horned cattle, unless the silk worm, or the culture of the olive, or the grape prove sufficiently successful to rescue them from their present fate, as the vicinity of large towns warrants the expense of manuring and reclaiming. Pine lumber and naval stores afford but little encouragement at present, and except in the immediate proximity of navigable waters, were never of much profit.

The third region extends from the falls of the rivers to the mountains, perhaps a hundred miles in width. The pine too now disappears, and with it the general surface of sand and sterility. The face of the country is hilly and diversified, susceptible of continued and contiguous population, is likely to abound in villages and towns, and to be inhabited by farmers instead of planters. It is the abode of Ceres and Pomona. It is generally well watered and healthy, abounds in iron and other ore, and in mills and mill seats, and in time will have manufactures. It is also the gold region, now become so celebrated. A glance at the map will show that the space between the Appalachian mountains and the sea, grows wide to the south, leaving a tract along the mountains as wide as that of Maryland or Virginia, besides the two zones already described, and supposed to be alluvial.

From this view of the southern states, it will be seen that each presents, on a smaller scale, the same features which characterize the surface of the whole territory of the Union: that is, we find in the Carolinas and Georgia, as well as in Virginia, an eastern, or sea coast region, a middle region, and a western country. The permanent interest of these different sections will be as difficult to reconcile as those of the northern, middle, and southern states. The soil and climate, the population and its pursuits, the public and private economy must give rise to different views of policy and of legislation. The western portions of the southern states are flourishing; many of their settlements have been formed since the revolutionary war, while the sea-board has been gradually declining since that period; the smaller planters or farmers have been constantly retiring to the western parts of the states, or removing to the new countries to the west, while a monopoly of the lands has been gradually lessening the white population and increasing that of the blacks. The sea-coast of the four southern states is generally in the hands of

wealthy planters, and it is not uncommon for them to own from one hundred to five hundred slaves. The policy of the great planter is to pursue a system of entire independence of the contiguous population or territory. He endeavors, in order to make his establishment perfect, to have as little connection with the adjacent country as possible. So far from desiring neighbors, especially of poor whites, he purchases large tracts of inferior lands, in order that they may remain uninhabited. Of course, he gives but little support to neighboring towns or villages, and to their common mechanics; the latter he generally has of his own. Excepting some occasional supplies of horses, hogs, or corn, and this is bad policy on his part, he contributes but little to domestic circulation or trade. His produce is shipped at stated periods to some distant mart, and he obtains from abroad, and it is immaterial from what country, his supply of manufactured articles or luxuries. His interest in internal improvements, internal trade, and manufactures is, of course, less than that of those more remote from the sea-board. The inhabitant of the interior desires a good road or navigable water to enable him to reach the sea-coast, or to connect him with countries still farther west. But to the great planter of the sea-coast, the ocean is his road and highway, and this readily accounts for the similarity of interests which is now manifested by him with the ship-owners of New-York and Boston. It is certainly not an accidental concurrence of patriotic sentiment which thus brings them together, but interest, and this they have undoubtedly a right to pursue. To the ship-owner his ship is his home; to the great planter his plantation is his country; not that I mean to convey the idea that these highly respectable portions of our countrymen are devoid of the *amor patriæ*, but that their great interests are thus situated. These remarks do not apply to the same extent to the middle region, where there is a greater mixture of small planters, and where, except in the case of the more wealthy and extensive cultivators, the dependence on foreign commerce is not so immediate.

Judge Tucker, in one of his notes to Blackstone, exhibits in relation to Virginia, the three divisions I have described, and gives a very interesting table of the relative state of free and slave population. The eastern division has a large majority in favor of the slaves; this is less in the middle countries; but to the west the majority is on the side of the whites, thus rendering the proportion in the whole state nearly equal. Further south, the disproportion in the eastern districts increases, and requires a greater number of whites in the western countries to restore the equilibrium. The population of the west consists of farmers and small planters, who encourage the growth of towns and villages, and of course of mechanics and manufactures, for their supplies are obtained occasionally, and not once or twice a year from beyond sea: hence the vicinity to a town, or home market is all important. The farmer cannot sell his surplus to his neighbor farmer any more than the shoemaker can make shoes for his neighbor of the same calling; and to make inland towns, all sorts of pursuits and employments, especially mechanical, are necessary. What is consumed by one mechanic, may afford to a dozen farmers the means of obtaining purchased articles, when it would be out of their power to send any thing for the purpose to a sea-port or to a foreign country, especially to a country whose natural productions are the same. In case of negro insurrections, the sea-coast must look to the hardy yeomen of the west for security, and there is no doubt it is fully able to afford it, without aid from the other states.

In the remarks I am about to make on the effect of our national legislation, I disclaim all intention of favoring the opinions of any party, or of attempting to sustain any particular dogma of political economy. They are the result of reflections suggested by repeated journeys through the whole extent of the southern states. I incline to the belief that the tariff policy has materially affected their prosperity, but not in consequence of the weight of indirect taxation; for I am well satisfied that the amount is less than that paid by an equal population to the north. But this effect has been mainly produced by the extraordinary extension of manufactures in the other states, in consequence of the protection. I think it susceptible of proof, that the manufacturing country will have an advantage in trade over the planting country, and will be its creditor. The interior towns of the south, especially in the middle region, instead of increasing, are almost invariably on the decline, and this from the inability of their mechanics to compete with those of the north. In the small shops or stores, which have taken the place of local mechanics, we find the most common productions of mechanical labor; such as hats, boots, shoes, ploughs, axes, hoes, buckets, tin-ware, ready-made clothing, and a thousand articles of the first necessity, which every well assorted community provides for itself. The local mechanics, with such competition, are unable to subsist; the towns dwindle to nothing; and the poor farmers of the surrounding country feel the want of a domestic market. It is in this tone Mr. Jefferson is to be understood when he observed that the manufacturer should be placed by the side of the farmer. The money of the southern farmer is at present collected and carried away, to reward the industry of the northern manufacturer; southern notes are taken, sold to the north at a discount, and sent back to cramp the operations of the southern banks. If the four southern states were to form a separate confederacy, it would not be long before the majority would oppress the sea-coast planters, by adopting a protecting tariff against the manufactures of the northern states. Nothing but a radical change in the public and private economy of the south, can reach such an evil as this. It seems strange to me for statesmen to talk of abandoning the protecting system, when no nation in Europe has abandoned it. Let any one turn to Clitty's Commercial Law, and see the number of British statutes on this

subject, and their extraordinary severity; let him look at the policy of France, and the other continental powers, and he will see that if their philosophers wrote in favor of free trade, their statesmen pursue an opposite practice. The great war between France and England about the continental system of Napoleon, had for its ostensible object the establishment of home markets, by the means of manufactures. The money received by the southern farmers, instead of remaining and circulating in the country, or re-appearing in improvements, of a public or private nature, may be traced in the improvements of the manufacturing states. The tariff has, it is true, aided the cotton market, perhaps to a great extent; but the advantage is lost by the tribute paid to northern labor and capital in the profits on the manufactured articles received in return. Perhaps the person least affected by the tariff is the great planter of the sea-coast, unless the reduction in price of the great staples, cotton and rice, is to be ascribed to the tariff. The income of the rice and cotton planter is but little felt by the adjacent country; it goes to the farther west, is taken abroad, or is evaporated in absenteeism. The real sufferers by the tariff are the small planters and farmers; and this not on account of an oppressive tax on the foreign articles they consume, but in consequence of the immense amount of articles of American manufacture purchased by them, on which they pay no tax, but whose introduction prevents the establishment of manufacturing towns and villages, and the consequent action and re-action in the intercourse of the farmer and mechanic. These ideas, however, are suggested with all possible respect and deference to the opinions of the enlightened and patriotic statesmen of the south, who hold the contrary.

In regard to the health of the climate and defects in the agricultural system, the general opinion seems to be, that tracts of rich land in the second and part of the third regions, uniformly become unhealthy after a few years of cultivation, on account of the quantity of decayed timber. There can be no doubt that this is an obvious cause, especially where it is permitted to remain in moist situations, and subject to rapid decomposition in the warm seasons of the year: but in elevated and dry situations this cause operates to a much less extent. The first five or six years are generally observed to be healthy on the uplands. Those beautiful districts of country, neither too flat nor too hilly, and covered with magnificent forests, possessed, in the first instance, a deep vegetable mould, from rotten leaves and trees, the gathering of ages; yet, when this vegetable earth was exposed to the sun and rain, by clearing away the woods, it was not at once observed to produce disease; on the contrary, it was after this *cream* of the earth had been exhausted by exposure to the sun, by being burnt, by continual cultivation without rest or manure, and by washing rains; that is, after ten or twelve years of cultivation, that the unhappy change took place in its character for health. This usually occurred after the dead timber had been entirely decomposed, and had disappeared, and scarcely any thing remained to fertilize the soil by decomposition. The rapid disappearance of the vegetable surface is, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the mode of culture. Tobacco and cotton require that the ground should be kept perfectly clean, until a very late period of the year, when it has neither stubble, nor a coat of grass to protect the soil from the heavy autumnal rains. In consequence of this, where the lands are hilly and broken, or have long slopes, the finer parts of the soil are washed into the hollows, or are carried off by the streams. These deposits, consisting of sand, loam, and half-decayed vegetable matter, are obviously the cause of bilious fevers, although not of so malignant a character as those occasioned by the milldams in the midst of the oak and limestone lands. But it is in the vicinity of the old exhausted fields, where the soil has been entirely washed away, the crust of the earth broken by deep gullies, that disease appears in its most alarming forms. Whether any importance is to be attached to the idea of mineral exhalations, which is strongly supported by the instances of fevers in the canal excavations, I must leave to be determined by the scientific. It is observed, that the most elevated places in these districts are most unhealthy; probably because the *miasma* of the vallies rise at night and settle on the hill-tops.

The fatal character of the diseases of the country must, in part, be ascribed to improper diet, and to the disregard of prudent precautions. We are a northern race; that is, we derive our origin from the north of Europe, and are transplanted, with northern habits, into a southern climate. Our food is like that of northern countries, whereas it ought to resemble that of the inhabitants of the south of France, Spain, or Italy. It is almost universally remarked, that foreigners from those countries enjoy health, while disease is committing its ravages on all around them. The point to be attained in southern cookery is to prepare the food in such a manner as to extract its nutritive properties, and at the same time to render it of easy and quick digestion. In hot weather this process cannot be too speedily performed; the stomach is irritable and debilitated, and when loaded with food difficult of digestion, the unsuccessful efforts of nature, are followed by acidity, indigestion, head-ache, and fever. According to the southern cookery, the food is so divided by the action of fire, that the business of the stomach is already half-performed. Soups, and meats well done, (boiled or roasted, not baked,) vegetables reduced to mucilage, bread perfectly baked, together with the use of olive oil; fruits cooked, or perfectly ripe, form the diet of southern nations. They are careful not to overload the stomach, and instead of ardent spirits, drink nothing but water, or light wines. What a contrast to the ordinary fare of the descendants of our Saxon ancestors! Every man must be sensible, from his own experience, of the difference in the process of digestion in winter and in the summer, when the thermometer

stands for weeks at blood-heat. In the latter case, the whole study should be to render this important process as easy and as rapid as possible. And what is the common mias of the farmers of our country? It is a piece of fat pork, half baked corn-bread, scalded cabbage leaves, collards, and sour milk; with other mixtures no less heterogeneous, and often followed by a glass of bad whiskey, or worse rum, to inflame the already irritable stomach! Place a compound like this half an hour in a vessel exposed to the sun, and then look at it through Rand's solar microscope! The unfortunate man whose stomach is worried by this mixture is soon agonized by the inflammable gas, ready to burst with flatulence; and if caught in idleness or inactivity, (for labor and constant exercise undoubtedly lessen the bad effects,) he becomes a case; and then comes the physician, often more to be dreaded than the disease. He administers calomel—it is the Sampson of medicine—by following a routine he is saved the trouble of consulting the constitution of the patient, of studying the disease, of watching symptoms, of nursing, or repetition of visits; it places the *sciolist* on a footing with the experienced and skilful, and takes the blame from the physician; for if the Sampson of medicine cannot cure, who can? Sound judgment, patient inquiry, and profound observation are requisite in all professions, and in none more so than in that of the physician. But the patient must do more for himself than can be done for him by any one; and he must begin by temperance and proper diet. It is lamentable to see how little attention is paid to these important preventives, and how little advanced we are in what we might suppose to be the first of all arts, the *art of cookery*, which is still in its rudest and most barbarous state.

The tracts of rich upland to which I have alluded, were extremely beautiful in a state of nature, as well as possessed of an uncommonly fine soil. They have a delightfully diversified surface, and by no means as hilly and broken, or rocky as the more durable lands further west, towards the mountains. They have but few steep hills, the surface for the most part presenting long and gentle slopes, clothed with noble forests. But these advantages of nature have been lost by the mode adopted for clearing and putting this fine country under cultivation, which was altogether influenced by views of temporary advantage or convenience. Few, even of the most judicious planters, looked as far before them as one short generation. It was common to assume it as a principle that the best uplands must be worn out at the end of ten or twelve years, and that they must therefore be forced to yield enough to indemnify the owner for the loss of his capital in that time. I shall not attempt to show the fallacy of this reasoning—it must be obvious to any man of reflection. But the effect of this system on the health, appearance, and ultimate prosperity of the country, has now forced itself upon the attention of every one. For the sake of economy in fencing, and for the convenience of cultivation, the planters have pursued the plan of making fields of great extent—from one to six hundred acres. In a plain, or river alluvion, where there is no washing of the soil, there is certainly an advantage in this, especially in the culture of cotton; but it must be injurious in a hilly country, particularly where the slopes are long, where the rains increase in impetus and quantity in their descent. To speak to the planter of picturesque appearance, of rural scenery, and to tell him that his country would be more beautiful by suffering the groves which crown the summits of the hills to remain untouched, or to reduce the size of his fields to twenty, or at most forty acres, leaving a judicious distribution of the native woods between the portions of cleared lands, or to convert into permanent pastures those spots which, after being cleared, show a disposition to wash rapidly—if, I say, any one were to suggest these ideas to a practical planter, he would meet with but little encouragement, if not expose himself to ridicule. If he were to suggest theories of obvious, but of somewhat remote advantage, such as the preservation of the land by rotation of crops, or by fallow, by planting trees, by horizontal ploughing, by turn rows half way down the longer slopes, he would meet with but little more encouragement from one whose maxim is that land must be worn out in ten or twelve years at any rate, and that soils which require manure are not worth the trouble of cultivation. To tell him that to strip a country of its forests, especially on its hill tops, and to open large spaces without leaving an intermixture of woods has a tendency to dry up the springs, to render the atmosphere more arid and hot, and to influence the seasons: to tell this to persons who do not consider themselves bound to the soil for more than a few years, would be equally useless. In twenty years more our population, unless arrested by the power of the Almighty, must attain to twenty-four millions—and where are the additional twelve millions to be placed? As great a population as that which now exists in the whole extent of the Union must be provided for. Their abode will certainly not be the sandy pine land of the southern sea-coast, at least it will not be in the increase of a white population in this quarter. In that short period, power and numbers will be found in the west, and what will then become of the subjects of protecting duties and internal improvement? The short period of ten years may produce an entire change in the situation, and consequently in the opinion and policy of those portions of the Union, which are now either passive, or sustain the southern views of national policy. I have sometimes thought that the worn out lands from the Potomac to Georgia, will in less than half a century, fall into the hands of the German race of Pennsylvania and Maryland, who move in a slow but solid body, with their careful and economical husbandry, laboring with their own hands, and getting rich where a southerner will starve.

The captain of a privateer writing to his owners an account of an engagement, felicitated them on the general safety of his crew, having had only one of his hands shot through the nose.

Translated from the German of Schiller, for the New-York Mirror.

THE WREATH ON THE STREAM.

A youth was crowned with a wreath of flowers,
As he sat by the river's side;
When the wreath was born by the breeze away,
And dashed in the restless tide;
And thus the course of my days rolls on,
As the stream runs swiftly by,
And my youth is a garland of summer flowers,
That is beautiful—only to die.

And ask'st thou why I am sorely sad
In green youth's early spring,
When every thing breathes of life and joy
In the time of blossoming?
The many voices which breathe around,
From earth and air and deep,
But stir the waters of bitterness,
That still in my bosom sleep.

But sorrow is writ on the brow of man,
And clouds ever rest on his way,
And the object I've twined my love about,
Though before me, is far away.
The image I see is fair and bright,
But I follow it on in vain,
The beautiful shadow illudes me still,
And the heart is left cold again.

Come hither, my loved and lovely one,
And the sheen of a palace forget;
The glows of the field still shine for thee,
And the wild flowers blossom yet.

Hark! the song of the brook as it gleams thro' the grass,
Of the bird in the branches above;
In the lowliest cottage is peace, my dear,
And happiness where there is love.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We feel pleasure in perceiving that the opinions we expressed respecting the "Dutchman's Fireside," which has passed to a fourth edition, have been corroborated by the uniform language of the English critics, who, in noticing its republication in London, speak of it in terms of high approbation. We extract the following article entire, from the last number of the Westminster Review, a publication which, though, perhaps, not quite so notorious as the Edinburgh and Quarterly, is no way inferior to either in learning, talent, and critical capacity, and far above them in manly impartiality. It is sufficiently known that these latter have long been the mouth-pieces of the two great parties of whig and tory, and that their estimate of books has too often been founded in politics, rather than in taste and judgment.

The article is written with a discriminating, scholar-like elegance, and is free from the taint of common-place puffing, as well as from that supercilious air of superiority in which some of the small fry of English critics occasionally indulge in treating of American literature, in favor of writers who, as we sometimes suspect in reading their compositions, owe at least as much of their reputation to their booksellers as to their books.

It is gratifying to those who cherish a national feeling, to perceive that Mr. Paulding, who, we have sufficient evidence in his works, has never courted the applauses of British critics by sinking his identity as an American, is thus gradually becoming known and appreciated abroad as he has long been at home. Those acquainted with his productions generally, and with that which is the subject of the article below, must be satisfied that the approbation there bestowed has not been gained by any sacrifice of principle or feeling on the part of the American writer.

(From the October Number of the Westminster Review.)

The Dutchman's Fireside. A tale, by the author of "Letters from the South," "The Backwoodsman." Two vols. post 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

The author of this tale is Mr. Paulding, one of the pleasantest writers of the new world of Transatlantic-English. His style is chaste and elegant; sufficiently ornamental to be agreeable, and in no other point sinning in the prevailing sin of America, viz. exaggeration. Mr. Paulding is neither too elaborate, like Irving, nor diffuse, like Cooper, nor wild, and all but frantic, like Neal; he is just, neat, fanciful, and descriptive.

The Dutchman's Fireside has caught our attention by the interesting character of its subject, which aims at a lively representation of the manners of the early American settlers, and a contrast between the scenes then presented to the eye, and those which now meet the curious gaze of the traveler. The scenery on the Hudson is even now said alone amply to repay the voyage from Great Britain, and when first seen in its solitary beauty, it must have far exceeded that of the more classical, but scarcely faded, streams of antiquity.

We cannot enter into any account of the story of the Dutchman's Fireside, beyond saying, that it possesses much incident of an interesting nature, and a good deal of well-drawn, and well-conceived character. Incidents and character, indeed, abound in this great laboratory of fiction and romance, but we shall long look for greater freshness and originality than those which distinguish Mr. Paulding's work. Our attention has, however, been chiefly arrested by some descriptions of great interest, and some moral and social remarks, which deserve, at least, to be pointed out. It is not in every tale that fiction is set in truth, or that incidents are narrated in a style which for itself alone deserves to be rescued from oblivion.

The rapid rise of English America, where cities and towns, a civilized population, extensive commerce, and national power, have risen up as by enchantment, puts a comparison between the primitive and present state of numerous parts of the country within the grasp of a single individual's memory. Thus the contrast of what was and is, is rendered easy and accurate, and in proportion

to the violence of the changes, more interesting than elsewhere. The fact of having traced the wild beast of the forest to his lair, on the very spot where now the domestic hearth is lighted up, where families are born, and all the cares as well as the blessings of social life are thickly germinated, is a reflection which strikes the rudest bosom with sensations of a pleasant wonder. The description, for instance, of an island in the Hudson, which follows, and which is as perfect a landscape as the fancy of a painter could conceive, will strike the reader with more perfect feelings of satisfaction and repose, if accompanied by the reflection that this secret little corner of beauty is now drowned and overwhelmed by the tide of civilization. That its forest trees are turned into rafters, its pastures into pavements, its savannahs into market-places, its bosquets and nooks of lonely loveliness into populous streets and squares.

"This little paradise, to speak in learned phrase, was an alluvial formation of times long past, composed of the rich spoils of the surrounding lands deposited by the river. It was level as the surface of the stream in which it was embosomed, and covered with a carpet of rich luxuriant verdure, which, when it was not pastured, yielded to the scythe a glorious harvest three times a year. On every side, and all around, the banks were fringed with light silvery foliage of water-willows mingled with tufts of wild roses, and growths of nameless wild flowers, of every hue, and various odors, and canopied at intervals with clau-bearing vines, whose long tendrils sometimes bent down, and waved to and fro on the gliding waters as they passed slowly by. Within this leafy barrier was nothing but green sward, shaded at various intervals by the vast giants of the alluvial growth—elms and plane trees, of such towering majesty, that they overlooked the gentle eminences which bounded the flats on either side. The wailing murmurs of the waters, as they glided along under the willow branches and nodding vines, mingled with the chorus of a thousand birds, who remained all summer in undisturbed possession; and though the pipe of the shepherd was never heard in these pleasant shades, it was aptly supplied by the music of harmonious nature, the murmuring waters, and the warblers of the woodlands."

A few lines, every word of which is almost a picture, describes the Sacondaga.

"Accordingly, early the next morning they embarked on the sluggish Sacondaga, the Indians in their canoe, and Bybrandt with his trusty squire in his, and paddled their way along the devious windings of the lazy solitary stream, that seemed a vast serpent asleep in the high grass that skirted its sides. After proceeding some miles, they became, as it were, lost in the pathless monotony of the vast meadows, which presented in the hazy obscurity of a cloudy day, no distinct outline or boundary. The silence all around them was as the silence of a winter's night, when the wind is hushed to a freezing calm, save that the dipping of the paddles at measured intervals was heard and scarcely heard, like the clicking of the death-watch when all else is still. Sometimes, at rare intervals, a solitary heron would raise his long neck above the grass along the stream, and make a strange discordant noise, which was echoed by the Indians in mockery, but otherwise, it was the dead form of nature; the world of sound was still, and the world of sight presented nothing but a landscape of dreary sameness, a sky of one dim unvarying shade of motionless clouds."

Is not this poetry? Can the imagination paint a deeper solitude? Does not the description steal over the senses, and oppress them drowsily, as if by opium? The reader starts as he comes to the close, and seems to shake himself, and wonder how long he has been in a state of stupor.

In the next passage we have some dubious philosophy mixed up with description. Mr. Paulding seems to lament the exceeding haste which his country has made in the race of wealth and prosperity. There may, however, be some justice in his contrast; the balance of comparative happiness, in the aggregate, is a nice question, and not to be settled in an instant. The author's view is at least a poet's.

"Who, indeed, that hath gathered from history and tradition a picture of the manners, modes, and morals of the ancient patriarchs of Albany and its neighborhood, but will be inclined to contrast them dolefully with those of the present times? Who but will sigh to behold their places usurped by gilded butterflies, ostentatious beggary, empty pretence, and paltry affectation? In the room of men independent of the smiles and frowns of bankers or bankrupts, he will find speculators glittering in their borrowed plumage for an hour or two, then passing away, leaving nothing behind them but the wrecks of their unprincipled career. Where once sat the simple magistrates, administering the few simple laws necessary to regulate the orderly community over which they presided, is now collected a body of avaricious, ignorant, visionary, or corrupt legislators, parricide their own private interests at the expense of the public good, and sacrificing the priority of one portion of the state to the grasping avidity of another. In the room of prosperous yeomanry, and independent mechanics, we behold crowds of hungry expectants, neglecting the sure and only means of competency, and begging, in the abjectness of a debased spirit, permission to sacrifice their independence for a wretched pittance, held under the wretched tenure of a man who has no will of his own. The once quiet city, where the name and the idea of political corruption was unknown, is now a whirlpool of intrigue, where empty bubbles are generated and kept a live by the agitation of the waters, and boiling and conflicting eddies gather into one focus all the avarice, and chicanery, and feignings, and worthless nothings that float upon the surface of the stormy puddle."

A comparison of the attachment felt by mountaineers and the inhabitants of the plain, is a more pleasing subject than the contrast above, and one moreover less likely to lead a poet into error.

"The river in front slept between its verdant banks, for its course was so slow, so quiet, and so almost imperceptible, that it seemed to partake in that repose which it diffused around. Beside the elms and sycamores which the rich alluvium fostered into majestic exuberance, its borders were fringed at intervals with silvery willows, drinking its pure moisture, and other dwarfish fry, from whose branches hung grape vines, and vines of various other names, forming canopies, through which the pattering shower could scarcely find its way. The stream was about a quarter of a mile wide, so that every rural sight and rural sound could be clearly distinguished from side to side; and at the extremity of the rich meadows, on the opposite shore, there rose a bold precipice of greybeard rocks, enamelled with light green mosses, and bearing on its summit a crown of towering pines of everlasting verdure."

"There is certainly in the majesty of nature, its hoary rocks, its silent shadowy glens, foaming torrents, something that awakens the soul to high contemplation, and rouses its slumbering energies. But there is in her gentler beauties, her rich and laughing meadows, enamelled with flowers, and joyous with brightly birds, her waving fields of grain, her noiseless glassy streams, a charm not less delightful, and far more lasting, than the high-wrought enthusiasm of the other. Both have, without doubt, their influence on the human character. He who dwells in the rude regions of the mountain solitude, will generally prefer dangerous and difficult enterprise to easy and wholesome labor. He would rather risk his safety for a meal, or go without it entirely, than earn it by the sweat of his brow, in the cultivation of the earth. But the inhabitants of the rich plain, that pours from its generous bosom an ample reward for every hour of labor he bestows, is enamored of security; he hates all changes but those of the revolving seasons: is seldom buffeted by extremes of passion, never elevated to enthusiasm, or depressed to despair. If left alone, his life will, probably, glide away as noiselessly, if not as pure, as the gentle stream that winds its way unheard through his lowland domain. It has been said a thousand times, that the inhabitants of mountains are more attached to their homes than those of lowlands, but I doubt the truth of the observation. Take any man away from his home, and his accustomed routine of life, and he will sigh to return to them—the native of the plain, as well as the sojourner among the hills. The former, no doubt, would be as wretched among the rocks and torrents, the wild beasts, and hunters equally wild, as the latter in the laborious quiet of the fruitful valleys."

It cannot be denied, at least, that this is very pretty writing, and that whether Mr. Paulding be a philosopher or not, he is a poet. There are, however, remarks of another kind, which prove him to be a thinker, as well as a fancier, and show that he is at least an observer who can express himself strongly; such as his remarks on the excessive length of school-hours, and the ruinous consequences of "too early and exclusive attention to learning." His reflections on courage, and the surprise he expresses that any body possesses any at all, considering that all education tends to pave the way for making cowards of us.

"The nurse begins by frightening children with stories of ghosts and hobgoblins, and making them afraid to stir in the dark; and the priest ends by frightening the man with horrible pictures of the agonies of death, and the torments of futurity."

And again,

"A bashful man is like a tiger; he makes but one effort, and if that fails slinks away to his jungle, and essays no more."

In short, we may conclude this brief notice by stating, that this tale is an exception to tales in general, and is as much worth reading for its style, its moral remarks, and veracious descriptions, as for the interest of the narrative, the striking character of its personages, but, above all, for its correct and spirited views of Red-Indian manners and morals.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PLEASURE ISLANDS,

NOT HITHERTO DESCRIBED BY ANY TRAVELLER.

FAR out in the Pacific ocean, we came to an island of sugar, with mountains of stewed fruit, rocks of sugar-candy and barley-sugar, and rivers of syrup which intersected the country. The inhabitants, who appeared very sweet-toothed, licked the dust off the roads, and sucked their fingers after having dipped them in any of the adjoining rivers. There were also forests of licorice, and large trees whence fell abundance of sweet cakes, which the breezes were constantly puffing into the mouths of travellers.

We soon got tired of this island. So many sweets cloyed us, and we told the inhabitants that we longed for some plainer and more substantial species of food. They assured us, that there was about ten leagues off another island, where they had mines of hams, sausages, and well-seasoned ragouts, which they dug as people dig the gold mines of Peru. They said there were also rivulets of onion-sauces, that the walls of the houses were of pie-crust, and that in bad weather it rained wine of a strong body, while on fine days the morning dew resembled Greek or other white wine.

To enable us to reach this island, we caused to be placed on the quay we were about to leave, twelve men of a prodigious size, who were fast asleep, and they blew so strongly in snoring, that they filled our sails with a favorable wind. As soon as we arrived on the other island, we found on the shore merchants who wished to sell us appetites, which are often wanted amidst so many ragouts. There were people, too, who sold sleep; the price was so much an hour: but they had sleeps at all prices, according to the dreams one chose to have. The finest dreams were very dear. I demanded one of the most agreeable for my money, and, as I was fatigued, I went to rest. Before falling asleep, however, I heard a terrific noise. On inquiring its cause, they told me it was the earth opening. I thought myself lost; but they re-assured me, by informing me that it opened thus every night, at a certain hour, to vomit forth boiling rivulets of frothed chocolate, and iced liquors of all kinds. I rose in haste to taste them, and found them delicious. Afterwards I went to bed again, that I might not lose the money I had given for my dream. In my sleep I believed that I saw that every one was of crystal; that men nourished themselves with perfumes; that their usual motion was running, and their usual mode of speech singing; that they had wings to cut the air, and fins to enable them to pass through the sea.

I was hardly awake, when a seller of appetites came to ask if I wanted any hunger, and if I wished him to sell me relays of stomachs, to enable me to eat during the whole day. I accepted the proposal. For my money, he gave me twelve little taffety pouches, which I immediately put on, and which were to serve me for twelve stomachs. No sooner had I put on the pouches, than I was ready to die of hunger. I passed my day in making twelve delicious repasts; as soon as one was finished, I began another. In the evening, feeling fatigued, with having spent the day at table like a horse at his rack, I resolved to take nothing next day but fine scents. They gave me orange-flower for breakfast; and for dinner, tuberoses and Spanish heather, with jonquils for a dessert; at supper I had frankincense.

Having heard that there was in this country a very singular city, I desired to be taken thither. They put me into a little chair, very light, and garnished with large feathers; they fastened to this chair, with silk cords, four great birds, as large as ostriches, with wings proportioned to their bodies. These birds flew off, and, with the reins, I guided them towards the east, as I had been instructed. I saw high mountains at my feet; and we flew so fast, that I almost lost my breath in cutting the air. In about an hour, we arrived at the celebrated city. It is all of marble, and three times larger than Paris. The whole city is but one house. There are twenty-four great courts, every one of which is as large as the largest square in the world; and in the middle of these twenty-four courts there is a twenty-fifth, which is six times larger than any of the others. All the apartments of this house are equal, for there is no inequality of condition among the inhabitants of this city. There are neither domestics nor lower sort of people; every one serves himself; nobody is waited on; there are only wishes, which are nimble little hobgoblins, who give every one what is desired in a moment. On

arriving, I received one of these spirits, who attached himself to me, and let me want for nothing. I began, ere long, to be fatigued with the new desires which this facility of gratifying them excited in me; and I learned by experience, that it was better to dispense with superfluous things, than to be unable to remain in the tranquil enjoyment of any pleasure. The inhabitants of this city were polite, gentle, and obliging. I observed that they never spoke amongst themselves; they read in each other's eyes all that they thought, just as one reads a book; and when they wished to hide their thoughts, they had only to shut their eyes. They carried me to a hall, where there was a concert of perfumes; for they unite perfumes, as we do sounds. A certain assemblage of perfumes, some powerful, others sweet, form a harmony which pleases the sense of smelling, as our concerts charm the ear, by sounds sometimes loud, and sometimes soft.

In this country the women govern the men; they decide lawsuits, they teach the sciences, and go to the wars. The men paint themselves; they remain at the toilette from morning till night; they spin, they sew, they work embroidery, and they dread being beaten by their wives when they have not obeyed them. They say, that formerly matters were conducted in a different manner, but the men, served by the wishes, became so idle and ignorant, that the women were ashamed to allow themselves to be governed by them. They assembled to repair the evils of the republic; they established schools, to which the most talented persons of their sex resorted; they disarmed their husbands, who asked no better than never to come to blows; they released them from deciding on lawsuits, watched over the public order, established laws, and caused them to be observed, and saved the country, of which the supineness and levity of the men would certainly have occasioned the total ruin.

Afflicted by this spectacle, and fatigued with so many fêtes and amusements, I concluded that the pleasures of the senses, however varied, cannot give happiness. I left these regions, in appearance so delicious, and returning home, found in a temperate life, in moderate labor, in pure morals, and in the practice of virtue, that happiness and health which I failed to obtain when all appetites and wishes were at my own control.

For the New-York Mirror.

THE FRONTIER ROVER.

BY GEO. D. STRONG.

"A romantic love of wild independence not unfrequently induces the daring pioneer of the western frontier of the United States to recede from the intrusion of civilization, and seek a home in the untrodden region beyond him."—*Letters from the West.*

My hand is on the trusty rein,
My good steed snuffs the wind;
I tread the woodland's maze again,
And leave the world behind:
My course is to that distant land
Where nature's forms sublime
Peers forth in state majestic, grand
As at the birth of time!

Who scales the dizzy steep with me,
Or scours the prairie's plain,
No laggard may his courser be,
No dastard guide the rein:
For where the eagle builds his home
My trusty barb must pass,
And scorn the river's raging foam,
Nor heed the deep morass.

Rich are thy vales and vine-clad bowers,
Beloved and gallant France!
And beautiful as breeze-winged flowers
Thy maidens lead the dance.
And merry England round thy hearth
The gay and joyous throng—
Thy festal halls that wake to mirth
Are redolent of song!

Isle of the harp and shamrock, thou
Art beautiful and fair,
And beauteous pure, of lofty brow,
Thy daughters, Erin, are:
And Scotia, o'er thy storied name
Th' enthusiast lingering stands,
And marks thy bright career to fame
Amid thy mountain bands.

But lovelier far my native hills,
Where deer and panther stray;
I rove beside their gurgling rills
As reckless, free as they.

The wild hawk, as on tireless wing
He sails, in upper air,
Pauses to hear my steed's hoof ring,
And break the silence there!

When night its sable drapery throws
O'er mountain, vale, and stream,
The red man in his wigwam knows
My watchfire's lurid gleam;
For oft where white man's foot ne'er trod,
Together we would rove,
Bowing to nature's sovereign God
In gratitude and love.

One hand upon the saddle bow,
One bound—and now farewell,
Where mountain winds o'er wild flowers blow
The rover soon will dwell.
One sigh to eyes of heaven's own blue,
One glance to boyhood's home,
One pang to well tried friendship due,
And now afar I roam!

ΤΑ ΣΠΟΡΑΔΗΝ,

OR NOTICES OF ANTIQUITY, APOTHEGMS, CUSTOMS, ANECDOTES.

NUMBER TWO.

Magnificent and large as are our modern steam-vessels, they are inferior, if we may judge from description, both in size and splendor, to the vessels constructed by the kings of Egypt and Syracuse, on a scale of grandeur corresponding to the immense preparations of their sculpture and architecture. Ptolemaeus Philopater, king of Egypt, built a vessel four hundred and twenty feet long, fifty-six broad, seventy-two feet high from the keel to the top of the prow, but eighty to the top of the poop. She had four helms of sixty feet; her largest oars were fifty-six feet long, with leaden handles, so as to work more easily by the rowers; she had two prows, two sterns, seven rostra, or beaks, successively rising, and swelling out one over the other, the topmost one most prominent and stately; on the poop and prow she had figures of animals, not less than eighteen feet high; all the interior of the vessel was beautified with a delicate sort of painting, of a waxen color. She had four thousand rowers; four hundred cabin-boys, or servants; marines to do duty on the decks, two thousand eight hundred and twenty; with an immense store of arms and provisions. The same prince built another ship, called the *Thalamegus*, or *Bedchamber-ship*, which was only used as a pleasure yacht, for sailing up and down the Nile. She was not so long as the preceding, but more splendid in the chambers, and their furnishings. Hiero, king of Syracuse, built an enormous vessel, which he intended for a corn-trader; her length is not given. She was built at Syracuse, by a Corinthian ship-builder, and was lanced by an apparatus devised by Archimedes. All her bolts and nails were of brass; she had twenty rows of oars; her apartments were all paved with neat square variegated tiles, on which there was painted all the story of Homer's *Iliad*. She had a gymnasium, with shady walks, on her upper decks; garden-plots, stocked with various plants, and nourished with limpid water that flowed circulating round them in a canal of lead. She had, here and there on deck, arbors mantled with ivy and vine-branches, which flourished in full greenness, being supplied with the principle of growth from the leaden canal. She had one chamber particularly splendid, whose pavement was of agates and other precious stones, and whose pannels, doors, and roofs, were of ivory, and wood of the thya-tree. She had a school-sterium, or library, with five couches, its roof arched into a potus, or vault, with the stars embossed; she had a bath, with its accompaniments all most magnificent; she had on each side of her deck ten stalls for horses, with fodder and furnishings for the grooms and riders; a fish-pond of lead, full of fish, whose waters could be let out or admitted at pleasure; she had two towers on the poop, two on the prow, and four in the middle, full of armed men, that managed the machines, invented by Archimedes, for throwing stones of three hundred pounds weight, and arrows eighteen feet long, to the distance of a furlong. She had three masts, and two antennae, or yards, that swung with hooks and masses of lead attached. She had, round the whole circuit of her deck, a rampart of iron, with iron crows, which took hold of ships, and dragged them nearer, for the purpose of destroying them. The tunnels or bowls on her masts were of brass, with men in each. She had twelve anchors and three masts. It was with difficulty they could find a tree large and strong enough for her highest mast. Great Britain—an ominous circumstance for the superiority of British oak!—had the glory of bestowing upon her a sufficient tree for that purpose; it was discovered amid the recesses of Albion's forests by a swineherd. What is remarkable in the construction of this gigantic vessel is, that her sentina, though extremely large and deep, was emptied by one man, by means of a pump invented by Archimedes. Hiero, on finding that the Syracusan was too unwieldy to be admitted with safety into the harbors of Sicily, made a present of her to Ptolemy, who changed her name to the Alexandrian. We may add, as a *panegron* to this long tale of a ship, that Archimedes, the Greek epigrammatist, wrote a little poem on the large vessel, which was rewarded by Hiero with one thousand measures of corn—a premium proportioned, if not to the poem, at least to the magnitude of the theme celebrated.

CRITICA SACRA.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING AARON'S BEARD.

(From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.)

I REMEMBER, when a boy, that I thought, "lead us not into temptation," meant neither more nor less than a direct allusion to the "teetotum," with which the fate of various large and small pins were determined. I have some recollection likewise of mistaking the phrase, "he took up this parable, and said," for "he took up the *sparable*, and said;" as if that small headless nail had been the thing taken up previous to the saying mentioned. The "chief priests of the Jews," I read the "*thief* priests;" and "he died in a good old age," was to me, he expired in a good old *egg*. Such things were to me in my infancy; but since I attained the age of manhood, I have never heard of such a mistake so firmly and pertinaciously supported as the following:

A conversation took place, in the presence of some divines, or established clergymen of the church of Scotland, together with a sprinkling of learned and distinguished professors, respecting beards. It was alleged by a venerable and critical individual of the party, that Knox's beard must have been somewhat lengthy; but it was at the same time affirmed, that, long as it was, it was nothing to that of Aaron, which descended even to the *skirts* of his gar-

ments. An individual questioned immediately and directly the longitude of the beard mentioned, in consequence of which an appeal was made to the text.

Now the text, according to the verse translation sung in our churches, is as follows:

"Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell.
Like precious ointment on the head,
That down the beard did flow,
Even Aaron's beard, and to the skirts
Did of his garments go." *Vide Psalm 133.*

It being evident from this version that it was not the beard, but the ointment, which reached the skirts of the garments of the chief priest, recourse was had to the prose translation in the Old Testament, which, as far as the beard is concerned, runs thus:—"It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments." Here a triumph was proclaimed by the advocate of beards, he very knowingly concealing the semicolon, which shows, at least, the opinion of Dr. Hardinge, Dr. Reynolds, Dr. Holland, Dr. Billy, Mr. Smart, Mr. Pratt, and Mr. Farcellane, (translators, at Oxford, of the Hagiography,) upon this subject.

Being driven from this point, the advocate of five-and-a-half foot beards took refuge in the "Septuagint," which runs thus:

Ὁς μὲν ἐπὶ κεφαλῇ κατὰ χάριν ἐπὶ πύλαις τοῦ πυλῶνος τοῦ Ἀαρὼν, τὸ κατὰ χάριν, &c.

Here the accuracy of the Greek translation of the ancient Hebrew triumphed, with its "TO," over every doubt; but the enemy was not thus suddenly to be dislodged, so recourse was had to the Vulgate, which runs thus:

"Sicut unguentum in capite quod descendit in barbam, barbam Aaron, quod descendit," &c.

These "quods" again ousted the opponent, who now appealed to the old English translations of the Bible. The following hereupon were produced:

"Cranmer's Bible, 1566."

"Behold how good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down unto the beard, even unto Aaron's beard, and went down to the skirts of his garments."

"Bishop's Bible, 1572," the same.

After a long and warm altercation, an appeal was at last made to the original Hebrew, and to a learned professor of that language, whose written document in answer is couched in the following words:

"Dear Sir—I have examined, in the original, the passages to which you allude; it gives you no farther assistance than the English translation does, in determining the point. The term for ointment is masculine, and that for the beard appears to be common to both genders; the *ו* for *וְ* translated *that*, is indeclinable and common, and the verb is masculine. There appears, therefore, to be nothing in the grammatical structure of the passage determining precisely whether *that* refers to the first or last of the two terms. Yours, truly," &c.

Hereupon the advocate of "beards" assumed a new position, and began to crow accordingly, when the following reasoning on the nature of the passage was submitted.

It is evident, that the length or breadth of Aaron's beard is not the subject of assertion or illustration, but the advantage and beauty of unanimity amongst "brethren," in particular. This is illustrated by two comparisons; the first is "ointment," poured, according to the Jewish custom, on the head, and then flowing or descending over the whole person, "ad imos talos;" the second is, "the dew of Hermon," which descendeth upon Mount Zion, in consequence of which, a blessing is commanded by God. In the next place, it is physically impossible that any beard whatever could grow so long as to reach the ground, from the elevation of the chin of an ordinarily sized man. In fact, beards after shooting out to ten or twelve inches, get roughened, and split in the extremities of the hairs, and no power of oil, or combing, will induce them to descend farther. And, in the last place, had Aaron's beard (as his garments were flowing, descended to the skirts thereof, he must have provided himself, (as they do in some countries with regard to the tails of sheep) with a little cart or waggon, with a view of pushing along this immense redundancy of chin ornament.

Now, Sir Editor, that you have heard the cause stated, give your own opinion, or ask at Dr. Brown, of Eskdalemuir, "Did the beard of Aaron reach to the skirts of his garments, or did it not?" I please for a reply.

ANTIBARBATUS.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We have never, like the Emperor Julian, written of misopogon; we are neither professedly nor practically, a beard-hater, yet we have no patience with so preposterous a beard as our learned correspondent's learned friend would give to the Jewish high priest. The scope of the comparison in the original is evidently to this effect:—"The mutual friendship of brothers is like the precious ointment with which the high priest was anointed, and which, being poured upon the head, flowed copiously down his beard, and dropped upon his garments, communicating its agreeable odor to his whole person." Thus Buchanan in his paraphrase:

balsamum, &c.
—Imbre læto prolucens barbam et sinus,
Limbis pererrat aureum.

Thus also the French:—"Une huile précieuse repandue sur la tête qui descend sur la barbe d'Aaron, et qui découle sur l'ouverture de la-haut de ses vêtements." The Spanish, indeed, mentions,—

"barba muy crecida," and has only a comma after Aaron; but the Portuguese decidedly support the common reading,—"Oleo, &c. cahe sobre toda a barba, &c. e vem descendo até á extremidade," (Pereira's Tr.) We need not quote Martini's Italian version, since it is literal from the Vulgate. Diodati, the most faithful and elegant of Italian translators, expresses himself decidedly against the beard advocate; "Come l'olio eccellente, &c. il quale gli scende, &c. e poi cola infino al lembo, &c. &c." In short, all authority seems unfavorable to the beard. Nevertheless, since the Hebrew is doubtful, our friend's friend may possibly be right, though the general sense of mankind is against him. In justice to him, we may hint, that what our translation calls the "skirts of his garments," need not signify the lower extremities. Poole on the passage says "per oram" (this is the literal translation of the Hebrew word) intellige foramen illud cui inditur collum, vel supremam vestium partem, cui barba incumbet." On the beard supposition, therefore, this ornament of Jewish priesthood need have been of no such inadmissible length as our correspondent supposes. But our own *ex cathedra* opinion is for the ointment.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND MATTHEW P. WELLS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1831.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE EUTERPEAD.

Circumstances having rendered it expedient to discontinue the publication of the Euterpead, arrangements have been made for uniting its subscription list with that of the New-York Mirror. Those, therefore, who have heretofore patronized the former paper, are respectfully requested to transfer their support to the latter, which will be sent to all who signify their acquiescence in this arrangement.

All persons indebted to the Euterpead, are requested to settle their accounts without delay, as the undersigned is desirous of closing the concern with all convenient expedition. Those who have paid in advance, to the present proprietor, and not wishing to receive the Mirror as a substitute, shall have their money refunded for the six months' subscription due. J. ROBINSON.

Winter—fuel—the poor.—The present extremely high price of coal has elicited general complaint. Few, at a glance, can realize the immense mass of suffering, even already experienced in consequence of this, by the poorer classes of our population; and, it is well known that, during the most inclement period of the last winter, wood could only be procured at a most exorbitant price. The season is unusually premature and severe, as well as sickly; and, when we consider the horrors of cold added to those of disease, and all the evils attendant on poverty, we shudder to reflect on the privations and miseries to which many of our fellow citizens are exposed. If this were the mere result of accidental circumstances, it would be but the urgent duty of those in affluence to unite in affording relief to the poor. There are hundreds of laborers who earn no more than a dollar a day. Wood last winter was nearly, if not quite, six dollars a load, which was consumed in a week. Several wretched families came even under our own observation, totally destitute of fire in the bleak wintry nights, when the wealthy themselves complained by their blazing hearths, and in the midst of their listed doors and curtained windows. By the way, a touching and powerfully painted picture of a destitute family in such a situation may be found in the last volume of the Sketches from the Diary of a Physician, in that one entitled "Rich and Poor." We recommend it to the perusal of every reader.

Several of the aldermen propose that the corporation should petition congress to remove the duty upon Liverpool coal. Something should certainly be done.

We have heard it rumored that certain persons were employed in seeking wood wherever they could find any, and laying up large quantities for the purpose of selling it again at greatly advanced prices. The destitute may, indeed, turn their eyes to Providence when thus sorely beset with enemies, whose influence, though they themselves are unseen, is spread over them with unrelenting cruelty. It is very certain that splendid fortunes may be amassed by the prime movers in such unprincipled operations; and even readers, the most inexperienced in mercantile matters, need scarcely be informed of how many millions the laboring classes of commercial cities, especially London, are swindled out of by means of those wicked speculators. It proves little or nothing respecting the morals of a community that these attempts of individuals to enrich themselves unjustly, at the expense of others, should sometimes occur, but that they should occur with impunity would be a rebuke to the character of that part of our citizens who are contented to make money without wrenching it from the slender and hard-earned pittance of the wretched.

"I had rather drop my blood,
And coin my heart for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants, their vile trash
By any indirection."

But we fear the days of Brutus, like those of chivalry, are gone forever.

This is the first winter month. If already the difficulty of obtaining every species of fuel is sending many a despairing family shivering to bed, what are they to do as the season advances?—What will become of those unfortunate beings found in that dark and vast sphere of anguish explored by Mathew Carey—beings, who in the softest months of summer could scarcely struggle on from day to day?

We trust that our fellow citizens will inquire into the actual nature of the evil, and adopt some measures for ameliorating it.

Recent Publications.—Under the title of the "Annual Remembrancer," T. Ash, of Philadelphia, has published a neat little pocket companion for the ladies. Also "The Pearl, or Affection's Gift," an appropriate and handsome present for the young of both sexes.

"The History of ancient and Modern Greece"—illustrated with maps and copperplate engravings, edited by John Frost. A handsome octavo from the press of Lincoln and Edmands, Boston. This edition is intended not only for libraries, but for schools, academies, and colleges.

Carey and Lea, of Philadelphia, have published another volume of their valuable Cabinet Cyclopædia, containing biographical sketches of Sir Thomas Moore, Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop Cranmer, and Lord Burleigh.

"A Memoir of the Life of Daniel Webster," by Samuel L. Knapp. Stimpson and Clapp, Boston.—The author of this well-executed duodecimo has completed his task with much ability. The volume is ornamented with a portrait of the American orator.

Peabody & Co. have issued a new series of caricatures, called the "Comic Sketch Book," designed and drawn by that prince of merry fellows, Henry J. Finn.

Poetry.—The following volumes of poetry have lately been announced as in the course of publication:—"A Collection of Fugitive pieces," by William C. Bryant; a work of the same description, by Dr. James G. Percival; "Manoka, an Indian Tale," by Willis G. Clarke; the "Last Night of Pompeii," in three cantos, by Sumner L. Fairfield; and "Fashionable Satires," by Arthur Craignell, gent.

Indians.—More than two hundred Indians, men, women and children, of the Seneca tribe, lately passed through Dayton, Ohio, on their way to the west of the Mississippi. They are from the Lewistown Reserve, recently purchased of them for the United States.

St. Thomas's church.—The Rev. Francis L. Hawkes has accepted a call to become Rector of St. Thomas's church in this city.

Population of the principal cities and towns in the United States.

New-York	213,470	Norfolk	9,600
Philadelphia	161,412	Hartford	9,617
Baltimore	60,519	Georgetown	8,441
Boston	61,381	Utica	8,324
New Orleans	48,467	Petersburg	8,300
Charleston	30,289	Alexandria	8,291
Cincinnati	26,613	Lancaster	7,684
Albany	24,216	New Bedford	7,547
Washington	18,823	Savannah	7,473
Providence	17,832	Middletown	6,576
Pittsburg	17,365	Augusta	6,696
Richmond	16,085	Wilmington	6,688
Rochester	14,870	Springfield	6,496
Salem	13,826	Lowell	6,477
Portland	12,601	Newburyport	6,275
Brooklyn	12,403	Buffalo	6,253
Troy	11,405	Lexington	6,078
Newark	10,900	St. Louis	5,852
New Haven	10,663	Nashville	5,560
Louisville	10,126	Wheeling	5,211

Old People.—There were found in the United States, during the last census, two thousand six hundred and fifty-four persons who were upwards of one hundred years of age.

Vessels of war of the United States Navy.

Independence	74, built 1814	Erie	18, built 1813
Franklin	74, 1816	Ontario	18, 1813
Washington	74, 1816	Peacock	18, 1813
Columbus	74, 1819	Boston	18, 1825
Ohio	74, 1820	Lexington	18, 1825
North Carolina	74, 1820	Vincennes	18, 1826
Delaware	74, 1820	Warren	18, 1826
United States	44, 1797	Natches	18, 1827
Constitution	44, 1797	Falmouth	18, 1827
Guerriere	44, 1814	Fairfield	18, 1828
Java	44, 1814	Vandalia	18, 1828
Potomac	44, 1821	St. Louis	18, 1828
Brandywine	44, 1825	Concord	18, 1828
Hudson	44, 1826	Dolphin	12, 1821
Congress	37, 1799	Grampus	12, 1821
Constellation	36, 1797	Porpoise	12, 1820
Macedonian	36, 1812	Shark	12, 1821
John Adams	24, 1797	Fox	12, 1828
Cyane	24, 1815	Alert	12, 1812

Vessels on the stocks.

At the navy yard, Portsmouth, N. H.—Alabama, ship of the line; Santee, frigate of the first class.

At the navy yard, Charleston, Massachusetts.—Virginia and Vermont, ships of the line; Cumberland, frigate of the first class.

At the navy yard, New-York.—Sabine and Savannah, frigates of the first class.

At the navy yard, Philadelphia.—Pennsylvania, ship of the line; Raritan, frigate of the first class.

At the navy yard, Washington.—Columbia, frigate of the first class.

At the navy yard, Norfolk.—New-York, ship of the line; St. Lawrence, frigate of the first class.

Masaniello music.—The Masaniello quadrilles have been published by Firth and Hall.

The Theatres.—The military spectacle of "Napoleon" has been produced at the Park in magnificent style. The passage of the Alps is the most imposing exhibition we ever witnessed.

The engagement of Mrs. Anderson appears to have given much satisfaction to the visitors of the American theatre.

Finn and Kilner are performing at the Richmond-Hill.

GRENADIER,

A BALLAD—WRITTEN BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY—ARRANGED BY T. MILLAR.

SECOND VERSE—Annette flew to welcome him home,
But he turn'd from the maid with disdain:
"False girl, I suppose you are come
To jeer me, and laugh at my pain;
Since scandal has blotted your name,
I deem you unworthy a tear;

I've been told by an elderly dame,
That you live with your own grenadier!"
"Grenadier! did you say? did you say grenadier?"
"Yes—I'm told by an elderly dame,
That you live with your own grenadier."
"O dear! O dear!"

THIRD VERSE—Quoth pretty Annette, "do you dare
To call me inconstant and frail?
Feware, master William, beware.
How you trump up an old woman's tale:
"Tis true, when such stories are told,
We should not believe half that we hear:

Yet, I own, that my granny is old.
So I live with my own *granny dear!*"
"Granny dear! did you say? did you say granny dear?"
"Yes—I own that my granny is old,
So I live with my old granny dear."
"My dear! my dear!"

THE LATE EMPEROR PAUL OF RUSSIA.

Travelling through a forest, with marsh on each side of the road, he recollected some reason for going back, and ordered the driver to turn. He did not do so instantly, and Paul repeated the order. "In a moment," the man replied; "here the road is too narrow." Paul flew in a passion, jumped out of the carriage, and called to an equerry to stop the driver and chastise him. The equerry endeavored to allay the storm by assurances that the carriage would turn as soon as possible. "You are a scoundrel as well as he," was the reply; "he shall turn, even though he break my neck; at all hazard he shall do as I bid, the moment I give the order." Meanwhile the coachman had done so, but too late to save himself from a sound beating.

He ordered a horse that stumbled under him to be starved. On the eighth day word was brought him of the animal's death; to which he merely answered, "Good." The same accident happened after his accession in the streets of Petersburg, on which he got off, made his equerries hold a court-martial, and sentenced the offending beast to receive a hundred blows with a stick, which were immediately inflicted in presence of the czar and the people. Worse anecdotes might be found. His passion for the strict observance of military minutiae has been often mentioned. One day, as he exercised his regiment of cuirassiers, an officer's horse fell. Paul ran to the spot in a fury: "Get up, you rascal!"—"I cannot, sire—my leg is broken." Paul spit upon him, and walked away swearing.

Coming down a street, the emperor saw a nobleman who had stopped to look at some workmen planting trees by his order. "What are you doing?" said he. "Merely seeing the men work," replied the nobleman. "Oh! is that your employment. Take off his pelisse and give him a spade. There—now work yourself!" Once, when he met an officer going to the palace, wrapped in his cloak, a servant following with his sword, he gave the servant his master's commission, and reduced the officer to the ranks.

A lady, wife of a general in the army, hastening into St. Petersburg, from the country, to procure medical advice for her sick husband, passed the czar inadvertently, and was immediately arrested and sent to prison. Alarm and anxiety threw her into a burning fever, which terminated in madness;

and her husband died from the same causes, and for want of proper care and attendance. On being presented to Paul, it was necessary to drop plump on your knees, with force enough to make the floor ring as if a musket had been grounded, and to kiss his hand with energy sufficient to certify to all present the honor which you had just enjoyed. Prince George Galetz in was placed under arrest for kissing his hand *too negligently*. When enraged he lost all command of himself, which sometimes gave rise to very curious scenes. In one of his famous passions, flourishing his cane, he struck by accident the branch of a large lustre, and broke it; whereupon he commenced a serious attack, from which he did not relax until he had entirely demolished his brittle antagonist.

J. Skymour, printer, John-street.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1831.

No. 26.

NEW-YORK ANTIQUITIES.

HISTORY OF THE OLD STUYVESANT MANSION.

BY S. WOODWORTH.

THE rising generation, in the city of New-York, those who have not yet attained to the respectable age of eighteen, have, by coming on the stage too late, missed the enjoyment of many privileges and pleasures of which we, their seniors, have freely partaken. Few, very few of them, can ever boast of having skated on "Stuyvesant's meadows" in the winter, or of catching gully-fish for bait, in the little gullies and creeks which meandered through them, in summer; both of which we have done, "many a time, and oft," we regret to confess, when we ought to have been at church.

But, oh! the fleetness of human enjoyments, and the mutability of all sublunary things! A spirit (of what character we will not attempt to say—whether it bring "airs from heaven, or blasts from" the other place, belongs to wiser heads than ours to determine—but a spirit of "questionable shape") has stalked through this city with giant strides, and laid waste almost every thing that bore the features of antiquity. Some of our sapient editors call it "the spirit of public improvement." There is certainly much virtue in a name; but a rose—"the proverb is somewhat musty," and we were speaking of "Stuyvesant's meadows," over which, at the present time, floats a combination of odors somewhat different from the otto of roses.

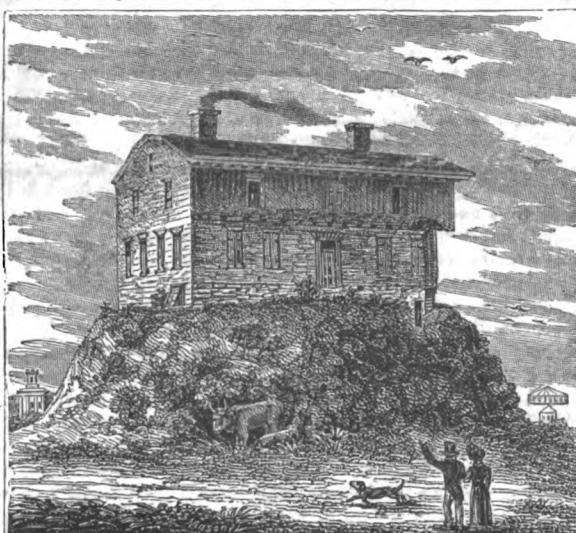
We have said "over which," for where, alas! are now the meadows alluded to? Buried—like the portly person of their original proprietor—buried, "fathoms deep," beneath earth to which they were ever before strangers! They once stretched their verdant surface between a number of sloping eminences, on the summit of one of which, was erected, about the year 1660, the country-seat or mansion-house of his excellency, Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch governor of the province, now called New-York. This edifice is still standing; but owing to the march of improvement, it appears to totter on its ancient base, for the earth around it having been removed to fill up the adjacent valleys and hollows, it now presents the appearance exhibited in the engraving* in the next column. The north-east corner, it will be seen, has actually been undermined, and fallen down from the commencement of the second story. The building is an oblong square, of brick painted yellow, comprising two stories, with a hipped or gambrel roof. It has two fronts, one facing the west, the other overlooking the East river. The latter is the one here presented, it being a south-east view of the house. Its site may be found on a map of the city, a little east of the point where the First Avenue and Fifteenth-street intersect each other. It is still occupied, we believe, but whether by any of the Stuyvesant family, we are not informed.

Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch governor of this country, entered on his administration the twenty-seventh day of May, in the year 1647. The inroads and claims upon his government kept him constantly employed. New-England, as well as Maryland, alarmed his fears by their rapid increase; and, at the same time, Long-Island was claimed for the dowager of Sterling. The Swedes, too, were continually encroaching upon Delaware. They took the Dutch fort Casimir, now called New-Castle; but it was re-taken four years afterwards by an expedition from this city, commanded by Stuyvesant in person. Another four years brought fresh trouble from the Maryland claims; and no sooner were they settled, than new encroachments were made by New-England. Of all these difficulties Stuyvesant informed his masters at length, in a letter, dated the twenty-first of July, 1661, in which he also mentions that the king of England had been solicited to invade their territories.

Early in the year 1664, having first made a treaty with the states-general, the merry monarch, Charles II., in a fit of good humor, gave the whole province, then possessed by the Dutch, in America, to his brother James, Duke of York, his heirs and assigns, &c. Of this, the duke, being in want of money, sold all that part which includes the present state of New Jersey, to two of his *bon comrades*, Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret. The remaining part of the grant, now the state of New-York, was so called in honor of the duke; and as Carteret's family came originally from the isle of Jersey, he named his recent purchase New-Jersey.

But it sometimes requires more than two persons to consummate a bargain. In the present case, Governor Stuyvesant, who perhaps had not been consulted on the subject, though he well knew that the negotiation was on foot, signified his resolution to hold on to the premises, and not "budge a single hair." The consequence was, that Charles had to dispatch an armed force to subdue the country, and give his brother possession, consisting of four vessels of forty or fifty guns each; having on board about four hundred soldiers. This alarming fact was communicated to the burgomasters in council, by Governor Stuyvesant, on the eighth of July, who ordered the

* Drawn by A. J. Davis—engraved by A. J. Mason.



fort to be immediately put in the best possible state of defence. The hostile squadron, after touching at Boston to solicit assistance, which they did not immediately obtain, arrived in the harbor of New-York on the twenty-sixth of August. The governor thereupon dispatched a polite note to the English commanders, desiring to know the reason of their approach; to which Colonel Nichols returned an answer the following day, with a summons to surrender on easy and honorable terms.

Stuyvesant promised a reply the next morning; and, in the mean time, convened the council and burgomasters. He was a brave soldier, had lost a leg in the service of his country, and was desirous of defending the place by all the means in his power. He, therefore, refused to make known the liberal terms of the summons either to the inhabitants or the burgomasters, lest they might be induced to capitulate. The people were called together at the *stadt-house*, in Dock, now Pearl-street, at the corner of Coenties [Coutessis] lane, and informed of the governor's refusal to give up the place. On the second of September, the burgomasters came into council, and demanded to see the summons, which Stuyvesant, in a fit of anger, tore to pieces. Upon this they protested against the act, and all its consequences. But on the following day our gallant veteran, having resolved on a vigorous resistance, sent the British commissioners a long letter, vindicating the justice of the Dutch claims to the territories which they occupied in this country, and his determination to support them.

In the mean time, however, the terms offered to the governor were published throughout the country by the English themselves, in a proclamation encouraging the people to submit, and promising them all the privileges of British subjects. This device had the desired effect; and the honest governor, being thus invaded by a foreign enemy, and not only deserted, but even threatened by those on whose friendship and assistance he had depended, perceiving that resistance would only occasion the wanton effusion of human blood, finally agreed to the appointment of certain distinguished citizens to meet the British commissioners, and conclude a treaty for the surrender of the colony. This instrument, which comprised twenty-three articles of the most liberal nature towards the Dutch, was soon ratified and signed by both parties, when the English standard floated over the battlements of Fort Amsterdam, which name was changed to that of Fort Charles, and subsequently to Fort George.

The terms of capitulation were so satisfactory to the people, that very few of them left the country in consequence of its change of masters. "Even Governor Stuyvesant himself," says the authentic historian from whom we have gathered and condensed these facts, "ended his days in peace on his own estate, situated about a mile and a half eastward of the city-hall—[it is about two miles due north-east]—which said estate is now possessed [1726] by Nicholas and Peter Stuyvesant, and their two sisters, the ladies of General Nicholas Fish and of Benjamin Winthrop, his descendants of the fifth generation."

But another historian, if not more authentic, at least more facetious, alludes to this estate in the following humorous manner. Most of our readers will readily recognize the style of "Knickerbocker's History of New-York."

"No sooner had that high-mettled cavalier (Peter Stuyvesant) signed the articles of capitulation, than, determined not to witness the humiliation of his favorite city, he turned his back on its walls, and made a growling retreat to his 'bowery,' or country-seat, which was situated about two miles off, where he passed the remainder of his days in patriarchal retirement. There he enjoyed that tranquillity

of mind which he had never known amid the distracting cares of government, and tasted the sweets of absolute and uncontrolled authority, which his factious subjects had so often dashed with the bitterness of opposition.

"No persuasion could ever induce him to revisit the city—on the contrary, he would always have his great arm-chair placed with its back to the window which looked in that direction, until a thick grove of trees, planted by his own hand, grew up and formed a screen that effectually excluded it from the prospect. He railed continually at the degenerate innovations and improvements introduced by the conquerors—forbade a word of their detested language to be spoken in his family—a prohibition readily obeyed, since none of the household could speak any thing but Dutch—and even ordered a fine avenue to be cut down in front of his house because it consisted of English cherry trees!"*****

"The good old Dutch festivals—those periodical demonstrations of an overflowing heart and a thankful spirit, which are falling into sad disuse among my fellow-citizens, were faithfully observed in the mansion of Governor Stuyvesant. New-year was truly a day of open-handed liberality, of jocund revelry, and warm-hearted congratulation—when the bosom seemed to swell with genial good fellowship, and the plenteous table was attended with an unceremonious freedom, and honest broad mouthed merriment, unknown in these days of degeneracy and refinement."*****

"His remains were deposited in the family vault, under a chapel, which he had piously erected on his estate, and dedicated to St. Nicholas, and which was on the identical spot at present occupied by St. Mark's church, where his tomb-stone is still to be seen. His estate, 'or bowery,' as it was called, has ever continued in the possession of his descendants, who, by the uniform integrity of their conduct, and their strict adherence to the customs and manners that prevailed in the 'good old times,' have proved themselves worthy of their illustrious ancestor. Many a time and oft has the farm been haunted at night, by enterprising money-diggers, in quest of pots of gold, said to have been buried by the old governor—though I cannot learn that any of them have ever been enriched by their researches—and who is there among my native-born fellow-citizens, that does not remember, when, in the mischievous days of his boyhood, he conceived it a great exploit to rob 'Stuyvesant's orchard' on a holiday afternoon?"

Thus far our extracts. Now, these are interesting facts, pleasantly related; and some ten summers ago, when we were in the habit, "for our health's sake," of rising at an early hour to take a stroll with a friend out to "Burnt-mill Point," to pick mushrooms for our table, we well remember speculating on the probable object of those verdant mounds of earth which abounded in that part of the country, and which were evidently the result of manual labor. Our friend thought them to be the remains of revolutionary entrenchments; but we attributed them to the researches of money-diggers, and still believe that opinion to be correct. This region, however, is no longer country. It is intersected with streets and avenues, and cut up into squares, like a checker-board. The city has extended in that direction till the Stuyvesant mansion is no longer out of town; and, were the old governor still living, it would be difficult to place his great arm-chair in any position that would not afford him some prospect of this growing Babel.

Should any of our readers feel a curiosity to visit this venerable ruin before its final destruction takes place, which is an event that must shortly happen, their most pleasant route would be up the Bowery and Third Avenue to Stuyvesant-street; then down the latter to the First Avenue, where they will find themselves within three hundred yards of the building. Allen-street affords a more direct course, but not so pleasant.

FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A DIARY OF SICKNESS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

ONE fine forenoon in the early days of May, a few years since, I left my books, after a confinement of several hours, and looking up to find the course of the wind, started upon one of those rapid walks in its very eye which are so peculiarly a refreshment after the closeness of a shut room. A moist, steady breeze came from the south-west, driving before it the white fragments of the dispersed clouds. The air was elastic and clear. A freshness that entered freely at every pore was coming up, mingled with the profuse scents of grass and flowers. The colors of the new, tender foliage, were particularly soothing to an eye pained with close attention, and the just perceptible murmur of the drops shaken from the trees, and the peculiarly soft rustle of the wet leaves, made as much music as a relaxed mind could relish. Altogether it was one of those rarely tempered days when every sense is satisfied, and the mind is content to lie still with its common thoughts, and simply enjoy. I strode on

with an exhilarating vigor and elasticity of step. Every muscle was freely and strongly swelled, and every nerve vibrated sensibly with pleasure.

I had proceeded, perhaps a mile—my forehead and neck bared to the wind—my coat thrown open, and the blood, from the combined effects of exercise, and the raw damp atmosphere, glowing in my cheek with the most vivid color of health, when I saw coming towards me, with a feeble and slow step, a patient from a private hospital. He was a man apparently in middle life, but wasted by sickness to extreme emaciation. His lip was colorless, his skin dry and white, and his sunken eyes had that expression of inquiring earnestness which comes always with impatient sickness. He raised his head and looked steadily at me as I came on. My lips were open, and my whole air must have been that of a man in the enjoyment of the most energetic animal vigor. I was just against him, striding past with a springing step, when, with his eye still fixed on me, he half turned, and in a tone of inexpressible meaning exclaimed, "Merciful heaven! how well he is!" I passed on, with his voice still ringing in my ear. "How well he is," haunted me like a tone in the air. It was repeated in the sound of my tread, in the panting of my heart. I felt it in the beating of the strong pulse in my temples. As if it was strange that I should be so well! I had never before realized that it could be otherwise. It seemed impossible to me that my strong limbs could fail me, or the pure blood I felt bounding so bravely through my arteries could be reached and tainted by disease. How should sickness come? If I ate, would it not nourish me? If I slept, would it not rest me? If I came out in the pure, free air, would not my lungs heave, and my muscles spring, and my face feel the refreshment? I threw out my arm for the first time in my life with a doubt of its strength. I clenched my hand unconsciously with a fear that it would not obey. I drew a deep breath, to feel if it was difficult to breathe; and even my strong step, that was as firm then as a giant's, seemed, to my excited imagination, already to have become decrepid and feeble.

I walked on, and thought of death. I had never before done so definitely. It was like a terrible shape that had always pursued me dimly, but which I had never before turned and looked steadily on. Strange! that we can live so constantly with that threatening hand hung over us, and not think of it always! Strange! that we can use a limb, or enter with interest into any pursuit of time, when we know that our continued life is almost a daily miracle!

But how difficult is it to realize death! How difficult is it to believe that the hand with whose every vein you are familiar, will ever lose its motion and its warmth! that the quick eye, which is so restless now, will settle and grow dull! that the refined lip, which now shrinks so sensitively from defilement, will not feel the earth lying upon it, and the tooth of the feeding worm! that the free breath will be choked, and the forehead be pressed heavily on by the decaying coffin, and the light and air of heaven be shut quite out, and this very body, warm and breathing and active as it is now, will not feel uneasiness or pain! I could not help looking at my frame as these thoughts crowded on me, and I confess I almost doubted my own convictions—there were so much strength and quickness in it—my hand opened so freely, and my nostrils expanded with such a satisfied thirst to the moist air. Ah! it is hard to believe that we must die! harder still to believe and realize the repulsive circumstances that follow that terrible change. It is a bitter thought at the lightest.

At the time I speak of, my health had been always unbroken. Since then I have known sickness in many forms, and have had, of course, more time and occasion for the contemplation of death. I have never known resignation. With my utmost energy, I have merely been able to look upon it with quiet despair, as a terrible, unavoidable evil. Twice I have believed its approach certain—once under the miserable and depressing exhaustion of a long illness, and once in perfect, unshaken health. In the first instance, after severe suffering for weeks, I overheard the physician telling my mother that I must die, and from that moment the thought never left me. A thin line of light came in between the shutters of the south window, and with this one thought fastened on my mind, I lay and watched it, day after day, as it passed with its imperceptible progress over the folds of my curtains. The last faint gleam of sunset never faded from its damask edge without an inexpressible sinking of my heart, and a belief that I should see its pleasant light no more. I turned from it when even imagination could find it no more there, and felt my pulse, and lifted my head to try my remaining strength. And then every object, yes, even the meanest, grew unutterably dear to me—my pillow, and the cup with which my lips were moistened, and the cooling amber which I held in my hand and pressed to my burning lips when the fever was on me—everything that was connected with life, and that would remain among the living when I was gone.

It is strange, but with all this clinging to the world, my affection for the living decreased sensibly. I grew selfish in my weakness. I could not bear that they should go from my chamber into the fresh air, and have no fear of sickness and no pain. It seemed unfeeling that they did not stay and breathe the close atmosphere of my room—at least, till I was dead. How could they walk round so carelessly, and look on a fellow-creature dying helplessly and unwillingly, and never shed a tear! And then the passing courtesies exchanged with the family at the door, and the quickened step on the sidewalk, and the wandering looks about my room, even while I was answering with my difficult breath their cold inquiries! there was an inhuman carelessness in all this which stung me to the soul.

I craved sympathy as I did life, and yet I doubted it all. There was not a word spoken by the friends who were admitted to see me that I did not ponder over when they were gone, and always with

an impatient dissatisfaction. The tone and the manner, and the expression of face, all seemed forced, and often, in my earlier sickness, when I had pondered for hours on the expressed sympathy of some one I had loved, the sense of utter helplessness which crowded upon me, with my conviction of their insincerity, quite overcame me. I have lain, night after night, and looked at my indifferent watchers; and oh, how I hated them for their careless ease and their snatched moments of repose! I could scarce keep from dashing aside the cup which they came to give me so sluggishly. There was such a cold cruelty in their eating and sleeping in the presence of a dying man!

It is singular that with all our experience of sickness, we do not attend more to these slight circumstances. It can scarce be conceived how an ill-managed light, or a suppressed whispering, or the gratification of a healthy appetite, in the presence of one whose senses are so sharpened, and whose mind is so sensitive as a sick man's, irritate and annoy him. And perhaps, more than all these to bear, is the affectedly subdued tone of condolence. I remember nothing which I endured so impatiently.

I think I would rather die untended in the open air, than be abandoned to a professed nurse. There is something horrible in their cold, unfeeling assiduities. They are always old, and you cannot forget, when their skinny hands touch you, how many have taken their nauseous medicine from them, and died, leaving no impression on their minds, but that their hiring services were ready for another. Oh! to hear the same unvaried monotone, drilled by the wear of years to an unconscious and wretched imitation of feeling, asking the same eternal questions, hour after hour—to watch the recurrence of the same vulgar personal habits—to see the same withered, wrinkled face leaning over you in offices for which the ministry of angels were scarce delicate enough—to shrink from the habitual touch of their dry fingers to your pulse—to see them tasting, with their yellow lips, the delicacies sent you, or handling the cup from which you are presently to drink, without the power to utter a word of the disgust that is smothering your very heart within you—this is what the sick sometimes suffer, when their friends think they have done all they could do for their comfort.

I awoke on the second morning after the hope of my recovery had been abandoned. There was a narrow sunbeam lying in a clear crimson line across the curtain, and I lay and watched the specks of lint sailing through it, like silver-winged insects, and the thin dust, quivering and disappearing on its definite limit, in a dream of wonder. I had thought not to see another sun, and my mind was still fresh with the expectation of an immediate change. I could not believe that I was alive. The dizzy throb in my temples was done. My limbs felt cool and refreshed; my mind had that feeling of transparency which is so common after healthful and sweet sleep, and an indefinite sensation of pleasure was trembling in every nerve. I thought that this might be death, and that with this exquisite feeling of repose I was to linger thus consciously with the body till the last day; and I dwelt on it pleasantly with my delicious freedom from pain. I felt no regret for life—none for a friend even, or my passionate pursuits. I was willing—quite willing to lie thus for ages. Presently the physician entered. He came and laid his fingers on my pulse, and his face brightened. "You will get well," he said, and I heard it almost without emotion. Gradually, however, the love of life returned, and as I realized it fully, and all the thousand cords that bound me to it vibrated once more, the tears came thickly to my eyes, and a crowd of delightful thoughts pressed cheerfully and glowingly on me. I will not attempt a description of my succeeding feelings. No language can do justice to the pleasure of convalescence from extreme sickness. The first step upon the living grass, the first breath of the free air, the first unsuppressed salutation of a friend—my lip trembles while I write down these thrilling recollections.

Some years after, an intimate friend and fellow student of mine was attacked with a malignant fever. He had taken it in the city; and returned to the small sea-port town where we were studying, with its symptoms just developing. It was soon detected by an intelligent physician. The news spread, and with it a universal panic. The mistress of the house where we lodged refused to keep him; and after searching in vain through the town for a place where he might be nursed, I laid him in a waggon, which I had some difficulty in procuring, and drove to a deserted building upon the seashore, which had formerly been used for a pest-house, a mile from any human habitation. Here I spread his bed upon the bare floor, in a corner of an upper room, and bringing what conveniences I could procure from the terrified towns-people, commenced the new offices of nurse and comforter. The last was very necessary. Fred was a clear-hearted spirited fellow, but the sense of his desperate condition pressed upon him overpoweringly. The decayed and unplastered walls, the yielding floor, the want of every comfort to which he had been used, even in health, struck cheerlessly to his heart, and, added to his entire abandonment, it was difficult to bear with even a becoming manliness. I made an arrangement, by which my food was brought daily to a spot a short distance from the house, and we commenced our solitary life. The law of the state, attaching a penalty to all communication with the inhabitants of a pest-house, would effectually have confined me, had I felt any disposition to hold communion with others, and with the exception of my walks to the place where our food was deposited, I was rarely absent. Even then, if Fred was awake, he waited for my return with so nervous an anxiety, that I could not find it in my heart to loiter.

The first, and the second, and the third days passed lingeringly

away, and the fever assumed its most alarming aspect. Poor Fred grew weak and distressed, and looked into the face of the physician with a questioning earnestness he had not the courage to express. I followed him out on the fourth morning and asked his opinion.

"He must die," said the kind man; "it is a dreadful disease, and there is little hope of any one on whom it seizes."

His eyes filled as he spoke, and he felt my pulse and asked me if I was well. I had scarce had time in my constant care, to think of my own safety. The only attendant of a querulous and fastidious sufferer, whose pillow must be changed with every feeling of weariness, whose hot temples must be constantly wet, and, more than all, whose mind must, by every device of fancy, be constantly diverted from itself, how could I find leisure for reflection? I did not, and though the conclusion was not new to me, the sad tone in which the question was asked sank into my heart like ice. It was no indefinite foreboding. With my horrible dread of death, forever, even in health, pressing on me, it was but thrusting nearer to me a frightful but familiar shape of horror. I could not put it by. As I entered the room again, its stifled closeness oppressed by breath, and its bare and comfortless desolation made my spirit shrink fearfully from the idea of sickness there. And as I stood over the bed hesitating in what manner I should tell the terrible truth to my friend, it seemed to me that I could feel the subtle miasma creeping into my veins, and my knees trembled, and I lost for a moment the power of utterance. Fred stretched out his emaciated hand, and for the first time I shrunk from it. He had lain hours of every day on my bosom while I repeated poetry to him, and wiled him from his dismal thoughts, and now I could not look on his soiled and coarse covering, and his face spread with livid spots, without an unconquerable loathing. With a shudder which shook my whole frame, I suffered him to draw me down upon the bed, and taking his head on my lap, I parted his hair and repeated from Byron those exquisite lines, beginning,

"He who has bent him o'er the dead,
When the last ray of life has fled," &c.

I chose the passage to lead his thoughts to the subject, and prepare him for the melancholy disclosure, but he seemed to avoid it resolutely.

"Beautiful," he said, faintly, when I had finished, and pressing the hand which lay in his, he requested me to go on.

Instead of resuming it, I turned the conversation upon death, and finally told him, in a tone of assumed composure, that he would die. He turned his eyes quickly upon me as I spoke, and struggled a moment for breath:

"Die!" said he, in a voice like a stifled scream; "die!—impossible!" and he buried his face in the bed-clothes as if he would hide himself from the terrible conviction.

For some days and nights after this he lingered, growing weaker and weaker. He had subdued his feelings till he could look upon his approaching death with tolerable composure, and he now lay quietly on my bosom, hour after hour, without turning his eye once from the spot of the sky that was visible through the ill-closed window. He sometimes slept, and then, though I was sick for want of rest, and weary as I had never before known weariness, the thought of the contagion which every hour fastened more closely on me, rushed upon my mind, and preyed upon it like a vulture, with an ever restless tenacity. I had little opportunity for such thoughts in the day time, for then Fred was always awake, and it required a strong effort to pay him that constant and cheerful attention which is so difficult when the frame is exhausted; but at night the cool breezes quieted him and he slept.

The moment there was no necessity for exertion, I sat down by the open window, and gazing out upon the bay, or up to the clear, still sky, abandoned myself to my perpetual thought. It came in many different shapes. Sometimes I fixed my eye upon a distant vessel, slowly traversing the horizon with the moonlight lying soft and mellow upon its sails, and an inexpressible yearning to it, as something connected with the living, stirred sickeningly within me. And sometimes I gazed till midnight on the stars, and while an indefinite sense of their glory and number crowded on me, I shrunk from the thought of mingling my clogged and earthly spirit, so soon and so unprepared, with their intense purity. There was a severe holiness in their beauty which rebuked and humbled me, and I clung to life with a still closer affection. Sometimes I laid my head on the decayed window, and listened to the sound of the waves and the whisper of the wind in the grass, and a chill heaviness stole upon my heart as I thought how soon my ear would be deaf to their familiar music. It seemed impossible that there could be no healing in that delicious breeze, no medicine in the verdure that was sending up its night-fragrance so freshly. I could scarce suppress a murmur that the cool, sweet air should not arrest disease, and bring health on its fanning wings. And sometimes I looked up to the steeples and roofs of the distant town, lying distinct and silent in the light of the full moon, and outcast as I was, avoided and deserted by all those who slept healthily beneath them, I felt as if my very soul leaped to them in strong and unextinguishable affection. And my friends, one by one, came into my memory. And not these alone, but the meanest human being with whose face I was familiar, and those whose acquaintance was within my reach, and even they who had wronged me, and whom I might have forgiven—I forgave them and loved them all in my boundless desire.

The contemplation of death when in health, is very different from that in sickness. The natural strength of the mind unaffected by disease, overcomes the disgust of burial and decay, and sends it forward to the dividing of the affections and the soul's coming destiny. I will not, I have no right to describe my feelings at the thought of dying in that solitary place, and seeing those in whom my best

affections were bound up, no more. I knew that I could not, except by a miracle, escape the pestilential contagion of that room, and I believed that when Fred was gone, and the excitement of duty could sustain me no longer, I should lie down on the same bed, and die miserably and alone. The thought unmanned me. I went out when I could no longer bear it, and while Fred slept, I walked to and fro upon the beach beneath the window, till the beauty of the night and the melancholy break of the waters on the shore restored me to my quiet despair.

I will not prolong this recital. On the fifth day, the physician, who had abandoned for some time all medicine but such as would soothe him, was surprised to find an evident change for the better. The fever had turned, and in a week his eye was clear and his pulse firm and regular. By that inscrutable Providence which so often protects those who are most exposed to danger, my own health was still preserved, and after a tour to the lakes in company, we sat down once more quietly to our studies.

VILLAGE SKETCHES.

THE RUNAWAY.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

ONE of the most retired-looking spots in our thickly-peopled neighborhood, is the pretty little nook called Sandford Green; a small, very small patch of green-sward, formed by a casual receding of the fields at a place where two narrow shady lanes cross each other, leaving just room enough in one angle for a clear mirror-like pond, with glorious old thorns dipping into it from the surrounding hedges, whilst a village pound inclosing a noble oak, occupies another corner, and a third is completely overshadowed by two large horse-chestnut trees, standing like sentinels on either side of a gate, which leads through a short, deep lane to the only dwelling within sight or hearing. No spot is, apparently, so entirely out of the way, and out of the world, as Sandford Green! And yet the well-beaten footpaths, two or three of which, striking in different directions across the fields, meet in this spot as a common centre, intimated that the little green was a place of some resort, as indeed it actually was, not so much as a thoroughfare, but from its own independent attraction. The one solitary and unostentatious tenement of which it boasted, being famous all through the country for its home-brewed ale: the fine Sandford beer, most emphatically called strong, holding so high a rank amongst the consumers of that formidable beverage, that people sent for it far and near; and the liveried groom of two or three neighboring squires might often be seen galloping on their thoroughbred hunters to seek this only liquor worthy to wash down their master's Stilton, at the same moment that poor Dame Wheeler's little girl was crossing the stile for her sick grandmother's daily half-pint; and half the rustics in the parish pouring in from north, south, east, and west, to enjoy in Joseph Dobson's own tap-room, or beneath his honeysuckle porch, their own less moderate potations. "First come first served," was Joseph's motto, and although our moral Boniface was on the whole a man of impartiality, it is doubtful whether he had not some pleasure in keeping the lacqueys in attendance, and the grantees whom they served in expectation, whilst he administered to the wants of his humbler and more sociable customers. A chuckling, bustling, merry knave was our landlord, and a free spoken; had a vote for the county, which he regularly bestowed on the opposition candidate, be the ministers whom they might. Joseph thought no honest man could ever vote for the ministry; that was his creed—owed no one a shilling, and was too confident in the power of his ale to have any dread of the magistrates and the license act:—"Old Sir Thomas can't finish his dinner without a glass of my beer," thought Joseph; "and I may be as saucy and independent as I please."

Whatever might be the merits of the Sandford ale, of which I confess myself nowise qualified to judge, holding beer in all its varieties as an abomination even more flagrant than the other detestable drinkable called wine—whatever might be the charms of Joseph's beverage, there could be no question as to the beauty and picturesqueness of his habitation.

It was a high, narrow, tower-like house, with chimneys like turrets, and every sort of gable-end and inequality of which a building is capable, harmonized and enriched by an old vine, which after creeping up one side of the house nearly covered the roof, garlanding the very chimneys, and wreathing its luxuriant abundance of leaf and fruit and tendril wherever a shoot could find place, until it fairly hung over on the other side—until its rich festoons nearly met the branchy honeysuckle, (Milton's "twisted eglantine," which climbing up, shaded a rude, but fanciful and airy porch, such as is often seen in Wouverman's pictures, adding grace and lightness even to them. Nor was the garden which reached on one side to a small meandering brook, the large garden, full of beds of vegetables and berry bushes, almost hidden by wide flower-borders, very nicely kept; or the long strip of beautiful greensward, the meadow, orchard, or pleasure-ground (for it might pass for either of these), with its fine grove of old fruit trees, pear, plum, cherry and apple, terminated by its smooth bowling-green and goodly arbor, at all unworthy of the picturesque dwelling to which they were appended. The territory behind, a miniature farm-yard, with stabling for two, cart-room for one, a commodious cow-shed, and pigsties, goose-houses, and hen-houses out of number, its populous duck pond, and its abundance of noises—horses neighing, cows lowing, calves bleating, pigs grunting, geese gabbling, ducks quacking, cocks crowing, hens cackling, and doves cooing—was also a lively stirring scene, especially when animated by the presence of mine host, portly, sturdily and comely, an excellent representative of his own brown

stout, with twenty pigeons fluttering about him (for Joseph, amongst other fancies, was a great pigeon fancier,) and two or three pet tumbler or fantails perched on his shoulder. In short, every thing about the place, from the two rosy smiling lassies, his daughters, down to the fat yard dog and sleek tabby cat, seemed emblems of rural plenty and English independence; meet appendages to the sign of the Foaming Tankard, which swung in creaking magnificence from a post in front of the dwelling.

By far the most interesting inmate, however, of this small village hostelry, was one, whose whole appearance formed the strongest possible contrast to the rest of that flourishing establishment. Mary Walker, the only child of the good landlord's only sister, was a tall thin young woman, with a pale, mild, serious countenance, great simplicity of dress and manner, and a general delicacy both of look and demeanor, belonging partly perhaps to ill health, but so much connected with a natural elegance of mind, that it hushed even her boisterous uncle, and his boisterous customers, into something like gentleness; just as the presence of a born gentlewoman might have done, if it were possible to fancy a born gentlewoman seated in the tap-room of the Foaming Tankard.

To say the truth, the tap-room was a place that Mary seldom visited. The noise, the talking, the singing, the smell of tobacco, or even the odor of the famous Sandford beer would have kept her from that well-frequented resort of the thirsty souls of the village; even if the dread of encountering some of her many lovers, (for Mary had as many suitors as Penelope,) had not been sufficient to hinder her from putting her foot across the threshold.

The cause of Mary Walker's many conquests might be found, perhaps, (at least, she certainly thought so,) in the circumstance of her being a rustic heiress, having just so many hundreds of pounds as made her a great match in her own degree; the cause of her being, at two and twenty, unwedded, and unlikely to wed, will take rather more telling, although the story be short enough, and common enough too.

Joseph Dobson had had a son, called William, as unlike his father as possible; a gay, lively, mercurial spirit, too quick, or as his poor mother used to say, too clever to learn, too ready at many trades to stick steadily to one; and so full of varying schemes and changeable resources, that every body except that dotting mother felt convinced, that in spite of William's acknowledged talents, his destiny would prove unprosperous.

The only chance for its being otherwise, lay in his strong affection for his fair cousin, Mary Walker. Her influence over him, especially after the death of his fond but misjudging mother, who had fostered his wild and expensive habits, by supplying him with money for their indulgence, formed the only counteraction to his natural and acquired unsteadiness of character. Even his father, although knowing him best and fearing him most, looked forward with some degree of hope to the period when he should be quietly married to Mary; and she herself (how strange it is, that the mildest and most reflective woman should be so often carried off her feet by the giddiest wild-goose of a man!) she herself idolized him; overturned all the disinterested objections of her uncle and guardian, to risking her money and her happiness with so flighty a swain, and even laid aside much of her own timidity to hasten as far as her natural modesty would permit, the proposed union.

On the very evening before the intended marriage, William, who amongst his other caprices, was frequently subject to the fury of jealousy, was seized with a violent fit of that amiable passion, the object being no other than George Bailey, my lord's gamekeeper, as good-natured a fellow as ever lived, and a constant visitor at the sign of the Foaming Tankard. He had brought two tame pheasants as a present to Mary, who was known to be fond of pet poultry; "a wedding present," as he had whispered at parting, and Mary unluckily had admired the beauty of the birds.

"You like the birds for the sake of the giver, Mary," said William, chafed at the warmth with which George had shaken hands with her in the moment of departure, and the mingled blush and smile with which she had received his whispered farewell; "you are thinking of the master's good looks, of his gay plumage, and not of the birds."

"The master thinks little of me, or I of him. You are quite mistaken as to both of us," replied Mary.

"You admire the beauty of the donor," pursued William pertinaciously; you talk of the pheasants, but you are thinking of him."

"Not I, indeed!" exclaimed Mary.

"But you are, I say, madam," resumed William, with increasing violence. "George Bailey is the beau of the parish, as you are the belle. We all know that; and, for my poor part, I think it a great pity that you should be separated."

"If you think so, William," said poor Mary, and then, unable to finish the sentence, burst into tears.

"Well, madam, if I think so!"

"Then—oh William! William! how cruel this is, when you know that I love you, and nobody but you, in this wide world!"

"If I think so, madam, then—pray finish what you were going to say. There is nothing I hate so much as these sort of scenes."

"Then," said Mary, resuming her firmness, "we had better part."

"Certainly, madam, we had better part, I agree with you perfectly," said the intended bridegroom, walking out of the house without listening to the threats of his father, the remonstrances of his sisters, or even the gentle assurances of Mary herself, that neither George Bailey nor she had ever thought of each other.

Joseph Dobson stormed, his little daughters fretted and wondered, and poor Mary cried; but all fully expected that that night at supper-time, or at latest by peep of dawn, William would re-appear, repent, and be forgiven; for a temper "which carried anger as the flint

doth fire," had the redeeming grace of being eminently sweet and sunshiny, especially after one of these sudden storms; so that Mary, after feeling the exceeding delight of reconciliation, used sometimes to wonder whether she should like William as well, if he were always quiet and civil like other people. Mary cried, expecting to be comforted; but the comforter whom she expected did not arrive. The evening passed away—the night—the next morning, that which should have been the bridal morning!—the day—the intended wedding day! and still no tidings of William. His father traced him to London; and then came a report that he was gone on board ship; he had had such a fancy in his boyhood engendered by reading Robinson Crusoe; and then came rumors of shipwreck, at first doubtfully listened to, but gradually believed, as, month after month, and year after year glided by without any tidings arriving of the unhappy fugitive. Surely if he had been alive he would have written, was the secret thought and feeling of all.

In his own home, long absence had produced its usual effect, and things had returned to their ordinary course with little reference to the life or death of the young man. His father, first immoderately angry, then intemperately grieved, had resumed his former jovial temper and bustling habits; his light-hearted sisters had ceased to hope or fear, or lament; and his old companions had well nigh forgotten that he had ever existed. Forgotten indeed he was by every body except poor Mary, who cherished his memory with the gentle sadness of a young widow, and turned from love and lovers with the fond fidelity of a dove that has lost its mate. Never was heart more devoted and true: as Ben Brown, the fat exciseman, and Aaron Keep, the lean shoemaker, and tall Jim Ward, the blacksmith, and little Bob Wheatley, the carpenter, besides at least a score more of rejected suitors, could testify—George Bailey being nearly the only young man in the parish who had never made Mary Walker an offer, having, within three months of the pheasant present, brought home a very sufficient reason for not doing so in the shape of an exceedingly pretty black-eyed wife. Poor Mary! she would have done wisely in following the example of the rest of the world, and forgetting William Dobson; but, as she used to say, when urged on the subject, she could not.

Meanwhile time rolled on, and it was now some years since any thing had been heard of him. May was drawing towards its close—that loveliest month, which joins the spring flowers with the summer leaves. The country was in its prime of beauty, and Sandford Green, with its pearly bunches of hawthorn overhanging and reflected in the clear bright pond, the horse chestnuts covered with their pyramidal flowers, the golden broom skirting round the meadows where the young lambs were at play, the orchard one glow of blossom, the lilacs and laburnums scenting the arbor, and the honeysuckle perfuming the porch. Sandford was the sweetest and prettiest of all country places; and Mary was standing under the honeysuckle, looking at the blue sky and the green grass, and the flowery fruit-trees so gay in the sunshine, and thinking how wrong it was in her not to be happy; when all on a sudden the good landlord advanced from the farm-yard with a troubled countenance, calling for Mary and Bessy and Kate, a mess of milk, a jug of ale, and a bottle of brandy. "There's a man lying dead or dying in the cart-house," added he; "make haste, lasses!"

Mary, catching at the hope of life, hurried into the house to despatch some messenger for medical assistance; his daughters flew to his assistance, and half the customers in the tap-room followed with instinctive curiosity to the cart-house.

The man was not dead; and mine host and little Kate were administering, or rather offering (for he seemed incapable either of speaking or swallowing,) their various remedies.

"Who can he be?" said Kate; "what can have brought him here?"

"How should I know, child?" replied the man of the Tankard; "'tis a poor famished wretch, as you see, who I suppose could crawl no further. But I think he'll live! He's looking about him! and he seems likely to come to. Get your cousin's smelling bottle, Bessy; and don't crowd round him so, good folks! Why even Neptune has crept up to him, and is half smothering the poor wretch. That looks as if it was somebody the dog knew."

And the poor creature, the sick, famished, creature writhed on his straw, and groaned and gasped as if for speech.

"Where are Mary's salts, girls? See how Neptune's licking the poor wretch's hands! Where is Mary?"

And at that instant Mary entered; the sick man half rose up, and she knew him! "William! gracious heaven! 'tis William!" And instantly she was kneeling at his side, and supporting him in her arms, aided, as it happened, by our old friend the keeper, who had been taking his morning draught in the tap. Poor William looked from one to the other—

"Are you married?" said he, with a strong effort.

"Yes," said George; "no," said Mary; both in a breath.

"To think of my not knowing my own son!" exclaimed the father, bending over him, the tears running over his rough cheeks. "But his very mother could not have known him, so fond of him as she used to be! Nobody would, but Mary. Welcome home, my boy! We'll soon set thee up again. Welcome, my own dear boy!"

"Welcome home, dear William!" echoed the sobbing sisters.

But William listened to none of them. "Are you married?" was again his question.

"Yes!" said George, smiling.

"But not to me, William! Not to me, dear William!" said Mary; and the poor runaway grasped her hand between his trembling ones, (Neptune fondling them all the time,) and life, and health, and love, were in the pressure; and the toils, the wanderings, the miseries of his four years' absence were all forgotten in that moment of bliss!

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE REVENGE OF ST. NICHOLAS.

A TALE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

EVERYBODY knows that in the famous city of New-York, whose proper name is New-Amsterdam, the excellent St. Nicholas—who is worth a dozen St. Georges and dragons to boot, and who, if every tub stood on its right bottom, would be at the head of the seven champions of christendom—I say, everybody knows the excellent St. Nicholas, in holiday times, goes about among the people in the middle of the night, distributing all sorts of toothsome and becoming gifts to the good boys and girls in this his favorite city. Some say that he comes down the chimneys in a little Jersey waggon; others, that he wears a pair of Holland skates, with which he travels like the wind; and others, who pretend to have seen him, maintain that he has lately adopted a locomotive, and was once actually detected on the Albany rail-road. But this last assertion is looked upon to be entirely fabulous, because St. Nicholas has too much discretion to trust himself in such a new-fangled jarvie; and so I leave this matter to be settled by whosoever will take the trouble. Our own opinion is, that his favorite mode of travelling is on a canal, the motion and speed of which aptly comports with the philosophic dignity of his character. But this is not material, and I will no longer detain my readers with extraneous and irrelevant matters, as is too much the fashion with our statesmen, orators, biographers, and story-tellers.

It was in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty, or sixty-one, for the most orthodox chronicles differ in this respect; but it was a very remarkable year, and it was called *annus mirabilis*, on that account. It was said that several people were detected in speaking the truth about that time; that nine staid, sober, and discreet widows, who had sworn on an anti-masonic almanac never to enter a second time into the holy state, were snapt up by young husbands, before they knew what they were about; that six venerable bachelors wedded as many buxom young belles, and, it is reported, were afterwards sorry for what they had done; that many people actually went to church, from motives of piety; and that a great scholar, who had written a book in support of certain opinions, was not only convinced of his error, but acknowledged it publicly afterwards. No wonder the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty, if that was the year, was called *annus mirabilis*!

What contributed to render this year still more remarkable, was the building of six new three-story brick houses in the city, and three persons setting up equipages, who, I cannot find, ever failed in business afterwards, or compounded with their creditors at a piateen in the pound. It is, moreover, recorded in the annals of the horticultural society of that day, which were written on a cabbage-leaf, as is said, that a member produced a forked radish, of such vast dimensions, that being dressed up in fashionable male attire at the exhibition, it was actually mistaken for a travelled beau by several inexperienced young ladies, who pined away for love of its beautiful complexion, and were changed into daffadownillies. Some maintained it was a mandrake, but it was finally detected by an inquest of experienced matrons. No wonder the year seventeen hundred and sixty was called *annus mirabilis*!

But the most extraordinary thing of all was the confident assertion, that there was but one *gray mare* within the bills of mortality; and, incredible as it may appear, she was the wife of a responsible citizen, who, it was affirmed, had grown rich by weaving velvet purses out of sows' ears. But this we look upon as being somewhat of the character of the predictions of almanac-makers. Certain it is, however, that Amos Shuttle possessed the treasure of a wife who was shrewdly suspected of having established within doors a system of government not laid down in Aristotle or the Abbe Sieyès, who made a constitution for every day in the year, and two for the first of April.

Amos Shuttle, though a mighty pompous little man out of doors, was the meekest of human creatures within. He belonged to that class of people who pass for great among the little, and little among the great; and he would certainly have been master in his own house had it not been for a woman! We have read somewhere that no wise woman ever thinks her husband a demi-god. If so, it is a blessing that there are so few wise women in the world.

Amos had grown rich, heaven knows how—he did not know himself; but, what was somewhat extraordinary, he considered his wealth a signal proof of his talents and sagacity, and valued himself according to the infallible standard of pounds, shillings and pence. But though he lorded it without, he was, as we have just said, the most gentle of men within doors. The moment he stepped inside of his own house his spirit covered down, like that of a pious man entering a church; he felt as if he was in the presence of a superior being—to wit, Mrs. Abigail Shuttle. He was, indeed, the meekest of beings at home, except Moses; and Sir Andrew Aguecheek's song, which Sir Toby Belch declared "would draw nine souls out of one weaver," would have failed in drawing half of one out of Amos. The truth is, his wife, who ought to have known, affirmed he had no more soul than a monkey; but he was the only man in the city thus circumstanced at the time we speak of. No wonder, therefore, the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty was called *annus mirabilis*!

Such as he was Mr. Amos Shuttle waxed richer and richer every day, inasmuch that those who envied his prosperity were wont to say, "that he had certainly been born with a dozen silver spoons in his mouth, or such a great blockhead would never have got together such a heap of money." When he had become worth ten thousand

pounds, he lunched his shuttle magnanimously out of the window, ordered his weaver's beam to be split up for oven wood, and Mrs. Amos turned his weaver's shop into a *boudoir*. Fortune followed him faster than he ran away from her. In a few years the ten thousand doubled, and in a few more trebled, quadrupled—in short, Amos could hardly count his money.

"What shall we do now, my dear?" asked Mrs. Shuttle, who never sought his opinion, that I can learn, except for the pleasure of contradicting him.

"Let us go and live in the country, and enjoy ourselves," quoth Amos.

"Go into the country! go to—!" I could never satisfy myself what Mrs. Shuttle meant, but she stopped short, and concluded the sentence with a withering look of scorn, that would have cowed the spirits of nineteen weavers.

Amos named all sorts of places, enumerated all sorts of modes of life he could think of, and every pleasure that might enter into the imagination of a man without a soul. His wife despised them all; she would not hear of them.

"Well, my dear, suppose you suggest something; do now, Abby," at length said Amos, in a coaxing whisper; "will you, my only-doney?"

"Only fiddlestick! I wonder you repeat such vulgarisms. But if I must say what I should like, I should like to travel."

"Well, let us go and make a tour as far as Jamaica, or Hackinsack, or Spiking-devil. There is excellent fishing for striped bass there."

"Spiking-devil!" screamed Mrs. Shuttle; "an't you ashamed to swear so, you wicked mortal! I won't go to Jamaica, nor Hackinsack among the Dutch hottentots, nor to Spiking-devil, to catch striped bass. I'll go to Europe!"

If Amos had possessed a soul it would have jumped out of its skin at the idea of going beyond seas. He had once been on the sea-bass banks, and got a seasoning there; the very thought of which made him sick. But, as he had no soul, there was no great harm done.

When Mrs. Shuttle said a thing it was settled. They went to Europe, taking their only son with them; the lady ransacked all the milliner's shops in Paris, and the gentleman visited all the restaurateurs. He became such a desperate connoisseur and gourmand, that he could almost tell an *omelette au jambon* from a gammon of bacon. After consummating the polish, they came home, the lady with the newest old fashions, and the weaver with a confirmed preference of *potage-a-la-turque* over pepper-pot. It is said the city trembled, as with an earthquake, when they landed; but the notion was probably superstitious.

They arrived near the close of the year, the memorable year, the *annus mirabilis*, one thousand seven hundred and sixty. Everybody that had ever known the Shuttles flocked to see them, or rather to see what they had brought with them; and such was the magic of a voyage to Europe, that Mr. and Mrs. Amos Shuttle, who had been nobodies when they departed, became somebodies when they returned, and mounted at once to the summit of *ton*.

"You have come in good time to enjoy the festivities of the holidays," said Mrs. Hubblebubble, an old friend of Amos the weaver and his wife.

"We shall have a merry christmas and a happy new-year," exclaimed Mrs. Doubletrouble, another old acquaintance of old times.

"The holidays," drawled Mrs. Shuttle; "the holidays? christmas and new-year? Pray what are they?"

It is astonishing to see how people lose their memories abroad sometimes. They often forget their old friends, old customs, and occasionally themselves.

"Why, la! now, who'd have thought it?" cried Mrs. Doubletrouble; "why sure you haven't forgot the oily cooks and the mince pies, the merry-meetings of friends, the sleigh-rides, the kissing bridge, and the family parties?"

"Family parties!" shrieked Mrs. Shuttle, and held her salts to her nose; "family parties! I never heard of any thing so gothic in Paris or Rome; and oily cooks—O shocking! and mince pies! detestable; and throwing open one's doors to all one's old friends, whom one wishes to forget as soon as possible. O! the idea is insupportable!" and again she held the salts to her nose.

Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble found they had exposed themselves sadly, and were quite ashamed. A real, genteel, well-bred, enlightened lady of fashion ought to have no rule of conduct—no conscience, but Paris—whatever is fashionable there is genteel—whatever is not fashionable is vulgar. There is no other standard of right, and no other eternal fitness of things. At least so thought Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble.

"But is it possible that all these things are out of fashion abroad?" asked the latter, beseechingly.

"They never were in," said Mrs. Amos Shuttle. "For my part, I mean to close my doors and windows on new-year's day, I'm determined."

"And so am I," said Mrs. Hubblebubble.

"And so am I," said Mrs. Doubletrouble.

And it was settled that they should make a combination among themselves and their friends, to put down the ancient and good customs of the city, and abolish the sports and enjoyments of the jolly new year. The conspirators then separated, each to pursue her diabolical designs against oily cooks, mince pies, sleigh-rides, sociable visitings, and family parties.

Now the excellent St. Nicholas, who knows well what is going on in every house in the city, though, like a good and honorable saint, he never betrays any family secrets, overheard these wicked

women plotting against his favorite anniversary, and he said to himself—

"Der Blyndchap! but I'll be even with you, *mejuf frow*." So he determined he would play these conceited and misled women a trick or two before he had done with them.

It was now the first day of the new year, and Mrs. Amos Shuttle, and Mrs. Doubletrouble, and Mrs. Hubblebubble, and all their wicked abettors had shut up their doors and windows, so that when their old friends called they could not get into their houses. Moreover, they had neither prepared mince pies, nor oily cooks, nor crullers, nor any of the good things consecrated to St. Nicholas by his pious and well-intentioned votaries, and they were mightily pleased at having been as dull and stupid as owls, while all the rest of the city were as merry as crickets, chirping and frikking in the warm chimney-corner. Little did they think what horrible judgments were impending over them, prepared by the wrath of the excellent St. Nicholas, who was resolved to make an example of them for attempting to introduce their new-fangled corruptions in place of the ancient customs of his favorite city. These wicked women never had another comfortable sleep in their lives!

The night was still, clear and frosty—the earth was every where one carpet of snow, and looked just like the ghost of a dead world, wrapped in a white winding-sheet; the moon was full, round, and of a silvery brightness, and by her discreet silence afforded an example to the rising generation of young damsels, while the myriads of stars that multiplied as you gazed at them, seemed as though they were frozen into icicles, they looked so cold, and sparkled with such a glorious lustre. The streets and roads leading from the city were all alive with sleighs, filled with jovial souls, whose echoing laughter and cheerful songs, mingled with a thousand merry bells, that jingled in harmonious dissonance, giving spirit to the horses, and animation to the scene. In the license of the season, hallowed by long custom, each of the sleighs saluted the others in passing, with a "happy new year," a merry jest, or mischievous gibe, exchanged from one gay party to another. All was life, motion, and merriment; and as old frost-bitten winter, aroused from his trance by the rout and revelry around, raised his weather-beaten head to see what was passing, he felt his icy blood warming and coursing through his veins, and wished he could only overtake the laughing buxom spring, that he might dance a jig with her, and be as frisky as the best of them. But as the old rogue could not bring this desirable matter about, he contented himself with calling for a jolly bumper of cock-tail, and drinking a swingeing draught to the health of the blessed St. Nicholas, and those who honor the memory of the president of good fellows.

All this time these wicked women and their abettors lay under the malediction of the good saint, who caused them to be bewitched by an old lady from Salem. Mrs. Amos Shuttle could not sleep, because something had whispered in her apprehensive ear that her son, her only son, who she had engaged to the daughter of Count Grenouille, in Paris, then about three years old, was actually at that moment crossing kissing bridge, in company with little Susan Varian, and some others besides. Now Susan was the fairest little lady of all the land; she had a face and an eye just like the widow Wadman, in Leslie's charming picture; a face and an eye which no reasonable man under heaven could resist, except my uncle Toby—beshrew him and his fortifications, I say! She was, moreover, a good little girl, and an accomplished little girl—but, alas! she had not mounted to the step in Jacob's ladder of fashion, which qualifies a person for the heaven of high ton, and Mrs. Shuttle had not been to Europe for nothing. She would rather have seen her son wedded to dissipation and profligacy than to Susan Varian; and the thought of his being out sleigh-riding with her, was worse than the tooth-ache. It kept her awake all the live-long night; and the only consolation she had was scolding poor Amos, because the sleigh bells made such a noise.

As for Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble, they neither of them got a wink of sleep during a whole week, for thinking of the beautiful French chairs and damask curtains Mrs. Shuttle had brought from Europe. They forthwith besieged their good men, leaving them no rest until they sent out orders to Paris for just such rich chairs and curtains as those of the thrice happy Mrs. Shuttle, from whom they kept the affair a profound secret, each meaning to treat her to an agreeable surprise. In the meanwhile they could not rest for fear the vessel which was to bring these treasures might be lost on her passage. Such was the dreadful judgment inflicted on them by the good St. Nicholas.

The perplexities of Mrs. Shuttle increased daily. In the first place, do all she could, she could not make Amos a fine gentleman. This was a metamorphosis which Ovid would never have dreamed of. He would be telling the price of every thing in his house, his furniture, his wines, and his dinners, inasmuch that those who envied his prosperity, or, perhaps, only despised his pretensions, were wont to say, after eating his venison, and drinking his old Madeira, "that he ought to have been a tavern-keeper, he knew so well how to make out a bill." Mrs. Shuttle once overheard a speech of this kind, and the good St. Nicholas himself, who had brought it about, almost felt sorry for the mortification she endured on the occasion.

Scarcely had she got over this, when she was invited to a ball, by Mrs. Hubblebubble, and the first thing she saw on entering the drawing-room, was a suit of damask curtains and chairs, as much like her own as two peas, only the curtains had far handsomer fringe. Mrs. Shuttle came very near fainting away, but escaped for that time, determining to mortify this impudent creature,

by taking not the least notice of her finery. But St. Nicholas ordered it otherwise, so that she was at last obliged to acknowledge they were very elegant indeed. Nay, this was not the worst, for she overheard one lady whisper to another, that Mrs. Hubblebubble's curtains were much richer than Mrs. Shuttle's.

"O, I dare say," replied the other—"I dare say Mrs. Shuttle bought them second-hand, for her husband is as mean as Pussley."

This was too much. The unfortunate woman was taken suddenly ill—called her carriage, and went home, where it is supposed she would have died that evening had she not wrought upon Amos to promise her an entire new suit of French furniture for her drawing-room and parlor to boot, besides a new carriage. But for all this she could not close her eyes that night for thinking of the "second-hand curtains."

Nor was the wicked Mrs. Doubletrouble a whit better off, when her friend Mrs. Hubblebubble treated her to the agreeable surprise of the French window-curtains and chairs. "It is too bad—too bad, I declare," said she to herself; "but I'll pay her off soon." Accordingly she issued invitations for a grand ball and supper, at which both Mrs. Shuttle and Mrs. Hubblebubble were struck dumb at beholding a suit of curtains and a set of chairs exactly of the same pattern with theirs. The shock was terrible, and it is impossible to say what might have been the consequences, had not the two ladies all at once thought of uniting in abusing Mrs. Doubletrouble for her extravagance.

"I pity poor Mr. Doubletrouble," said Mrs. Shuttle, shrugging her shoulders significantly, and glancing at the room.

"And so do I," sighed Mrs. Hubblebubble, doing the same.

Mrs. Doubletrouble had her eye on them, and enjoyed their mortification until her pride was brought to the ground by a dead shot from Mrs. Shuttle, who was heard to exclaim, in reply to a lady who observed the chairs and curtains were very handsome,

"Why, yes; but they have been out of fashion in Paris a long time; and, besides, really they are getting so common, that I intend to have mine removed to the nursery."

Heavens! what a blow! Poor Mrs. Doubletrouble hardly survived it. Such a night of misery as the wicked woman endured almost made the good St. Nicholas regret the judgment he had passed upon these mischievous and conceited females. But he thought to himself he would persevere until he had made them a sad example to all innovators upon the ancient customs of our forefathers.

Thus were these wicked and miserable women spurred on by witchcraft from one piece of extravagance to another, and a deadly rivalry grew up between them, which destroyed their own happiness and that of their husbands. Mrs. Shuttle's new carriage and drawing-room furniture in due time was followed by similar extravagancies on the part of the two other wicked women, who had conspired against the hallowed institutions of St. Nicholas; and soon their rivalry came to such a height, that neither of them had a moment's rest or comfort from that time forwards. But they still shut their doors on the jolly anniversary of St. Nicholas, though the old respectable burghers and their wives, who had held up their heads time out of mind, continued the good custom, and laughed at the presumption of these upstart interlopers, who were followed only by a few people, of silly pretensions, who had no more soul than Amos Shuttle himself. The three wicked women grew to be almost perfect skeletons, on account of the vehemence with which they strove to outdo each other, and the terrible exertions necessary to keep up the appearance of being the best friends in the world. In short, they became the laughing-stock of the town; and sensible, well-bred folks cut their acquaintance, except when they sometimes accepted an invitation to a party, just to make merry with their folly and conceitedness.

The excellent St. Nicholas, finding they still persisted in their opposition to his rites and ceremonies, determined to inflict on them the last and worst punishment that can befall the sex. He decreed that they should be deprived of all the delights springing from the domestic affections, and all taste for the innocent and virtuous enjoyments of a happy fireside. Accordingly, they lost all relish for home; were continually gadding about from one place to another, in search of pleasure, and worried themselves to death to find happiness where it is never to be found. Their whole lives became one long series of disappointed hopes, galled pride, and gnawing envy. They lost their health, they lost their time, and their days became days of harassing impatience, their nights nights of sleepless, feverish excitement, ending in weariness and disappointment. The good saint sometimes felt sorry for them, but their continued obstinacy determined him to persevere in his plan to punish the upstart pride of these rebellious females.

Young Shuttle, who had a soul, which I suppose he inherited from his mother, all this while continued his attentions to little Susan Varian, which added to the miseries inflicted on his wicked mother. Mrs. Shuttle insisted that Amos should threaten to disinherit his son, unless he gave up this attachment.

"Lord bless your soul, Abby," said Amos, "what's the use of my threatening, the boy knows as well as I do that I've no will of my own. Why, bless my soul, Abby—"

"Bless your soul!" interrupted Mrs. Shuttle; "I wonder who'd take the trouble to bless it but yourself? However, if you don't I will."

Accordingly, she threatened the young man with being disinherited unless he turned his back on little Susan Varian, which no man ever did without getting a heart-ache.

"If my father goes on as he has done lately," sighed the youth, "he won't have anything left to disinherit me of but his affection, I fear. But if he had millions I would not abandon Susan."

"Are you not ashamed of such a low-lived attachment? You

that have been to Europe! But, once for all, remember this, renounce this low-born upstart, or quit your father's home for ever."

"Upstart!" thought young Shuttle; "one of the oldest families in the city." He made his mother a respectful bow, bade heaven bless her, and left the house. He was, however, met by his father at the door, who said to him,

"Johnny, I give my consent; but mind, don't tell your mother a word of the matter. I'll let her know I've a soul as well as other people;" and he tossed his head like a war-horse.

The night after this Johnny was married to little Susan, and the blessing of affection and beauty lighted upon his pillow. Her old father, who was in a respectable business, took his son-in-law into partnership, and they prospered so well that in a few years Johnny was independent of all the world, with the prettiest wife and children in the land. But Mrs. Shuttle was inexorable, while the knowledge of his prosperity and happiness only worked her up to a higher pitch of anger, and added to the pangs of jealousy perpetually inflicted on her by the rivalry of Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble, who suffered under the like inflection from the wrathful St. Nicholas, who was resolved to make them an example to all posterity.

No fortune, be it ever so great, can stand the eternal sapping of wasteful extravagance engendered and stimulated by the baleful passion of envy. In less than ten years from the hatching of the diabolical conspiracy of these three wicked women against the supremacy of the excellent St. Nicholas, their spendthrift rivalry had ruined the fortunes of their husbands, and entailed upon themselves misery and remorse. Rich Amos Shuttle became at last as poor as a church mouse, and would have been obliged to take to the loom again in his old age, had not Johnny, now rich, and a worshipful magistrate of the city, afforded him and his better half a generous shelter under his own happy roof. Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble had scarcely time to condole with Mrs. Shuttle, and congratulate each other, when their husbands went the way of all flesh, that is to say, failed for a few tens of thousands, and called their creditors together to hear the good news. The two wicked women lived long enough after this to repent of their offence against St. Nicholas; but they never imported any more French curtains, and at last perished miserably in an attempt to set the fashions in Penny-Pot alley.

Mrs. Abigail Shuttle might have lived happily the rest of her life with her children and grand-children, who all treated her with reverent courtesy and affection, now that the wrath of the mighty St. Nicholas was appeased by her exemplary punishment. But she could not get over her bad habits and feelings, or forgive her lovely little daughter-in-law for treating her so kindly when she so little deserved it. She gradually pined away; and though she revived at hearing of the catastrophe of Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble, it was only for a moment. The remainder of the life of this wicked woman was a series of disappointments and heart-burnings, and when she died, Amos tried to shed a few tears, but he found it impossible, I suppose, because, as his wife always said, "he had no soul."

Such was the terrible revenge of St. Nicholas, which ought to be a warning to all who attempt to set themselves up against the venerable customs of their ancestors, and backslide from the hallowed institutions of the blessed saint, to whose good offices, without doubt, it is owing that this, his favorite city, has transcended all others of the universe in beautiful damsels, valorous young men, mince pies, and new-year cookies. The catastrophe of these three wicked women had a wonderful influence in the city, inasmuch that from this time forward, no *gray mares* were ever known, no French furniture was ever used, and no woman was hardy enough to set herself up in opposition to the good customs of St. Nicholas. And so wishing many happy new-years to all my dear countrywomen and countrymen, saving those who shut their doors to old friends, high or low, rich or poor, on that blessed anniversary, which makes more glad hearts than all others put together—I say, wishing a thousand happy new-years to all, with this single exception, I lay down my pen, with a caution to all wicked women to beware of the revenge of St. Nicholas. "*O brandend pidje! wat al verscheidenheid!*"

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

SPENSER, ARIOSTO, AND TASSO.

THE Fairy Queen, in its plan and execution reminds us of Ariosto; but its author's mind was almost the counterpart of Tasso's. In splendor and fertility of fancy Tasso seems often inferior. His is a more chastened and subdued elegance; at least his powers are more carefully husbanded and under better control. Not that there is any weakness behind this prudent reserve—on the contrary, when he does put forth his strength, it is found to be matchless: when he discloses all the riches of his mind, they are seen to be inexhaustible. He had a more delicate taste than the English poet—like Rousseau, he composed slowly and with difficulty, and was fastidiously nice in altering and rejecting. But when he gives full scope to his imagination, when he lets the stream of thought flow free, then music, eloquence, fancy and feeling, are poured out like a river. Neither can all the riches of Spenser's fancy compare with the dazzling countless wealth of Ariosto. In the Orlando Furioso, the eternal sameness of chivalric combats, romantic adventures, errant knights and distressed damsels, is embellished and adorned with almost incredible variety. To use a familiar illustration, it reminds one of the French cook who had three hundred and sixty ways of dressing an egg. Now such a variety of poetical cookery Spenser

has not attained to; he knows not how to disguise the same dish when served up a second time, or how to stimulate by novelty the jaded appetite of his readers. There is no diversity of character or incident—the tournaments of Arthegall, Bradamante, Arthur, Sir Guyon, and the Redcross Knight, are all repetitions; the same "deadly blows" and "fierce despatch" occur throughout—there is none of that rich humor, that glow of animation, which sparkle and dazzle in every page of Ariosto.

Spenser, then, we cannot help thinking inferior to both the Italian poets. He could not have sung of the wars of men and angels round the holy city; nor could he have thrown beauty and grace round Orlando's madness, or Ruggiero's enchantment: he might as well have tried like Milton, to "bid the base of heaven's deep organ blow," as to imitate Tasso's full swell of harmony, or the shifting notes of Ariosto's brilliant carol. To an English scholar, our condemnation of Spenser may seem severe; but let him remember that we are not to judge of Ariosto and Tasso by Hoole, any more than we are to measure Homer by the standard of Pope, or Shakespeare by that of his French *traducers*. In our meagre versions we have no idea of the richness and gorgeous splendor of the Italian poets. Never have any authors suffered so much from translation—never have any been so literally *done into English*. But let us turn from these miserable mockeries to the originals, and we shall there find beauties which Spenser dared not attempt, and never could have equalled.

The subject of the Fairy Queen is too meagre and barren to be successfully continued through twelve books. There is no foundation to support so labored a superstructure of fancy, and the whole edifice appears disjointed, ragged, and laboriously eked out. It reminds us of his own description of the house of Pride:

"It was a goodly heape for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workman's witt,
But full great pittie that so faire a mould
Did on so weak foundation ever sitt:
For on a sandie hill that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked it,
And all the hinder parts that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly."

He gives us abstract instead of fictitious personages—an unnatural instead of an unreal creation. The allegorical world, various and populous as it is, is not half so gay or pleasing as that of romance. It involves abstractions which must be cold and unnatural—which may please, but do not affect,

"Play round the head, but come not to the heart."

It is beings, human in their passions though superhuman in their powers, of earthly affections though not of mortal mould, that can alone enlist our sympathies. It is nature that bids us look for and love nature even in the beings of the imagination. This is a high involuntary homage that fiction pays to truth—that when it wishes to please it must put on the garb, and borrow the looks of the true divinity. Such stories as are alterations, not violations of reality,

"Truth severe by fairy fiction drest,"

the imagination receives readily and believes with implicit delight. He who reads "of visions and enchantments drear" by his solitary lamp, in the stillness of a winter's night, when the world does not break in upon his musings, can almost fancy himself transported to the crystal palace of Urganda—can believe, or wish to believe in the magic art of Merlin, and the power and beauty of the Fairy Queen. These are tangible miracles—these are probable wonders, so to speak; but the unsubstantial shapes of allegory have no such hold on our affections, no such relationship to the living world of flesh and blood. Bunyan alone has given them interest and power, and he did it by that fervor of his mind which removed the distance between realities and abstractions—which made Giant Despair mingle among men, and Mercy a fellow-traveller, with a mortal family.

So much for the deficiencies we cannot help noticing in Spenser. Since we have gone thus far, it is but fair to notice his great and peculiar merit; one in which neither Ariosto, Tasso, nor any other foreign poet can compare with him. His is the finest pastoral the world saw since Theocritus, until nature herself taught Burns to sing her praises. He is one of those gentle, quiet spirits, like Cowper, Goldsmith, and Shenstone, who

"Love to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang."

to go abroad over the earth, enjoying the solitude and the shade, and at every visit to the mighty mother, drinking in something of her beauty and purity. An eye for nature, which we think as necessary for a poet as an ear for music for a singer, is seldom possessed by foreign authors. They feel no sweet, secret influences emanating from field and flower; they hear no music in the voice of the winds and waves; to them the face of nature is inexpressive, lighted up by no smile, and instinct with no life. They do not feel what Byron felt so deeply, and expressed so well:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

There is little taste for fine rural scenery among southern poets; among English it is their every mark and characteristic, from Spenser revelling in the cool shades and glassy waters of his imaginary landscapes, to Burns and Wordsworth finding

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

This is Spenser's great beauty. His finest passages are not where he describes the magic arts of the "dangerous Archmage," or the adventures of the knights of faery in the "brave pursuit of cheval-

rous emprise;" but where he speaks of the scenes of beauty and bliss in which his personages move—of the bowers and shades where Satyrane is nursed—the gardens of Acrasia, the peaceful retreat to which Calidore retires for the love of Castorella, and the woody amphitheatre where Venus and the graces dance to the shepherd's pipe. This we have said is almost peculiar to our own poetry; it is the voice of nature, which the refinements of southern taste stifle, but which in the freedom of the north, whispers in the poet's ear, and whose musical accents he echoes back to the world. Δ.

THE HISTORY OF A VERY CLEVER FELLOW.

I LIKE your clever fellows amazingly; your open-browed, open-hearted, open-handed, shrewd, enterprising characters; but as to your very clever fellows—I mean Yankee clever—there is an ominous emphasis in the expression. The appellation was never bestowed upon me but once, and then I imagined I could feel myself losing my foothold on respectability, and sliding, like the man in Leggett's story, down—down—down. But that's not to the point.

Did you know Jack Easy?—I am sure you did, for you lived at the same time, in the same town with him. Every body there knew him, every body loved him, and every body said he was a very clever fellow.

And a beautiful boy he was, as healthy and cheerful a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lad as ever played at ball, or blind-man's-buff. He was the joy of his parents, the pride of his playmates, and the fast friend of every human being who had ever exchanged glances with him.

Jack exhibited his peculiar qualities very early in life: when a child he would give away all his marbles, and let the little urchins split his top; and he always treated his own gingerbread as the English clergymen treat their parishioners—he took a tenth part.

He was so fond of play to be a good scholar; yet he was so ready to acknowledge his errors, received a scolding in such good part, was so kind and conciliating to his teacher, listened with so much patience to his "long talks," and paid so much respect to his learning, that the pedagogue could never find it in his heart to "reform" him; so our hero, while at the academy, learned little more than to describe a circle on the ice, and add apples to the "school fund," by subtracting them from his neighbor's orchard.

After having got through, or rather got over his education, he was transplanted into a retail store as clerk, where he increased his employer's popularity by diminishing his wealth; the rich customers would never pay him any profit, and he had not the conscience to ask any from the poor; he always gave good measure, and good weight, and was an entire stranger to the thousand little ways in which men cheat their neighbors, and thereby gain a reputation for great shrewdness; and, at last, his master told him that the "credit" side of his "profit and loss" account was becoming so small, that it would be impossible for him to retain him; yet he must say, that, although he was not cut out for business, still he was a very clever fellow.

About this time Jack's father died, leaving him ten thousand dollars as his portion; whereupon a particular friend of his (money always brings particular friends,) who could feel the "pleasures of hope," as well as Campbell could write them, suggested the expediency of his employing his capital in the manufacture of a new article to be made by steam power; there was not the smallest doubt of a fortune's being realized in a short time. The offer was accepted, the money was expended, the project failed; they went too much upon the high pressure principle—their boiler burst, the manufactory went to the dogs, and Jack went to jail.

Here our hero could have enjoyed himself in meditation and solitude; but not being quite as fond of meditation as Mr. Hervey, nor quite as much attached to solitude as Mr. Zimmerman, he was happy to scrape an acquaintance with the jailer's daughter. He told her the circumstances of his life, and related what he was pleased to call his misfortunes; he spoke of many a "deadly breach" of trust; she loved him for the "dangers he had passed," and he "loved her that she did pity them." Loving souls! she had a few dollars in cash, and he wanted to cut the jail, so he married her.

Although, like Mr. Cobbett, decidedly favorable to the matrimonial state, I do not think that our friend, "good easy man," was sufficiently cautious in his selection of a companion. "Why not?" you ask. "Was she a vixen?"—no, reader; she was gentle as a dove. "Was she a fool?"—no; she could "talk like a book." "Was she artful?"—no; she would tell all she knew, and more too. "Well, then," you inquire again, "what is your objections to her?" Why, to tell you the sober truth, she had a queer sort of a way of looking at the stars; of exciting her imagination without refining her sentiments; of—excuse me for mentioning it—of taking a glass too much; there, it's all out.

But, my lady readers, do not scorn her. I doubt not but some of you have been intoxicated with flattery, which is just as exhilarating, and often as dangerous in its effects as alcohol itself.

"But what did Easy do?—did he remonstrate?"—no; he was too gentle. "Did he get in a passion?"—no, he was too kind; she was eloquent—he was yielding. She drank—he drank. Have you never heard of female influence?

Her career was like that of a comet, fiery, short, and somewhat crooked; and she soon run out her money and her existence.

Since that time Jack has kept an auction store, and a lottery office, has been a supernumerary to a playhouse, and is at present runner to a steam-boat. He is now at the bottom of the hill, gets many a hard rub, and serves many a good turn, but has never lost his good nature—his ruinous pliability of disposition.

"I would rather," as Mr. Hackett says, "be whipped by a salt-sea roarer," be a dandy without whiskers; a fool without vanity; a Dutchman without a pipe, or a Frenchman without a fiddle, than a very clever fellow.

The story is most veritable, and the moral is plain. H.

THE DESERTED MANSION.

BY AUGUSTA.

That solemn chime tells of the midnight hour—
December's blast comes with a mournful sound;
Pale beams the moon o'er yon deserted tower,
And solitude and silence brood around.

Dark is that mansion, as though death's cold pall
O'er festive board and downy couch was flung;
Wild echo moans along its lonely hall,
Which erst with music's dulcet measures rung.

From its broad casements flash no cheering rays—
No sounds of harmony breathe on the ear—
No social friends surround the hearth's bright blaze,
But all is silent, desolate, and drear.

Oh where are now the forms I used to see?
Oh where the voices that I loved to hear?
Departed—silent—gone—alas for me!
Wrapt in the veil that shrouds the parting year.

While as I gaze on yon deserted walls,
Fond retrospection lights her sacred urn,
And many a scene of happiness recalls,
Too bright to last, too blissful to return.

Though fairer forms may meet beneath that dome,
Though gayer notes may charm the listening ear,
Still it will never—never be the home
Of those whom memory long will cherish dear.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

WE must compliment the managers of all the theatres for unusual efforts to produce a variety of novelties. We trust Mrs. Hilson will soon appear again upon the boards which she has trod so long, and with so much honor to herself. Miss Clara Fisher is repeating her charming performances. She sustained a part in the new piece called the Female Brigand, with her wonted success. We were prevented from attending the benefit of Mr. Sinclair; but learn he was received by a large and highly respectable auditory.

The American theatre has brought out Mr. Butler, whose performance of Coriolanus and Virginius was not marked by any particular excellence. Mrs. Butler, a pretty woman and pleasing actress, was more successful in several light characters. An individual, who, we understand, is an honest Hibernian, but who is politely christened in the bills *Monsieur Gouffe*, has gained considerable *eclat* as an ape, and, by the display of certain wonderful feats of agility and strength, is likely to fling the whole tribe of his predecessors into the shade. Miss Waring, a promising young actress, was rewarded by a very fair benefit. She has good talents, and is always perfect in her part. She is invaluable in the establishment, and we can find no fault with her except that she plays too much to the house; a common error, which may be easily corrected. We regret to notice the absence of Mr. Taylor from the orchestra.

Several attractive performers have appeared at the Richmond Hill; and, among others, Finn and Kilner, who, it would be superfluous to repeat, are first in their respective departments. Mr. Sutton, the ventriloquist, has given several clever specimens of his art. Mr. Biddle made a passable first appearance in Sir Edward Mortimer. Mr. Field played Wilford well. We are pleased to perceive that he has an opportunity of sustaining characters calculated to display his talents to advantage. He conceives his part with much ability, and is rapidly improving. Mr. Russell was capital in Charles Surface. He merits much praise for his enterprise as a manager, and his acknowledged versatility as an actor; as a genteel comedian he has few equals.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

SALLUST's celebrated "Account of Cataline's Conspiracy and the Jugurthine War," is lately from the press of the brothers Harper. The improvements and additions which the translator, Mr. Rose, has made to the original, are brief and much to the purpose, furnishing the reader with a succinct continuation of the accounts which the distinguished Roman historian has terminated so abruptly. The editor of the National Gazette quotes Lord Monboddo's Origin and Progress of Language in censure of the style of Sallust. The work is nevertheless an instructive and entertaining narration, and is very properly embodied in the Classical Family Library.

The same industrious publishers have also issued the "Life of Sir Isaac Newton," by David Brewster, as the twenty-sixth number of their Family Library. To a healthy and enlightened mind, this volume contains attractions rarely to be found in works of fiction. Besides a mass of scientific information, and several graphic sketches of eminent men, it places the world in possession of facts and reports in relation to the extraordinary author of the "Principia," not generally known.

An edition of "Flora's Dictionary" has appeared in Baltimore, which is praised by the critics.

A new annual, entitled the "Amaranth," conducted by J. H. Buck-

ingham, Esq. has been published in Newburyport. The talents of the editor and the contributors are a safe pledge of something excellent. Among the latter are Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Gould.

Several sheets of the new satirical poem have been handed us by Peabody and Co. It is called "Rodooshake's Visit from the Moon," and seems from a practised hand.

The American has the following remarks respecting Mr. Knapp's Life of Webster:

"This memoir, written with a flowing pen, with an earnest admiration for the distinguished man who is its subject, and with a just pride in him as a son of New England, is also recommended by its excellent mechanical execution. It should be universally read, for it is the record of a career, which every citizen endowed with equal capacity and equal industry, may run, until, like Daniel Webster, he becomes the boast of a nation. We hope the biographer may be substantially rewarded by a large demand for his elegant memoir. The engraving prefixed to it is more like Mr. Webster than any we have before seen."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote, communicated to the editor of the London Keepsake, is from the pen of Sir Walter Scott.

The same course of reflection which led me to transmit to you the account of the death of an ancient borderer,* induces me to add the particulars of a singular incident, affording a point which seems highly qualified to be illustrated by the pencil. It was suggested by the spirited engraving of the Gored Huntsman, which adorned the first number of your work, and perhaps bears too close a resemblance to the character of that print to admit of your choosing it as a subject for another. Of this you are the only competent judge.

The story is an old, but not an ancient one; the actor and sufferer was not a very aged man, when I heard the anecdote in my early youth. Duncan, for so shall I call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1746, with others of his class, and was supposed by many to have been an accomplice, if not the principal actor in a certain tragic affair, which made much noise a good many years after the rebellion. I am content with indicating this, in order to give some idea of the man's character, which was bold, fierce, and enterprising. Traces of this natural disposition still remained on Duncan's very good features, and in his keen gray eye. But the limbs, like those of the aged borderer in my former tale, had become unable to serve the purposes and obey the dictates of his inclination. On the one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer; on the other he was a disabled cripple, scarce able to limp along the streets. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular.

Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan, he assisted his brothers in forming a large grazing† in the Highlands, comprehending an extensive range of mountain and forest, land morass, lake and precipice. It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flocks, and Duncan, not satisfied with dispatching his shepherds in one direction, went himself in quest of the fugitive in another.

In the course of his researches, he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path, leading to the top of a high precipice. Dangerous as it was at first, the road became doubly so as he advanced. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult and, at the same time so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of a Highlander. The precipice on the right rose like a wall, and on the left sunk to a depth which it was giddy to look down upon; but Duncan passed cheerfully on, now whistling the Gathering of his Clan, now taking heed to his footsteps, when the difficulties of the path particularly required caution.

In this manner, he had more than half ascended the precipice, when in midway, and it might almost be said, in middle air, he encountered a buck, of the red deer species, running down the cliff by the same path, in an opposite direction. If Duncan had had a gun, no rencontre could have been more agreeable; but as he had not this advantage over the denizen of the wilderness, the meeting was in the highest degree unwelcome. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path, and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that he would rush upon him while engaged in the difficulty of the retreat. They stood therefore perfectly still, and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment for some space.

At length the deer, which was of the largest size, began to lower his formidable antlers, as they do when they are brought to bay, and are preparing to rush upon hound and huntsman. Duncan saw the danger of a conflict in which he must probably come by the worst, and as a last resource stretched himself on the little ledge of rock which he occupied, and thus awaited the resolution which the deer should take, not making the least motion for fear of alarming the wild and suspicious animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours, in the midst of a rock which would have suited the pencil of Salvator, and which afforded barely room enough for the man and the stag, opposed to each other in this extraordinary manner.

At length the buck seemed to take the resolution of passing over the obstacle which lay in his path, and with this purpose approached towards Duncan very slowly, and with excessive caution. When he came close to the Highlander, he stooped his head down as if to examine him more closely, when the devil, or the untameable love of sport, peculiar to his country, began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing the animal proceed so gently, he totally forgot not only the dangers of his position, but the nuptial compact which certainly might have been inferred from the circumstances of the situation. With one hand Duncan seized the deer's horns, whilst with the other, he drew his dirk. But in the same instant, the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. They went thus down upwards of a hundred feet, and were found the next morning in the spot where they fell. Fortune, who does not always regard retributive justice in her dispensations,

* "The Death of the Laird's Jock," published in the Keepsake, for 1829.—Ed. † A pastoral farm.

ordered that the deer should fall underneath and be killed upon the spot, while Duncan escaped with his life, but with the fracture of a leg, an arm, and three ribs. In this state he was found lying on the carcass of the deer, and the injuries which he had received rendered him for the remainder of his life the cripple I have described. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct towards the deer in a moral point of view, (although, as the man in the play said, he was my friend) but the temptation of a hart of grease, offering, as it were, his throat to the knife, would have subdued the virtue of almost any deer-stalker. Whether the anecdote is worth recording, or deserving of illustration, remains for your consideration. I have given you the story exactly as I recollect it.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1831.

Next Engravings.—Three more quarto engravings will appear in the course of the present volume. We shall publish the first in a few weeks. It is a fine portrait of WASHINGTON IRVING, executed on steel by Hatch and Smillie, from a recent picture by Leslie, which the British critics, and those at present most familiar with the original, have pronounced "the man himself." This has been necessarily delayed for a short time, to afford the artists every opportunity to render it not only an accurate likeness, but a specimen of the best American engraving. As it is understood that Mr. Irving is about revisiting this his native city, we deem the publication of this plate a deserved compliment to him, and an appropriate offering to the country, to whose literary reputation he has so much contributed, and which he has so frequently delighted with his admirable delineations.

The Revenge of St. Nicholas.—The most piquant and charming productions of men of genius are not unfrequently struck off in their moments of relaxation from more elaborate works. We have ever been delighted with the writings of Mr. Paulding, and esteem him one of the most highly gifted authors of which this country can boast. There is a class of humorous essays and tales, in the composition of which he is unrivalled by any writer within our knowledge. The "Revenge of St. Nicholas" is one of this kind; and, in our judgment, among his happiest efforts. Having ourselves derived great entertainment from the perusal of it, we cannot refrain from commending it to the special attention of our readers, particularly such as are over-zealous in encroaching upon the good old customs of the merry St. Nicholas.

Editor's Study.—The fine high-spirited boy whom we mentioned some time ago, as being under the malignant influence of a cross schoolmaster, burst into our room early the other morning, and broke a dream that we had drawn a prize in the lottery, to wish us a merry Christmas. "All his little miniature sorrows are now forgotten. His eyes are as bright and his cheeks as rosy as if he had never been beaten for not knowing the difference between a copulative and a disjunctive conjunction, or for forgetting that the word which his tyrant called *fiat* commenced with a *p*. The young dog has hung up his stocking, and received such lavish gifts from the good St. Nicholas, that the overflowings of his delighted heart would no longer permit him to refrain from calling upon me, his trusty friend and ally, to participate in his joy. He has a magnificent humming-top and a Chinese puzzle, several profound volumes of history and travels, enriched with wood cuts of various places on the globe, and their inhabitants, some admirable story books, and other fanciful gifts, to say nothing of liberal supplies of sugar-plums and new-year cakes, and, putting his arms around our neck, he whispered the important secret with every sign of exhilaration, that he was to have "holiday for a whole week."

We remember to have heard an anecdote of a boy, connected with this famous fashion of hanging up the stocking, which, though a mere trifle, will not be devoid of interest, at least to parents. It seems this little fellow had committed some wickedness in the catalogue of youthful crimes on the eve of the long-wished-for festival. He did not retire to rest, however, without having suspended his stocking, to solicit the bounty of the patron saint of infant New-Yorkers, and arose the next morning to examine into the nature of his treasures. With exclamations of delight, his little brothers and sisters discovered their stockings abundantly supplied with every thing to gratify their fancy and make their happiness complete, besides encouraging notes from their affectionate and invisible divinity, but when he explored his own receipts, imagine his cruel disappointment on drawing forth—a whip. The anger of St. Nicholas and his own ill conduct betrayed so publicly, and coming upon him with the suddenness and force of a thunderbolt, in a moment of such highly-wrought and joyful expectation, swelled his innocent heart nearly to breaking. Our informant described it in a graphic manner, and as a scene which would have formed an apt subject for a picture. The terrible emblem of supernatural displeasure was no sooner produced than the gay groupe of lovely young children was struck into motionless astonishment. Their lively voices were hushed in an instant. The rich and glittering fragments of childish splendor lay around unregarded, while the hero of the tragedy, with the dark-looking thong in his hand, stood like a statue, his glowing cheeks turned to an ashy paleness—his uplifted eyes streaming with tears, and giving no other sign of life than a quivering of the lip, and a throbbing of the heart till he fell senseless to the floor. The alarmed parents hastened to recover him, and sought, by convincing him that they themselves, and no angry angel, had put in the whip as a method of punishing him for his late offences, to relieve his terrors and calm his grief; but their scheme had taken a

strong hold on a lively and uninformed imagination, and struck more deeply a tender young heart than they supposed. The consequence was a fever and delirium of an alarming kind, and a bitterness of anguish which it took months to soothe.

We trust at this season our young friends will not be troubled with whips, either on their shoulders or in their stockings, for we consider them as the rightful inheritors of most of the real merriment at present afloat. Indeed, much as we talk of the several holidays and festivities which diversify the year, no one greets them with such a hearty welcome as the boys. They measure the flight of time by these great landmarks. On the first of April if you find a letter, penknife, pocket-book, or a check for five thousand dollars in the street, don't stoop to pick it up, for just as you grasp at it, and think good-luck has befriended you at last, it will disappear from between your fingers, and the suppressed titlers of a troop of mischievous tatterdemallions, concealed behind a cellar-door, or round the corner, will let you into the agreeable secret that you have been made a fool of. The immortal Washington, on the publication of our declaration of independence, was not more sincere in his gratification than they on the return of that great climacteric of American holidays; and the evacuation of the British causes as much triumph every year among whole armies of the juvenile race, as it did to the sober citizens who thereby regained their homes. How we have mused to behold a groupe of ragamuffins, infinitely happier than so many kings, venting their patriotic principles in shouts and merriment, on the eighth of January, before a huge transparency representing the famous hero of New-Orleans, with a formidable broadsword in one hand, and leaning the other on the mane of a war-charger, of extraordinary fierceness, appropriately decorated with blue and yellow lamps. Men cannot sufficiently unbend their minds from business to enter into the true spirit of these occasions. They wish each other merry Christmas as if they were going to be hanged; and their "happy new year" comes out as dolefully as we have seen a comic actor on his benefit night go through a facetious part to empty boxes. We cannot forget the cares of yesterday—we cannot refrain from anticipating the troubles of to-morrow. Bills are crowding in—money is running out. B. G. and L. Higgin's note comes due next Tuesday. Such an one has failed, and such a stock has fallen. There is not one man in ten but will tell you, if he speaks the truth, that wishing him a happy new year, sounds in his ears like an insult. A friend of mine is afflicted with a "lady intellectual," who acts towards him like a Xantippe. He does not pretend to be a Socrates; wish him a happy new year, and I think it not impossible he may knock you down. Will Whipple has been ten years courting a sweet belle about town, who gave him "his walking ticket," as one of his friends expresses it, on Christmas-eve. When our carrier wished him a merry Christmas, he told him to go to the—~~hell~~. How many are there whose affairs are equally crossed with perplexities and disappointments. But your true boy is of a more untameable spirit. Set one of these adrift on the fourth of July, with a few packs of crackers, some powder, and an old pistol, and what cares he that he is to be beaten when he goes back to school, so long as he can contribute to the general racket in the cause of freedom?

As for us, amid all the mirth of these times, we confess ourselves secretly prone to a little moralizing and melancholy. It is not that we are infected with a spirit of narrow repining, but our mind finds a kind of mournful satisfaction in dwelling upon even the darker touches with which the wisdom of Providence has overshadowed the picture of human life. We have seen enough of the world to perceive that happiness consists no more in noisy amusement than patient humility and calm meditation. It is good for us to know what we are, and to familiarize ourselves with the vicissitudes to which we are for ever exposed. When all around us, therefore, abandon themselves to lively pleasure, when the blooming bride blushes to receive friendly congratulations, and the father of a virtuous family smiles as he regards the beings whom he has protected and made contented, an irresistible impulse carries our thoughts forward through the dim glimmerings of the future, and back upon the events of the past. These universal holidays form prominent points in the year, which remind us to compare what we are with what we have been and what we may be. And we cannot but also admit into our speculations the destinies of the beings around us. The young stir up our fancy to conjecture the scenes through which they must pass, and the aged to discover the adventures they have already experienced. It is wonderful as we grow old how our mind broadens, and from the sight of a single object grasps innumerable additional ideas. We remember when the appearance of a Christmas dinner enlivened us only with thoughts of good cheer and merry-making. Now it is pregnant with grave reflections, and fills us with a crowd of moral images and pensive associations. We wonder at the benevolent skill with which heaven has so constructed our race, that notwithstanding all the gloomy events which crush human feelings from one year to another, the great game still goes joyfully on—that although the arrow of grief has quivered in many a bosom, while the earth was performing her vast annual circuit, the wounds are so nearly healed. Within twelve brief months what ravages, what fearful ravages, have been wrought by misfortune and death—how many are exposed to the perils of distant places who should now be with us—how many are stretched out in the pain and suspense of dangerous disease—how many have been borne to their last cold sleeping-place! Who so thoughtless as to remember the past without reading a lesson for the future? The approaching year will be but a type of that which is gone. They who sit by our side to-day may be missed when the rolling months shall bring

on another season of mirth. There is a sweet moral in these thoughts. We would press it upon the attention especially of our youthful readers. Let them reflect upon it when passion swells their bosoms, and they will check the malignant look, and hush the angry retort. When the reckless son wounds the feelings of his mother, or the impatient husband vents his ill humor on his wife—when ungentle words rise between brother and sister, or friend and friend, let there come up to their fancy the image of a grave, newly spread over the pallid face of the companion whose petty fault now agitates their bosom with rage and revenge. Surely the tumult of passion must be calmed, and they will feel the almost unloosened bonds of love drawing their hearts together more closely. They will be more inclined to see each other's virtues than their errors. They will exclaim with poor Eve, shrinking from the upbraidings of Adam after the fall,

"While yet we live, (scarce one short hour perhaps,) Between us two let there be peace;"

and many a rude scene of domestic commotion will be spared to their future recollections.

As we have inadvertently degenerated into a kind of gravity which some may hold as treason against the dominion of the renowned saint who presides over the new-year jubilee of the sagacious inhabitants of this now thriving metropolis, we will close the article by printing the following epistle, only premising that, at least among printers, the extreme neatness of the manuscript will go farther in making the writer a favorite, than the most "radiant eyes" and the "dearest little feet" in the world.

GENTLEMEN—This is to let you know, that I am one of a numerous class of young women who have not the most distant pretensions to beauty. It has pleased heaven to make me plain-looking, and also to endue me with too much good sense to be ashamed of a circumstance so purely accidental and beyond my own control. But while I am frank to confess I am homely, I must be bold to assure you, that I consider myself possessed of intelligence, education, and an amiable disposition, becoming a lady, and which I would not barter for the countenance of Mary of Scotland, or the far-famed Grecian Helen. I shall pass over the poor estimation in which I have been compelled to hold many a reputed gentleman of talents, on observing him waste an evening by the side of some pretty simpleton, in the most nonsensical discourse, to the neglect of others who could have entertained him with rational conversation, or at least who would not have treated him to such unmeaning absurdities as must afford the most contemptuous opinion of our sex. Nor do I write this to complain that no street coxcomb looks under my bonnet twice, nor that I am certain not to be asked to dance at a party till all the pretty countenances in the room are taken possession of. These are trivial evils, to which I have long since become accustomed. But there is an evil of a more general nature, into which you literary gentlemen have fallen. You write as if our sex were all cast in the mould of a Hebe or a Venus. You never address yourselves to one of us particularly, but we are your "fair" or "pretty reader." One would think, by your discourses, that all the females who honor themselves by perusing your miscellany, were the most beautiful creatures in the universe, or that one who was not especially handsome you did not consider as a woman, or at least you did not desire to meddle with your paper. Pray inform us what degree of loveliness we must possess before we may presume to class ourselves among your readers, whom you never speak to but to compliment them for their "radiant eyes," their "ripe, pouting, and perfect mouths," their "long lashes," and their "pretty feet?" Now this is to inform you, that I for one am not handsome. My eyes are not "radiant." My mouth may be "ripe" enough, to be sure, as the mouths of women ought to be who have seen both sides of five and twenty; but it is not particularly "pouting," and by no means "perfect," especially since I have lost one of my conspicuous teeth. And my foot is of such liberal dimensions, that, although I scorn to be ashamed of it, I am not so strongly tempted as some to curtail my wearing apparel; and you will not find me sticking it out on an ottoman for any male admirer of symmetry to look at. I am settled in the opinion that my eyes could never do serious injury to any susceptible youth, let me look up at him ever so suddenly from my reading or my sewing; and though divers promising personages in whiskers have done me the honor to take my hand in the dance, I could never perceive that they were "thrilled," though the inexperienced might conclude, from the descriptions of your secret pressures on such occasions, that every boarding-school miss was a full-charged electrifying machine. I was some time since reading a communication aloud to several of my family and one or two visitors, when the allusions to the beautiful reader's tender eyes and pouting lips put the hearers to some trouble to suppress a smile, and, till I called reflection to my aid, overcame me with confusion.

Pray, Messrs. Editors, use your influence with authors to abandon this silly style. I have known a modest girl thus beguiled into reading praises of her golden locks, when she had red hair; and another uttering compliments to her unshadowed forehead, who in reality had no forehead at all. Writers should learn to address themselves rather to women of warm hearts and clear understandings, than to sylphs and nymphs with pouting lips and dangerous eyes. Certainly intellect will be of more assistance to them in unravelling the meaning of an abstruse argument, and in appreciating a piece of elegant sentiment or a sly turn of humor, than all the graces of appearance; though one would suppose, from your constant appeals to the various parts of a girl's face and figure, that a little foot must amazingly help her through an elaborate essay, or a pair of long dark lashes assist her in seeing into a pathetic description.—I am, with great respect, yours, &c. POLLY PLAINWAY.

THE REGRET.

A BALLAD—THE WORDS AND MELODY BY JOSEPH GOULD.

If you knew the rich plea-sure I feel in my tears, You
would not per-suade me to dry them, And the un-dis-turb'd bliss-es of so ma-ny years, But add to the woes that sup-ply them; I am bound by a
spell, that I can-not un-do, She has gain'd a fond heart, and has bro-ken it too, Oh! how fond was my poor fool-ish heart to be-lieve, That be-cause she was
love-ly she could not de-ceive.

SECOND VERSE.

How kind were her smiles, how expressive her looks,
And how sweet fell the words from her lip,
But how like the soft rills of a poisonous brook,
Giving death unto all that would sip;
But this frame will soon rest from its cares and its fears,
And lose e'en the pleasure I feel in my tears;
Oh! how fond was my poor foolish heart to believe,
That because she was lovely she could not deceive.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EPICEDUM.

BY JAMES LAWSON.

GONE, gone, dead and gone,
To the church-yard dank and lone!
It seems to me as yesterday,
That she who now is silent clay,
Was in heart the lightest,
And in eye the brightest;
Was in step the fleetest,
And in voice the sweetest;
Health was upon her young cheek blooming,
And flowers were in her path perfuming.
Her presence was—a dream of bliss,
Her smile, a ray of loveliness.
The graces held with her their reign,
While pleasure sported in the train;
And all of bright and pure and fair,
To praise or prize was mingled there.
Where now are music, mirth, and flowers,
And where the dearest one of ours?
Gone, gone, dead and gone,
To the church-yard, dank and lone!

Gone, gone, dead and gone,
To the church-yard, dank and lone!
Although it was as yesterday,
'Twas in my own loved isle, away
A thousand leagues beyond the sea,
That she appeared all this to me—
I did not hear her latest sigh,
Nor soothed a pang, nor closed an eye,
Received no blessing, heard no prayer,
Saw not her grave, nor mourners there;
Unconscious I of grief or fear,
Of corse or knell, of pall or bier,
Of mourners' grief and friends' despair—
I could not know—I was not there!
The stars that hid their fires from them,
To me decked nature's diadem;
Each cherished thing beneath their light
Was fair and lovely to my sight,
But soon, too sad the tidings came,
For heart to hear or lip to name—
For where was she, who by my side
Had bloomed of me and mine the pride?
Gone, gone, dead and gone,
To the church-yard, dank and lone!

Gone, gone, dead and gone,
To the church-yard, dank and lone!
They tell how gently passed her breath,
How beautiful she lay in death!
That while around her all were weeping,
They could not deem but she was sleeping.
Yet soon the cold, the pallid look
And form her lovely features took;
The fixed eye, the marble brow,
The lips so pale and breathless now;
All on their hearts were sadly stealing,
To wake the lone and dreary feeling,
That she so long and dearly cherished,
Had like the summer roses perished—
As perfume oft survives the flowers,
Remembrance only lives of ours—
Gone, gone, dead and gone,
To the church-yard, dank and lone!
Gone, gone, dead and gone,
To the church-yard, dank and lone!
Now soon the gentle zephyrs winging
On laden pinions perfume bringing,
Will waft again the breath of flowers,
And fragrantcy of summer hours;

And soon will blythe-voiced maidens stray,
By ripened meads of wave-like hay;
Soon by the fields of bearding grain,
The husbandman will smile again;
Soon will the shepherd's pipe prevail,
To glad his flocks on hill and dale;
And soon the note of mavis sounding,
When morn o'er eastern hills is bounding;
Soon will awake the blackbird's song,
When twilight would the day prolong;
Soon all that grow, or live, or breathe,
Will smile the balmy skies beneath.
But though come zephyrs, songs, and flowers,
O where will be the pride of ours?
Gone, gone, dead and gone,
To the church-yard, dank and lone!

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,

To whom all communications must be addressed. No
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VOL. IX.

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No. 27.

POPULAR TALES.

LOVE AND AUTHORSHIP.

A SKETCH FROM ENGLISH LIFE.

"WILL you remember me?"
"Yes!"
"Will you keep your hand for me for a year?"
"Yes!"
"Will you answer me when I write to you?"
"Yes!"
"One request more—should I succeed, will you marry me in spite of your uncle?"

"Yes!" There was no pause—reply followed question, as if it were a dialogue which they had got by heart—and by heart indeed they had got it—but I leave you to guess the book they had conned it from.

'Twas in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gate of gold, had shut upon the retiring sun, that Rosalie and her lover, arm-in-arm, walked up and down; and much of what they said never came to the ear, though their souls caught up every word of it.

Rosalie was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a little girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then, and when she thought far more about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on, and still, whenever he came from college, and as usual went to pay his first visit at her father's, before he had been five minutes in the parlor, the door was flung open, and in bounded Rosalie, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was, till she was fifteen she was a child of a very slow growth, and looked the girl when many a companion of hers of the same age began to appear the woman.

When another vacation, however, came round, and Theodore paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife, as usual, the door opened slowly, and a tall young lady entered, and curtsying, colored and walked to a seat next the lady of the house. The visitor stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing who it was.

"Don't you know Rosalie?" exclaimed her father.

"Rosalie!" replied Theodore, in an accent of surprise; and approached his little wife of old, who rose and half gave him her hand, and curtsying, colored again; and sat down without hardly interchanging a word with him. No wonder—she was four inches taller than when he had last seen her; and her bulk had expanded correspondingly, while her features, that half a year before gave one the idea of a sylph that would bound after a butterfly, had now mellowed in their expression, into the sentiment, the softness, and the reserve of the woman.

Theodore felt absolutely disappointed. Five minutes before, he was all volubility. No sooner was one question answered than he proposed another—and he had so many capital stories for Rosalie, when she came down—and yet, when Rosalie did come down, he sat as though he had not a word to say for himself. In short, everything and everybody in the house seemed to have changed along with its young mistress; he felt no longer at home in it, as he was wont; and in less than a quarter of an hour he made his bow and departed.

Now this was exceedingly strange; for Rosalie, from a pretty little girl, had turned into a lovely young woman. If a heart looked out of her eyes before, a soul looked out of them now; her arm, which formerly the sun had been allowed to salute when he liked, and which used to bear the trace of many a kiss that he had given it, now shone white through a sleeve of muslin, like snow behind a veil of haze; her bosom had enlarged its wavy curve, and leaving her waist little more than the span it was, sat proudly heaving above it; and the rest of her form which, only six months ago, looked trim and airy in her short and close-fitting frock, now lengthening and throwing out its flowing line, stood stately in the folds of a long and ample drapery. Yet could not all this make up for the want of the little wife that used to come and take her seat upon Theodore's knee.

To be sure there was another way of accounting for the young man's chagrin. He might have been disappointed that Rosalie, when five feet four, should be a little more reserved than she used to be when she was only five feet nothing. Romantic young men, too, are apt to fancy odd things. Theodore was a very romantic young man; and having, perhaps, traced for himself the woman in the child—as one will anticipate, in looking at a peach that is just knit, the hue, and form, and flavor of the consummate fruit—he might have set Rosalie down in his mind as his wife in earnest, when he appeared to call her so only in jest.

Such was the case. Theodore never calculated that Rosalie knew nothing about his dreams—that she had no such visions herself; he never anticipated that the frankness of girlhood would vanish, as

soon as the diffidence of young womanhood begun its blushing reign; the thought never occurred to him that the day would come when Rosalie would scruple to sit on his knee—ay, even though Rosalie should then begin to think upon him, as for many a year before he had thought upon her. He returned from college the fifth time; he found that the woman which he imagined in a year or two she would become, was surpassed by the woman that she already was; he remarked the withdrawal of confidence, the limitation of familiarity—the penalty which he must inevitably pay for her maturing—and he felt repelled and chilled and utterly disheartened by it.

For a whole week he never returned to the house. Three days of a second week elapsed, and still he kept away. He had been invited, however, to a ball which was to be given there the day following; and much as he was inclined to absent himself, being a little more inclined to go, he went.

Full three hours was he in the room without once setting eyes upon Rosalie. He saw her mother and her father, and talked with them; he saw squire this, and doctor that, and attorney such-a-one, and had fifty things to say to each of them; he had eyes and a tongue for everybody but Rosalie—not a look or a word did he exchange with her; yet he was here and there and everywhere! In short, he was all communicativeness and vivacity, so that every one remarked how bright he had become since his last visit to college!

At last, however, his fine spirits all, at once seemed to forsake him, and he withdrew to the library, which was lighted up for the occasion as an anti-room, and taking a volume out of the book-case, threw himself into a chair, and began to turn over the leaves.

"Have you forgotten your little wife?" said a soft voice near him; it was Rosalie's—"if you have," she added, as he started from his seat, "she has not forgotten you!"

She wore a carnation in her hair—the hue of the flower was not deeper than that of her cheek, as she stood and extended her hands to Theodore, who, the moment he rose, had held forth both of his.

"Rosalie!"

"Theodore!"—He led her to a sofa, which stood in a recess on the opposite side of the room, and gave no other word did they exchange.

At length she gently withdrew her hand from his—~~he~~ offered him to hold it all that time—"We shall be observed," said she.

"Ah," replied he, "nine months since you did not mind that!"

"You know that I am a woman now," rejoined she, hanging her head; "and—and—will you lead off the next dance with me?" cried she, suddenly changing the subject. "There now; I have asked you!" added she, "which is more than you deserve?"—of course Theodore was not at all happy to accept the challenge of the metamorphosed Rosalie.

One might suppose that the young lady's heart was interested, and that Theodore was a far happier man than he imagined himself to be. The fact was neither more nor less. Little Rosalie was proud of being called Theodore's wife, because she heard everybody else speak in praise of him. Many a marriageable young lady had she heard declare—not minding to speak before a child—that Theodore was the finest young man in B—; that she hoped Theodore would be at such or such a house where she was going to dine, or to spend the evening; nay, that she would like to have a sweetheart like Theodore. Then would Rosalie interpose, and with a saucy toss of her head exclaim, that nobody should have Theodore but herself, for she was his little wife. It was thus she learned to admire the face and person of Theodore, who more than once paid for her acquired estimation of them; for sometimes before a whole room-full of company she would march up to him, and scanning him from head to foot, with folded arms, at length declare aloud, that he was the handsomest young man in B—. Then Theodore was so kind to her, and thought so much of anything she did, and took such notice of her! Often, at a dance, he would make her his partner for the whole evening; and there was Miss Willoughby, perhaps, or Miss Millar, sitting down; either of whom would have given her eyes to stand up in a reel with him.

But when the summer of her seventeenth year beheld her bursting into womanhood; when her expanding thoughts, from a bounding, fitful, rill-like current, began to run a deep, a broad, and steady stream; when she found that he was almost arrived at the threshold of the world, and reflected that the step which marks a female's first entrance into it is generally taken in the hand of a partner—the thought of who that partner might be, recalled Theodore to her mind—and her heart fluttered as she asked herself the question—should she ever be indeed his wife.

When, this time, he paid his first visit, Rosalie was as much mortified as he was. Her vexation was increased when she saw that he absented himself; she resolved, if possible, to ascertain the cause; and persuaded her mother to give a ball, and specially invite the young gentleman. He came; she watched him; observed that he neither inquired after her nor sought for her; and marked the ex-

cellent terms that he was upon with twenty people, about whom she knew him to be perfectly indifferent. Women have a perception of the workings of the heart, far more quick and subtle than we have. She was convinced that all his fine spirits were forced—that he was acting a part. She suspected that while he appeared to be occupied with everybody but her, she was the only one that was running in his thoughts. She saw him withdraw to the library; she followed him, found him sitting down with a book in his hand, perceived, from his manner of turning over the leaves, that he was intent on anything but reading. She was satisfied that he was thinking of nothing but her. The thought that she might one day indeed become his wife, now occurred to her for the thousandth time, and a thousand times stronger than ever; a spirit diffused itself through her heart which had never been breathed into it before, and filling it with hope and happiness, and unutterable contentment, irresistibly drew it towards him. She approached him, accosted him, and in a moment was seated with him upon the sofa!

As soon as the dance was done, Theodore said, "'Tis almost as warm in the air as in the room; will you be afraid to take a turn with me in the garden?"

"I shall get my shawl in a minute," said Rosalie, "and meet you there;" and the maiden was there almost as soon as he.

They proceeded, arm-in-arm, to the farthest part of the garden; and there they walked up and down without either seeming inclined to speak.

"Rosalie!" at last breathed Theodore, "Rosalie!" breathed he a second time, before the expecting girl could summon courage to say "Well?"

"I cannot go home to-night," resumed he, "without speaking to you." Yet Theodore seemed to be in no hurry to speak; for here he stopped, and continued silent so long, that Rosalie began to doubt whether he would open his lips again.

"Had we not better go in?" said she, "I think I hear them breaking up."

"Not yet."

"They'll miss me."

"What of that?"

"Nay," resumed the maid, "we have remained long enough, and at least allow me to go in."

"Stop but another minute, dear Rosalie!" imploringly exclaimed the youth.

"For what?" was the maid's reply.

"Rosalie," without a pause resumed Theodore, "you used to let me call you wife. Are those times passed for ever?"

"When we have done with our girl-hood, we have done with our plays," said she.

"Hear me!" cried Theodore. "The first day I took you upon my knee, and called you my wife, just as it seemed to be, my heart was never more in earnest. That day I wedded you in my soul; for though you were a child, I saw the future woman in you, rich in the richest attractions of your sex. Nay, do me justice; recall what you yourself have known of me; inquire of others. To whom did I play the suitor from that day? To none but you, although to you I did not seem to play it. Was I not always with you? Recollect now! Did a day pass, when I was at home, without my coming to your father's house? When there were parties there, whom did I sit beside, but you? Whom did I stand behind at the piano-forte, but you? Nay, for a whole night, whom have I danced with, but you? Whatever you might have thought then, can you believe now, that it was merely a playful child that could so have engrossed me? No, it was the generous, lovely, loving woman, that I saw in the playful child. For five years have I loved you, though I never declared it to you till now. Do you think I am worthy of you? Will you give yourself to me?"

Three or four times Rosalie made an effort to speak; but desisted, as if she knew not what to say, or was unable to say what she wished. At last, "Ask my father's consent!" she exclaimed, and tried to get away; but before she could effect it, she was clasped to the bosom of Theodore, nor released until the interchange of the first pledge of love had been forced from her bashful lips! She did not appear, that night, in the drawing-room again.

Theodore's addresses were sanctioned by the parents of the maid. The wedding-day was fixed—it wanted but a fortnight to it—when a malignant fever made its appearance in the town; Rosalie's parents were the first victims. She was left an orphan at eighteen; and her uncle, by her mother's side, who had been nominated her guardian in a will, made several years, having followed his brother-in-law and sister's remains to the grave, took up his residence at B—.

Rosalie's sole consolation now, was such as she received from the society of Theodore; but Theodore soon wanted consolation himself. His father was attacked by the fever and died, leaving his affairs, to the astonishment of every one, in a state of the most inextricable

embarrassment; for he had been looked upon as one of the wealthiest inhabitants of B—. This was a double blow to Theodore, but he was not aware of the weight of it till, after the interment of his father, he repaired, for the first time, to resume his visits.

He was stepping up without ceremony to the drawing-room, when the servant begged his pardon for stopping him, telling him at the same time, that he had received instructions from his master to show him into the parlor when he should call.

"Was Miss Wilford there?"

"No,"—Theodore was shown into the parlor. Of all savage brutes, the human brute is the most pernicious and revolting, because he unites to the evil properties of the inferior animal the mental faculties of the superior one—and then he is at large. A vicious tempered dog you can muzzle, and render innocuous; but there is no preventing the human dog that bites from fleshing his tooth—he is sure to have it in somebody. And then the infliction is so immeasurably more severe!—the quick of the mind is so much more sensitive than that of the body! Besides, the savage that runs upon four legs is so inferior in performance to him that walks upon two! It is he that knows how to gnaw! I have often thought it a pity and a sin that the man who plays the dog should be protected from dying the death of one. He should hang, and the other go free.

"Well, young gentleman!" was the salutation which Theodore received when he entered the parlor; "and pray what brings you here?"

Theodore was struck dumb; and no wonder.

"Your father, I understand, has died a beggar!—Do you think to marry my niece?" If Theodore respired with difficulty before, his breath was utterly taken away at this. He was a young man of spirit, but who can keep up his heart when his ship, all at once, is going down.

The human dog went on. "Young gentleman, I shall be plain with you, for I am a straight forward man; young women should mate with their matches—you are no match for my niece; so a good morning to you!" How more in place to have wished him a good halter! Saying this, the straight forward savage walked out of the parlor, leaving the door wide open, that Theodore might have room for egress, and steadily walked up stairs.

It was several minutes before he could recover his self-recollection. When he did so he rang the bell.

"Tell your master I wish to speak to him," said Theodore to the servant who answered it. The servant went up stairs after his master, and returned.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, "to be the bearer of such an errand; but my master desires you instantly to quit the house; and has commanded me to tell you that he has given me orders not to admit you again."

"I must see Miss Wilford!"

"You cannot, sir!" respectfully remarked the servant; "for she is locked in her own room; but you can send a message to her," added he in a whisper, "and I will be the bearer of it. There is not a servant in the house, Mr. Theodore, but is sorry for you to the soul."

This was so much in season, and was so evidently spoken from the heart, that Theodore could not help catching the honest fellow by the hand. Here the drawing-room bell was rung violently.

"I must go, sir," said the servant; "what message to my mistress?"

"Tell her to give me a meeting, and to apprise me of the time and place;" and the next moment the hall-door was shut upon him.

One may easily imagine the state of the young fellow's mind. To be driven with insult and barbarity from the house in which he had been received a thousand times with courtesy and kindness; which he looked upon as his own! Then, what was to be done? Rosalie's uncle, after all, had told him nothing but the truth. His father had died a beggar. Dear as Rosalie was to Theodore, his own pride recoiled at the idea of offering her a hand which was not the master of a shilling. Yet was not Theodore portionless. His education was finished; that term he had completed his collegiate studies. If his father had not left him a fortune, he had provided him with the means of making one himself; at all events, of commanding a competency. He had the credit of being a young man of decided genius too. "I will not offer Rosalie a beggar's hand!" exclaimed Theodore; "I shall ask her to remain true to me for a year; and I'll go up to London, and maintain myself by my pen. It may acquire me fame as well as fortune; and then I may marry Rosalie!"

This was a great deal of work to be done in a year; but if Theodore was not a man of genius, he possessed a mind of that sanguine temperament, which is usually an accompaniment of the richer gift. Before the hour of dinner all his plans were laid, and he was ready to start for London. He waited now for nothing but a message from Rosalie, and as soon as the sweet girl could send it, it came to him. It appointed him to meet her in the green lane after sunset. The sun had scarcely set when he was there; and there, too, was Rosalie. He found that she was Rosalie still. Fate had stripped him of fortune; but she could not persuade Rosalie to refuse him her hand; when, half way down the lane, she heard a light, quick step behind her, and turning, beheld Theodore.

Theodore's wishes, as I before stated, were granted soon as communicated; and now nothing remained but to say good by—perhaps the hardest thing to two young lovers. Rosalie heard her name called from a short distance, and in a half-suppressed voice; she started, and turned towards the direction whence the pre-concerted warning came; she heard it again; she had stopped till the last moment! She had half withdrawn herself from Theodore's arm; she looked at him; flung her own arm around him, and burst into tears upon his neck! In another minute there was nobody in the lane.

London is a glorious place for a man of talent to make his way in—provided he has extraordinary good luck. Nothing but merit can get on there; nothing is sterling that is not of its coinage. Our provincial towns won't believe that gold is gold unless it has been minted in London. There is no trickery there; no treating, no canvassing, no intrigue, no coalition! There, worth has only to show itself, if it wishes to be killed with kindness! London tells the truth! You may swear to what it says—whatsoever may be proved to the contrary. The cause—the cause is every thing in London! Show but your craft, and straight your brethren come crowding around you, and if they find you worthy, why you shall be brought into notice—even though they should tell a lie for it and destroy you. Never trouble yourself about getting on by interest in London! Get on by yourself. Posts are filled there by merit; or if the man suits not the office, why the office is made to adapt itself to the man, and so there is unity after all! What a happy fellow was Theodore, to find himself in such a place as London!

He was certainly happy in one thing; the coach in which he came set him down at a friend's, whose circumstances were narrow, but whose heart was large—a curate of the church of England. Strange that, with all the appurtenances of hospitality at its command, abundance should allow it to be said, that the kindest welcome which adversity usually meets with is that which it receives from adversity? If Theodore found that the house was a cold one to what he had been accustomed, the warmth of the greeting made up for it. "They breakfasted at nine, dined at four, and, if he could sleep upon the sofa, why there was a bed for him." In a day he was settled, and at his work.

And upon what did Theodore found his hopes of making a fortune, and rising to fame in London?—Upon writing a play. At an early period he had discovered, as his friends imagined, a talent for dramatic composition; and having rather sedulously cultivated that branch of literature, he thought he would now try his hand in one bold effort, the success of which should determine him as to his future course in life. The play was written, presented, and accepted; the performers were ready in their parts; the evening of representation came on, and Theodore, seated in the pit beside his friend, at last, with a throbbing heart, beheld the curtain rise. The first and second acts went off smoothly, and with applause.

Two gentlemen were placed immediately in front of Theodore.

"What do you think of it?" said the one to the other.

"Rather tame," was the reply.

"Will it succeed?"

"Doubtful."

The third act, however, decided the fate of the play; the interest of the audience became so intense, that at one particular stage of the action, numbers in the second and third rows of the side boxes stood up, and the clapping of hands was universal, intermingled with cries of "bravo!" from every part of the theatre. "Twill do," was now the remark, and Theodore breathed a little more freely than he had done some ten minutes ago. Not to be too tedious, the curtain fell amidst shouts of approbation, unmingled with the slightest demonstration of displeasure, and the author had not twenty friends in the house.

If Theodore did not sleep that night, it was not from inquietude of mind—contentment was his repose. His most sanguine hopes had been surpassed; the fiat of a London audience had stamped him a dramatist; the way to fortune was open and clear, and Rosalie would be his.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Theodore and his friend repaired to the coffee-room. "We must see what the critics say," remarked the latter. Theodore, with prideful confidence—the offspring of fair success—took up the first morning print that came to his hand. *Theatre Royal* met his eye. "Happy is the successful dramatist!" exclaimed Theodore to himself; "at night he is greeted by the applauses of admiring thousands, and in the morning they are repeated, and echoed all over the kingdom through the medium of the press! What will Rosalie say when her eye falls upon this?" And what, indeed, would Rosalie say when she read the utter condemnation of her lover's drama, which the critic denounced from the beginning to the end, without presenting his readers with a single quotation to justify the severity of his strictures!

"'Tis very odd!" said Theodore.

"'Tis very odd, indeed!" rejoined his friend, repeating his words. "You told me this play was your own, and here I find that you have copied it from half a dozen others that have been founded upon the same story."

"Where?" inquired Theodore, reaching for the paper.

"There!" said his friend, pointing to the paragraph.

"And this is London!" exclaimed Theodore. "I never read a play, nor the line of a play, upon the same subject. Why does not the writer prove the plagiarism?"

"Because he does not know whether it is or is not a plagiarism," rejoined the other. "He is aware that several other authors have constructed dramas upon the same passage in history; and—to draw the most charitable inference, for you would not suspect him of telling a deliberate lie—he thinks you have seen them, and have availed yourself of them."

"Is it not the next thing to a falsehood," indignantly exclaimed Theodore, "to advance a charge, of the justness of which you have not assured yourself?"

"I know not that," rejoined his friend; "but it certainly indicates a rather superficial reverence for truth; and a disposition to censure, which excludes from all claim to ingenuousness the individual who indulges it."

"And this will go the round of the whole kingdom?"

"Yes."

"Should I not contradict it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"'Tis beneath you; besides, the stamp of malignancy is so strong upon it, that, except to the utterly ignorant, it is harmless; and even these, when they witness your play themselves, as sometime or another they will, will remember the libel, to the cost of its author and to your advantage. I see you have been almost as hardly treated by this gentleman," continued he, glancing over the paper which Theodore had taken up when he entered the room. "Are you acquainted with any of the gentlemen of the press?"

"No; and is it not therefore strange that I should have enemies among them?"

"Not at all."

"Why?"

"Because you have succeeded. Look over the rest of the journals," continued his friend; "you may find salve, perhaps, for these scratches."

Theodore did so; and in one or two instances salve, indeed, he found; but upon the whole he was in little danger of being spoiled through the praises of the press. "Why," exclaimed Theodore, "why do not letters enlarge the soul, while they expand the mind? Why do they not make men generous and honest? Why is not every literary man an illustration of Juvenal's axiom?"

"Teach a dog what you may," rejoined his friend, "can you alter his nature, so that the brute shall not predominate?"

"No," replied Theodore.

"You are answered," said his friend.

The play had what is called a run, but not a decided one. Night after night it was received with the same enthusiastic applauses; but the audiences did not increase. It was a victory without the acquisition of spoils or territory. "What can be the meaning of this?" exclaimed Theodore; "we seem to be moving, and yet do not advance an inch!"

"They should paragraph the play as they do a pantomime," remarked his friend. "But then a pantomime is an expensive thing; they will lay out a thousand pounds upon one, and they must get their money back. The same is the case with their melo-dramas; so, if you want to succeed to the height, as a play-wright, you know what to do."

"What?" inquired Theodore.

"Write melo-drama and pantomimes!"

Six months had now elapsed, and Theodore's purse, with all his success, was rather lighter than when he first pulled it out in London. However, in a week two bills which he had taken from his publisher would fall due, and then he would run down to B—, and perhaps obtain an interview with Rosalie. At the expiration of the week his bills were presented, and dishonored! He repaired to his publisher's for an explanation—the house had stopped! Poor Theodore! They were in the Gazette that very day! Theodore turned into the first coffee-room to look at a paper: there were, indeed, the names of the firm! "I defy fortune to serve me a scurvier trick!" exclaimed Theodore, the tears half starting into his eyes. He little knew the lady whose ingenuity he was braving.

He looked now at one side of the paper, and now at the other, thinking all the while of nothing but the bills and the bankrupt's list. *Splendid Fete at B—* met his eye, and soon his thoughts were occupied with nothing but B—; for there he read that the young lord of the manor having just come of age, had given a ball and supper, the former of which he opened with the lovely and accomplished Miss Rosalie. The grace of the fair couple was expatiated upon; and the editor took occasion to hint, that a pair so formed by nature for each other might probably, before long, take hands in another, a longer, and more momentous dance. What did he think of Fortune now?

"O that it were but a stride to B—!" he exclaimed, as he laid down the paper, and his hand dropped nerveless at his side. He left the coffee-house, and dreamed his way back to his friend's; gigs, carriages, carts rolled by him unheeded; the foot-path was crowded, but he saw not a soul in the street. He was in the ball-room at B—, and looking on while the young lord of the manor handed out Rosalie to lead her down the dance, through every figure of which Theodore followed them with his eyes with scrutinizing glance, scanning the countenance of his mistress. Then the set was over, and he saw them walking arm-in-arm up and down the room; and presently they were dancing again; and now the ball was over, and he followed them to the supper-room, where he saw the young lord of the manor place Rosalie beside him. His fancy changed the scene from the supper-room to the church, at the altar of which stood Rosalie with his happy rival; and he heard the questions and responses which forge the mystic chain that binds for life; and he saw the ring put on, and heard the blessing which announces that the nuptial sacrament is complete! His hands were clenched; his cheek was in a flame; a wish was rising in his throat.

"Good news for you," said somebody clapping him on the back; "a letter from Rosalie lies for you at home. Why are you passing the house?" 'Twas his friend.

"A letter from her!" exclaimed Theodore. Quickly he retraced his steps, and there on his table lay, indeed, the dear missive of his Rosalie.

"Welcome, sweet comforter!" ejaculated Theodore, as he kissed the ciphers which his Rosalie's hand had traced, and the wax which bore the impress of her seal—"welcome, O welcome! you come in time; you bring an ample solace for disappointment, mortification,

poverty—whatever my evil destiny can inflict! You have come to assure me that they cannot deprive me of my Rosalie?"

Bright was his eye, and glistening while he spoke; but when he opened the fair folds that conveyed to him the thoughts of his mistress, its radiance was gone!

"THEODORE—I am aware of the utter frustration of your hopes. I am convinced that at the end of a year you will not be a step nearer to fortune than you are now; why then keep my hand for you? What I say briefly, you will interpret fully. You are now the guardian of my happiness—as such I address you. Thursday—so you consent—will be my wedding-day."

SUCH was the letter, upon the address and seal of which Theodore had imprinted a score of kisses before he opened it. "Fortune is in the mood," said Theodore with a sigh, so deeply drawn, that any one who had heard it would have imagined he had breathed his spirit out along with it—"Fortune is in the mood, and let her have her humor out! I shall answer the letter; my reply to her shall convey what she desires—nothing more! she is incapable of entering into my feelings, and unworthy of being made acquainted with them; I shall not condescend even to complain."

"ROSALIE—You are free!"—THEODORE.

SUCH was the answer which Theodore despatched to Rosalie. O the envious restlessness of the mind upon the first shock of thwarted affection! How it turns every way for the solace which it feels it can no where meet with, except in the perfect extinction of consciousness. Find it an anodyne!—you cannot. A drug may close the eye for a time, but the soul will not sleep a wink; it lies broad awake to agony, distinct, palpable, immediate, however memory may be cheated to lose for the present the traces of the cause. Then for the start, the spasm, the groan, which, while the body lies free, attest the presence and activity of the mental rack! Better walk than go to sleep! A heath, without a soul but yourself upon it!—an ink-black sky, pouring down torrents—wind, lightning, thunder, as though the vault above was crackling and disparting into fragments!

Theodore's friend scarcely knew him the next morning. He glanced at him, and took no further notice. 'Twas the best way, though people there are who imagine that it rests with a man in a fever, at his own option to remain in it, or to become convalescent.

Theodore's feelings were more insupportable to him the second day than the first. He went here and there and everywhere; and nowhere could he remain two minutes at a time at rest. Then he was so abstracted. Crossing a street he was nearly run over by a vehicle and four. This for a moment awakened him. He saw London and B— upon the pannels of the coach. The box seat was empty; he asked if it was engaged. "No." He sprang upon it, and away they drove. "I'll see her once more," exclaimed Theodore, "it can but drive me mad, or break my heart."

Within a mile of B— a splendid barouche passed them. "Whose is that?" inquired Theodore.

"The young lord of the manor's," answered the driver. "Did you see the lady in it?"

"No."

"I caught a glimpse of her dress," said the driver. "I'll warrant she's a dashing one! The young squire, they say has a capital taste!" Theodore looked after the carriage. There was nothing but the road. The vehicle drove at a rapid pace, and was soon out of sight. Theodore's heart turned sick.

The moment the coach stopped he alighted; and with a misgiving mind he stood at the door which had often admitted him to his Rosalie. It was opened by a domestic whom he had never seen before. "Was Miss Wilford within?" "No. "When would she return?" Never. She had gone that morning to London to be married!" Theodore made no further inquiries, neither did he offer to go, but stood glaring upon the man more like a spectre than a human being. "Anything more?" said the man, retreating into the house, and gradually closing the door, through which now only a portion of his face could be seen. "Anything more?" Theodore made no reply; in fact, he had lost all consciousness. At last the shutting of the door, which, half from panic, half from anger, the man pushed violently to, aroused him. "I shall knock at you no more!" said he, and departed, pressing his heart with his hand, and moving his limbs as if he cared not how, or whether they bore him. A gate suddenly stopped his progress; it was the entrance to the green lane. He stepped over the stile—he was on the spot where he had parted last from Rosalie—where she had flung her arms about his neck and wept upon it. His heart began to melt, for the first time since he had received her letter: a sense of suffocation came over him, till he felt as if he would choke. The name of Rosalie was on his tongue; twice he attempted to articulate it, but could not. At last it got vent in a convulsive sob, which was followed by a torrent of tears. He threw himself upon the ground—he wept on—he made no effort to check the flood, but let it flow till forgetfulness stopped it.

He rose with a sensation of intense cold. 'Twas morning. He had slept! Would he had slept on! He turned from the sun, as it rose without a cloud upon the wedding morn of Rosalie. 'Twas Thursday. He repassed the stile; and, in a few minutes, was on his road to London, which he entered about eleven o'clock at night, and straight proceeded to his friend's. They were gone to bed.

"Give me a light," said Theodore, "I'll go to bed."

"Your bed is occupied, sir," replied the servant.

"Is it?" said Theodore; "well, I can sleep upon the carpet." He turned into the parlor, drew a chair towards the table, upon which the servant had placed a light, and sat down. All was quiet

for a time. Presently he heard a foot upon the stair; 'twas his friend's, who was descending, and now entered the parlor.

"I thought you were a-bed," said Theodore.

"So I was," replied his friend, "but hearing your voice in the hall, I rose and came down to you." He drew a chair opposite to Theodore. Both were silent for a time; at length Theodore spoke.

"Rosalie is married," said he.

"I don't believe it."

"She is going to be married to the young lord of the manor."

"I don't believe it."

"She came to town with him yesterday."

"I don't believe it."

Theodore pushed back his chair, and stared at his friend.

"What do you mean?" said Theodore.

"I mean that I entertain some doubts as to the accuracy of your grounds for concluding that Rosalie is inconstant to you."

"Did I not read the proof of it in the public papers?"

"The statement may have been erroneous."

"Did not her own letter assure me of it?"

"You may have misunderstood it."

"I tell you I have been at B—; I have been at her house. I inquired for her, and was told she had gone up to London to be married! O my friend," continued he, covering his eyes with his handkerchief, "tis useless to deceive ourselves. I am a ruined man! You see to what she has reduced me. I shall never be myself again! Myself! I tell you I existed in her being more than my own. She was the soul of all I thought, and felt, and did; the primal, vivifying principle! She has murdered me! I breathe, it is true, and the blood is in my veins, and circulates; but everything else about me is death—hopes! wishes! interests!—there is no pulse, no respiration there!" I should not be sorry were there none anywhere else! Feel my hand," added he, reaching it across the table, without removing his handkerchief from his eyes; for the sense of his desolation had utterly unmanned him, and his tears continued to flow. "Feel my hand. Does it not burn. A hearty fever, now, would be a friend," continued he, "and I think I have done my best to merit a call from such a visiter. The whole of the night before last I slept out in the open air. Guess where I took my bed. In the green lane—the spot where I parted last from Rosalie!" He felt a tear drop upon the hand which he had extended—the tear was followed by the pressure of a lip. He uncovered his eyes, and turning them in wonderment to look upon his friend—beheld Rosalie sitting opposite to him!

For a moment or two he questioned the evidence of his senses—but soon was he convinced that it was indeed reality; for Rosalie, quitting her seat, approached him, and breathing his name with an accent that infused ecstasy into his soul, threw herself into his arms, that doubtfully opened to receive her.

Looking over her father's papers, Rosalie had found a more recent will, in which her union with Theodore had been fully sanctioned, and he himself constituted her guardian until it should take place. She was aware that his success in London had been doubtful; the generous girl determined that he should no longer be subjected to incertitude and disappointment; and she playfully wrote the letter which was a source of such distraction to her lover. From his answer she saw that he had totally misinterpreted her: she resolved in person to disabuse him of the error; and by offering to become his wife, at once to give him the most convincing proof of her sincerity and constancy. She arrived in London the very day that Theodore arrived in B—. His friend, who had known her from her infancy, received her as his daughter; and he and his wife listened with delight to the unfolding of her plans and intentions, which she freely confided to them. Late they sat up for Theodore that night, and when all hopes of his coming home were abandoned, Rosalie became the occupant of his bed. The next night, in a state of the most distressing anxiety, in consequence of his continued absence, she had just retired to her apartment, when a knock at the door made her bound from her couch, upon which she had that moment thrown herself, and presently she heard her lover's voice at the foot of the stair. Scarcely knowing what she did, she attired herself, descended, opened the parlor door unperceived by Theodore, and took the place of their friendly host, who, the moment he saw her, beckoned her, and resigning his chair to her, withdrew.

The next evening a select party were assembled in the curate's little drawing-room, and Theodore and Rosalie were there. The lady of the house motioned the latter to approach her; she rose and was crossing Theodore, when he caught her by the hand and drew her upon his knee.

"Theodore!" exclaimed the fair one, coloring.

"My wife!" was his reply, while he imprinted a kiss upon her lips. They had been married that morning. Englishman's Magazine.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

PRECOCIOUS TALENT.

FOR precocity of talent and attainment, under circumstances peculiarly unpropitious, James Nack, the deaf and dumb poet of New York, is an intellectual wonder. As far as known, Christendom contains nothing comparable to him. All things considered, Chatterton did not equal him. He has not yet attained his twentieth year. He has known none of the advantages of a liberal education, has never had, until recently, free access to books, and has felt, through life, the unsparing hand of poverty and misfortune; and yet he has written much, and many of his productions are of a high order; all of them are marked with the rich and fervid outpourings of genius. For intensity, and all that gives to poetry its

highest character, they are not surpassed, we think not equalled, by any of the early productions of Lord Byron; and those juvenile offerings of the noble bard have never received the commendation they merit. It is not too much to say of this gifted young American, that, when matured by time, and finished by labor, some of his future efforts in song may equal the happiest of those that have immortalized the author of *Childe Harold*. Of this phenomenon in letters, "Knapp's Lectures on American Literature," contain an interesting account.

Another poetic wonder was also a native of the state of New-York. It is Lucretia Davidson, who died a few years ago, at the age of about sixteen. Like Nack, she received no early education, and had also pined in the shade of poverty, and under the grinding hand of adversity. Disease was, moreover, so constantly the inmate of her frame, that it seemed to make a part of it. But nothing could blight the spring of her genius. The blossoms would blow, and the fruit, rich and beautiful, cluster on the stem, though the heavens lowered on the tender plant, and the cold winds and sleety showers combined to chill its branches and scatter its leaves. Under circumstances thus painful, disheartening and distracting, did this inspired being breathe in song; at times so exquisitely, we had almost said divinely, that her lays, scarcely partaking of earth, might have been fitly chanted by a voice from the skies. Like Nack, she wrote much, and published comparatively but little. Her taste was as fastidious as her genius was fine. Her productions, therefore, which fascinated others, dissatisfied herself, and she often destroyed them. Many pieces of considerable length, which she was known to have written, never met any eye but her own, and that of Him who touched her mind with so bright and glowing a spark from his own altar, that it seemed a thing of heaven.

New England Magazine.

BURNING THE DEAD.

Among other topics which press upon the mind in the anticipation of death, the immediate disposal of the body naturally has its share of thought. I cannot help thinking that there is something unfeelingly harsh and revolting in the usual practice of committing the body of a friend so immediately to the ground. He feels it not, it is true, and the practice is of little trouble; but it is hard if the kind offices of a life-time cannot win for the dead a less repulsive, though it should be a more elaborate duty. Of all the modes of performing this painful office to the deceased, the least offensive to me is the Greek custom of *burning*. I can conceive that there was much reason for the ancient law of depriving suicides of this privilege, as a punishment. There is a sacred purity in fire upon which the mind may dwell without disgust; and the inurned ashes of a friend are a beautiful and touching memorial. Perhaps it is not much matter, but I believe death owes half its terrors to the grave. It is difficult to separate its desertion and its damp from the living sense. Philosophy can hardly do it, and feeling never. Who does not linger with unrepented desire upon that beautiful picture in Shelley's *Witch of Atlas*:

"For on the night that they were buried, she
Restored the embalmer's ruin, and shook
The light out of the funeral lamps, to be
A mimic day within that deathly nook;
And there the body lay, age after age,
Mute, breathing, beating, warm and undecaying,
Like one asleep in a green hermitage,
With gentle sleep upon its eyelids playing."

LITERARY NOTICES.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

CAREY AND LEA have issued the eighth volume of the *Encyclopedia Americana*. It continues to be every where received with the highest commendations, as it is neither cumbersome in size and form nor expensive. The articles contain much scientific information, set forth in a very attractive style, and condensed within brief limits. We might be pardoned for devoting a considerable space to a work so important, so laudable in its design, and so admirable in its execution, but its character is already firmly established as one of the most useful, complete, and satisfactory compendiums of science ever given to the world. We are proud of it as a domestic production, and trust the intelligence and enterprise of the publishers will be properly appreciated by all in any degree interested in the progress of American literature.

An elegantly printed octavo from the same press has just appeared, entitled "*History of the Northmen*." It is from the able pen of our countrymen, Henry Wheaton.

Carey & Lea have also sent us the third volume of the "*History of France*," by Eyre Evans Crowe, embodied in Lardner's *Cabinet of History*.

A little octodecimo, called "*Modern American Cookery*," with a list of family recipes, by Miss Prudence Smith, is just from the press of the brothers Harper; also

"*De Vere; or the Man of Independence*." This popular production, by the author of "*Tremain*," has been incorporated in their *Library of Select Novels*.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Firth & Hall have lately issued a very tasteful and elegant publication, formed of the most favorite gems of melody and harmony that have become popular; collected, arranged, and composed by M. Schoengen. It also contains a favorite air, as sung by Madame Sontag, in the opera of the "*Swiss Family*;" a Tyrolean melody, called the "*Swiss Boy*;" the German melody, sung by the Bohemian brothers; and a Swiss melody, sung by Madame Stockhausen. They have also just published the "*Muleteer's Quadrilles*," with an *ad lib.* accompaniment for the German flute.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

MACHIAVELLI.

If ever any one was "damned to everlasting fame," it is Machiavelli. He is looked upon as a monster in human shape—a fiendish spirit "with Ate by his side, come hot from hell," endowed with devilish cunning and malice, and giving lessons in the arts of treachery and oppression. Even his talents have been underrated in view of the malignity which is supposed to have guided them—or at best he only shares Bacon's character of

"The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind."

Had he only been made a mark during his life for the poisoned arrows of slander and the secret stabs of calumny—had he sunk into poverty and neglect only to shine after death in the empty honors of a mausoleum, and to have his memory sheltered from the injustice which pursued him through life, his case would not have been a singular one—he would only have been a fellow-sufferer with Socrates, with Galileo, with Milton, and with all the hosts of "the noble army of martyrs." But the blind zeal of hatred has followed him even down into the grave, and his character is now blackened almost beyond the power of truth to purify. He alone has found no charity after death—towards him alone has prejudice been inveterate and enmity eternal. It is only within the last century that a monument has been raised over the bones of a man "to whose worth no eulogy is adequate," by that country which has so many wrongs and outrages against him to atone for.

He was born of a noble Florentine family in 1479, at a time when the dispute of the Guelphs and Ghibellines had left Florence in that state of helpless weakness which is more dangerous than the most violent struggles of political madness, or the fiercest fever of popular excitement—when, though the body politic was not as yet "curtailed of its fair proportions," its life and spirit had deserted it. The first mention of him shows him indulging in those bright dreams of liberty so natural to a young, and unfortunately to none but a young author. His first work was a discourse on the true greatness of kingdoms and states—a philosophic application of the lessons of history to the principles of government. It is full of the warmest, purest patriotism, and urges on his countrymen with all the force of eloquence and reason, to follow in the steps of the most powerful and well established states of antiquity. He was the first of European politicians who advocated a mixed government as the best suited to a corrupted and enfeebled people. This is the very strongest proof of his rational love of liberty—the same that would make an enlightened American, if denized in Europe, prefer their ancient and rotten fabrics to our gayer and fresher temple of freedom.

Later in life we find him the head of the liberal party in Florence, the secretary of the republic, and one of the most illustrious, as well as highest of its officers. Now it is that his persecutions commence.

Being soon suspected, and with good reason, of being engaged in two several conspiracies against the government, then in the hands of John de' Medici, he was imprisoned and put to the torture. This severe ordeal he endured with all the firmness his previous life entitles us to expect. He was soon liberated, but sent into exile, whither he carried a conscience void of reproach, and an honorable poverty. He was finally allowed to return, and enjoyed impunity, though not favor, under the Medicean family. It was at this time that he composed his famous work, "Il Principe," or "The Prince," dedicated to Lorenzo de' Medici. Though Machiavelli never loved this family, he seems at least to have become reconciled to their dominion; and when all hope of liberty was gone, to have preferred quiet under a native sovereign to slavery to a foreign master. He died just before this last consummation of his country's crimes and misfortunes—this tragic catastrophe of the brief drama of her independence. His name sunk at once into the same darkness which brooded over Italy. A new generation arose who knew not, and loved not his character. When democracy was persecuted and its partisans anathematized—when virtue was suspicious, and its followers odious, Machiavelli could not escape. The soldiers and princes whose lives were blackest with crime, shuddered at seeing the principles they daily practised exposed in his works—the priests who were deepest versed in impious frauds and mockery of holiness, recoiled with horror from his freedom of thought and speech as the inspiration of the evil one. Popes and cardinals censured as impious, works whose philosophic spirit they feared without comprehending. Princes and nobles joined in persecuting one who knew so well, and described so powerfully all the secrets of their selfish cruelty. Like the Greeks mangling the dead body of Hector, the cowardly malice of his enemies sought to glut itself with the only remains of their enemy within their power—his memory and his lifeless corpse. The only means of defence left were denied him—his writings, the only voice by which he could speak for himself from the grave, were suppressed—his bones lay unhonored—his memory was calumniated, and the fulminations of the church sought to reach and to blast that spirit which had soared beyond their reach. The consequences are evident. His name thus denounced by authority, thus unrelentingly persecuted, and studiously blackened, has become a term of horror even among his countrymen, a by-word and a reproach unto all nations.

The work we have mentioned, "Il Principe," or "The Prince," has been his chief passport to fame, or rather to infamy. It was written, say his Italian commentators, at the time when the Medici returned to power in Florence, to keep alive the few sparks of patriotic fire that yet remained. Under the form of advice to a prince, it shows to what violent and cruel measures every ruler must resort to strengthen his own hands and keep down the rising rebellious

spirit of his subjects. A strong reason in favor of this theory is that he expressly excludes the consideration of elective governments and established dynasties. He professes to speak only of those usurpers who would seize by force on a power to which neither birth nor public choice entitles them. His double object then appears to have been to prevent the aggrandizement of the Medici, and to enlighten his countrymen as to the true character of princes and princely governments, and the line of conduct which they always must and always do pursue.

This we think the fairest and most reasonable explanation of this singular work. The day is fast going by when it was viewed with horror, as a deep laid conspiracy against liberty—the most cunning device of her arch enemy. The following considerations will, we think, refute this opinion.

In the first place, all Machiavelli's other writings are republican. All we have already remarked display the warmest, the most enlightened zeal for liberty—all were written for the benefit of a free people—to strengthen their hands, animate their hearts, and enlighten their minds in the cause of the public.

In the second place, the model he proposes for the imitation of princes, is Caesar Borgia, an usurper and tyrant, whom in his other writings he loads with that indignation no virtuous mind could help expressing. This man was one of the most daring and profligate ministers of evil—the most openly vicious from principle, so to speak, that ever existed—a finished compound of fine taste, brilliant talents, determined, deliberate, flagrant vice—of terrific boldness and coolness, cold-blooded and wanton malignity, that no climate but that of Italy could have produced. Yet no one has seen, or has chosen to see, that this character is held up for abhorrence, and not for imitation. Never, surely, was grave irony taken as literally as this has been.

Thirdly, every action of Machiavelli's life confirms the testimony his works bear to his public spirit. We have already seen what he endured for his opposition to tyranny—even to the splendid, munificent tyranny of the Medici. There is one striking fact too which may show its object still more clearly. When the Medici were expelled by the popular party, at whose head Machiavelli then was, he endeavored to destroy "Il Principe," then written though not published, as a book no longer necessary, now that its object was gained without it.

This explanation we adopt as the simplest, the most ancient, and the best supported. A late writer in the Edinburgh Review, in an article doubtless familiar to all our readers, inculcates a different idea. He ascribes the false and treacherous policy recommended in "The Prince" to the peculiar guile and subtlety of the Italian character. This theory, skilfully as it is maintained, we cannot think satisfactory. It fully accounts for the crooked policy which Italian writers love to inculcate, and the crooked paths into which many of their statesmen have wandered, but does not tell us why Machiavelli, the partizan of liberty, should thus be found helping tyranny to her most dangerous weapons. Our opinion then is, that it was written to show the atrocity of all tyranny, however veiled or gilded, the dark and bloody paths by which even the best of absolute princes can alone march to empire. This is the explanation he himself is recorded to have given of it when some of his more zealous and less clear-sighted republican friends reproached him with its dangerous tendency.

Such, then was Niccol Machiavelli—a man to whom his country awarded the highest honors in life, only to condemn his latter years to neglect and his memory to obloquy—who is execrated as the arch enemy of that cause for which he toiled so much, and which he cherished so fondly. Could the grave old statesman know with what cruel injustice he has been treated—how he who suffered so cheerfully for his country and her liberty, is branded as the deepest dyed traitor to the cause of truth and justice; what sorrow and shame would fill his mind, or rather what bitter contempt for the dull gross mortals who could not rightly understand or rightly value his character! Let us at least not do him "such deep and deadly wrong"—let us respect the man who to the subtle intriguing spirit of his nation and the cautious prudence of his own nature, added warm and honest feelings, which purified the one and animated the other in the service of his country—the man who, in another age and people, would have been an Aristides, a Flaminius, a Raleigh, a Sir Thomas More, an Oxenstiern, a Chatham—something higher still—a Bacon, a Pascal, a Locke—but who, to those who understand his character, need ask no higher fame than the name of Machiavelli. Δ

TO ANNA MARIA.

The following graceful and affectionate lines were written *extempore* by a favorite son of the muses, at the request of a little girl, who claimed the promise of a sonnet for her album.

'Twas kind, my pretty little maid,
To ask a song of me—
But I, of all men most afraid,
How can I sing to thee?
For thou art young, and fresh, and fair,
And I am old, and worn with care.

But yet, I wish thee well, my dear,
And still my hope shall be—
That time through every coming year,
May lightly visit thee—
Nor sear thy heart, nor cloud thy brow,
But leave thee pure and fair as now.

Thou'rt going from us soon, I find,
To bless some other sphere,
With charms of person, grace of mind,
Which have but budded here—
While hope and joy thy bosom swell,
Pause and receive my fond farewell.

N. G.

FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there—
Out and in with the morning air;
I've passed him oft, and I know his peck
By the play of gold in his mottled neck;
And I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeples with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.

'Tis a bird I love, with his brooding note,
And the pulsing throb in his trembling throat;
There's a human look in his swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of his lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon—
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon—
When the clock strikes clear at morning light—
When the child is waked with "nine at night"—
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold
I could my weary heart unfold;
I would I could look down unmoved,
(Unloving as I am unloved,)
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapt in quiet, bide my time.

NOTES OF A RAMBLE LAST SUMMER.

BY THE SAME.

AUGUST 3. I like Quebec; there is a foreign look about it, with its dark old buildings, and deep-barred windows. The people in the streets have all such a picturesque air—the Canadians with their red sashes about their waists, and the English soldiers with their automaton looks, and the Highlanders in costume, and the queer vehicles, and the small horses, and the priests and the nuns—all so mingled up, and so different from our own uniformly inquisitive, and withal (though the epithets scarce harmonize) respectable air. The Yankees all look (to use one of their own phrases) "well to do in the world." You would know, by the way they button their vests and wear their hats, and perk their under lips, that they lived in four-story houses, with a tidy fence, and a rose-bush in front. In Canada it is quite *au contraire*. Your respectable man is fat, and English (i. e. unctuous) looking, and has his hat brushed smooth, and his boot spotlessly polished; while your men of chance, or small revenue, look meek and obsequious, and wear their heads modestly at a forward angle. I could imagine myself now in Antwerp or Brussels, sitting here by this second-story window in "the Albion," and watching the mongrel races that keep the pavé below. And there goes an Indian, with a string of moccasins to sell, grave as a martyr, and looking neither to the right nor to the left—a singular demeanor, a Yankee would think, for a man who wanted to find customers. How strangely that Highlander in his kilt looks beside him, and what glorious combatants they would make, pitted against each other in a deadly contest—both men of magnificent frames, and both evidently, if the port and the eye may be trusted, determined fellows. I think I would bet on the Indian. That calm settled lip has a dash of the heroic that would outlast the habitual courage of discipline.

AUGUST 4. *Midnight*.—I have just returned from an English *fete-champetre*, a country evening party given in lighted grounds, with music, supper, and dancing, very gay, and very brilliant, but to my aching limbs and bruised points, in somewhat painful contrast to a bed and anodynes. I was a fool to go, having rolled this morning down a precipice at Montmorenci Falls, some hundred and fifty feet into the St. Lawrence, a bath from which I emerged without drag or feelers, much to the astonishment of the French guide, who had run back to the house for a shutter to carry home "the body." I take this opportunity to advise all adventurous youths given to display their alertness on such occasions, to go quietly round the hill

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

STYLE.

STYLE in writing is one's peculiar manner of communicating his thoughts. A great author is generally distinguished so clearly by it, that those acquainted with his works can detect his anonymous lucubrations by his fashion of arranging the words and balancing the sentences, although the idea is ridiculed by Goldsmith, who vows that his critics have saddled him with numerous compositions which he never even so much as read, but the authorship of which those ingenious gentlemen discovered by the style. The design of a literary publication is either to instruct or amuse, and many a one who can advance no pretensions to the former succeeds in the latter by those graces of language, or, as Shakspeare terms them, that "sweet smoke of rhetoric," in which, peradventure, they excel works of greater depth and value. Style is to an essay what manner or address is to a man. A noble character, a sweet poet, or a profound philosopher appearing with a clownish person, and awkward ways, is often rejected from societies where his inward qualities are unknown, while a cunning sharper, an ignorant fop, or an erudite fool, with a graceful person, and specious address, wins his way wonderfully into favor, and raises in our mind such agreeable emotions, as make him, till his failings are exposed, a welcome guest. Just so I have known a sterling book, full of plain eloquence and unaffected nature, flung aside to give place to some coxcomb piece of scribbling, skilled only in pretty words and swelling periods. If a persuasive style is of such force as to often introduce a worthless volume to our partialities, how powerful an engine it becomes in the hands of a true genius, who with all the crowded thoughts of an awakened mind, and the lively impressions of a warm and generous heart, added to the treasures of science and experience, possesses this magic power of embodying his ideas and conceptions in such a form as to attract, delight, and improve mankind. Such mighty characters were Homer, Virgil, and Milton. In the two former, the English reader will feel less interested than the latter. The style of that wonderful poet has in it something very peculiar. His conceptions were so vast and weighty that, as Addison finely observes, our language sunk under him, and he was obliged to resort to several expedients, borrowed from foreign tongues, to support his imagination. In expressing a sentiment, or describing an event, he rises to such a lofty and sublime mode of putting the reader in possession of his idea, that you feel he has exhausted the power of words; and when you behold the same subjects treated in the manner of ordinary writers, the contrast is curious. A common newspaper correspondent tells you that Mr. B. rose, on such an occasion, to address the assembly, and adds, Mr. B. is acknowledged one of the most powerful and commanding debaters, and never delivers his sentiments, on any subject, without exciting great attention. In how much deeper colors the author of *Paradise Lost* draws the same picture.

"With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep in his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care,
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin; sage he stood
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies: his look
Drew audience, and attention still as night,
Or summer's noontide air."

Instead of telling us it was noon, he informs us that Satan looked sometimes towards Eden, and

"Sometimes towards heaven, and the full blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower."

Vine-covered caves are—

"Caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant."

He then goes on narrating, that after having exercised themselves sufficiently to gain an appetite, and make rest pleasant, Adam and Eve fell to eating the fruit, and drinking the stream. But in what a flowing and melodious style these petty circumstances are embalmed.

"And, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labor than sufficed
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them; sidelong as they sat recline
In the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers,
The savory pulp they chew, and, in the rind
Still as they thirsted, scooped the brimming stream."

I cannot pass over that instance on the same page, of the poet's power to shed upon the most common occurrence, by the style of relating it, all the freshness of novelty. It is in the few lines where he finds it necessary to mention the coming in of evening, and notices the beasts of the earth couched on the grass near Adam and Eve.

"—on the grass
Couched, and now all'd with pasture gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the sun,
Declined, was hasting now with prone career
To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
Of heaven, the stars that usher evening rose."

I must here solicit the indulgence of the reader for remarking, although it may appear a digression, the abundant variety of methods of which Milton was master, for relating the same incident. I have given above, his skilful and uncommonly poetic way of describing the coming on of evening; yet that season of the day has scarcely more different shades and opposite appearances in its progress over the earth than the poet has images in celebrating it; for instance,

"Now night her course began, and, over heaven
Inducing darkness grateful truce imposed,
And silence on the odious din of war."

at Montmorenci, and enter the glen through which the fall descends at the opening, in preference to attempting the short cut down the sides, the latter being nearly perpendicular, of a loose and brittle slate formation, and a hundred and fifty feet in height, as awkward a distance to fall as could well be hit upon. I attribute my escape entirely to my extraordinary corpulence, which, in the first place, protected my bones, and in the second place, prevented my cutting the water very rapidly when I reached the river. If I ever attempt to descend a precipice again for a lady's favor, when there is a proper ladder within ten feet, may I be shot! And talking of ladies—I am now travelling with a southern gentleman, wife, and sister, whom I met at the Thousand Isles—pleasant people as, with the necessity for parting, I care particularly to meet. The only trouble attendant upon it is, that, devoting myself of course to the single lady, she is perpetually taken by these detestable keepers of hotels and captains of steam-boats for my wife! They come to me constantly to pay for "my wife's passage," and "my lady's dinner." I have been reflecting to-day whether there is such a thing as a matrimonial look, and if there is, whether the keeper of a public-house is not responsible for his infernal mistakes in such matters.

AUGUST 5.—On board the steamer, and running up the St. Lawrence at fifteen miles in the hour—pretty well, considering it is against the tide. My agreeable friend sits just beyond me, in the ladies' cabin, writing in her journal. Beautiful creature! dark eyes and hair, and though a little too sallow, yet withal so soft and yielding in your manners! And your exquisite accent, too—ah! if your mamma and papa had but had northern notions of education, what a glorious creature you might have made! but you are most delightfully innocent of some things which other people know, and you do drop now and then such sweet bad grammar from your exquisite lip, and you will cover yourself up with ornaments, though it is neither stylish nor becoming; and you do hate so to go one inch from your chair, though mountains, and rivers, and sunsets, and people overboard continually tempt you! It's very well now—for foibles rather add to a pretty woman—but by and by, my dear somebody or other—(for though I have travelled with you a week, I only know that your name is Cornelia)—by and by, I say, and very soon too—for it is the way at the south—you will lose those snowy teeth of yours, and those full lips, and that superb roundness and shapeliness of bust, and then your bad grammar, and your sad taste, and your slightly slovenly way of wearing your hair, and tying your slippers, and fastening your belt, will be pretty no longer, and your elegant indolence will become stupid idleness, and the languishing sleepiness of your eye will go by a harder name—depend upon it. I have an idea of proposing to the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge to send a missionary to Georgia, to enlighten your friends on some of these abstruse points. It would make perfect women of you—handsome creatures that you are!

How amusing it is, when one has become perfectly resigned to the annoyances of a steam-boat, to sit aside and watch the eternal small comedy going on about him. There sits a woman, now, dandling a confounded nuisance of a child that I would borrow and drop overboard, if she were not out of my reach in the ladies' cabin; and opposite me sits an officer with his arms folded, and a cloud on his face—for he has just discovered that his young wife has passed him on the river going to Quebec, (which he has just left,) to meet him; and there paces an old fellow who is sick with the smell of the oil—(query, could not this really shocking evil be avoided?)—and about in the different corners are to be seen discontented faces of all descriptions, whose cases are beyond my analysis—my own and one other, of a fat woman, the only pleasant countenances, I do believe, in the whole boat's company. And this is to "go a pleasuring." And for this, people yearly abandon their comfortable homes, and with no eye for scenery, nor any hope but change, crowd these hot oleaginous steam-boat cabins, and wander, with their own or other people's children, from one end of the land to the other! I could laugh, if my ribs were not so sore with my yesterday's tumble, at the uncomfortableness and disappointment in the expression of the faces about me—most of them, too, enjoying what they have anticipated, and economized for, and talked about, months before they started.

AUGUST 6.—Still on board the steamer, and within twenty miles of Montreal. Last night we had a full moon, and a perfectly delicious air, moist and without wind, and I think I never passed a night whose spirit of beauty so entered and pervaded me. We were close upon the shore for an hour or two, running with a sensation of magic above the distinct and beautiful reflections of the banks, and breaking up with our prow a mirror that seemed as if its stillness should have been sacred and eternal. We arrived at the village of Sorel at midnight, and as the boat was to wait an hour for wood, we went ashore for a walk. We rambled through the deserted streets without meeting a living creature, and I rarely have been so impressed with the sense of solitude. The light was so clear, that it seemed unnatural to sleep. We could scarce feel that there were living inhabitants about us. The houses were all barred, and dark, and of a peculiarly dull aspect, most of them without paint or ornament; the church near the shore was black and old, and it was not difficult to believe it a decayed and desolate town, and ourselves the disturbers of a breathless and long unbroken solitude. We had heard much of the bark-work of the inhabitants of Sorel, and, at the request of our fair companions, we commenced a tattoo upon the door of a shop to which we had been directed in the hope of arousing the occupant. We succeeded at last in awakening a woman in a red night-cap, who first screamed "fire and murder," and then came down and let us in. She was "fair, fat and forty," and apparently glad to turn a penny, even as an episode to a dream.

Her baskets and pin-cushions were really beautiful, and saving that we paid four times their value, we felt tolerably satisfied with our midnight shopping. I made a *mem.* in my journal that "all women look abominably in red night-caps." Sleep is a sad spoiler of your pretty eyes, gently as it

"Seals up the eyelids with its silver wand."

AUGUST 8.—Shooting down Lake George like a steam-boat apparition, the skirts of a lifting fog enveloping us occasionally for a moment, and then swaying off, giving us an under-peep at the loveliest scene of green islands and broken sunshine in the world. Nothing could be more fairy-like. I have skipped over a day or two, in which I may be imagined to have undergone the various ordeals common to passing the frontier—impositions from coachmen, losses of money, baggage, and temper, (they stole all my money at the tavern where I slept at St. John's, and half my baggage at La Prairie, which I am told is getting off uncommonly well) and this added to a chilly sail down Lake Champlain, and a ramble over the old fort at Ticonderoga with a rheumatic gentleman, who begged the favor of my arm, completes a longer chapter of ill-humor than will ever occur, I am positive, elsewhere in my biography. I except in this, a moment's malicious amusement afforded me by the distress of a Vermont teamster, who happened to be carried off in the boat from Burlington, leaving his four oxen to stand upon the wharf till he had made a *volens volens* passage to Whitehall, and an hysterical laugh at my own absurdity in being amused with anything under my calamitous loss of money. Here we are, however, on Lake George, and I do begin to suspect I am getting unctuous and cheerful once more. I have spent an hour, among other *bienséances*, in sailing a chip-boat in a wash-bowl, to illustrate to my fair companion how a rudder turns a boat round—a fact of which, my luminous illustrations notwithstanding, she still seems to have a shrewd doubt.

'Tis a glorious lake—Lake George. It is called Holy Lake by the Catholics; and I do not wonder that they send, as I am told they do, for its waters all over Canada to fill the fonts in their churches. Its transparency is really wonderful—the slightest pebble on the bottom being distinctly visible at a depth of thirty feet; and now, as the sun shines more constant upon it, I think I never saw shores of such exquisite outline, and such clear and magic reflections. These tall green hills hang down in the abyss below us, with every leaf and tint as palpable, and far softer than the reality. How I wish the dark eyes beside me, only less beautiful than the scene itself, could convey from their superb mirrors to the indolent soul beneath them, one worthy impression of the loveliness about us! I never feel the want of mind in woman but at such times and places as this; and indeed, if it were not for the luxurious necessity we feel of some softening mirror for our own most elevated feelings, I would dispense with every thing in the sex but affectionateness and beauty. But there are chance moments in life when woman, and nothing but a woman, and a refined and high-hearted one, can answer the "spirit's questioning"—when you could lavish the very drop at your inmost heart for one hour's perfect and pure, and, if you will, silent sympathy. And since I am upon sentiment, here are some verses read to me last night at the wretched tavern opposite Ticonderoga, by a chance room-fellow, who discovered, by some mistimed soliloquizing quotation while undressing, that I had read the poets. "Sir," said he, (I was pulling off a wet stocking, upon which the chamber-maid had spilt a pail of water,) "perhaps you don't know that I write verses." "Perhaps I don't, sir." "Perhaps you wouldn't like to hear me read you a stave or so." "Perhaps I wouldn't, sir;" but I was not to escape so. There he sat, like a poetry-fiend, within three feet of me, on the other bedstead, the manuscript in one hand, and a dingy silk handkerchief in the other. I tied on my bandanna. He hemmed thrice. I began to sing, "His name it begins with an O." He requested me to stop—said he was nervous about music—if I would slip into bed he would read me to sleep. After that I only remember two lines:

"She was a fond and gentle girl,
As playful as a very squirrel;"

which it seemed to me were scarce out of his mouth before I was called to breakfast—the following morning.

AUGUST 10. At Saratoga—dressing, breakfasting, dressing, dining, dressing, dancing—the history of a week.

AUGUST 18. Yesterday, the seventh day after my arrival, having been reduced to my last unsupported tie, I vacated the small orifice in which I was nightly deposited, and dropped off unnoticed, like a grain of sand in an hour-glass, to join the more quiet races of mankind. I sit in an upper story at Titus's, in Troy (was ever such a classic description of a whereabouts?) feeling, though my room is scarce six feet by two, a propensity to stretch myself after my Saratoga quarters, as I have observed a fly to do after sleeping in a quill. I wonder who knows that Troy is one of the most agreeable places "unwritten" about. I wonder who knows that within a ten minutes' ride from the place of my present writing, is an elevation called Mount Ida, which commands positively, one of the most exquisite natural pictures in the world. The long sweep of interval down the Hudson, with the two or three lovely islands in the midst, the fine junction of the Mohawk above, the bold, broken horizon on every side, Troy beneath you, and Albany looking so well in the distance—all these, I was saying, make up a scene of loveliness not much surpassed even by Holyoke and Kattskill. And just back, too, there is a superb ravine with a wild stream dashing through it, and a road through a valley near by (I have quite forgotten in what direction, having been whisked over it by an editor friend of mine, who is called a "star," but drives more like a comet,) all beautiful enough for a yearly pilgrimage.

Again—

"The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end,
Night's hemisphere had veiled the horizon round."

There is another—

"Now was the sun in western cadence low
From noon and gentle airs, due at their hour,
To fan the earth now waked," &c.

Adam's beautiful persuasion to the angel Gabriel to continue his discourse, although the night is approaching, may be considered as one of these.

"Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience; night with her will bring
Silence; and sleep, listening to thee, will watch."

What a treasure and profusion of imagination are betrayed in the mind which furnishes such a variety. He still goes on, striking out new forms of expression.

"Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect,
Against the eastern gate of paradise
Levelled his evening rays."

I shall only give one more allusion to the evening, and, indeed, only a part of that, the celebrity of which has caused many lines of it to be frequently extracted.

"—the sun now fallen
Beneath the Azores, whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had hither roll'd
Diurnal; or this less voluble earth,
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there,
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still evening on," &c.

I could multiply instances of this nature out of Milton, but have, perhaps, gone too far already in selecting from a work so much read and praised. Yet I am certain there are hundreds of intelligent people, strangers to these stupendous creations of genius which I have been noticing, and who, fancying they do not like poetry, or that this poem in particular is of a dry and unentertaining kind, by reason of its elevated and extraordinary style, lose a great mental feast, which they are as competent to enjoy as any other, if they could but think so themselves.

Ossian is a poem also seldom meddled with out of a certain circle. For this it may be justly said there is some good reason. The style of those writings is, even more than Milton's, uncommon. The reader is at first bewildered by it, and afterwards, till he gets into the spirit of it, fatigued. The conceptions, though grand and vast, are often far-fetched. In the first perusal you are apt to pass over these, and many have thrown down the volume in disgust. The question which has been raised respecting the origin of Ossian has also tended to give its enemies a bold face in censuring its intrinsic merits. To me, in regard to my opinion of the poetry, it is immaterial whether the poems came from the brain of Ossian or Macpherson. I confess I found the greatest difficulty in liking the book, but being once travelling a long and solitary journey, with only Ossian as a companion, I desperately resolved to go through with him, cost what it might. My surprise and delight were great when the true inspiration of the bard began to dawn upon me, and having recovered from my distaste to the peculiarity of his style, I caught the spirit of his meaning, and found myself strongly aroused by the nervous simplicity of diction, and splendid display of poetic thought which then unfolded itself. For a long time his sententious periods, and sublime imagination, filled my fancy, and I could scarcely even venture upon even a letter to a friend without being drawn into an Ossianic mode of expression, which, however appropriate on high subjects, is extremely ridiculous in the hands of unskilful writers, or of any writers on ordinary subjects. Indeed, to such as have the perseverance to read Ossian through, and have not built up their opinions on other people's talk, which the most sensible will sometimes unconsciously do, there will be in his style, a kind of contagion difficult to escape, and dangerous to a youthful candidate for literary fame.

But lest I have been too grave, I will present a specimen of style which has appeared before in public, but is of so agreeable a cast as, like all the works of the most profound authors, to bear more than one reading—it is orator O'Botherem's speech on the question, "Does riches or poverty tend most to the exaltation of the human mind?"

"I shall proceed, Mr. President, to compare riches to poverty in such a way as you will find there to be no comparison at all.

"The man possessed of luxury, Mr. President, cannot eat a single meal, unless he is surrounded all around with the luxuriant and extatic productions of both atmospheres. Is not the rich cheney cup, which he so languishingly and affectingly raises to his nauseated lips, are they not, I repeat it, sir, brought from the deserts of Arabia?"

"Is not the flagrant and chromatic tea found in the undiscovered regions of Chili, which there is the highest mountains in the world? Is not, I say, sir, the dashing sofa on which he declines his meagre and emancipated form, made from the mahogany of Hispaniola from the shores of Indostan, and the cedar of Lebanon from Mount Parnassus, ornamented with the richest and most municipal oriental silks from the East Indies abroad?"

"Now, Mr. President, the man possessed of poverty, declines his expectations on a high pinnacle of bliss. Happiness, Mr. President, is like a crow perched on a distant mountain, which the eager sportsman vainly tries to no purpose to ensnare; he looks at the crow, Mr. President, and the crow looks at him, but the moment he attempts to reproach him, he banishes away like the schismatic taints of the rainbow, which it was the astonishing Newton that first deplored and enveloped the cause of it!

"Cannot the poor man precipitate in all the varied beauties of nature, from the most loftiest mountains, down to the most lowest valleys, as well as the man possessed of luxury? Yes, sir—the poor man, while trilling transports crowns his views, and rosy hours attunes his sanguinary youth, can raise his wonderful mind to that incompressible being who restrains the lawless storm, who kindles up the crushing and tremendous thunder, and rolls the dark and rapid lightning through the intensity of space, and who issues the awful metres, and roll-a-borealis through the unfathomable-legions of the fiery hemispheres. Sometimes seated beneath the shady shadow of an umbrageous tree, at whose vernal foot flows a limping brook, he calls about him his wife and the rest of his children, here, sir, he takes a retrospective view into futurity, distils into their youthful minds useful lessons to guard their juvenile youth from vice and immortality, and extorts them to persevere to endless facility, which shall endure forever.

"Here, sir, on a fine clear evening, when the silvery moon shines out with all its emulgence, he learns his children the first rudiments of astrology, by pointing out the bull, the bear, and many more bright constellations and fixed stars, which are constantly devolving on their axle-trees in the azure expanse of the blue creolean firmament above."

THE PAPERS OF AN IDLER.

THOUGHTS ON POLITENESS.

We copy the following article from the December number of the New-England Magazine, one of the best periodicals that has issued from the American press.

The common notion about politeness is, that it is a thing of the body, and not of the mind, and that he is a polite man who makes certain motions in a graceful manner and at proper times and places. We expect the dancing master to teach our children "manners" as well as the art of cutting awkward capers to music, and we pay him on the same compound principle by which the sage McGrawler was compensated for his instructions to Paul Clifford—"two bobs for the Latin, and a sice for the virtue." But the truth is, that we degrade politeness by making it any thing less than a cardinal virtue. The happiness of life is made up of an infinite number of little things, and not of startling events and great emotions; and he who daily and hourly diffuses pleasure around him by kind offices, frank salutations, and cheerful looks, deserves as well of his species, as he who, neglecting or despising all these, makes up for it by occasional acts of generosity, justice, or benevolence. Besides, the opportunity of doing great things but rarely occurs, while a man has some dozens of chances, every day of his life, to show whether he be polite or not. The value of a thing, too, is great in proportion to its rarity, and true politeness is a very rare thing, gentle reader, stare though you may. I have seen many graceful men, many agreeable, many who were even fascinating, but very few who were polite, as the word is defined in my dictionary. Sometimes there is a deficiency in certain things, sometimes the quality extends to a certain point, after which you enter into that "kingdom of me," spoken of in one of Dryden's plays, and a large kingdom it is too. Sometimes there is a fault of omission and sometimes of commission; so that, on the whole, the quality is about as rare as greatness, and, indeed, they have many ingredients in common. A true polite man must, in the first place, have the gift of good sense, for without that foundation, it is idle to think of rearing any, even the smallest superstructure. He must know when to violate that code of conventional forms, which common consent has established, and when not; for it is equally a mark of weakness to be a slave to these forms or to despise them. He must have penetration and tact enough to adapt his conversation and manner to circumstances and individuals; for that which is politeness in the drawing-room may be downright rudeness in the bar-room or the stage-coach, as well as the converse. Above all, he must have that enlarged and catholic spirit of humility, which is the child of self-knowledge, and the parent of benevolence, (indeed, politeness itself is merely benevolence, seen through the little end of a spy-glass) which, not content with bowing low to this rich man or that fine lady, respects the rights and does justice to the claims of every member of the great human family. As for the fastidious and exclusive persons, who look down upon a man created and upheld by the same power as themselves and heir to the same immortal destinies, because he does not dress in a particular style or visit in certain houses, they are out of the question. If they are too weak to perceive the grotesque absurdity of their own conduct, they have not capacity enough to master the alphabet of good manners. If angelic natures be susceptible of ludicrous emotions, we know of nothing more likely to call them forth, than the sight of an insect inhabitant of this great ant-hill, assuming airs of superiority over his brother emmet, because he has a few more grains of barley in his granary, or some other equally cogent reason.

Of the gentlemen, young and old, whiskered and unwhiskered that may be seen in Washington-street, any sunshiny day, there is not one who does not think himself a polite man, and who would be not very much resent an insinuation to the contrary. Their opinion is grounded on reason something like the following: when they go to a party, they make a low bow to the mistress of the house, and then look round after somebody that is young and pretty to make themselves agreeable to. At a ball they will do their utmost to entertain their partner, unless the fates have given them to some one who is ugly and awkward, and they will listen to her remarks with their most bland expression. If they are invited to a dinner-party, they go in their best coats, praise their entertainer's wine, and tell the lady they hope her children are all well. If they

tread on the toes of a well dressed person, they will beg his pardon. They never spit on a carpet, and in walking with a lady they always give her the inside; and, if the practice be allowable, they offer her their arm. So far, very good; but I must always see a man in certain situations, before I decide whether he be polite or not. I should like to see how he would act, if placed at dinner between an ancient maiden lady and a country clergyman with a small salary and a rusty coat, and with some distinguished person opposite to him. I want to see him on a hot and dusty day, sitting on the back seat of a stage-coach, when the driver takes in some poor lone woman, with may-be a child in her arms, and tells the gentlemen that one of them must ride outside and make room for her. I want to be near him when his washerwoman makes some very good excuse to him for not bringing home his clothes at the usual time, or not doing up an article in exactly the style he wished. I want to hear the tone and emphasis with which he gives orders to servants in steamboats and taverns. I mark his conduct, when he is walking with an umbrella on a rainy day, and overtakes an old man, or an invalid, or a decent-looking woman, who are exposed without protection, to the violence of the storm. If he be in company with those whom he thinks his inferiors, I listen to hear if his conversation be entirely about himself. If some of the number be very distinguished, and some quite unknown; I observe whether he acts as if he were utterly unconscious of the presence of these last. These are a few, and but a few, of the tests by which I try a man, and I am sorry to say there are very few who can stand them all. There is many a one who passes in the world for a very well-bred man, because he knows when to bow and smile, that is down in my tablets for a selfish, vulgar, unpolite monster, that loves the parings of his own nails better than his neighbor's whole body. Put any man in a situation where he is called upon to make a sacrifice of his own comfort and ease, without any equivalent in return, and you will learn the difference between true politeness, that sterling ore of the heart, and the counterfeit imitation of it which passes current in drawing rooms. Any man must be an idiot not to be polite in society, so called, for how else could he get his oysters and champagne?

Politeness is a national as well as an individual characteristic, and it would be a curious subject of speculation to inquire what degree of cultivation and refinement is most favorable to it, for the extremes both of civilization and savageness do not seem to be propitious. I am inclined to think the Greeks were a more polite people than any of modern times, when we take into consideration the advantage we have in the greater respect which women now both deserve and receive, and the favorable influence exerted upon our manners in consequence. There is something extremely touching in the respect they paid to old age. If I were inclined to display a little learning, I might illustrate my position by examples drawn from their history; but there are many that every school-boy is familiar with, and they need not be repeated here for the ten thousandth time. The Jews were a polite people, and the Old Testament (with reverence I say it) contains many striking instances of it. Indeed, it is a striking peculiarity of the scriptures, that all the graces and embellishments of life may be learned from them, as well as its most solemn duties and highest obligations, and that they contain every thing requisite to form a perfect man. How delicate and feeling is the conduct of Jacob, at his first meeting with Rachel, at the well of Haran, and how unlike what would be expected in our refined times. The self-denial of David, recorded in the eleventh chapter of the first book of Chronicles, in refusing to drink of the water which his "three mightiest" captains had procured with the peril of their lives, is an instance of politeness sublime into magnanimity. And, to mention but one example more, how beautiful and touching is the behavior of the three friends of Job, who "sat down with him upon the ground, seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great."

We call ourselves a polite people, and, comparatively speaking, perhaps we are so. It is allowed, I believe, that Americans, both at home and abroad, are remarkably attentive to women, though Captain Hall thinks otherwise. Still we commit some offences against good breeding. We have a bad trick of staring at strangers, as any one must have noticed who has been in a country church when any one entered. And then we ask a great many idle, and not a few impertinent questions. The habit we have of cutting and defacing every fixture that is penetrable to steel, is so universal and so abominable, that it deserves to be scourged out of us by a pestilence or a famine. The manners, too, of our common people towards each other, are marked by great roughness and an entire inattention to all the little courtesies of life. Perhaps we owe this to our English descent; for John Bull thinks that if a man is polite to him, he has a design upon his purse.

There are a great many little offences committed against good manners, which people are hardly aware of at the time. It is not polite, for instance, to tease a person to do what he has once declined, and it is equally impolite to refuse a request or an invitation in order to be urged, and accept afterwards. Comply at once; if your friend be sincere, you will gratify him; if not, you will punish him, as he deserves to be. It is not polite, when asked what part of a dish you will have, to say "any part, it is quite indifferent to me;" it is hard enough to carve for one's friends, without choosing for them. It is not polite to entertain our visitors with our own family history, and the events of our own household. It is not polite for married ladies to talk in the presence of gentlemen, of the difficulty they have in procuring domestics, and how good-for-nothing they are when they are procured. It is not polite to put food upon the plate of your guest without asking his leave, nor to press him to eat more than he

wants. It is not polite to stare under ladies' bonnets, as if you suspected they had stolen the linings from you. It is—but let me remember it is not polite to be a bore, especially in print.

It does not seem to me that the world has gained much in politeness during the last two or three hundred years. It is all surplusage to the utilitarian philosophy. There is a lofty and chivalrous spirit of courtesy that hangs over the age of Queen Elizabeth, like a rose-colored atmosphere. What a contrast there is between the warriors, the courtiers, and the statesmen, the Sydneys, the Raleighs, and the Essexes, of the court of the Virgin Queen, and the modern fine gentlemen, the disciples of Brummel, and the admirers of Pelham! It reminds us of the difference between our rectangular habits and round black beavers, and the silks, velvets, and plumes in which the gallants of those days were wont to ruffle. What a beautiful and touching instance of genuine politeness, is that well known anecdote recorded of Sir Philip Sydney, in the last moments of his life, and how few of the *preux chevaliers* of the nineteenth century are there capable, I will not say of imitating it, but even of admiring it as it ought to be admired. A sublime indifference to all sublunary things, except himself, seems to be the distinguishing characteristic of the fine gentleman, now-a-days. But perhaps the progress of society has had the same effect here as in other things; it has made the generality of men more polite, though there are not such splendid individual instances of the quality. But to come nearer home, our own generation does not seem to have the advantage, in this respect, of that which preceded it. I am an admirer of the old school of manners, as it is commonly called. I like the minute attentions, the uniform, though formal courtesy, and the mingled dignity and benevolence of manner which characterize it. The few specimens of it that are left among us, appear like Corinthian columns, to which time has lent a touching grace, independent of their intrinsic beauty. They connect us with an age, in which far more stress was laid upon dress and manner, and all external things, than now, to an age of wigs and knee-buckles, of flowered waistcoats and hooped petticoats, of low bows and stately courtesies; and I shall be sorry when they are all gone.

Let no man imagine that his rank, or station, or talents excuse him from an attention to those rules of good-breeding, which cost nothing but a little care, and which make a great deal of difference in the sum total of human happiness. They are as imperative as the rules of morality, and there is no one, however great or high, that does not owe to society a liberal recompense for what he receives from it. There is now and then a man so weak as to affect to be rough, or forgetful, or absent, from a notion that his deficiencies in these little things will be ascribed to the largeness of the objects with which he is habitually conversant, and that his mind will be supposed unable to come down from the airy regions of contemplation, to such low matters. But such a one should be put into the same state-room of the great ship of fools, with those who twisted their necks to look like Alexander, or spoke thick to resemble Hotspur. A man that can do great things and not little ones, is an imperfect man; and there is no more inconsistency between the two than there is in a great poet's being able to write a promissory note, or a great orator's having the power to talk about the weather.

I will only remark, in conclusion, that good-breeding should form a part of every system of education. Not that children should be made to barter their native simplicity for a set of artificial airs and graces, but that they should be early impressed with the deformity of selfishness, and the necessity of thinking of others as well as themselves. Care should be taken that their intercourse with each other be in a spirit of courtesy and mildness. He, who has been reared in a brawling and ill-mannered nursery, can hardly be expected to ripen into a polite man. The elder members of a family should bear in mind that the influence of their own conduct will encircle the children like an atmosphere. There can be little happiness in that household, in which the minutest offices are not dictated by a spirit of thoughtful courtesy and delicate consideration for others. How many marriages are made wretched by a neglect of those little mutual attentions, so scrupulously paid in the days of courtship. Let it be born in mind, that the cords of love, which bind hearts so closely together, that neither life, nor death, nor time, nor eternity can sever them, are woven of threads no bigger than a spider's web.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1832.

Editor's study.—We have several letters to-day, for all of which we take this occasion to thank our correspondents. They cannot imagine what a pleasure it is to receive these tributes from the different minds about us. It affords the cheering thought that others take an interest in our labors, and we are gratified and flattered with the idea that any effort of ours can thus draw out their sentiments, and furnish an offering for our readers, composed of various materials. Besides, it breaks the eternal monotony into which your hebdomadals are so apt to fall. The moral world resembles the natural in this, as well as many other particulars. As there are in the loneliest forests, and the obscurest vales, objects which the painter might transfer to his sketch book with great profit, so there is no walk in human life but which may yield incidents and reflections of an interesting nature. Intelligent persons, of both sexes, although not competent to compose an epic poem, or a history, must yet have observed numerous events, and been struck with divers reflections, which, set down in plain language, would entertain, and probably instruct the greater part of

mankind; and here we digress a moment, to assure Master Robert Jones, the young boy, who a few weeks since wrote us an account of his oppressions in school, that his communication has excited much attention in several seminaries of learning, and he may encourage himself with the certainty that he has already rescued one or two well-meaning lads from their daily penalty of "six slaps." Miss Polly Plainway's letter has also been inquired after; and one or two of those very scribblers whose inconsistency she so ingeniously exposed, appear to be more moved with her wit than they ever have been with any other person's beauty.

There are lying by us a number of laconic epistles upon the most opposite subjects. Many are puffs—broad, glaring, atrocious puffs, which, if they were really true, would absolutely overturn the whole system of civilized society, and, indeed, alter the character of human nature. "Philo Junius" informs us of a dentist who has discovered a medicine by which the tooth-ache is immediately and permanently cured in all cases; he adds in a P.S. "teeth extracted without pain, and others set in which answer all the purposes of those formed by nature, and are generally more regular and beautiful."

A "friend to humanity" gives such a glowing description of the advantages of Dr. Scudder's artificial eyes, that many an ambitious belle, on believing the same, would be nearly tempted to extinguish her own, in order to kill with the glass optics of the doctor.

"Thespis" praises the New-York drama, and ends a sentence of Johnsonian magnitude and dignity, by eulogizing the liberality of that public which has appreciated the "splendid histrionic genius of a Cook, a Kean, and a Jenkins." As our memory does not furnish us with any remarkable display on the part of any person by the name of the latter candidate for immortality, we suspect "Thespis" had better drop "Mr. Jenkins," and let Kean and Cook find their way down to posterity without his assistance.

We must also compliment the modesty of the individual signing himself "Truth," who wishes us to assure our readers that his friend's "lucky lottery-office" is very far before all its contemporaries in lavishing high prizes upon its patrons, and that they who purchase tickets there are quite certain to make their fortune. Indeed, master "Truth" we shall assure our readers no such thing, but, on the contrary, recommend them to give the old proverb about "a fool and his money," a careful consideration.

After the puffs, which have of late years grown into so much importance that they form by themselves a distinct department of literature, we come to notes of a personal character, from "old subscribers," "friends to periodical literature," "constant readers," and "admirers of native genius," meaning us! With these frequently floats in one from some nameless Aristarchus, who demolishes us with learned criticisms in bad grammar, and uncommonly severe impertinence, incorrectly spelled. This produces the drollest contrasts and discords imaginable; and if we had time to peruse all of the latter, or room to lay them before our trusty readers, "white, black, and gray, with all their trumpery," they would unscrow the grimmest features into a smile. We think, one of these days, when our devil presses us hard for "copy," we will turn over some of them as specimens. An eastern king ordered his minister to come every morning into his apartment and remind him that he was a man. We do not aspire to the importance of the oriental sovereign; but, although the author of an anonymous insult has but a sorry theme to think on when he retires at night to his pillow, yet these abusive epistles, like the warning of the monarch's minister, we consider as useful to us as they are inseparable from an editorial life. They compose a convenient balance to praises as indiscriminate and ill-judged. For example, "Coriolanus" writes us that we are reviving the days of Addison, and thrusts us into as great company as "Thespis" does Mr. Jenkins, but our vanity is checked by the virulence of "Socrates," who gratifies us with the intelligence that "a man of sense would feel insulted by having our trash put into his hands." "Senex," in a youthful style of flippancy, reproaches us for having rejected his "lines to the star of even;" and the same post brought us favors from two gentlemen, one of whom has discovered that our paper has lately squinted towards Jacksonism, while the other accuses us of an undue partiality for young women. To the latter charge particularly, we shall not plead till we ascertain the penalty in case of a verdict against us.

Out of the whole heap which we have opened to-day, we have selected the following:

BALTIMORE, Dec. 27, 1831.

"MESSRS. EDITORS.—We were almost tired to death of your paper in this city for many months, in consequence of your frequent critiques upon the opera of Cinderella. Whether the piece be good or bad, we were heartily contented not to hear any thing about it. If bad, it was a mere waste of time—if good, it was exceedingly tantalizing to hear of your revelling in the delights of so delicious a banquet while we were hungry at a distance. Since that time Cinderella has been produced in Baltimore. I write this to give vent to my feelings of admiration, and to acquit you of any wrong in having so often alluded to its exquisite music. Mrs. Austin has carried every thing before her, and has half-turned the heads of the inhabitants of this city. Cinderella opened here the other evening to nine hundred dollars, rather more, I believe, than can sit in the theatre. The band and music were generally good. Walton played the Prince, and better than I thought he would, but I hear he is no substitute for Jones. The tail of one of the wicker horses, in the ball-room scene, took fire, it being of flax. The people on the stage shouted—the audience screamed—the rats and lizards also roared murder. Mrs. Austin narrowly escaped from the carriage with her

dress on fire, notwithstanding the assistance of the Fairy Queen. It was, however, instantly extinguished. The people were rushing out, and could hardly be composed. However, it ended happily. Yours, &c. &c. A SPECTATOR."

"MESSRS. EDITORS.—That you are not wrapped up in politics and the abstruse departments of science, renders the Mirror a most welcome visitor in our family. Assure yourselves, gentlemen, that I am not flattering you with an empty compliment when I praise you for occasionally touching on those relations of private life, which men are apt to esteem too unimportant for their consideration. I am the mother of several children, whose happiness is more interesting to me than the election of aldermen, or even the decision of the presidential question. When my little Julia's blue eyes are filled with tears, what are Adamsmen or Jacksonmen to me, compared with the knowledge how to dry them? and when young master Charles, after having done something wrong, regards me with such beseeching looks, and turns so pale at the sight of my displeasure, how much obliged I am to learn in what way I may soothe the yearnings of my love towards him without sinking the influence of the preceptor in the affections of the mother. Yet I have ever been an advocate for flagellation, and thought no child could be governed but by fear. Your sketch of the boy who had been beaten at school struck me so forcibly with the cruelty and the absurdity which frequently characterize the punishment of childhood, that I reflected whether I myself might not sometimes appear to others equally absurd and cruel, when in a hasty, and perhaps passionate moment I strike my trembling boy. I should have punished him on new-year's day by placing in his stocking a whip instead of the usual supply of childish treasures; but the anecdote related in your last, of the little fellow whose feelings were so severely wounded by a similar proceeding, checked my hand. When I entered his chamber late on the previous evening, in order to fulfil my plan, I paused to reflect upon myself as an agent of evil, thus stealing secretly, like a murderer, to stab the heart of the innocent reposing by my side. He little dreamed of the cruelty which his mother's hand was preparing for him. My eyes suddenly filled with tears, and I desisted from the attempt, but on the next morning, before I placed him in possession of such gifts as I had presented to his brothers and sisters, I called him to me, kissed him, and explained the deception which is usually practiced upon young children respecting St. Nicholas, and also informed him what I intended to have done in his case. He was strangely interested; and I made a deep impression and a moral one upon his feelings, when I added, 'Now, my dear boy, although you have done wrong, I thought by showing you your bad conduct in its proper light, instead of disgracing you and keeping you from enjoying this pleasant day with your brothers and sisters, that you would love me more and be less likely to do wrong in future. I trust to your own good sense to understand hereafter how wicked and unkind it is in you to disobey your mother, who would always rather forgive you and kiss you, than do any thing to make you unhappy.'

"Could I paint to you the looks of my child, who perfectly understood my meaning; his eyes full of tears, and cast down, not by terror, but his own conviction that he had acted incorrectly! I agree with you, gentlemen, that the task of forming infant minds is one which requires wonderful patience, tenderness, and care—and that beating, scolding, and other harsh, angry punishments, are too frequently practised. Yours, &c. A MOTHER."

"GENTLEMEN.—I am a member of the medical profession, and an old gentleman into the bargain, and therefore, however the young folks may titter, I may make some pretensions to wisdom. I am also an old New-Yorker, and generally keep an eye, as well as yourselves, upon what is going on about town. My object in writing this is to beg you will warn your lady readers against any rash exposure to this inclement season and climate. I think I can detect the influenza hiding itself in the folds of a light dress, and the consumption lurking in a pair of thin shoes. I keep a little day-book, in which I note down certain events, and send you a few items from it, which you can put into your paper or the fire, as you think best.

"Miss Louisa Wadman—a beautiful creature—her shape greatly admired. Saw her yesterday walking in Broadway in thin shoes. Called in to-day to prescribe for her. She complains of racking headache and pain in all her bones."

"Lucy Le Roy—carried off the palm for loveliness at Mrs. Williams's jam, the other evening, in a dress adapted to summer. Her brother came to me to-day, pale as ashes, to say that she is alarmingly ill—pain in the chest and difficulty of breathing. She cannot leave her room in a month, if she can ever."

"Emily Rose—the pride and joy of her family. She ventured out too soon after a slight attack of the prevailing epidemic, and lies at this instant in a burning fever, uttering the incoherent ravings of delirium."

"Sophia Gifford.—I shook hands with her last week in the street. Her countenance was overspread with a glow of ruddy health, and the exhilaration of exercise made her eyes sparkle with delight. I pointed to her feet and shook my finger at her, half in earnest and half in jest.

"Where are your thick shoes, you naughty girl?"

"Oh, doctor," she said, "they are so detestably awkward. You doctors are always trying to frighten people!"

"She never looked so well."

"I have just left a still, shaded room, where, on a bed of snowy whiteness, with a gauze drawn over her stiffened features, lies a cold dead form. Accustomed as I am to horrors, I can scarcely believe so amiable, so admirable a being has been sacrificed for so trifling an act of imprudence. Yours, &c. O. P."

THE CARRIER'S MEDLEY;

A DUST, AS SAID OR SUNG BY TWO CELEBRATED FEMALE VOCALISTS, ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, AND DEDICATED TO THE PATRONS OF

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

WRITTEN FOR THE CARRIER BY S. WOODWORTH.

SCENE—A drawing-room in Broadway in the house of Captain Moore, commander of the U. S. ship of the line *Spitfire*, just arrived from a cruise among the islands of the torrid zone.

As the curtain rises the orchestra strike up the air—"Songs of shepherds and rustical roundelays,"—long since immortalized by the facetious George Alexander Stevens, the celebrated lecturer on heads.

Enter Mrs. Moore (formerly Miss Affable) attended by her favorite woman, Susan.

I.

MRS. MOORE.

Time trips forward with fearful rapidity,
Once I thought that he travelled too slow;
Then my bosom, with eager fervidity,
Long'd to welcome the season of snow.
Now, Susan, it really appears to me clearly,
A little month, merely, instead of a year,
Since you last curled my tresses with New-Year's addresses,
From five or six presses! Now isn't it queer?

II.

SUSAN.

Time increases his wonted perniciousity,
Bards all tell us, when treading on flowers;
Love and Hymen, with wealth and felicity,
Now have added new wings to your hours.
'Tis due to that solely, for time travel'd slowly,
And pulses throb'd lowly, a twelvemonth ago;
But soon as you trapp'd in a certain brave captain,
Your wishes were wrapped in—things alter'd you know.

III.

MRS. MOORE.

True, dear Susan—I own it with gratitude;
Yet, tho' never so happy before,
Although possess'd of each earthly beatitude,
Still I am frequently praying for Moore!
But come—'tis the season for rhyme and not reason;
'Twere folly and treason to moralize now:
So bring forth your treasures—these holiday measures
Can add to our pleasures, we all must allow.

Susan takes from a table a bundle of NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESSES, and names the different offices from which they emanated, in the following solo:

IV.

Here's the "Daily," "Gazette," and the "Journal," too,
King's "American," "Advocate," "Post,"
Stone's "Commercial," and he's a colonel too,
Mumford's "Standard,"—egad! there's a host!
Webb's "Courier-Enquirer," that right-and-left firer,
And Jackson's admirer—the "Mercantile," too—

MRS. MOORE.

There're dailies; don't heed 'em—I don't wish to read 'em,
We ladies don't need 'em.—My favorite, Sue?

V.

That alone, amid all this variety,
Teems with sentiment, genius, and mirth;
That is read by the best of society,
All agree 'tis unrivalled in worth. [Susan seems at fault.]
Each line's worth a guinea—the MIRROR, you ninny!
Which always has been a deposit of wit;
Whose annual ditty, so lively and witty,
Enraptures the city—say, has it come yet?

VI.

SUSAN.

Mirror carriers, with strict punctuality,
Serve their patrons in sunshine or rain,
Yet, you see, on this day of hilarity,
Here we seek for their verses in vain.

MRS. MOORE.

The symptom is pleasing—while others are teasing,
With ardor unceasing, to sell us their lays,
These men of true merit, appear to inherit,
A high-minded spirit deserving of praise.

VII.

Still I'm longing to know the particular
Themes discussed in their poem this year;
Winds may vary—but poets, still fickle,
Always are aiming at something that's queer.

SUSAN.

The vassals of passion, of folly, and fashion,
Who heedlessly dash on, regardless of cash,
Without understanding the danger of stranding,
Are subjects demanding the touch of their lash.

VIII.

MRS. MOORE.

Europe, scourged with the cholera's ravages!
Belgium, saved from a threatening storm;
Poles, betrayed to the vengeance of savages!
Albion, robb'd of her promised reform!

SUSAN.

Poor Erin still pleading, and Portugal bleeding,
While Gallia, unheeding, still winks at each wrong;
Though Turkey progresses, with christian-like dresses,
And new printing-presses—fine subjects for song.

IX.

MRS. MOORE.

Patriot Bolivar, liberty's martyr too,
Claims a dirge from the holiday lyre,
While his country, by traffic and barter too,
Find their freedom about to expire.

For despots and regents, with half-savage legions,
Are causing those regions of beauty to bleed;
In liberty's name too, they kindle the flame too,
And boldly lay claim to a patriot's meed.

X.

These contrast with our country's prosperity,
Wealth, and strength, and extending domain,
Marching on with increasing celerity,
Sure the goal of true glory to gain.

SUSAN.

Resources still growing, exchequer o'erflowing,
No one debtor owing, but what she can pay;
By heaven directed, by valor protected,
By millions respected, who bow to her sway.

XI.

MRS. MOORE.

Famed for genius, the arts and the sciences,
Justice, equity, freedom, and peace;
Forming no entangling alliances,
Still beholding her blessings increase.

SUSAN.

Though "nullification" may threaten separation,
Our Union's duration will never be o'er,
For party dissensions, with local pretensions,
And tariff conventions, unite us the more.

XII.

MRS. MOORE.

Themes like these, for to-day, would be suitable,
Well discussed by the pen of a bard;
These we know to be facts irrefutable,
Subjects worthy each reader's regard.

SUSAN.

For incidents local, in tuneful strain vocal,
A point the most focal our city supplies,
Where critics discerning, of genius and learning,
Pretended wits spurning, true merit will prize.

XIII.

MRS. MOORE.

Native dramas, both tragic and farcical,
Paulding's Dutchman, in green muslin dress,
Family Library, and volumes more classical,
Harpers pour them in streams from their press.

SUSAN.

There's Dunlap and Trumbull, whose works will ne'er crumble,
Till monuments tumble, and nature shall pause;
And then they might mention the march of invention,
With Durant's ascension, amid shouts of applause.

XIV.

MRS. MOORE.

Hark! the door bell announces a visitor!

[Bell rings.]

SUSAN.

That's the Mirror, I'll wager, that rings.

MRS. MOORE, handing her purse.

Give a crown to the modest solicitor,
That he merits whatever he brings.
How many are losing the bliss of perusing
Productions amusing, by grudging the fee;
When woman turns miser, what hero would prize her?
I think she is wiser who squanders like me.

[Exit Susan.]

Re-enter SUSAN, with Address, singing:

XV.

Here's the treasure you're anxiously waiting for;
Sixteen stanzas, in dialogue too!
"Songs of shepherds,"—

MRS. MOORE.

Now what are you prating for?
Let me instantly look at it, Sue!

[She takes the poem and examines it.]

The same playful measure! Indeed 'tis a treasure!

I'll read it at leisure—so give me my purse.

SUSAN, returning the purse.

Nay, tarry one minute, and tell me what's in it;
You need not begin it—just sing the last verse.

MRS. MOORE, sings from the Address.

XVI.

"While our country is crown'd with felicity,
"Wealth and honor, with freedom and peace,
"May each blessing await upon this city,
"Genius flourish, and knowledge increase.
"May honors attend you, and fortune befriend you,
"Till heaven shall send you a message of love;
"May angels then meet you, and cordially greet you,
"While Mercy shall seat you in mansions above."

BOTH.

"May honors attend you, and fortune befriend you,
"Till heaven shall send you a message of love;
"May angels then meet you, and cordially greet you,
"While Mercy shall seat you in mansions above." [Exeunt.]

GLEANINGS FROM BREWSTER'S LIFE OF NEWTON.

CARES OF GREATNESS.—Bigotry, ignorance, and prejudice are ever on the watch to oppose every innovation and improvement. Newton's discoveries plunged him into controversies with the world, and the philosophers of the day, many of whom carried on their debates with a virulence for which all the fame of that wonderful man could scarcely atone. In gaining reputation he lost his tranquillity. His biographer quotes from his letters as follows:

"I intend," says he, "to be no farther solicitous about matters of philosophy. And therefore I hope you will not take it ill if you find me never doing any thing more in that kind; or rather, that you will favor me in my determination, by preventing, so far as you can conveniently, any objections or other philosophical letters that may concern me." In a subsequent letter in 1675, he says, "I had some thoughts of writing a further discourse about colors, to be read at one of your assemblies; but find it yet against the grain to put pen to paper any more on that subject;" and in a letter to Leibnitz, dated December the 9th, 1675, he observes, "I was so persecuted

with discussions, arising from the publication of my theory of light, that I blamed my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet to run after a shadow."

LIGHT.—The rays of solar light possess several remarkable physical properties: they heat—they illuminate—they promote chemical combination—they effect chymical decompositions—they impart magnetism to steel—they alter the colors of bodies—they communicate to plants and flowers their peculiar colors, and are in many cases necessary to the development of their characteristic qualities. It is impossible to admit for a moment that these varied effects are produced by a mere mechanical action, or that they arise from the agitation of the particles of bodies by the vibration of the ether which is considered to be the cause of light. Whatever be the difficulties which attach to the theory which supposes light to consist of material particles, we are compelled, by its properties, to admit that light acts as if it were material, and that it enters into combinations with bodies, in order to produce the effects which we have enumerated.

COPERNICUS.—This illustrious astronomer was surrounded by prejudices of so disgusting a nature, that even after having completed his work on the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, was afraid to give the results of his investigations to the world.

"Aware," says Mr. Brewster, "of the prejudices, and even of the hostility with which such a system would be received, he resolved neither to startle the one nor provoke the other. He allowed his opinions to circulate in the slow current of personal communication. The points of opposition which they presented to established doctrines were gradually worn down, and they insinuated themselves into reception among the ecclesiastical circles by the very reluctance of their author to bring them into notice. In the year 1534, Cardinal Schonberg, Bishop of Capua, and Gyse, Bishop of Culm, exerted all their influence to induce Copernicus to lay his system before the world; but he resisted their solicitations; and it was not till 1539 that an accidental circumstance contributed to alter his resolution."

TYCHO BRAHE.—Dissatisfied with his residence in Denmark, Tycho resolved to settle in some distant country: and having gone as far as Venice in search of a suitable residence, he at last fixed upon Basle, in Switzerland. The king of Denmark, however, had learned his intention from the prince of Hesse; and when Tycho returned to Copenhagen to remove his family and his instruments, his sovereign announced to him his resolution to detain him in his kingdom. He presented him with the canonry of Roskilde, with an income of two thousand crowns per annum. To this he added a pension of one thousand crowns; and he promised to give him the island of Huen, with a complete observatory erected under his own eye. This generous offer was instantly accepted.

JAMES THE FIRST.—When James I. went to Copenhagen in 1590, to conclude his marriage with the princess Anne of Denmark, he spent eight days under the roof of Tycho at Uraniburg. As a token of his gratitude, he composed a set of Latin verses in honor of the astronomer, and left him a magnificent present at his departure. He gave him also his royal license for the publication of his works in England, and accompanied with the following complimentary letter.

"Nor am I acquainted with these things on the relation of others, or from a mere perusal of your works, but I have seen them with my own eyes, and heard them with my own ears, in your residence at Uraniburg, during the various learned and agreeable conversations which I there held with you, which even now affect my mind to such a degree that it is difficult to decide whether I recollect them with greater pleasure or admiration."

JOHN KEPLER.—The misery in which Kepler lived forms a painful contrast with the services which he performed to science. The pension on which he subsisted was always in arrears, and though the three emperors whose reigns he adorned, directed their ministers to be more punctual in its payment, the disobedience of their commands was a source of continued vexation to Kepler. When he retired to Sagan, in Silesia, to spend in retirement the remainder of his days his pecuniary difficulties became still more harassing. Necessity at last compelled him to apply personally for the arrears which were due; and he accordingly set out in 1630 for Ratisbon; but in consequence of the great fatigue which so long a journey on horseback produced, he was seized with a fever, which carried him off on the 30th November, 1630, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

THE TELESCOPE.—There is, perhaps, no invention that science has presented to man so extraordinary in its nature, and so boundless in its influence as that of the telescope. To the uninstructed mind, the power of seeing an object a thousand miles distant, as large and nearly as distinct as if it were brought within a mile of the observer, must seem almost miraculous; and to the philosopher even, who thoroughly comprehends the principles upon which it acts, it must ever appear one of the most elegant applications of science. To have been the first astronomer in whose hands such a gift was placed, was a preference to which Galileo owed much of his future reputation.

No sooner had he completed his telescope than he applied it to the heavens, and on the seventh January, 1618, the first day of its use, he saw round Jupiter three bright little stars lying in a line parallel to the ecliptic, two to the east, and one to the west of the planet. Regarding them as ordinary stars, he never thought of estimating their distances. On the following day, when he accidentally directed his telescope to Jupiter, he was surprised to see the three stars to the west of the planet. To produce this effect it was requisite that the motion of Jupiter should be direct, though, according to calculation, it was actually retrograde. In this dilemma he waited with impatience for the evening of the ninth, but unfortunately the sky was covered with clouds. On the tenth he saw only two stars to the east—a circumstance which he was no longer able to explain by the motion of Jupiter. He was therefore compelled to ascribe the change to the stars themselves; and upon repeating his observations on the eleventh, he no longer doubted that he had discovered three planets revolving round Jupiter. On the thirteenth January he for the first time saw the fourth satellite.

PREJUDICES OF THE ABBE CONTI.—This noble Venetian accused Newton of reviving the occult qualities of the schools. But the most remarkable passage of his is the following: "I am a great friend of experimental philosophy, but Newton deviates much from it when he pretends that all matter is heavy, or that each particle of matter attracts every other particle."

*Simon Marius, mathematician to the marquis of Brandenburg, assures us that he discovered the satellites of Jupiter in November, 1609.

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FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

STORY OF GRATITUDE.

WHEN we find so much ingratitude and selfishness among mankind, and after conferring considerable favors, instead of securing a friend, find "the ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke"—when we so often see an apparent act of liberality originate from a selfish motive, it gives us pleasure to meet with an instance of disinterested generosity and pure gratitude in return; it makes us better satisfied with mankind and our situation among them.

The following was copied from the journal of an American ship-master, in his own words; he was an eye-witness of what he relates, and recorded it merely as a source of amusement for himself.

As I was standing, says the writer, in the street gate of the French coffee-house in Lima, with several American captains, one of whom was named B***s, our attention was attracted by a general officer, in full uniform, of a fine commanding appearance, coming out of the coffee-house, attended by his secretary. When near us he started, stopped an instant, then ran and caught B. in his arms, and cried, "My dear B. my dear friend! how happy I am to see you!" B. was astonished, and told him he did not recollect him. "What!" he says, "not recollect Hualero!" The exclamations of joy and congratulation were now mutual, and they went into the coffee-house together. Hualero immediately inquired of B. if he could serve him? he offered his purse—his house, or his interest. B. replied, that he was master of a vessel, which, with the cargo, had been seized by government on account of some Spanish property on board; that the trial would come on soon, and that the result was doubtful; in every other respect his circumstances were such as to need no assistance. Hualero told him to give himself no uneasiness, that he would attend to the business, that his obligations to him were such that he could never expect to cancel them, but it would give him the greatest pleasure to render him any service in his power. After some further conversation, he took leave, inviting B. to dine with him the next day, and bring any of his friends whom he chose.

On the following day, B. with two of his acquaintances left Lima for Bella Vista, a small village where the Colombian and Peruvian forces were encamped, under the command of Hualero. They had chosen this place as it was within gunshot of Callao castles, and convenient for erecting batteries behind the houses, without being annoyed by the Spaniards, (who still held the castles under the command of Rodil, the only spot on the continent of South America in their possession.) When the breast-work was completed and mounted with long brass twenty-four pounders, the buildings were torn down, and a heavy canonade opened on the astonished garrison, who, however, in return sent an immense quantity of bombs and shot into the batteries and village, but without much effect. After cannonading for several days, the fire gradually ceased on both sides, and was only continued at intervals.

In one of the batteries they found the general, who received them with much kindness and attention, and, after showing them all that could interest them for their amusement, ordered several shots to be thrown among a party of foragers outside the walls of the castle. The shots were promptly returned by the garrison, and were thrown with great precision. Hualero was personally known to Rodil and his officers; and being very conspicuous from his dress, all the shot appeared to be directed at him, not one of which passed more than twenty feet from him and his party. Several soldiers were wounded and one killed by the explosion of a bomb. After this military diversion, they repaired to the general's quarters, and dined with him and several of his officers. After dinner, the general related to the company his obligations to Captain B., and gave the following toast: "Captain B., the savior of my life." He then told him that his secretary had interceded with the government respecting his vessel, and that he might expect a favorable decision. When the party took leave, the general accompanied them nearly to Lima. The kindness and attention of Hualero to B. was unremitting. He offered to furnish him any house in Lima he chose to select, and was continually urging favors upon him. B.'s property was soon after liberated, though it was well known to be liable to condemnation. That a general officer in the Colombian army should have so much influence with the government, will not surprise any one who is acquainted with the state of affairs in Peru at that time.

The cause of Hualero's obligations to B. was as follows:—Several months after the Spanish army, under Morillo, had overrun the greatest part of Colombia, and almost annihilated the Patriot forces, B. was in the Havana, master of a vessel belonging to Philadelphia. He had finished his business, and was on the point of sailing for home, when he was accosted in the street by a man of an ordinary dress, with a shabby straw hat, requesting to know if he could have

a passage to the United States, with a separate cabin for his family. B. would not have hesitated a moment to refuse, had not his address been much superior to his appearance. Observing B.'s hesitation, he produced a purse of doubloons, and offered to pay his passage in advance, intimating that his appearance was rather from choice than necessity. B. having no other passengers, finally concluded to take him. The same afternoon he came on board with his family, and they soon after weighed anchor. It was near sunset when they came abreast the Moro castle, and were boarded by the guard-boat, with an officer and six or seven soldiers, who ordered the passengers and crew to be mustered on deck. After examining the roll of equipage, and asking the usual questions, he turned to the captain, and asked him if he was aware that he had a prisoner of war on board as a passenger. Before he could reply, he turned to the agitated Hualero, who expected that his disguise would protect him, and ordered him to go with him immediately on shore. B., who spoke the Spanish fluently, requested the officer to walk below, and showed the passenger's passport, which was intended for another person, whose name it now appeared he had assumed. The officer seemed satisfied, but told him Hualero must go on shore without delay. B. went on deck to give the necessary orders, while the officer remained below, seated at the table with a bottle of wine, which he did not think necessary to leave till all was ready. He found the unfortunate Hualero standing near the taffarel, his wife and children clinging to him, almost distracted with grief; but he stood perfectly erect, apparently unconscious of their presence. The ferocious expression of his eyes, and stern, determined look, showed that he was meditating on some desperate action. His reflections were interrupted by B., who told him he was sorry for his misfortunes, and that he regretted he had not informed him at first of his situation. He repeated the orders of the officer, and told him that no time could be lost. Hualero begged one moment's delay; then stated as briefly as possible, that he was a native of Colombia, had been a general officer in the Colombian army, that he had been taken prisoner, with many others, and sent to the Havana, his family being allowed to accompany him—had been several months closely confined, that his strength of constitution had enabled him to survive the confinement in that dreadful climate, which had proved fatal to most of his companions; that he had lately been enlarged on his parole, and had heard that all the prisoners of war were to be again closely confined. A friend had supplied him with money, and procured him the passport of a man who had died soon after receiving it. He dreaded another confinement—he preferred death, and determined to make his escape; "but I have failed," he said, "it is all over; I have no more hope, but I am armed, (showing a dagger,) and shall sell my life as dearly as possible; for never, never will I return to be punished by the merciless Spaniards." He looked at his wife for a moment, and his countenance lost its sternness; he appeared softened. "For myself," he added, "I am almost indifferent; but my faithful wife and poor children—." His voice faltered; he turned away, and covered his face. The situation of the unfortunate man, the tears of his children, and mute despair of his wife, forcibly excited the compassion of B., who was one of those warm-hearted persons who frequently act from the impulse of the moment, when their feelings are excited, without reflecting on the impropriety of the action, or the consequences. He told Hualero that he would protect him at the risk of his life. He immediately called the crew, and told them that they must stand by him, and assist him in detaining the boat till they got out to sea. The sailors, who had witnessed the whole, required no explanation, but told him to depend upon them.

It was now sunset. The vessel, with a light breeze, was slowly passing the Moro; the officer, becoming impatient, came on deck, and in a haughty manner demanded why his prisoner was not in the boat. He was told that he was not going. "Very well, sir," he said; "then there is something there," (pointing at the Moro castle, which was still visible,) "that will soon bring you too; jump into the boat, men, and pull for the shore." "Stop," said B. "you have a large safe boat, and must go a short distance to sea with me to-night. There is no time to parley; resistance will be instant death. You see we are armed, and ready to put my threat in execution." The officer, who did not think it necessary to risk his life for what, perhaps, he felt but little interest, and seeing all hands armed, thought it wisest to acquiesce, and submitted, in sulky silence. After clearing the Moro, they got a fine breeze, carried the boat so far as not to fear a pursuit, and permitted them to return. On the arrival of the vessel at Philadelphia, Hualero lived in the family of B. until he had an opportunity to return to his own country. Years had passed away. Colombia had established her independence, and had sent her armies, under Bolivar, to assist the republicans in Peru, who were struggling for existence. In 1824, after making a forced march to secure a pass for the purpose of preventing the junction of the Spanish forces, but

being too late, and the Spanish army double his force, it was evident from the conduct of the brave Bolivar, that he considered the cause entirely lost. He left the army, which was in the interior, and repaired to Lima, having ordered Sucre to retreat to the sea-coast, if possible; but if the army was destroyed, to save himself. Bolivar had vessels ready at Chaneay, to embark at a moment's notice; but the famous battle of Ayacucho changed the face of affairs, and established the independence of Peru. Hualero had been ordered from Caracas with a considerable body of fine troops, to reinforce the patriot army in the interior of Peru. He embarked at Panama, and arrived safe at Lima; but his reinforcement was no longer necessary in the interior, and he was ordered to invest Callao castles, while the combined patriot fleet blockaded the port. This was in March, 1825, about two or three months after the battle of Ayacucho. In the mean time B. had doubled Cape Horn, and arrived at Lima, where they accidentally met at the coffee-house gate, but under very different circumstances; Hualero in power, and the full tide of prosperity, but B. in distress, and needing his assistance. The conduct of neither in the first instance, would bear strict scrutiny; but the boldness and generosity of B., and the ardent gratitude of Hualero, must excite our admiration. The story may also have its moral; that a generous action is not always repaid with ingratitude. It is by such conduct that the character of our nation will rise in the estimation of foreigners to the height that it merits. Persons who never leave the United States have but a faint idea of their opinion respecting us. We are so conscious of our own merit, (and certainly with good reason,) that we never dream we are underrated by others. But the mists and clouds of ignorance are dispersing. Our country is becoming better known, and consequently more respected.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ANTI-INNOVATOR.

PLAQUE take the world! why cannot it stand still, and go on as it used to do when I was a boy? What do the people mean by the progress of events and the march of intellect? What good ever came by change? How is it possible that any man can be wiser than his father? Where can a man get his wisdom from but from his father? and his father cannot give him more than he has got to give. Ah dear! ah dear! I remember the time when the parish beadle was a man of some consequence, when a lord was a thing to be stared at, and a sight to be talked about—and the king!—why no man in his senses ever thought of the king but with the profoundest respect. Every day after dinner as soon as my father had said grace, he poured out a bumper of port, and drank "Church and King." It did one's heart good to see and hear him; it was as good as a sermon. The wine itself seemed conscious of the glory of its destination to be swallowed not unblest, and it looked bright in the glass and seemed to dance with eagerness to meet his lips. But now o' days, if I venture to toast church and king, I am forced to do it in a hurried, irreligious sort of way, with a kind of a sneer, as much as to say, it's all in my eye; or my boy Tom will laugh at me and drink the majesty of the people. The majesty of the people indeed! I should like to see it. There used to be some reverence shown to lords in former times—but how are they treated now? Snubbed at in the newspapers, elbowed in the streets, quizzed in epigrams, peppered with pamphlets, shown up in novels, robbed of their boroughs, and threatened with annihilation. People call that the march of intellect—I call it the march of insolence. When I was a boy, all the books we had in the house were the Bible and Prayer Book, and the Court Calendar; the first two containing our religion, and the last our politics: as for literature, what did we want with it? It is only the means of turning the world upside down, and putting notions into people's heads that would never get there without.

All the evil that is in the world came by innovation; and there is no part of the world free from innovation, neither the heavens above, nor the earth beneath, nor the waters that are under the earth. What business have men in the air with balloons? What good can they get there? What do they go there for but merely to come down, and perhaps break their necks? They would be much safer upon dry ground. Our ancestors used to be content with the sun, and moon, and stars, and four or five planets; now, forsooth, the impertinent ones must be poking their telescopes up to the sky, and discovering new planets, almost every night, as if we had not got as many planets already as we could do with.

Steam engines—I do not think we should ever have heard a word about parliamentary reform, if it had not been for steam engines. I hope Mr. Colburn will not have his magazine with this article printed with a steam press, for if he does I shall not dare to read it for fear of being blown up. What did we want with steam engines? Did we not beat the French without steam engines? To be sure

we did. I hate innovations. I should just like to know what is to become of all the hackney coach-horses, if we are to have steam carriages. The poor beasts look half-starved as it is; they will be ten times worse if they are to be turned out to make room for steam engines; and what shall we do for dog's meat if there are no horses to cut up? Then we must have Macadamized roads too! our ancestors did very well without Macadamized roads. They took their time in travelling from one place to another; and if they happened to be too late for the stage, they had nothing to do but run after it and catch it. Let them try to do so now.

Buildings, too! did ever any mortal see such an overgrown place as London is now? There is not a dirty ditch within five miles of London that has not got some Paradise-row, or Mount Pleasant, or Prospect-place stuck into it. Why can't the citizens live in the city as they used to do, and stick to their shops? There is no such place as the country now, it is all come to London. And what sort of houses do they build? Look at them—a bundle of matches for the timbers, and a basket of bricks for the walls.

Rail-roads—a pretty contrivance, forsooth! to pick the pockets of the good old wagon-horses, and the regular legitimate coach-horses that had stood the test of ages. Pray what is to become of the farmers, if there are no horses to eat their oats? And how are the rents to be paid, and the taxes, and the tithes, and the poor rates? and who is to pay the interest of the national debt? and what will become of the church if horses do not eat oats to enable the farmers to pay their tithes and feed the clergy? Manchester and Liverpool were quite near enough without the assistance of a rail road; and if the building mania goes on much longer, there will be no need of a road from one to the other, for they will both join, and the people may be in both places at once. People are talking now of rail-roads superseding canals, the good old canals, half of which are already three-quarters full of dock-weed and dead cats.

Look at the population, too! People go on increasing and multiplying as if they never intended to leave off. Hundreds and hundreds of people are coming into the world who have no right to be born. The world is as full as it can hold already; there is positively no room for any more. There was nothing like the number of children to be seen about the streets when I was a boy as there is now. I have sometimes half a mind to ask those lubberly boys that I see about the streets, what right they had to be here; but perhaps they would make me some impertinent answer, for they swagger about as if they thought that they had as good a right to be here as any one else. They should be ashamed of themselves for existing to the manifest inconvenience of gentlemen and ladies to whom they are exceedingly annoying.

Look at the reform bill, that sink of innovation, to speak metaphorically; that climax of novelty, that abominable poke in the ribs of our constitution, that destroyer of all that is venerable. Its opponents have been accused of talking nonsense against it. Very likely they have talked nonsense, for they have been so flabbergasted at the innovation, that they have not known what they have been saying.

If things go on changing at this rate for the next hundred years as they have done of late, we shall scarcely have a relic of the good old times left. The weather is not as it used to be when I was a boy. Oh! those were glorious old times when we had sunshine all through the summer, and hard frost all through the winter, when for one half of the year we could bathe every day, and for the other half could skate every day. There is nothing of that sort now. If a man buys a pair of skates in the winter, it is sure to thaw next day; and if a boy buys a pair of corks one day, there is sure to be a hard frost next morning. There is nothing but wet weather all through the winter, and no dry weather all through the summer. Formerly we used to have an eclipse or two in the course of the year, and we used to look at it through smoked glass, and very good fun it was, only it used to make our noses black, if we did not take care to hold the glass properly. If we look into the almanac for an eclipse, we are sure to see that it is invisible in these parts; and even if it is visible we can never see it, for there is always cloudy weather. I scarcely know any thing that is now as it used to be when I was a boy. Day and night have not quite changed places, but night and morning have. What used to be Sunday morning, when I was a little boy, has now, by strange mutation, become Saturday night. I wonder why people cannot dine at dinner-time as they used to do; but every thing is in disorder; a wild spirit of innovation has seized men's minds, and they will do nothing as they used to do, and as they ought to do. Things went on well enough when I was a boy; we had not half the miseries and calamities that one sees and hears of now. What an absurd and ridiculous invention is that nasty, filthy gas! The buildings where it is made look like prisons outside, and like infernal regions within; and there always is some accident or other happening with it: people have their houses blown up, and it serves them right, for they have no business to encourage such newfangled trumpery. The streets used to be lit up well enough with the good old fashioned oil lamps, which were quite good enough for our ancestors, and I think they might have done for us; but any thing for innovation! I must confess I like to see the good old greasy lamp-lighters and their nice flaring torches, they were fifty times better than the modern gas-light men with their little hand lamps, like so many Guy Fawkes!

And what harm have the poor old watchmen done, I wonder, that they must be dismissed to make room for a set of new police men and blue coats? The regular old legitimate watchmen were the proper and constitutional defenders of the streets, just as regular as the king is the defender of the faith, and a more harmless set of men

than the watchmen never existed; they would not hurt a fly. Things went on well enough when they had the care of the streets.

But innovations are not confined to the land, they have even encroached upon the water. Were not London, Blackfriars, and Westminster bridges enough in all conscience? What occasion was there for Waterloo bridge? a great, overgrown, granite monster, that cost ten times more than it is worth. And what occasion for Southwark bridge and Vauxhall bridge? Our ancestors could go to Vauxhall over Westminster or Blackfriars bridge. But of all the abominable innovations, none ever equalled the impudence of New London bridge. It was not at all wanted. I have been over the old one hundreds and hundreds of times. It is a good old bridge that has stood the test of ages, and it ought to have been treated with respect for very antiquity's sake. As for people being drowned in going under the bridge, nonsense! they would never have been drowned if they had done as I did—I always made a point of never going under it; and besides, if people are to be drowned, they will be drowned elsewhere if they are not here.

Talk of innovation, what can be a more outrageous innovation than steam-boats? They have frightened the fish out of the river already, and if they go on increasing as they have done of late, they will frighten the fish out of the sea too; and I should like to know where all the fishes are to go then? We shall be in a pretty mess if they all come ashore. Besides, the sea is obviously made to sail upon, or else what is the use of the wind? And if we have nothing but steam-boats, what will become of the sail-makers? People in these revolutionary times care nothing about vested interests. I hate innovation. I hate every thing that is new. I hate new shoes, they pinch my feet; I hate new hats, they pinch my forehead; I hate new coats, they put me in mind of tailor's bills. I hate every thing new, except the New Monthly Magazine, and I shall hate that if the editor rejects my article.

EXTRACT FROM COBBETT'S ADVICE TO A FATHER.

There is, in the management of babies, something besides life, health, strength, and beauty; and something too, without which all these put together are nothing worth; and that is *sanity of mind*. There are, owing to various causes, some who are *born idiots*; but a great many more become insane from the misconduct, or neglect of parents; and, generally, from the children being committed to the care of *servants*. I knew, in Pennsylvania, a child, as fine, and as sprightly, and as intelligent a child as ever was born, made an idiot for life by being, when about three years old, shut into a dark closet, by a maid servant, in order to terrify it into silence. The thoughtless creature first menaced it with sending it to "*the bad place*," as the phrase is there; and, at last, to reduce it to silence, put it into the closet, shut the door, and went out of the room. She went back, in a few minutes, and found the child in a *fit*. It recovered from that, but was for life an idiot. When the parents, who had been out two days and two nights on a visit of pleasure, came home, they were told that the child had had a *fit*; but they were not told the cause. The girl, however, who was a neighbor's daughter, being on her death-bed about ten years afterwards, could not die in peace without sending for the mother of the child (now become a young man) and asking forgiveness of her. The mother herself was, however, the greatest offender of the two: a whole lifetime of sorrow and of mortification was a punishment too light for her and her husband. Thousands upon thousands of human beings have been deprived of their senses by these and similar means.

It is not long since that we read, in the newspapers, of a child being absolutely *killed*, at Birmingham, I think it was, by being thus frightened. The parents had gone out to what is called an evening party. The servants, naturally enough, had their party at home; and the mistress, who, by some unexpected accident, had been brought home at an early hour, finding the parlor full of company, ran up stairs to see about her child, about two or three years old. She found it with its eyes open, but *fixed*; touching it, she found it inanimate. The doctor was sent for in vain: it was quite dead. The maid affected to know nothing of the cause; but some one of the parties assembled discovered, pinned up to the curtains of the bed, a *horrid figure*, made up partly of a frightful mask! This, as the wretched girl confessed, had been done to keep the child *quiet*, while she was with her company below. When one reflects on the anguish that the poor little thing must have endured, before the life was quite frightened out of it, one can find no terms sufficiently strong to express the abhorrence due to the perpetrator of this crime, which was, in fact, a cruel murder; and, if it was beyond the reach of the law, it was so and is so, because, as in the cases of parricide, the law, in making no provision for punishment peculiarly severe, has, out of respect to human nature, supposed such crimes to be *impossible*. But if the girl was criminal; if death, or a life of remorse was her due, what was the due of the parents, and especially of the mother! And what was the due of the *father*, who suffered that mother, and who, perhaps, tempted her to neglect her most sacred duty!

WINDSOR CASTLE.

A more magnificent and delightful royal residence can hardly be imagined than that of Windsor Castle. The eminence on which the castle stands is detached from every other, and advanced into the plain which it commands; it falls in a bold slope on one side, while it is easy of access on the other; and as the palace occupies almost all the brow, the whole hill seems but a base to the building. It rises in the midst of an enchanting country, and it is there the most distinguished spot: but though the situation is singular, it is not extravagant; it is great, but not wild. It is in itself noble, and all around it is beautiful.

The view from the terrace is not the most picturesque, but it is the gayest that can be conceived. The Thames diffuses a cheerfulness through all the counties where it flows, and this is in itself peculiarly cheerful. It is luxuriantly fertile; it is highly cultivated; it is full of villas and villages, and they are scattered all over it, not crowded together; no hurry of business appears, and no dreary waste is in sight; country churches and gentlemen's seats are every where intermixed with the fields and the trees. Every spot seems improved, but improved for the purposes of pleasure; all are rural: none are solitary: and the amenity of the plain is at the same time contrasted with the rich woods in the Great Park, their height, their shade, and their verdure.

The prospect is the more interesting, as all the environs of Windsor are classic ground. The forest prompted the first essays of Pope's muse; and Denham owes all his fame to his poem on Cooper's Hill. That beautiful eminence overlooks Runnymede, a place illustrious in English history. Behind it is Chertsey, the retreat of Cowley; before it Horton, the residence of Milton; and directly in front of the castle is Stoke churchyard, which Gray chose for the scene of his *Elegy*, and the place of his burial.

The castle itself and its appendages abound with monuments of antiquity and of genius. The remains of chivalry every where occur in this seat of the Order of the Garter; and the rude achievements of Edward III., his family, and his peers, are proper decorations for the hall of his knights. The pride of Wolsey still appears in the chapel which he intended for his obsequies, and which might be the mausoleum of a race of kings with propriety. The terrace was built by Elizabeth—was the resort of her warriors and statesmen, and is a work worthy of her reign. Here Shakspeare laid the scene of his comedy, when the queen dictated the subject; and Datchet Mead still retains its name; and the sawpit where the fairies lurked, may be traced; and the oak of Herne the hunter is standing. The poets of later days have always haunted the spot, and have celebrated the delights of Windsor as refinements on the pleasures of Charles II.'s dissipated court, and the majesty of the seat as reflecting lustre on the trophies of Queen Anne's triumphant reign.

The vast dimensions, also, and the style of the building, which, however deficient in some points of elegance and proportion, always retains an air of magnificence; the appropriation of distinct apartments to the several great officers of state, and the extent of the domains appendant on the castle; the groves in the Great Park, of eighteen miles in circumference, and the hills of the forest retiring to a distant horizon, are additional circumstances to distinguish this from all other royal residences. *Gardener's Magazine.*

PETRARCH'S LIBRARY.

The commencement of the reign of Lorenzo Celsi was distinguished by a magnificent bequest from Petrarch, of which the Venetians have proved themselves but little worthy. The poet appears to have contemplated his visits to the Lagune with no ordinary satisfaction; and, in order more substantially to testify his grateful sense of the frequent hospitality of the republic, he offered his library as a legacy. In 1362, while the plague was raging at Padua, he had fixed his abode at Venice, which was free from infection; his books accompanied him, and for their conveyance he was obliged to retain a numerous and expensive stud of baggage horses. On the fourth of September in that year he wrote to the senate, "I wish, with the good-will of our Saviour, and of the Evangelist himself, to make St. Mark heir of my library." His chief stipulations were, that the books should neither be sold nor dispersed, and that a building should be provided, in which they might be secure against fire and weather. The great council gladly accepted this liberal donation, and addressed its thanks in terms of courtesy (perhaps not exaggerated, if we remember the times in which they were written) "To a scholar unrivalled in poetry, in moral philosophy, and in theology." A palace which belonged to the family of Molina, and in later years was converted into a monastery for the nuns of St. Sepulchre, was assigned as a residence for the poet, and as a depository for his books. This collection, which formed the nucleus of the now inestimable library of St. Mark, though by no means extensive, still contained many treasures of no small price. Among them are enumerated a MS. of Homer, given to Petrarch by Nicolaus Sigerus, ambassador of the Greek emperor; a beautiful copy of Sophocles; the entire *Iliad*, and a great part of the *Odyssey*, translated by Leontius Pilato, and copied in the hand-writing of Boccaccio, whom the translator had instructed in Greek; an imperfect Quintilian; and most of the works of Cicero, translated by Petrarch himself, who professed most unbounded admiration for the great Roman philosopher. The Venetians, to their shame, grievously neglected the poet's gift. When Tomasini requested permission to inspect the books, in the early part of the seventeenth century, he was led to the roof of St. Mark's, where he found them, to use his own words, "*partly reduced to dust, partly petrified*!"—*dictu mirum! in eam mutata*; and he adds a catalogue of such as were afterwards rescued from destruction. *Sketches from Venetian History.*

BUONAPARTE'S MARRIAGE WITH MARIE LOUISE.

Napoleon had tried every means hitherto, except that of justice and forbearance, to attach to his alliance one of the great powers of Europe. Prussia, Austria, Russia, all had proved insincere, naturally enough, because ill-treated. But Buonaparte, with the self-partiality of his country, did not see the outrageousness and injustice of his own ambition: nevertheless, as this alliance was necessary, he resolved to recur to the old cement of European monarchies, viz. marriage. A wish to have heirs, perhaps the pride

of allying with ancient royalty, gave additional strength to his purpose; and, for a long time, a divorce with Josephine had been meditated; she herself had foreseen it, and her voice had from the first dissuaded her husband from assuming the crown. He had sought to show to the French public the inconvenience of there being no heir to the empire. He had adopted prince Eugene as his successor in Italy, the son of Hortensie and Louis as his successor in France. The infant died. After this event, which took place in 1807, whispers of an imperial divorce were circulated at court. At Tilsit perhaps, certainly at Erfurt, there was question of a marriage between Napoleon and a Russian princess,—an alliance which perfectly suited his views at that time. The idea was not relished at St. Petersburg, where the voice of the court and queen-mother was against France. The coldness on this point was one proof of the insincerity of the Roman alliance. At Schoenbrunn, now, the same idea was suggested with respect to Austria; and the emperor Francis, despite his pride, appreciated all the advantage of the offer: it was accepted, and, to cover the agreement, peace was made, apparently severe, really moderate.

The difficulty, to a man of any feeling, was to break it to the unfortunate Josephine. She had been fond and faithful; dignified in her new rank, as amiable in her old. But she was to be divorced—sacrificed to his ambition; or, as he termed it, "to the welfare of France." She used all a woman's entreaties, endured the anguish of wounded love and mortified pride. He was inexorable, and she obeyed; professed her willingness, with tears indeed, to consent to a divorce, and took all the steps necessary to obtain it. Nay, even after her doom was sealed, she consented still to act the empress of the pageant. She attended a solemn ceremonial, the thanksgiving service for a peace, to which she alone was sacrificed; and at length retired to Malmaison, with the state and title of empress. This took place in the last days of 1809. Ambassadors were then despatched to Vienna, to demand, as had been agreed on, the hand of the archduchess Marie Louisa. The suit was granted; and the marriage, by proxy, was performed in 1810. Napoleon went to meet his new empress at Soissons. The ceremony of her reception and entry was modelled after those of her aunt, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. What comparisons did not the relationship and similarity of each situation suggest! At a ball given by prince Schwartzberg, the Austrian ambassador, in honor of the imperial nuptials, a fire broke out, and many people perished; the prince's sister amongst the rest. In recounting this accident, the Parisians remembered that of the Place Louis Quinze, when, at the rejoicing for Marie Antoinette's marriage, so many hundreds had been crushed to death. Dr. Lardner.

HINTS FOR LOVERS.

If a youth is wooingly disposed towards any damsel, as he values his happiness, let him follow my advice: call on the lady when she least expects him, and take note of the appearance of all that is under her control. Observe if the shoe fits neatly, if the gloves are clean, and the hair well polished: and I would forgive a man for breaking off an engagement, if he discovered a greasy novel hid away under the cushion of a sofa, or a hole in the garniture of the prettiest foot in the world. Slovenliness will ever be avoided by a well-regulated mind, as if it were a pestilence. A woman cannot always be what is called dressed, particularly one in middling or humble life, where her duty, and it is consequently to be hoped, her pleasure lies, in superintending and assisting in all domestic matters; but she may be always neat—well appointed: and as certainly as a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband, so surely is a slovenly one a crown of thorns. Mrs. C. Hall.

TURKISH MARRIAGE.

I cannot better describe a marriage feast, than in the words of a friend of mine, who was present at one of some consequence in Constantinople. "I was invited by the haratshee-bushee, or capitation tax-gatherer, to attend the nuptials of his daughter. The feastings and rejoicings were to be conducted on a scale of unusual splendor, and to be continued three successive days. I found the extensive court-yard, in front of the house, filled with a crowd of common people, in the midst of whom were squatted on the bare ground three Turkish musicians. One of them was exerting all the power of his lungs to force out of a squeaking hautboy certain goose-like notes, which were intended as a leading melody. His next neighbor was beating an accompaniment on an enormous drum, and the third had before him on the ground two very small kettle-drums, which he struck methodically with short sticks, as if to mark the time for the other two, and also serve as an accompaniment. Every part of the house was crowded with male visitors of all ranks, who made a very splendid display of rich clothes and costly ornaments. It was with the utmost difficulty that I succeeded in making my way to the upper end of the principal apartment, in one corner of which sat the bride on a velvet-covered sofa, nearly level with the floor. Her face, though without a veil, was completely concealed under a thick paste, the surface of which was painted in a variety of light colors. This kind of mask kept her eyes and mouth hermetically closed. As a friend of the house, I brought my present, consisting of a diamond ring, and a large gold coin called a mahmon-diary. The former I placed on the bride's little finger, and the latter I endeavored to fasten in front of her head-dress; but like many others which had preceded mine, it fell into her lap. The principal garment of the bride was an ample robe made of rich gold tissue. Her fingers were literally covered up to the nails with diamond rings. On her head-dress were heaps of diamond ornaments, some of which were her own, and others borrowed for the occasion. She wore

round her neck some very rich pearl necklaces, joined with diamond clasps, and her long black hair hung in manifold tresses on her shoulders and back, intermingled with a profusion of gold tinsel. In this condition, exposed to the excessive heat of the weather, and of the crowded room, and having to endure all the torments of excessive thirst and hunger, was this poor creature to remain during two whole days, unattended by any one of her sex, excepting at night. At the close of the second day, the mask of paste was to be taken off; on the third she was to undergo the customary ceremonious purification at the vapor bath, and on the morning of the fourth, the bridegroom was left at liberty to enter into his connubial rights. These ceremonies are always observed in Turkey on the occasion of a marriage, and only differ in point of splendor according to the condition and wealth of the parties." Journal of a Nobleman.

FULTON AND THE FIRST STEAM-BOAT.

"When," said Mr. Fulton, "I was building my first steam-boat at New-York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference or contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

"Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All fear, none aid you, and few understand."

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of the Fulton folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board, to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest, that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety, mixed with fear, among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, the boat moved a small distance and stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it would be so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight misadjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New-York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted, if it could be done again; or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value."

Such was the history of the first experiment as it fell, not in the very language which I have used, but in its substance, from the lips of the inventor. He did not live indeed to enjoy the full glory of his invention. It is mournful to say, that attempts were made to rob him in the first place of the merits of his invention, and next of its fruits. He fell a victim to his efforts to sustain his title to both. When already his invention had covered the waters of the Hudson, he seemed little satisfied with the results, and looked forward to far more extensive operations. "My ultimate triumph, my ultimate triumph," he used to say, "will be on the Mississippi. I know, indeed, that even now it is deemed impossible by many that the difficulties of its navigation can be overcome. But I am confident of success. I may not live to see it; but the Mississippi will yet be covered by steam-boats; and thus an entire change be wrought in the course of the internal navigation and commerce of our country." North American Review.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

This is a sad season for the theatres. Parties, balls, soirees, and sleighing, usurp the attention of the fashionable. Good plays are well acted to select audiences; and the noble operas at the Park resemble those

"Gems of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

The curiosity of amateurs, however, has been considerably ex-

cited to hear Mr. Jones sing the music of Masaniello. He executes it sweetly, and sometimes with surprising tenderness, taste, and effect. "I've sworn he shall not perish," and "Calm thee to rest," are given in that ample and rich voice, which is a treasure to a vocalist. On the second night, the barcarole, and the solo, "I've sworn," &c. were loudly encored by, considering the season, an excellent house. The chorusses were, as usual, exceedingly well done. Miss Clara Fisher has concluded her engagement. The lively evidences of gratification, always awarded to her performances, are the surest test of that taste and genius with which this young girl has been gifted by nature. She has departed for the south, where her deserved celebrity will render her a prominent attraction. Mr. Forest played the Gladiador one night, with his accustomed success. Miss Clifton and Mr. Hamblin have returned to the American theatre. Mrs. Duff is re-engaged at the Richmond-hill. As the weather has, in a great measure, prevented our attending the representations of either, we substitute, for further remarks, a letter from a friend.

CINDERELLA IN BALTIMORE.

Baltimore, December 29th, 1831.

GENTLEMEN—In compliance with your request, I follow the peregrinations of the "Fairy and the Little Glass Slipper," and find them installed here under the direction of Mr. Walton. Baltimore certainly can boast one of the prettiest little theatres in the Union, second only to the Park in point of internal construction; the house well warmed and lighted, and the stage remarkably spacious. Mr. Walton, it appears, is the first manager who has thought proper in this city to maintain such an operatic establishment as would enable that species of drama to have fair play, and up to the present moment his arrangements have given general satisfaction. In the arduous undertaking of preparing Cinderella for the public, (a part of which had, probably, witnessed the excellent management of the piece at New-York, where opera is an every day occurrence,) Mr. Walton had much to contend with; however he met the difficulty with considerable ability. His chorus was strengthened from New-York and Philadelphia, as well as his band. Mr. Fisher was specially engaged as the Baron, and Mr. Norton took his place in the orchestra. It may be as well to state that at Philadelphia the opera had in many points improved since our last communication: the Clorinda, the Thisbe, and the Baron (Mr. J. Fisher) had gained confidence, and the latter obtained, and with reason, much credit for his conception of the part. The Pedro, (Mr. Roberts) on the contrary, whose humor and acting we had at first cause to praise, thought proper, latterly, to make a dialogue of his own, with no respect or regard to that written by Mr. Rophino Lacy, and infinitely worse, being a tissue of witless unmeaning epithets, culled from the common transactions of the day, or advertisements in the papers. To give you a specimen of this gentleman's improvement on the author, we have only to mention such epithets as the following, used in addressing the Prince—"Your most anti-dyspeptic highness," "Your anti-bilious highness," "Your anti-masonic highness," and, we suppose, in reference to the price of fuel, "Your anti-ten-dollar a cord highness." This was duly appreciated by the colored gentlemen in the gallery, who roared with laughter until they nearly turned pale; and those gentlemen, who in the boxes and pit crack pea-nuts, and bury their heads in large apples, literally laughed until they turned black; such marks of encouragement were, however, in our poor thinking, severely counterbalanced by the looks of disgust evidently perceptible on the countenances of that class of the community which exclusively occupied the first circle of boxes during the performance of Cinderella in Philadelphia. To return to the town of terrapins and canvas-back ducks; all preparations being completed, Cinderella took the field. Mr. Jones had been countermanded to New-York, and the part of the prince fell on Mr. Walton's shoulders. We cannot fairly compare this gentleman, as a singer, with Mr. Jones; but with considerable tact and easiness on the stage, a competent knowledge of music, and with an imposing figure, set off to the best advantage by dress, he was no bad substitute. The Philadelphian Fairy Queen, Mrs. Smith, had originally been borrowed from Baltimore. Mr. Fisher, as the Baron, we have already spoken of. The Cinderella it would be waste of time to introduce to her patrons in New-York, but the two sisters, Clorinda and Thisbe, demand a word, as do Dandini, Pedro, and Alidoro. Meadames Willis and Chapman acted with spirit, and sang very correctly. If Mrs. Sharpe be the best singing Clorinda in America, and Mrs. Vernon the best acting Thisbe, we have no fault to find with the zeal and attention found in those characters here. Dandini was acted with decency, and some humor, by Mr. Garner: he was very perfect in the music, and correct in the dialogue. The part of Alidoro, by Mr. Chapman, was in safekeeping. Mr. Eberle, a decided favorite with the Baltimore audience, made Pedro a dry half-Dutch, half-Yankee character, but extremely amusing. The scenery was on the whole good; in several instances the machinery was better than either in Philadelphia or New-York. The kitchen scene and transformations were better; the rat and lizards disappeared through the kitchen dresser, and presto, coachmen and footmen appeared from the same place, and the car was drawn by four fat-looking animals, with splendid housings. The house the first night was literally crammed, and every thing succeeded admirably, until the ball-room scene, when the accident already mentioned in the papers took place. The piece went off with eclat. Since then it has appeared to fashionable and excellent houses; the manager has reformed his horses' tails, and the piece is played more perfectly, on every ensuing night, and will, doubtless, continue to be attractive. B.

LETTERS FROM THE ABSENT EDITOR.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER ONE.

AT SEA.

GENTLEMEN—I have emerged from my berth this morning for the first time since we left the Capes. We have been running six or seven days before a strong north-west gale, which, by the scuds in the sky, is not yet blown out, and my head and hand, as you will see by my penmanship, are anything but at rights. If you have ever plunged about in a cold rain storm at sea for seven successive days, you can imagine how I have amused myself.

I wrote to you after my pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington. It was almost the only object of natural or historical interest in our own country that I had not visited, and that seen, I made all haste back to embark, in pursuance of my plans of travel, for Europe. At Philadelphia I found a first-rate merchant brig, the *Pacific*, on the eve of sailing for Havre. She was nearly new, and had a French captain and no passengers, three very essential circumstances to my taste, and I took a berth in her without hesitation. The next day she fell down the river, and on the succeeding morning I followed her with the captain in the steam-boat. On board the latter I found some ten or twelve acquaintances on their way to Baltimore, and among them Mr. Berrien, of the late cabinet, whom I mention for the sake of recording my last impression before departure. We had arrived at Delaware city, off which the brig lay at anchor, and having parted from my friends, I was stepping over the boat-side into the captain's gig, when Mr. Berrien recalled me. "One word," said he, in a very emphatic tone, as I turned round to the group, "*come back American!*" They were the last words addressed to me in my native land—"come back American!" I wish they could be said as impressively to every young man embarking from our country for foreign travel.

Some ten or fifteen vessels, bound on different voyages, lay in the roads waiting for the pilot boat, and as she came down the river, they all weighed anchor together and we got under way. It was a beautiful sight—so many sail in close company under a smart breeze, and I stood on the quarter-deck and watched them in a mood of mingled happiness and sadness till we reached the Capes. There was much to elevate and much to depress me. The dream of my life-time was about to be realized. I was bound to France, and those fair Italian cities, with their world of association and interest were within the limit of a voyage, and all that one looks to for happiness in change of scene, and all that I had been passionately wishing and imagining since I could dream a day-dream or read a book, was before me with a visible certainty; but my home was receding rapidly, perhaps for years, and the chances of death and adversity in my absence crowded upon my mind—and I had left friends, (many—many as dear to me, any of them, as the whole sum of my coming enjoyment) whom a thousand possible accidents might remove or estrange, and I scarce knew whether I was more happy or sad.

We made Cape Henlopen about sun-down, and all shortened sail and came to. The little boat passed from one to another, taking off the pilots, and in a few minutes every sail was spread again, and away they went with a dashing breeze, some on one course and some on another, leaving us, in less than an hour, apparently alone on the sea. By this time the clouds had grown black, the wind had strengthened into a gale, with fits of rain; and as the order was given to "close-reef the topsails," I took a last look at Cape Henlopen, just visible in the far edge of the horizon, and went below.

OCT. 18.—It is a day to make one in love with life. The remains of the long storm, before which we have been driven for a week, lie in white, turreted masses around the horizon, the sky overhead is spotlessly blue, the sun is warm, the wind steady and fresh, but soft as a child's breath, and the sea—I must sketch it to you more elaborately. We are in the Gulf Stream. The water here, as you know, even to the cold banks of Newfoundland, is always blood-warm, and the temperature of the air mild at all seasons, and just now, like a south wind on land in June. Hundreds of sea-birds are sailing round us—the spongy sea-weeds washed from the West Indian rocks, a thousand miles away in the southern latitudes, float by in large masses—the sailors, barefoot and bareheaded, are scattered over the rigging, doing "fair-weather work"—and just in the edge of the horizon, hidden by every swell, stand two vessels with all sail spread, making, with the first fair wind they have had in many days, for America.

This is the first day that I have been able to be long enough on deck to study the sea. Even were it not, however, there has been a constant and chilly rain which would have prevented me from enjoying its grandeur, so that I am reconciled to my unusually severe sickness. I came on deck this morning and looked around, and for an hour or two I could scarce realize that it was not a dream. Much as I had watched the sea from our bold promontory at Nahant, and well as I thought I knew its character in storms and calms, the scene which was before me, surprised and bewildered me utterly. At the first glance, we were just in the gorge of the sea, and looking over the leeward quarter, I saw, stretching up from the keel, what I can only describe as a hill of dazzling blue, thirty or forty feet in real altitude, but sloped so far away that the white crest seemed to me a cloud, and the space between a sky of the most wonderful beauty and brightness. A moment more, and the crest burst over with a splendid volume of foam; the sun struck through the thinner part of the swell in a line of vivid emerald, and the whole mass swept under us, the brig rising and riding on the summit with the buoyancy and grace of a bird.

The single view of the ocean which I got at that moment, will

be impressed upon my mind forever. Nothing that I ever saw on land at all compares with it for splendor. No sunset, no lake scene of hill and water, no fall, not even Niagara, no glen or mountain gap ever approached it. The waves had had no time to "knock down," as the sailors phrase it, and it was a storm at sea without the hurricane and rain. I looked off to the horizon, and the long majestic swells were heaving into the sky upon its distant limit, and between it and my eye lay a radius of twelve miles, an immense plain flashing with green and blue and white, and changing place and color so rapidly as to be almost painful to the sight. I stood holding by the taffarel an hour, gazing on it with a childish delight and wonder. The spray had broken over me repeatedly, and as we shipped half a sea at the scuppers at every roll, I was standing half the time up to the knees in water; but the warm wind on my forehead, after a week's confinement to my berth, and the excessive beauty lavished upon my sight were so delicious, that I forgot all, and it was only in compliance with the captain's repeated suggestion that I changed my position.

I mounted the quarter-deck, and pulling off my shoes, like a school-boy, sat over the leeward rail, and with my feet dipping into the warm sea at every lurch, gazed at the glorious show for hours. I do not hesitate to say that the formation, progress, and final burst of a sea-wave, in a bright sun, are the most gorgeously beautiful sight under heaven. I must describe it like a jeweller to you, or I can never convey my impressions.

First of all, a quarter of a mile away to windward, your eye is caught by an uncommonly high wave, rushing right upon your track, and heaping up slowly and constantly as it comes, as if some huge animal were ploughing his path steadily and powerfully beneath the surface. Its "ground," as a painter would say, is of a deep indigo, clear and smooth as enamel, its front curved inward, like a shell, and turned over at the summit with a crest of foam, flashing and changing perpetually in the sunshine, like the sudden out-burst of a million of "unsunn'd diamonds," and right through its bosom, as the sea falls off, or the angle of refraction changes, there runs a shifting band of the most vivid green, that you would take to have been the cactus of Venus as she rose from the sea, it is so supernaturally translucent and beautiful. As it nears you, it looks in shape like the prow of Cleopatra's barge, as they paint it in the old pictures; but its colors, and the grace and majesty of its march, and its murmur, (like the low tones of an organ, deep and full, and, to my ear, ten times as articulate and solemn) almost startle you into the belief that it is a sentient being, risen glorious and breathing from the ocean. As it reaches the ship, she rises gradually, for there is apparently an under-wave driven before it, which prepares her for its power; and as it touches the quarter, the whole magnificent wall breaks down beneath you with a deafening surge, and a volume of foam issues from its bosom, green and blue and white, as if it had been a mighty casket in which the whole wealth of the sea, crysoprase, and emerald, and brilliant spars had been heaped and lavished at a throw. This is the "tenth wave," and for four or five minutes, the sea will be smooth about you, and the sparkling and dying foam falls into the wake, and may be seen like a white path, stretching away over the swells behind, till you are tired of gazing at it. Then comes another from the same direction, and with the same shape and motion, and so on till the sun sets, or your eyes are blinded and your brain giddy with splendor.

I am sure this language will seem exaggerated to you, but, upon the faith of a lonely man, (the captain has turned in, and it is near midnight and a dead calm) it is a mere skeleton, a goldsmith's inventory, of the reality. I long ago learned that first lesson of a man of the world, "to be astonished at nothing," but the sea has over-reached my philosophy—quite. I am changed to a mere child, in my wonder. Be assured no view of the ocean from land can give you a shadow of an idea of it. Within even the outermost Capes, the swell is broken, and the color of the water in soundings is essentially different—more dull and earthy. Go to the mineral cabinets of Cambridge or New-Haven, and look at the *fluor spars*, and the *turquoises*, and the clearer specimens of *crysoprase* and *quartz* and *diamond*, and imagine them all polished and clear, and flung at your feet by millions in a noon-day sun, and it may help your conceptions of the sea after a storm. You may "swim on bladders" at Nahant and Rockaway till you are gray, and be never the wiser.

The "middle watch" is called, and the second mate, a fine rough old sailor, promoted from "the mast," is walking the quarter-deck, stopping his whistle now and then with a gruff "how do you head?" or "keep her up, you lubber," to the man at the helm; the "silver shell" of a waning moon, is just visible through the dead-lights over my shoulder, (it has been up two hours, to me, and, by the difference of our present meridians, is just rising now over a certain hill, and peeping softly in at an eastern window that I have watched many a time when its pines have been silvered by the same chaste alchymy) and so, after a walk on the deck for an hour to look at the stars and watch the phosphorus in the wake, and think of —, I'll get to my own uneven pillow, and sleep too!

I judge much of men, and of women too, by their voices. The muscles of the face, by long practice, may be subdued to any habitual expression; physiognomy is fallacious; the organs of the head are easily concealed; but I am assured by all my experience, that the tone of the voice has a constant affinity with the tone of the mind.

Friendship, to be permanent, must be perfectly independent; for such is the pride of the human heart, that it cannot receive a favor without a feeling of humiliation, and it will almost unconsciously harbor a constant wish to lower the value of the gift by diminishing that of the donor. We esteem benefactors as we do tooth-drawers, who have cured us of one pain by inflicting another.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE MUTATIONS OF LIFE.

A SKETCH.

How vain are the schemes and projections of man!
His enjoyments illusive and fleeting!
Since the changes arising through life's narrow span
Are all his fond wishes defeating.

The visions of pride, and those structures sublime,
For fame rear'd with pompous endeavor;
Shall be crush'd into nought by the finger of time,
Like the dreams of ambition—for ever!

Little thinks the vain beauty, so pleasingly gay,
Of speedy decay, age, and sorrow;
And the miser with toil hoards up treasures to-day,
Which a profligate squanders to-morrow.

For our children we image, through life's busy scenes,
Length of years, and the bliss of enjoying,
But, alas! the dark blight of fell death intervenes,
The flower in its blossom destroying.

O'er the mind from these truths sad feelings would steal,
All energy deeply depressing;
If a power Supreme had not deign'd to reveal
A charm, ev'ry evil redressing.

Our duties prescribed will dispel ev'ry gloom,
If to heaven and man purely cherish'd;
They'll hallow this life, and eternally bloom,
When all that is human hath perish'd!

GREAT COATS AND HATS.

There is much to be gathered from a great coat. I believe my subject, if translated into Greek or Latin, with a grave *ology* after it, would not be found unworthy the consideration of philosophers, especially as I do not remember that the critics have taken notice of it. Here! stand by the window, and look down into the street. See that elderly gentleman talking to his friend on the corner, with the snuff-colored surtout. Nothing could be more plain in its make; yet you may observe it is cut exactly to fit, and the cloth is of the finest. It is buttoned with three buttons around his body, that can scarcely yet be termed capacious. No show, but comfort. His hat is not new. I detest a staring new hat. It's so conceited! I always feel inclined to quarrel with a fellow who has a palpably new hat; but this one betrays neatness without ostentation, and care without pride. It has been brushed, but the servant did it. Then the nap is short. There is something so gentlemanly in a short-napped hat; and the rim has such a modest breadth. There's dignity in a wide rim. It's out of the fashion; but then it's above it. It's retiring and respectable, and casts a shadow over the eyes, as if the wearer were thinking. I have a contempt for a man whose hat has a narrow rim. It tells of flippancy and a whalebone cane? You may depend upon it the old gentleman is rich. You don't feel sure of it? It's clear as daylight. Look at those boots—they are mirrors—and the over-shoes as bright; the snowy-white cravat, without collar; the spotless gloves; the plain gold-headed cane. Take my word for it, that gentleman dines at four, and sips a wine after dinner that glides down the throat like oil.

Here comes a bird of a different feather. There's a cloak, now! with its ample drapery of superfine blue cloth, fitting over the shoulder, the broad collar and facing in front of black velvet; and the hat a little one side. That man likes Pelham better than Waverley. He's a fine fellow, with good blood in his veins. He does not take oysters often, but when he does it is at Windust's. Edgerton makes his clothes; and if you were to tell him of any other hatter than St. John he would stare, and say nothing. You see those cloaks in the box-doors of the theatres? I have heard voices coming out of them late at night, mixed with segar smoke, in catches of "Behold, how brightly breaks the morning," and "Your barcarole merrily singing." That's a buck.

After him comes a broad-shouldered man, with a shaggy double-breasted over-coat, buttoned across his chest, and close up to the chin. Rough, but comfortable! He has a pair of thick gloves, lined on the back with fur. He too is a blood, but in his own way. He scorns a fop, and seeks distinction only among his own set; drives fast horses, and is a leading man at a frolic. He is careless about his apparel. His hat is unbrushed, and boots unclean; but he swaggers with a sort of good-natured savage bravado. His gang now will call him, "prime bang-up." He himself is full of slang and devilry; knocks a man down, and says, "he has fixed his flint for him;" and after staring a modest girl out of countenance, laughs aloud, and tells Dick, she's "not so slow;" who answers, that she's "real bunkum."

There is a kind of surtout people call a "wrapper." It is a blending of the two orders of cloak and great-coat, stuffed with cotton, and lined inside with silk. It has a wide collar, generally of some kind of soft fur, which runs down far in the front, and the cuffs of the sleeves are also of fur. It is sometimes fastened tight around the body with a belt. I have never yet been mistaken in a wrapper; they belong to your true gentleman. None other dare wear it, for it is the most awkward-looking thing ever cut by shears, only for the associations connected with it. It leans towards literature, and has a pretty tinge of aristocracy. The wearer will swear "truth out of England" that he is not any one of consequence, but don't believe him. He thinks he is not, but he deceives himself. There is the true pride of a gentleman lurking in his veins, which bursts out thus in his wrapper. He feels he is not exactly as other men are, else he would never dream of mounting such a solecism in the science of personal economy. Of all the forms and qualities of

"those troublesome disguises that we wear," as dear old John Milton says, a practical and meditative mind can gain most information from this. I have despised people for be-dizening and bedaubing their coats with lace, and afterwards found them fine fellows. I have felt a disposition to horsewhip a man for his mustachios; have detested a slender youth, in consequence of the exorbitant magnitude of his whiskers; and once conceived a rankling enmity against a stranger, for wearing an uncommonly low-crowned hat; and I have lived to respect and love each and all of these; but, in your genuine wrapper, there's "no mistake." I only know five, which really come under that class, (for they have been sometimes badly imitated by a few of "nature's ordinary sale work,") and I traced each of them to their source, which clearly confirmed my theory. The first two I was acquainted with; they were editors; one an old veteran, who had weathered more political and literary gales than he could count, and is now rather an oracle in his party—the other a young, ardent, and promising writer, who has advocated his claims to the wrapper by many elegant compositions. The third—you may see it to this day—the identical one, in his pictures, was an author of genius in the humorous, pathetic, and historical, sufficient for ever to consecrate that remarkable garment in my imagination. The fourth I had seen several times when a boy, and one day asked my father who he was?

"Why, is it possible," said my father, "that you do not know who that is? You will be delighted that you have seen him. That is *****"

The fifth and last resembles a comet which has but lately visited our sphere. It rose upon me one day in the street. I was afraid to betray my ignorance by asking who it was, and it passed away. I consoled myself by the hope of meeting it some other time. "Perchance 'twill walk again," thought I. I met it frequently afterwards. It gave me an immense deal of trouble. The conflict in my mind between the desire to know and the shame of betraying that I did not know, was awful. Hats went off to it in the street, pretty faces lighted up with smiles as they passed it; sometimes the great playactors uncovered themselves in its honor; the great publishers stopped it, and whispered in its ear sometimes. My curiosity at length grew too strong for restraint. It crossed my path one day, with one of the other wrappers by its side. There was no bearing that.

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed I, seizing hold of a passing friend, "who is that yonder?"

"What? that gentleman with a double-breasted great-coat?"

"Fire and fury! no! there—that one."

"What? that gentleman there, with the books under his arm, in a wrapper?"

"Yes, yes! If you love me, tell me—quick—who is it?"

"Why! Is it possible," said he, with an incredulous smile, "is it possible you don't know who that is? Why that's *****"

I slapped my hand down on my knee. I have lived many years. I knew it then—I know it now. I never can be mistaken in a wrapper.

SEDLEY.

TO MISS ELIZA SNOOKS.

Eliza Snooks, Eliza Snooks,
'Twas very wrong of you
To send me forth, last Thursday night,
With such a kind adieu.
Thy soften'd tones went to my heart,
And still they murmur there,
Inspiring dreams of bliss, alas!
I ne'er may hope to share.
Eliza Snooks, you kiss'd your hand
On that bright moon-lit eve,
And felt, or kindly feign'd, regret,
That I so soon should leave.
Ah, whether it was feign'd or felt,
Is more than I can tell—
But, that it "smash'd" a foolish heart,
Alas! I know too well.
But why should I confession make
To an indifferent ear?
Hearts only should to hearts confess,
And thine is gone, I fear.
Well, be it so—I shall not weep—
And sighing's all in vain—
I'll keep my heart for six long hours,
Till thine return again.

LOVE OF PRAISE.

"Oh, praise, how sweet thy sound to human ear,
We women love thee, and the men revere."—*Anon.*

A friend of mine wrote a book, which appeared anonymously. It excited general admiration and curiosity. One day, an acquaintance of his happening to be speaking with him upon the subject, inquired if he had any idea by whom it was written, and receiving a negative answer, placed his finger on his nose, and whispered confidentially, "I don't wish you to say anything about it, but—" concluding with a significant gesture, as much as to say, he was the author.

This natural thirst after praise is one among the clear evidences that we are created for social life. It shows itself in every human being, in various ways; some are, like the person above alluded to, contented to receive it, whether it has been justly earned or not, while others, with a more noble emulation, are satisfied to deserve it, although the world neglect to acknowledge the validity of their claims. Nothing is more characteristic of an elegant and lofty soul than an anxiety rather to act well, than to gain applause and a scorn to wear laurels not justly won. Indeed, they who reject un-

merited praise are, for that generous frankness, entitled to more than they have cast off; while they who degrade themselves to paltry shifts to procure a reputation which their own virtues are not sufficient to obtain, betray their unworthiness for that which they desire. I know two characters, very opposite in this respect—the first is idle, dissolute, and of a mean disposition, and takes more trouble to seem what he is not, than would be necessary to make him what he would seem. He is a member of the medical profession, and boasts of an increasing practice, although I know his tailor pays him more visits than he bestows upon any patients, and although he is a regular frequenter of billiard-rooms, it is suspected for more purposes than that of amusement, he is careful to leave a learned technical book upon his table, spread open at an abstruse page, as if he had just left off reading. On entering his room the other day, I found him engaged in such a profound study of an encyclopedia, that he was for a moment unconscious of my approach. He acted the matter so speciously, that I was myself nearly deceived, till a glance over his shoulder informed me that the volume was upside down. I have known him fling half-a-dollar on the pavement to a beggar-boy, and the same day slyly cheat a confectioner out of sixpence. When he believes himself observed, he is the most generous and scrupulously honest creature in the universe, but at all other times, there is no deed too false and petty for him to descend to. How refreshing to turn from such a hypocrite to a different character, who does good for its own sake, from those pure and secret impulses which nature seems to have bestowed on some, and neglected in others. His soul is also cheered by the approbation of his fellow-creatures; any indiscriminate lavish of it pains him more than censure undeserved. Instead of making a parade of assumed virtues, he shrinks from the discovery of those he possesses. His kindness and affections display themselves in the thousand little circumstances of life, which can be rather felt by those around him, than enumerated; and his charity flows unseen, and reminds me of Pope's description of the stream:

"Not to the skies, in useless columns tost,
Nor in proud falls, magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain."

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE WEATHER.

FOR the following interesting article we are indebted to the American Almanac for 1832, published in Boston by Gray and Bowen.

"The question has been much discussed, whether the winters in the temperate latitudes have become milder or not. There is abundant evidence, it seems to us, in favor of the alleged change. Rivers which used to be frozen over so as to support armies, and which were expected to be covered in the winter season with a natural bridge of ice, as a common occurrence, now very rarely afford such facilities to travellers. The directions for making hay and stabling cattle, left us by the Roman writers on husbandry, are of little use in modern Italy, where, for the most part, there is no suspension of vegetation, and where the cattle graze in the fields all winter. The associations with the fireside annually referred to as familiar to every one, can be little understood now in a country where there is ordinarily no provision for warming the houses, and no occasion for artificial heat as a means of comfort. The ancient custom of suspending warlike operations during the season of winter, even in the more southern parts of Europe, has been little known in campaigns of recent date; not because the soldier of our times is inured to greater hardships, but because there is little or no suffering from this cause.

"In the northern parts of our own country also, the lapse of two centuries has produced a sensible melioration. When New-England was first settled the winter set in regularly at a particular time, continued about three months without interruption, and broke up regularly, in the manner it now does in some parts of Canada and Russia. The quantity of snow is evidently diminished, the cold season is more fluctuating, and the transition from autumn to winter, and from winter to spring, less sudden and complete. The period of sleighing is so much reduced and so precarious as to be of little importance compared with what it was. The Hudson is now open about a month later than it used to be. We are not, however, to conclude that so great a melioration has taken place as might at first be inferred from this fact. The change, whatever it be, seems to belong to the autumn and early part of winter. The spring, we are inclined to believe, is even more cold and backward than it used to be.

"The supposed mitigation of winter has usually been ascribed to the extirpation of forests and the consequent exposure of the ground to the more direct and full influence of the solar rays; and there can be little doubt that a country does actually become warmer by being cleared and cultivated. The favorable change experienced in the New-England and the middle states may, it is thought, be referred to this circumstance. But the very alteration that is observed in the similar latitudes of Europe can hardly be accounted for in this way. It is doubtful whether Italy is more clear of woods or better cultivated now than it was in the Augustan age. No part of the world, it is believed, has been cultivated longer or better than some parts of China, and yet that country is exposed to a degree of cold much greater than is experienced in the corresponding latitudes of Europe.

"The science of astronomy makes us acquainted with phenomena that have a bearing upon this subject. The figure of the earth's orbit round the sun is such that we are sometimes nearer to this

great source of heat by three millions of miles, or one thirtieth of the whole distance, than at others. Now it so happens that we have been drawing nearer and nearer to the sun, every winter, for several thousand years. We now actually reach the point of nearest approach about the first of January, and depart farthest from the sun about the first of July. Whatever benefit, therefore, is derived from a diminution of the sun's distance, goes to diminish the severity of winter; and this cause has been operating for a long period, and with a power gradually but slowly increasing. It has at length arrived at its maximum, and is beginning to decline. In a little more than ten thousand years this state of things will be reversed, and the earth will be at the greatest distance from the sun in the middle of winter, and at the least distance in the middle of summer.

"We are speaking, it will be observed, with reference to the northern hemisphere of the earth. The condition alluded to, to take place after the lapse of ten thousand years, is already fulfilled with regard to the southern portions of our globe, since their winter happens at the time of our summer. How far the excessive cold which is known to prevail about Cape Horn, and other high southern latitudes, may be imputed to this, we are not able to say. There is no doubt that the ice has accumulated to a much greater degree and extended much farther about the south pole than about the north. Commodore Byron, who was on the coast of Patagonia on the fifteenth of December, answering to the middle of June with us, compares the climate to that of the middle of winter in England. Sir Joseph Banks landed at Terra del Fuego in the latitude of 50°, on the seventeenth of January, about the middle of summer in that hemisphere; and he relates that two of his attendants died in one night from the cold, and the whole party was in great danger of perishing. This was in a lower latitude by nearly two degrees than that of London. Captain Cook, in his voyage toward the south pole, expressed his surprise that an island of no greater extent than seventy leagues in circumference, between the latitudes of fifty-four and fifty-five degrees, and situated like the northern parts of Ireland, should, in the very height of summer, be covered many fathoms deep with frozen snow.

"The study of the stars has made us acquainted with another fact connected with the variable temperature of winter. The oblique position of the earth's axis with respect to the path round the sun, or what is technically called the obliquity of the ecliptic, is the well known cause of the seasons. Now this very obliquity, which makes the difference as to temperature between summer and winter, has been growing less and less for the last two thousand years, and has actually diminished about one eightieth part, and must have been attended with a corresponding reduction of the extremes of heat and cold.

"It still remains for us to inquire, how it happens that the extremes of heat and cold in the United States are so much more intense than they are in Europe under the same parallels. The thermometer with us in New-England falls to zero about as often as it falls to the freezing point in the same latitude on the other side of the Atlantic. The extreme heat of summer also is greater by eight or ten degrees. This remarkable difference in the two countries, as to climate, evidently arises from their being situated on different sides of the ocean, taken in connection with the prevalence of westerly winds. With us a west wind is a land wind, and consequently a cold wind in winter and a warm wind in summer. The reverse happens on the opposite shore of the Atlantic. There the same westerly current of air, coming from the water, is a mild wind in winter and a cool refreshing breeze in summer.

"The ocean is not subject to so great extremes of heat and cold as the same extent of continent. When the sun's rays fall upon the solid land, they penetrate to only a small depth, and the heat is much more accumulated at the surface. So also during our long cold nights this thin stratum of heated earth is more rapidly cooled down, than the immense mass of the ocean through which the heat is diffused to a far greater depth. At a sufficient distance from land the temperature of the sea, in the temperate latitudes, is seldom below forty-five or above seventy degrees; that is, the ocean is exposed to an annual change of only twenty-five or thirty-degrees; while the continent, in the same latitude, is subject to a variation of one hundred or more.

"We are confirmed in the cause here assigned for the excessive severity of our climate by finding that the parts of China, situated like the Atlantic states, have a similar climate; and that the western coast of this continent, without the benefit of much cultivation, enjoys the same mild temperature that belongs to places similarly situated in the western parts of Europe.

"The principal causes of the unfavorable character of our climate seem, therefore, to be of a permanent nature; and although it is somewhat meliorated, and may, in time to come, be rendered somewhat more tolerable, yet we are probably never destined to enjoy in New-England the fine seasons and delicious fruits of the corresponding latitudes of Europe."

INTELLIGENCE OF BIRDS.

BY MRS. HALL.

I had once a favorite black hen, "a great beauty," she was called by every one, and so I thought her; her feathers were so pretty, and her toppings so white and full! She knew my voice as well as any dog, and used to run cackling and hustling to my hand to receive the crumbs that I never failed to collect from the breakfast-table for "Yarico;" so she was called. Yarico, when about a year old, brought forth a respectable family of chickens; little, cowering, timid things at first, but, in due time, they became fine chubby ones; and old Norma, the hen-wife, said, "If I could only keep Yarico out

of the copse it would do; but the copse is full of weazels, and, I am sure, of foxes also. I have driven her back twenty times, but she watches till some one goes out of the gate, and then she's off again; it's always the way with young hens, miss; they think they know better than their keepers, and nothing cures them but losing a brood or two of chickens." I have often thought since, that young people, as well as young hens, buy their experience equally dear. One morning I went with my crumbs to seek out my favorite in the poultry-yard; plenty of hens were there, but no Yarico! The gate was open, and, as I concluded she had sought the forbidden copse, I proceeded there, accompanied by the yard-mastiff, a noble fellow, steady and sagacious as a judge. At the end of a ragged lane, flanked on one side by a quick-set hedge, on the other by a wild common, what was called the copse commenced; but before I arrived near the spot, I heard a loud and tremendous cackling, and met two young long-legged pullets running with both wings and feet towards home. Jock pricked up his short ears, and would have set off at full gallop to the copse, but I restrained him, hastening on, however, at the top of my speed, thinking that I had as good a right to see what was the matter as Jock. Poor Yarico! An impudent fox-cub had attempted to carry off one of her children, but she had managed to get them behind her in the hedge, and venturing boldly forth, had placed herself in front, and positively kept the impudent animal at bay; his desire for plunder had prevented his noticing my approach, and Jock soon made him feel the superiority of an English mastiff over a cub-fox. The most interesting portion of my tale is yet to come. Yarico not only never afterwards ventured to the copse, but formed a strong friendship for the dog that preserved her family. Whenever he appeared in the yard, she would run to meet him, prating and clucking all the time, and impeding his progress by walking between his legs, to his no small annoyance. If any other dog entered the yard, she would fly at him most furiously, thinking, perhaps, that he would injure her chickens; but she evidently considered Jock her special protector, and treated him accordingly. It was very droll to see the peculiar look with which he regarded his feathered friend, not exactly knowing what to make of her civilities, and doubting how they should be received. When her family were educated and able to do without her care, she was a frequent visitor at Jock's kennel, and would, if permitted, roost there at night, instead of returning with the rest of the poultry to the hen-house. Yarico was most certainly a grateful and interesting bird.

One could almost believe the parrot had intellect, when he keeps up a conversation so spiritedly; and it certainly is singular to observe how accurately a well-trained bird will apply his knowledge. A friend of mine knew one which had been taught many sentences; thus, "Sally wants her breakfast!" "Sally wants her tea!" but she never mistook the one for the other; breakfast was invariably demanded in the morning and tea in the afternoon; and she always hailed her master, but no one else, by "How do you do, Mr. A.?" She was a most amusing bird, and could whistle dogs, which she had a great pleasure in doing. She would drop bread out of her cage, as she hung at the street-door, and whistle a number about her, and then, just as they were going to possess themselves of her bounty, utter a shrill scream of "Get out, dogs!" with such vehemence and authority as dispersed the assembled company without a morsel, to her infinite delight. I have heard of another parrot, too, that was caught up by an eagle. The parrot, in its ignorance, was quite amused at such a unique mode of conveyance, and seeing the old gardener, who had lost most of his hair, at work, exclaimed, "Baldpate, I ride, I ride!" "Yes," replied the old man, slowly raising himself, "yes, yes, and you'll pay for it." The story goes on farther to say, that the gardener, no way offended by the bird's unceremonious mode of address, followed the eagle to the next field, where he alighted with his prey, and there actually rescued the parrot, just as the eagle began to strip him of his feathers; by which time, we may presume, the saucy bird had learned, that it was not the pleasantest thing in the world to ride with an eagle. The raven, too, is a bird of humor and sagacity. There was one kept, a few years ago, at Newhaven, an inn on the road between Buxton and Ashburn. This bird had been taught to call the poultry when they were fed, and could do it very well too. One day the table was being set out for the coach passengers' dinner; the cloth was laid, with the knives and forks, spoons, mats, and bread, and in that state it was left for some time, the room door being shut, but the window open. The raven had watched the operation very quietly, and, we may suppose, felt a strong ambition to do the like. When the coach was about arriving, and dinner was carried in, behold, the whole paraphernalia of the dinner-table had vanished! It was a moment of consternation; silver spoons, knives, forks, all gone? But what was the surprise and amusement to see, through the open window, upon a heap of rubbish in the yard, the whole array very carefully set out, and the raven performing the honors of the table to a numerous company of poultry, which he had summoned about him, and was very consequentially regaling with bread.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.—"Feathers from my own wings." The author of this collection is Charles Edwards, formerly editor of the Crystal Hunter. It consists of essays, tales, and poems, most of which, we believe, have been already laid before the public in various journals. Notwithstanding an occasional eccentricity of style, many of these pieces indicate considerable talent. "Rose Raimond," and "The boy with the golden locks," are particularly popular, and have been copied extensively.

McElrath and Bangs have published a little volume, containing many juvenile tales, called "School Library of Useful and General Knowledge."

IN PRESS.—We have already announced that Willis G. Clarke, has put to press a volume of his metrical effusions; since which time the publisher has politely shown us a few of the printed sheets. The entire work, which, we perceive, is dedicated to Bulwer the novelist, will be issued in the course of the present winter. The portion before us contains the commencement of the principal poem, "Manoka," a fragment of an Indian tale. With this we have been so much pleased that we take the liberty of extracting a few passages. They have no relation, however, to the main plot.

Come, Memory, with thy power to paint and sing
The vanished glory of life's little spring!
Back o'er the soul the light of childhood pour,
And bring its blossoms, though they bloom no more;
To fancy's eye unfold each braided wreath,
Once twined on sunny brows, undimmed by death.

Bring back the tale and lay of yore, so dear,
Which fell in sweetness on the thirsty ear,
When hope was singing, like the lark at morn,
And all the flowers of youth were newly born.

Thanks for thy bidden aid—at thy command,
As by the magic of the enchanter's wand,
A thousand scenes returned to life, arise,
Softer than moon-beams in the evening skies:
Upspring a thousand roses, fresh with dew,
And round my path their radiant tints renew:
Their breath seems floating where the winds prevail,
And birds and brooks give music to the gale;
Mid skies where fancy moves her frolic wing,
Life's train of morning stars arise and sing.

Mr. Clarke is extensively and very advantageously known as a writer. The ability with which he conducts the Philadelphia Gazette, one of the oldest journals in our fair sister city, is universally acknowledged; and, in addition to his editorial talents and experience, he uniformly maintains towards his contemporaries a gentlemanly courtesy, that merits marked praise in these times of warm political discussion. As a poet, however, he is more familiar to the literary circles. His productions are numerous, and many of them beautiful. We would designate as among the best, his "Lines to Mary, Queen of Scots," which originally appeared in the Mirror, and have thence been transferred to various publications here and in Great Britain, and translated into several foreign languages. Notwithstanding the volumes of American poetry lately issued, and now in the press, this collection from the pen of Mr. Clarke will be an acceptable offering to the public, and shall receive at our hands an early notice.

We learn from the National Gazette, that Mrs. Haslam, a niece of the late Stephen Girard, is preparing a biography of her uncle, from the papers and continued diary which he kept. A likeness of Mr. Girard will accompany the work.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1832.

Editor's Study.—Being the other evening at the representation of an opera, the admirable skill of the improved orchestra, and the great number of singers assembled together, afforded such a pleasing entertainment that we were for a moment tempted to consider music as a divine art, till the thought struck us that this sound

"Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,"

was the result of an infinite deal of trouble and labor. How the voice that flows with such a liquid sweetness and apparent ease has wearied itself with repeating those very notes which burst on the hearer's ear freshly and delightfully, like the unmeditated warble of a bird. Hear that low-toned flute, breathing, you would think, as naturally and with as little effort as the summer brook when it leaps bubbling and murmuring on its winding way; but of how many hours of intense application it must be the result. There is not a note in all that blended harmony but has cost toil and vexation. There was something jarring and discordant in this thought. It reminded us of earth, then of editors and authors. The public is a great, good-natured creature, who must be amused, no matter at what cost. He forgets that his luxuries are the fruit of a tree which has been watered with the sweat of other men's brows. Perchance the lashed slave wept as he dug from the Brazilian stream the diamond which flashes on his finger—and his wine came over a stormy ocean—and a kingdom of industrious bees perished to furnish his amber honey. Even the sheet which we present, with diffidence, for his entertainment, is not exempted from the universal decree; and we despair utterly of making him understand, in its full force, the difficulty of spreading weekly, for many successive years, a medley which can enliven without being trifling, or instruct without being dull, agreeable to the opposite tastes, feelings, and acquirements of both sexes, and containing matter which the old will peruse with interest, and the young with profit. Never was seen an animal more hungry than a weekly journal. Its appetite is insatiable. It no sooner swallows one supply, than its ever open throat is ravenous for another. Then it is dainty in its food. A daily is a widely different creature, and much more easily pacified. If the editor is busy, or indolent, or sick, he flings it a few columns of "news from Europe," or a message, or a speech, as one casts a bone to an importunate dog. It would be a curious metaphysical experi-

ment for some new Locke to note the precise difference between an editor and a man. The former gets a mode of thinking exclusively his own. There is nothing else in nature like an editor's thoughts. As the constant dropping of water wears away the rock, so the perpetual necessity of supplying a stated quantity of literary matter by a certain time, gives the oddest character to the operations of his mind. His imagination is cut up and divided into columns. He thinks in paragraphs. The air and the earth are full of "articles." An earthquake or shipwreck are good luck to him, for they "fill so much." Then the shifts he is put to in "making up the form." The little unhappy vacancies at the foot of the columns must be "filled," or sometimes there is too much copy, and it must be cut. Like the victims on the bed of Procrustes, poem, essay, and all must be made to suit. This sometimes produces dire consequences. We have had to cut "six lines" out of a lover's soliloquy, and put "a stick" into the mouth of a dying man; and once, in noticing an American literary production, we were forced to omit the words "native genius," which we, in common with other editors, think should be always introduced on such occasions. Even the Spectator complained of the task of filling his paper, and very ingeniously wrote his complaint and remedy in the following manner. He received, or we rather suspect, pretended to receive, a note to this effect:

"Will's Coffee-house."

"MR. SPECTATOR—Pray sir, it will serve to fill up a paper if you put in this; which is only to ask whether that copy of verses which is a paraphrase of the Isaiah, in one of your speculations, is not written by Mr. Pope? Then you get on another line by putting in, with proper distances, at the end of a letter,

"I am, sir,

"Your humble servant,

"ABRAHAM DAPPERWIT."

To which the Spectator replied:

"MR. DAPPERWIT—I am glad to get another line forward, by saying that excellent piece is Mr. Pope's; and so, with proper distances,

"I am, sir,

"Your humble servant,

"THE SPECTATOR."

We intend these observations for the public in general, but for him in particular who sent the annexed letter. Our readers may conceive what must be the complicated texture of an editor's meditations when those of one of his correspondents are such a medley.

MESSRS. EDITORS—It was my wish to have furnished you with a communication for the present number, but my fatal habit of procrastination has prevailed. To show you, however, that I am becoming literary, I beg you to read the extract I shall give from a blank book in which I am accustomed to note down every subject which strikes me during my daily readings or peregrinations, as capable of being manufactured into an essay, tale, or true history. Many of them are, of course, never used, as I do not follow literature as a business. Besides, an object at one time rises in my mind a set of images which at another are totally forgotten; so that at the end of a week I often find my memoranda as dark as Egyptian hieroglyphics. To detain you no longer, here are my notes. They are so rough, and, in some cases, afford such faint and remote hints of what I was probably thinking of at the time I set them down, that I confess I am now and then at a loss to know my own meaning.

"Quotations from foreign languages—big wig—gratitude—ride 313—on a man's criticising his friend's book in a partial manner—Locke—Plutarch—pleasures of sickness—delights of poverty, *tantum animis*—reflections on the morality of Milton—ride paper in my drawer—pickles—love—letter from a susceptible young man, begging the editor to request a beautiful girl not to turn her eyes on him when they meet in the street, and petitioning the legislature to compel pretty women to wear veils and long frocks. The poet's reward—no wealth—no luxury—groupe listening to a handsome young girl reading aloud poet's last octavo—summer air stealing in the open window—poet peeps in—hears woman read his lines—woman cries—poet laughs—and acknowledges justice of fate, while the snow beats against him unregarded—(I had drawn my pen over the last line.) Writers of Elizabeth's age rascals for not finding out something about Shakespeare—fires—traveling—engravings on wood—dogs—cats—account of a meeting of the alphabet, and a debate on the subject of Webster's mode of spelling. Sir Francis Bacon—dirty streets—opera—hump—bump—house on fire—letter from my friend in the South Sea—v. 317—horse-shoe—pork—peep into the green-room after new tragedy—description of a girl so pretty that I love her, so satirical that I hate her. Mem. ask editors of the Mirror what I had better do about it. Plot for a story: stranger, Don Carlos de Montfredonia—big cloak—mustachios—old abbey by moonlight—silver edges—clinging ivy—murmuring streams—weeping clouds—stars—been there for ever, and will probably continue there till they pass away; but man must not judge of such things hastily. Don Carlos asleep on the edge of a precipice—moon walking the midnight sky. Donna Miranda comes out to enjoy the balmy zephyr with a book—purest of human beings—more white and innocent than the snow yet unformed in the azure expanse above our heads. Don Carlos wakes, and loves—agree to meet in the bower, when rosy morn scatters the plain with the brilliant, flashing, chaste, and new-wept dew. Donna Miranda fails to come—Don Montfredonia jumps off the precipice in despair—Donna Miranda comes and jumps after him—waves settle over their victims—birds sing as usual—broken-hearted parents fly to a foreign country to drown their sorrow, and plunge into the United States territory among the Rocky Mountains—there find Don Carlos and Donna Miranda turned Indians, and living in a wigwam—tears of gratitude—and wind up with the American eagle."

In looking over all these subjects, Messrs. Editors, and not finding any which I felt disposed to handle, I concluded to copy a couple of pages to show you what fine things you may expect from me soon. I can discern what they are all about. TOM SCRIBBLE.

Let us assure the reader that the next letter is genuine, and we think very sentimental.

GENTLEMEN—Spare me a line or two, and I will be brief. I find cloudy weather in several families where I thought I had sincere friends, because I did not visit them on new-year day. This is to certify that I was not very well on that day, and did not go out of my room, and that I intended disrespect to no family or individual hereby. Is it possible that such a trifle can chill any one's good feeling towards me, and that I am condemned without a hearing? Was that reproachful look of Miss Laura's yesterday in Broadway, intended to tell me our friendship is broken? and that distant civility with which the youthful and kind-hearted Mrs. Rose received my compliments in the afternoon, a sign that a day has destroyed the esteem which I have been years in raising up? Can it be that friendships hang by so slight a thread, that such amiable and valuable acquaintances are so ready to take offence where none was intended? How many wintry snows have wrapped the earth and dissolved away since I first met thee, lovely Julia, in the graceful dance; and never before had I beheld that head tossed with so earnest an appearance of displeasure? And thou too, good-humored Maria, I would go a pilgrimage for thee over a flinty desert, if thy interest required it, and yet that freezing "air"—I protest against it. I honor the venerable custom which we celebrate, and am glad to see you, gentlemen of the Mirror, taking up your pen in its favor. Mr. Paulding's admirable story is every where read with pleasure; and I am sure the influence of his humorous sketch was felt strongly from the North Battery to the Dry Dock, and from the Bowling-green to Stuyvesant's meadows. I would fight under his banner, could I wield a quill like him, and I hope this public acknowledgment will be received as a reparation for my apparent neglect, in not doing my duty as a friend and a native New-Yorker. Pray print this before it is too late. Yours, in great anxiety. AN UNHAPPY MAN.

P. S. If necessary, I can procure a certificate from a physician, or the affidavits of several neighbors to establish the fact that I had the influenza.

P. S. I shall shut myself up till your next paper comes out, and spend the interim in improving my mind.

GENTLEMEN—We all know that Brooklyn is a very pleasant place in spring and summer; parts of it may indeed be justly termed beautiful, especially the healthful heights, which embrace so wide a prospect of our splendid bay, and the surrounding soft and delightful scenery. It is not my present intention, however, to dilate on the perfections of nature, but to allude to an evil which I am persuaded might be remedied. In the course of every winter great interruptions occur at the ferries, in consequence of the ice, which are frequently productive of serious inconvenience and loss. Many times the boats cease running at the twilight, and thus twelve thousand citizens are placed under embargo, and cut off from the civilized world till the return of day. I have been greatly disappointed in being transported over early in the evening, to find myself prevented from returning, although there was no discoverable reason, except in the caprice or wisdom of the ferrymasters, which sometimes led them to stop the boats in anticipation of frightful quantities of ice expected on the morrow, or during the following week. Now if there be any practicable way to maintain the communication uninterrupted in winter, it should be done. It strikes me that there ought to be two sets of boats; one for the icy season, which should be built firmly, and of the strongest materials, and be furnished with powerful engines, of at least double the capacity of those used at present, to enable them to make headway through every description of ice except large sheets extending from shore to shore, but which are always carried away on the receding tide; at least the company ought to be compelled to keep one boat of such a construction that the intercourse could never be impeded, except in seasons of unusual severity and duration. The bows should be sharp, and sheathed with iron, and the rudders and wheel enclosed and protected. I would also suggest that this might be accomplished by means of iron bars passing below the wheel, and forming a sort of cage: the ice would then pass underneath, and the wheel could be kept in motion to force the boat through the opposing obstacles. At present, when ice is encountered, the steersman very sagaciously orders the engine to be checked, thereby decreasing the velocity, and reducing the boat to nearly a quiescent state, she is then permitted to creep through, and to drift on the tide, as if in expectation of a miracle. It would be useful to place a large light at the head of the boat, like the lantern to a carriage, that the steersman might see his way through the surrounding difficulties. As the ferries are under the bane of a monopoly, the public have no hopes but in the mercy of the stockholders, and the approaching expiration of their charter, which ought never to have been granted. If the shores had been open to enterprise and ingenuity, I cannot doubt that long ere this a regular and uninterrupted communication, night and day, would have been established, which would afford advantages and convenience to thousands, of which they have, unfortunately, been long deprived. Yours, respectfully, B. D.

GENTLEMEN—I stole the enclosed lines from a love-stricken friend, who will be so ashamed to see them in print, that I hope it will cure him of his troublesome disease. From the tenor of the poem, which appears to consist mostly of such fragments as have been floating through his mind, you will conclude that he is a pining

and emaciated unfortunate, dying of grief. Nothing can be farther from the truth. He is a fat and saucy specimen of humanity, the merriest in a dance, the loudest voice in the glee; who enjoys life like the laughing philosopher. His mistress may answer him in the words of Rosalind to Orlando, in 'As you like it': "The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love." Yours respectfully, EXPERIENTIA.

NIGHT REVERIES.

Dear soothing night! how many a swain
Hath loved thy cool and silent reign,
And knelt before thy jewell'd brow,
Haply in grief, like him who now
Confides to thy unlist'ning ear
His sad complaint. As some young deer,
Once swift and gay, but now oppress'd
With wounds, while from his snowy chest
Large oozing life-drops slowly pour,
And stain the grass with purple gore;
With fainting steps, and sorrowing eyes,
(While on, the herd, unpying, flies,)
Seeks shades concealed from every eye,
Poor, tender thing! unseen to die;
Or as a bird that lately flew
With his sweet cry the forest through;
Now the lake's surface touched, and now
His gold wings plumed on leafy bough,
Till, lo! the hunter in the shade—
Trembled the vast and echoing glade,
When swift the fatal lightning ran,
And sudden thunder hurled by man—
Dire engine for that little breast,
Made for soft breeze and downy nest.
Unfound the blasted victim there,
But torn and lingering in the air,
A snowy feather eddying round,
Floats light, and slowly sinking, seeks the ground.
While panting, dying, stolen away,
Sweet trembler! whither dost thou stray?
Blood mixed with dust thy bright eyes blind.
Thy slender leg, unused, behind
Hangs shattered; painful, dragged along,
Droops thy soiled, broken-wing—all hushed thy song.
So I, from crowds and pleasure roam,
My only friend, my only home,
This silvery-winged night, this lofty star-paved dome.

* * * * *
Language hath not power to tell
What beauty in the night doth dwell.
I hate the day—its woe, its wile,
For 'tis man's fate to thrive by guile,
And all his better feelings seem
Kept for the night like some pure dream.
When years of traffic o'er him roll
The dreary influence chills his soul.
As some meandering murmuring brook
By verdant banks its way that took,
On dashing in its gay career,
While summer charmed the rolling year;
Till winter meets its waters gushing,
Its rippling music sternly hushing,
Eager its glad course to arrest,
And turn to marble all its breast.
So cold to me are human eyes,
So frozen, in man's bosom, lies
The stream of nature's sympathies.
Behold him daring flood and flame,
For passing power and worthless fame,
As if a happiness were lent
To history or monument.
Let me these fruitless visions shun,
With lonely sadness struggling on;
Reckless! though false all hope hath spoken,
Earth's fairy spells trod down and broken,
Without a joy or friend to bless
My spirit's utter loneliness;
Content the meanest wretch to be
In the same world with Rosalie!

* * * * *
O'er woody vale and steeped town
The spotted moon looks palely down.
The earth, how exquisitely still,
Save softly from yon swelling hill
Sometimes mourns the whippoorwill,
And answers, from the distant tree,
The catydid's sad minstrelsy.
Clustering vines around are wreathing,
And now the balmy zephyr, breathing
On my aching forehead, moves me
As the hand of one who loves me.
Idle thoughts! for me no blessing
Of wife's familiar hand caressing,
But on some other brow shall press
Her hand, for whose dear happiness
How swift my own I would resign!
Though careless she of me and mine,
Above my reach and distant far,
And cold as yonder dazzling star,
Where Cynthia rolls her pearly car;
Both idle, radiant dreams to me,
Sweet star! oh sweeter Rosalie!
Soft-treading night! be thou my love.
To thee I sigh, with thee I rove,
Ever glad to greet thy coming,
When the bee hath ceased his humming,
And the idle bird his song,
And fall o'er fields the shadows long,
And clouds in blazing masses roll'd,
Lustrous with orange, red, and gold;

With farewell glory greet the even,
Bright as the fabled gates of heaven,
And large and red the dying sun,
And peep the stars out one by one;
And weary laborer homeward wends,
And slow the yellow moon ascends,
Winning with soft and holy light,
Thy sober face to smile, oh melancholy night!

Here are two other poems, kindly forwarded by a correspondent. Both are translations, by the late Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill. We believe the first has not before appeared in print.

THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

Written originally in Spanish in 1796, by Mr. Scandella, and translated by Dr. Mitchill.

Borne to the rocky bed's extremest brow,
The flood leaps headlong, nor a moment waits
To join the whirlpool, deep and vast below,
The saltless ocean hurries through the straits.
Hoarse roars the broken wave, and upward driven
Dashes in air; dissolving vapors press'd,
Confound the troubled elements with heaven,
Earth quakes beneath, heart trembles in the breast.
With steps uncertain to a jutting rock,
To gaze upon the immense abyss, I hie,
And all my senses feel a horrid shock,
As down the steep I turn my dizzy eye.
On cloudy steams I take a flight sublime,
Leaving the world and nature's works behind,
And, as the pure empyreal height I climb,
Reflect with rapture on the immortal mind.

THE CELEBRATED ATHENIAN SONG,

In praise of the patriots Harmodius and Aristogiton, who were killed in attempting to overthrow the tyranny of Hipparchus and Hippias, the sons of Pisistratus. From the Greek of Athenaeus, as printed in the Philadelphia Weekly Magazine for May, 1798, by Samuel L. Mitchill.

I'll walk prepared my sword to wield;
My sword by myrtle-leaves conceal'd;
As by Harmodius brave was done,
And fearless Aristogiton;
Who offering tyrant power its due,
The son of Pisistratus slew,
And gave to Athens freed, the reign
Of just and equal laws again.
Beloved Harmodius! though the force
Of murderous weapons gored thy corse,
Thou art not dead;—the fates deny
That friends to virtue e'er should die;—
Thou livest in happiness and rest,
Where, in the regions of the bless'd,
Achilles swift-of-foot abides,
And valiant Diomed resides.
I'll walk prepared my sword to wield;
My sword by myrtle-leaves conceal'd;
As by Harmodius brave was done,
And valiant Aristogiton;
Who offering tyrant power its due,
The lawless prince Hipparchus slew;
Where crowds were met with gazing eyes
Their public feast to solemnize.
Oh, patriot pair! with joy I view
Eternal glory wait on you,
Transcending all that went before,
Nor lost when time shall be no more;
Because resolved to act your part
Ye pierced the oppressor's cruel heart,
And gave to Athens freed, the reign
Of just and equal laws again.

MESSRS. EDITORS—As you have had several allusions lately to mothers, children, and other family relations in your "study," you would please me by adding to them the enclosed verses, by William Lisle Bowles, if only for the sake of the last line. It is descriptive of Saturday night in an English cottage.

Come, let us, e'er we go to bed,
O'er the decaying embers chat;
Though little Mary hangs her head,
And strokes no more the purring cat.

And let us tell how prisoners pine,
In silent dungeons dark and drear;
Whilst in our face the embers shine,
And all is calm and peaceful here.

The English cot is free from cares;
But see, the brand is wasted quite;
Come, little Mary, say your prayers,
Kiss, mother, kiss! good night, good night.

New-York Gazette.—Messrs. John and William Turner have disposed of their interest in this excellent mercantile journal to the senior proprietor, John Lang, Esq. In announcing the change the Messrs. Turner observe, that they wish every success to the remaining editor, and express a hope that "the Gazette may enjoy a continuance of the flattering patronage it has steadily received for a period of more than forty-six years." It would be superfluous to add any thing in favor of the Gazette, where its merits are so well known and highly appreciated.

The Craftsman.—The office of the Albany Craftsman has been lately entered by some malicious person, who destroyed the list of subscribers and account-books, so that the proprietor has been obliged to publish a card, informing his debtors and subscribers that he has no other means of ascertaining their names than a dependence upon their kindness in forwarding their address. This paper has been recently converted into a daily, under the able direction of E. J. Roberts, Esq. It is a neatly printed and valuable miscellany.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANN.] SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, THE NEW FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, CORNER OF NASSAU AND ANN STREETS. (PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.)

VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1832.

No. 29.

STREET VIEWS IN NEW-YORK.

WALL-STREET.

OUR readers will recollect that the twentieth number of the present volume was embellished with an engraving, representing the head of Wall-street, with the old city-hall, as it appeared forty years ago. In that view the spectator is supposed to be standing on the south-west side-walk, a little above the present Phoenix bank, looking towards Trinity-church, in Broadway: the old city hall on the right, occupying the site of the present custom-house.

In the engraving which embellishes the present number, they are presented with another part of the same street, the spectator still occupying his former station, but now looking in a contrary direction, towards the East river, with the Phoenix bank on his right. This is a view of Wall-street as it now is, in January, 1832, with its numerous banks, broker's offices, and insurance companies—in the midst of which rises a splendid edifice, called the Merchant's Exchange, a view and description of which may be found in our seventh volume, No. 12, page 89.

This is the street which contains most of the floating capital of the city; and, indeed, there is little specie to be found any where else. This is the far-famed mart for bankers, brokers, underwriters, and stock-jobbers. Here are planned and consummated speculations of every shape, character, color, and dimensions—from the sale of an orange, to the disposal of an East India cargo. In this focal point of commercial enterprise are converged the countless streams of trade which flow from every part of the city. Here, for five successive hours in each business-day, is exhibited a scene of anxiety, hurry, and bustle, that has no parallel in any other section of this great commercial emporium, commencing at ten o'clock in the morning, and terminating at three in the afternoon. At about half-past two, the excitement reaches its climax; when fortunate stock-jobbers are hastily clinching their bargains; "lame ducks" waddling to an omnibus, and bank notaries preparing their blank protests. At "ten minutes before three," (according to Mead's *imitable* drama of "Wall-street,") many anxious elongated visages appear in various directions, each afflicted with the same complaint. "A note to lift, and a little short." This must be good authority, for Halleck asks, in his celebrated poem of Fanny—

"And who would now the ancient dramas read,
When he can get 'Wall-street,' by Mr. Mead?"

Notary-fliers, alias ferrets, alias out-door clerks, are now in their respective banks, closely watching, like harpies, the lessening pile of notes that are payable to-day! Many must remain until the magical stroke of three, when the tardy drawer, who has at that moment, perhaps, made up the amount, must walk away with the cash in his pocket, and wait the notary's pleasure. How we pity them!—and how feelingly do we sympathize with those who are still "a little short." The ghosts of protests are flitting about their path, and rudely staring them in the face—shaking their inky locks in cruel derision. How they envy the happiness of that more fortunate tradesman, who appears in the picture, tripping across the street, light of heart, and perfectly happy, having torn his signature from an obligation which he has just discharged.

This is the street in which each pedestrian steps on classic ground; for every flag and paving-stone has been consecrated by the muse. Here it was that the father of "Fanny" was first smiled upon by the monied aristocracy of the city—

'For rumor—(she's a famous liar yet—
'Tis wonderful how easy we believe her!)
Had whispered he was rich—and all he met
In Wall-street, nodded, smiled, and tipped the beaver;
All, from Mr. Gelston the collector,
Down to the broker, and the bank-director.
A few brief years passed over, and his rank
Among the worthies of that street was fixed;
He had become director of a bank,
And six insurance offices—and mix'd
Familiarly, as one among his peers,
With grocers, dry-good merchants, auctioneers,
Brokers of all grades—stock and pawn—and Jews
Of all religions, who, at noon-day, form
On 'change, that brotherhood the moral muse
Delights in, where the heart is pure and warm,
And each exerts his intellectual force
To cheat his neighbor—honestly of course.

This is the street, before any other in the city, for speculations, not merely in commercial affairs, but on the characters, manners, and pursuits of those who are thus occupied. On every countenance can be traced the mark of care and calculation, for every man's mind seems intensely occupied. Very few listless or abstracted faces meet the eye; all are intent on the one purpose, gain. See how the crowds pass, in hasty succession, into and from the entrances of the principal monied establishments: a different aspect may be traced on all at yonder bank—it is discount day; by the elongated visages of several who are descending the steps,

you may judge they have been unsuccessful in their applications. See that well-dressed young man, who is shutting his bank-book so hastily, and arranging the papers it contains with a jerk, expressive of irritation; we may infer that he has determined to close his account with the bank; they have hurt his dignity, perhaps, by refusing what he terms 'excellent paper.' Another is now descending; a smile of complacency is visible in every feature; all he required has been done to-day; his friend, the director, or the president, probably, has kept his word; and the bank, with the whole board of management, are all, in his estimation, a perfect concentration of excellence and liberality.

This is the street which Halleck has not only hallowed by his lyre, but also by his own commercial labors. For, however it may astonish the reader, poets are not always in the clouds. The plions of Pegasus require rest as often as those of the eagle; and the animal must have his provender too—real, true, genuine material, substantial victuals and drink. The day has gone by when genius banqueted on air. That we are correct, take his own words,

"No longer in love's myrtle shade
My thoughts recline—
I'm busy in the cotton trade,
And sugar line."

This is the street in which the poet himself has often dealt out bank notes, with as much grace, ease, and *nonchalance*, as he now pours out the notes of his bewitching lyre; and yet he has caused that very lyre (not fib-teller) to warble the following lines:

"Money is power, 'tis said—I never tried,
For I'm a poet, and bank-notes to me
Are curiosities, as closely eyed
When'er I get them, as a stone would be
Toss'd from the moon," &c.

A correct and particular history of Wall-street would, no doubt, be interesting to the reader; but who shall write it?—and from what sources are the requisite facts to be collected? As Knickerbocker says, "we have long beheld, with great solicitude, the early history of this venerable and ancient city, gradually slipping from our grasp, trembling on the lips of narrative old age; and day by day dropping piecemeal into the tomb." Wall-street traditions are fading with the rest, and we can only say, "peace to their manes." All that we know about it is, that the name was derived from a stone wall, or a line of fortifications which once extended from river to river, along the line of this very street. This wall which then marked the northern boundary of the city, and was intended for its defence against the Indians, was strengthened by bastions, and furnished with three gates of egress, one in the Broadway, and another at each river. In the year 1699, the corporation petitioned lieutenant-governor Hanfen, and his majesty's council "to intercede with the earl of Bellemont, the governor, then absent at Boston, for permission, as the fortifications were dilapidated, to make use of the stones for building a new city hall, fronting the Broad-street." This petition was granted; the wall was gradually removed, and much of it was worked up in the foundation and walls of the new edifice, which, it is scarcely necessary to add, was the one referred to in the commencement of this article.

Nassau-street, as all our readers are aware, commences in Wall-street, at this celebrated point, and extends to Chatham-street, into which it merges near Tammany-hall. One hundred and thirty-six years ago, (1696) there was no such street as Nassau, as appears from "the petition of Captain Teunis De Kay, that a carte-way be made, leading out of the Broad-street to the street that runs by the pye-woman's (then Shipp, now Nassau-street) leading to the commons of this city; and that he will undertake to doo the same, provided he may have the soyle." At this period the whole population of the city did not exceed six thousand souls, very few of whom reside outside of the wall. The records to which we have referred, notice great complaints on account of the scarcity of bread during the same year.

In describing the engraving which accompanies this number, little more can be said than merely naming some of its prominent features; and of these, the Merchants' Exchange in the distance, and the Phoenix bank in front, on the right, are the most conspicuous. The former has already been described in the twelfth number of the seventh volume, and the latter possesses no peculiar claims to an elaborate notice. It is merely a small neat building of white marble, with a portico and pediment supported by four solid fluted columns of the same material.

A small section of another building is seen on the extreme right of the picture, on which are two signs—part of the lettering of each being visible. On the highest appear the characters HA, the commencement of "Hawley's book-store;" and on the other PHI, part of "Philip Henry, draper and tailor."

Between the Phoenix bank and William-street, on the right, are three brick buildings, of three stories in height. The first is occupied by the Manhattan Fire Insurance Company; the second by Peter A. Mesier, bookseller; and the third, (which covers two lots)

by S. W. Benedict, watchmaker, and R. L. Nevins, who keeps an exchange office on the corner.

On the next corner below, in a three-story building, formerly occupied by Mapes and Waldron, merchant tailors, is the publication office of the "New-York American Advocate," next to which is the office of the Fulton Fire Insurance Company. In the adjoining building are the offices of the "Standard" and the "American," between which and the Exchange is a small confectionary shop. Below the Exchange, on the corner of Hanover-street, is the office of the Atlantic Insurance Company; next to which is that of the Jackson Marine; and, adjoining the latter, the National, American, &c. Fortunately for us, (and perhaps for the reader also) the artist has so judiciously placed one of the Greenwich stages, that a further detail of objects on the right side of the picture, is rendered unnecessary. The street extends to the East river; and were it not for the vehicle just mentioned, ships, brigs, and schooners, engaged in the "southern trade," might be seen lying at Coffee-house slip, discharging their cargoes of cotton, indigo, and tobacco; for it is necessary that the distant reader should know that this celebrated slip is at the foot of Wall-street, deriving its name from the Tontine Coffee-house, on the corner of water-street. This establishment was erected expressly for a mercantile exchange, and used as such until July 1827, when the present Merchant's Exchange was completed. In the language of a late writer, "eclipsed are thy ancient glories, venerable Tontine!"

On the left of the engraving we have a distinct view of only four buildings: two of which are above William-street, and two below it. Those above, are the Bank of America, and the office of the Morris Canal Company. The New-York Bank forms the other corner, adjoining which is a large brick edifice, occupied by the Farmer's Fire Insurance Company, and the New-York Insurance Company. Next to this, concealed by the trees, is the City Bank, of some unenviable notoriety, conferred by the adroit robbery which was committed on the contents of its vaults, on the twentieth of March last. This edifice is directly opposite the Merchant's Exchange.

Verily this goodly city of Gotham has undergone wonderful mutations and alterations within the course of a century! In 1732, there was only one vehicle in the city that bore any resemblance to a coach! Forty years afterwards, there were not more than four or five coaches at most. Men were then deemed rich who kept a chaise. The governor had one coach, and Mr. Walton had one. Lieutenant-governor Colden also had a coach. So had Mr. Murray, and a Mrs. Alexander. "Mr. Murray, being a quaker, called his a 'leather convenience,' to avoid scandal." What would our ancestors have said, had they seen one of our Wall-street conveniences, called an *omnibus*; carrying as many passengers as a small steam-boat, and furnished with almost as many means of comfort—dinner-table and bar only excepted? Hundreds of the first merchants, who reside two miles from Wall-street, though still surrounded by as dense a population, step from their marble *stoops*, after breakfast, into one of these flying palaces, and find themselves in Wall-street before they have finished picking their teeth! When business closes at three o'clock, they again find themselves with their families, before they have concluded a computation of the losses or gains of the morning! There awaits them the ready-furnished mahogany dinner-table, loaded with all the substantial luxuries of the season, garnished with dainties from every clime. Beneath their feet are spread the richest carpets of the east. Around them hang tapestry, drapery, and costly ornaments of every description. All the fruits of commercial speculation.

How was it in the year 1732, one hundred years ago, when the exchange, the place "where merchants most do congregate," was near White-hall? At the hour of twelve, precisely, our staid ancestors walked on foot to their place of residence, where their frugal dinners awaited them on plain oak or maple tables, (mahogany not being introduced until the year 1770, and then at most was only displayed in a desk, or small round tea-table.) No carpet prevented the welcome sound of their manly tread; for "all the houses were sanded with white or silver sand, in figures and devices." Their silver-buckled shoes—for boots were then confined to hostlers, seamen and watermen—carefully scraped at the door-step, added their own neat impress to the sandy devices beneath them. At one o'clock they again returned to their business.

"Bless me!" exclaims a modern belle. "No carpets! no mahogany! no coaches! What did they do?" They did very well, we can assure you, miss. They made honest fortunes, paid their honest debts, and never spent a thousand dollars at a gala or a route, while the poor were famishing with hunger, and freezing for the want of a little of that fuel which monopolizers hoard up to speculate on! They had every thing that was necessary and comfortable, and that was all they wanted. The luxury of a pair of gloves was not enjoyed in the colony, and umbrellas and parasols had not been

heard of. They ate from pewter plates, drank from pewter goblets, for China-ware was unknown. They had no daily newspapers, no steam-boats, no anthracite coal, no wild beasts, no theatres, museums, or public, no Magdalen reports, no temperance societies, no public improvements, no philosophers, no gas-lights, no new lights, no street preachers; and yet they lived, and thrived, both in body and purse; and they acquired a reputation for as many virtues as any of their descendants, and died at a good old age.

LITERARY NOTICES.

POEMS BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

AN edition of Mr. Bryant's collected poems has been so generally called for, that the publication of the present volume may be considered rather a compliance with the universal wish, than an experiment attended with an author's usual hopes and fears. Many of the pieces of which it consists have, long since, passed the ordeal, and been circulated and treasured up till, we venture to say, there are but few readers of poetry unable to repeat from memory passages from "Thanatopsis," the "Waterfowl," the "Evening wind," or "Green river." These, and others from the same source, have been so long floating about the world, marred by typographical errors, some without a name, and some, after having sunned themselves in the light of British favor, ushered back to the notice of our countrymen, as the offsprings of the best among the foreign poets, that those who take pride in our own rapidly growing literature, might well inquire why these among its brightest ornaments should be left thus scattered. We have at length in our hand, the long desired collection, carefully revised by the author; and though we sat down to peruse it at a late hour of the evening, and when

"The timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumberous weight inclines
Our eye-lids,"

the clock has told twelve—one—two, and we have been led on, like Ferdinand, in Prospero's island, by strains not to be resisted.

The subjects which Mr. Bryant has chosen, and upon which he has written at long intervals, and his manner of viewing them, are, perhaps, although he himself may be unconscious of it, uniformly and strongly characteristic of one feeling—melancholy; deep, all-pervading, sensitive melancholy. It is, however, of the highest and noblest kind. Byron also wrote under the influence of melancholy, but of a most opposite nature—powerful, but not pleasant and touching to the reader. We admire and tremble, but cannot sympathize. It has neither hope, morality, reason, nor religion. We turn from his page excited, not instructed. He not only complains—he blasphemes. There is no gentle philosophy in his nature, by which he is enabled, when the tempest of grief is on him, to wait cheerfully till the thunder shall cease to bellow, and the clouds break away from the azure, and the golden sunlight stream down on plain and valley; but, with the spirit of Lucifer, he braces himself up against the elements, and fate itself; and he reminds us of that fallen spirit, "vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair," on his entrance into the infernal regions:

"Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder has made greater! Here at least
We shall be free," &c.

Neither is the turn of Mr. Bryant's poetry similar to that of poor Keats. The grief of that unfortunate young writer is touching, also, but unmanly; and while we pity him, we wonder at his too early and unnecessary self-abandonment. His sensitiveness is a disease. In his darkness there is no relief—it is not twilight, but night. "I can already," said he, "feel the flowers growing over me." This is poetry, but it is also despair. The melancholy of the poems which we are considering, is a different spirit. She hushes mirth, but not happiness. She is to be found, not in dark places brooding, but amid the loveliest and richest creations of nature. If she seek the storm, it is to behold it roll away. She flies from men, but does not hate them; and if tears are sometimes on her cheeks, they tremble there but a brief time, and smiles glitter through them as they pass away. She is dearer than merriment, and holier than triumph. She is the companion of a mind too finely organized to live contentedly amidst the jostling of crowds; but, at the same time, gifted with power to rise far above them. As an evidence of this feature in Mr. Bryant's compositions, take his verses on June. How many unbidden associations leap up at the word! What is sweeter than June's breath—brighter than her leaves—lovelier than her flowers and sky—merrier than the voice that rings through all her woods? We look for a carol now of living joy, of forest rambles, of daybreak upon the hills and river. But observe of how different a character are the poet's thoughts. We do not remember to have read a more artless, tender, and perfectly beautiful composition.

JUNE.

"I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round;
And thought, that when I came to life
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that, in flowery June,
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green, mountain turf should break.
"A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clouds above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—

Away! I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently prest
Into my narrow place of rest.

"There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers,
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love tale, close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird.

"And what, if cheerful shouts, at noon,
Come from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent.
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument.
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

"I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But, if around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.
"These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share,
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear, again, his living voice."

This same pensiveness, mingled with contentment, seems a luxury to him, and runs through nearly all his pieces. The "Evening wind" leads him to the shutting flowers—the faint old man leaning his silver head to feel it, and to the invalid's bed; but it comes to cool his brow, and passes away to its "birth-place of the deep once more," floating to the senses of the home-sick mariner, "sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange." Always a light shines in to tinge his loneliest sadness: he discovers something to admire and be grateful for, in all events and objects; even death itself comes to him clothed with a thousand softening associations.

Another curious and beautiful example is to be found in the "Indian girl's lament." The mind is filled with delightful thoughts by the number of touching and delicate circumstances and sentiments expressed, and by the melody of the language. The reader will not overlook the exquisite image in the verse preceding the last.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

"An Indian girl was sitting where
Her lover, slain in battle, slept;
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
Came down o'er eyes that wept;
And wildly, in her woodland tongue,
This sad and simple lay she sung:

"I've pulled away the shrubs that grew
Too close above thy sleeping head,
And broke the forest boughs that threw
Their shadows o'er thy bed,
That shining from the sweet south-west
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.

"It was a weary, weary road
That led thee to the pleasant coast,
Where thou, in his serene abode,
Hast met thy father's ghost;
Where everlasting autumn lies
On yellow woods and sunny skies.

"'Twas I the broidered mocsen made;
That shod thee for that distant land;
'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid
Beside thy still, cold hand;
Thy bow in many a battle bent,
Thy arrows never vainly sent.

"With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,
And wrapped thee in the bison's hide,
And laid the food that pleased thee best,
In plenty by thy side,
And decked thee bravely, as became
A warrior of illustrious name.

"Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast past
The long dark journey of the grave,
And in the land of light, at last,
Hast joined the good and brave:
Amid the flushed and balmy air,
The bravest and the loveliest there,

"Yet, oft thine own dear Indian maid
Even there thy thoughts will earthward stray,
To her who sits where thou wert laid,
And weeps the hours away,
Yet almost can her grief forget,
To think that thou dost love her yet.

"And thou, by one of those still lakes
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky,
A bower for thee and me hast made
Beneath the many-colored shade.

"And thou dost wait and watch to meet
My spirit sent to join the blest,
And, wondering what detains my feet
From the bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near.

The "Burial-place, a fragment," after having regretted the abandonment of the custom once so prevalent in England, of adorning grave-yards with shades and blossoms, and strewing the tombs with flowers, closes thus with, it is true, a mournful image, but how beautiful!

"Yet here
Nature, rebuking the neglect of man,
Plants often, by the ancient mossy stone,
The briar rose, and upon the broken turf
That clothes the fresher grave, the strawberry vine
Sprinkles its swell with blossoms, and lays forth
Her ruddy, pouting fruit."

There are several pieces of considerable length, which we have purposely hurried over, as familiar to our readers, many of them having already appeared in this journal. "Thanatopsis," the "Wa-

terfowl," the "Forest hymn," the "Summer wind," the "Song of Marion's men," are among the number. It would be superfluous to speak of their uncommon merit. Another characteristic of our author's effusions is their pure, quiet simplicity and nature. They affect you, after a perusal of the productions of many others, as a ramble into the country from the glare, splendor, and artificial excitement of the town—when meadow, hill, and river spread away beautifully around, and the freshened air comes scented and cool from the fields. No effort is required to understand them. His ideas are expressed in few words, selected with taste, and a full knowledge of all their different shades, force, and meaning, and arranged with skill, but without ostentation. His thought is never encumbered, but his style is delightfully perspicuous and graceful. If occasionally a rough line ripples the perfect smoothness of the verse, or a word appears for which a better might have been substituted, we must either ascribe it to intention, or the error of the press. To the latter, we presume, are owing the obscurity in the opening of the seventh verse of the "Indian girl's lament," and the trifling tautology, in the last of the annexed otherwise perfect stanzas:

"I BROKE THE SPELL THAT HELD ME LONG."

"I broke the spell that held me long,
The dear, dear witchery of song.
I said, the poets' idle lore
Shall waste my prime of years no more;
For poetry, though heavenly born,
Consorts with poverty and scorn.

"I broke the spell—nor deemed its power
Could fester me another hour.
Ah, thoughtless! how could I forget
Its causes were around me yet?
For whoso'er I looked, the while,
Was nature's everlasting smile.

"Still came and lingered on my sight
Of flowers and stars the bloom and light,
And glory of the stars and sun;
And these and poetry are one.
They ere the world had held me long,
Recalled me to the love of song."

There is some fine poetry in the translations; but we infinitely prefer the pieces from our author's own pen. We had marked the following as the best, which we afterwards perceived by the notes, is acknowledged as rather an imitation than a translation.

LOVE AND FOLLY.—FROM LA FONTAINE.

"Love's worshippers alone can know
The thousand mysteries that are his;
His blazing torch, his twanging bow,
His blooming age are mysteries.
A charming science—but the day
Were all too short to con it o'er;
So take of me this little lay,
A sample of its boundless lore.

"As once, beneath the fragrant shade
Of myrtles breathing heaven's own air,
The children, Love and Folly, played—
A quarrel rose betwixt the pair,
Love said the gods should do him right—
But Folly vowed to do it then,
And struck him, o'er the orbs of sight,
So hard, he never saw again.

"His lovely mother's grief was deep,
She called for vengeance on the deed
A beauty does not vainly weep,
Nor coldly does a mother plead.
A shade came o'er the eternal bliss
That fills the dwellers of the skies:
Even stony-hearted Nemesis,
And Radamanthus, wiped their eyes.

"Behold," she said, "this lovely boy,
While steamed afresh her graceful tears,
'Immortal, yet shut out from joy
And sunshine, all his future years.
The child can never take, you see,
A single step without a staff—
The harshest punishment would be
Too lenient for the crime by half."

"All said that Love had suffered wrong,
And well that wrong should be repaid;
Then weighed the public interest long,
And long the party's interest weighed.
And thus decreed the court above—
'Since Love is blind from Folly's blow,
Let folly be the guide of Love,
Where'er the boy may choose to go."

Three or four pieces are of a lighter character than those already quoted: "A meditation on Rhode Island coal," "To a mosquito," "Spring in town," &c. We copy a song, most gracefully written:

"Dost thou idly ask to hear
At what gentle seasons
Nymphs relent, when lovers near
Press the tenderest reasons?
Ah, they give their faith too oft
To the careless wooer;
Maidens' hearts are always soft,
Would that men's were truer!
"Woo the fair one, when around
Early birds are singing;
When, o'er all the fragrant ground,
Early herbs are springing;
When the brookside, bank, and grove,
All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love,
Woo the timid maiden.
"Woo her, when, with rosy blush,
Summer eve is sinking;
When, on rills that softly gush,
Stars are softly winking;
When, through boughs that knit the bower,
Moonlight gleams are stealing;
Woo her, till the gentle hour
Wake a gentler feeling.
"Woo her, when autumnal dyes
Tinge the woody mountain;
When the dropping foliage lies,
In the choked-up fountain;
Let the scene, that tells how fast
Youth is passing over,
Warn her, ere her bloom is past,
To secure her lover."

We reluctantly refrain from further extracts, and lay aside the volume, with the conviction that its destiny will be a high one. It will be cherished at home, as a thing to be proud of, and will go abroad as an offering honorable to the country.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

LETTER FROM A REVIVED MUMMY.

"Me miserable! which way shall I fly?"

I WAS one of those unfortunate beings, who, dazzled with the military glory of the duke of Marlborough, followed him into the Low countries, where, as a reward, I received a blow on the head, which, till within a few years, has rendered me insensible. I have understood that I was preserved as a natural curiosity in the vaults of the museum at Brussels for one hundred years. At the expiration of that time another specimen of the same kind was obtained from the centre of an avalanche of the Alps, and I was consigned to New-York, with some other wonders of nature, on speculation. On my arrival, I fortunately fell into the hands of a gentleman renowned for the extensiveness and solidity of his scientific attainments. He entertained the idea that life was but dormant, not extinct in my frame, and that by a little coaxing and gentle measures, she might be wheedled forth from her hiding-place. At first (as he has since informed me) he allowed me to swelter before a hot fire of anthracite, (by the by, this word was new to me,) he then inclosed me in a hog-head of New-England spirits (another novelty) for a few days, leaving merely my head above the surface, and at the expiration of that period, applied the galvanic battery (as he called it) with so much success, that at the third exhibition I leaped on my feet, shouted hurrah for merry England! and darted forward, as in the act of charging. My next idea was, that this was the Bastille, and my venerable friend the jailer. But these fears or apprehensions were soon dispelled, and I have since lived with the sage, and under his tuition, for a year or so. At first I was continually talking of the events of Queen Anne or James the second's reign, as recent affairs, and was surprised that so little was known concerning these circumstances, which before my swoon were the subjects of tea-table and coffee-house chat. I have had no time to fill up the chasms in my knowledge, because I have heard so many strange rumors, and witnessed so many strange sights, and been so interested with your newspapers, which, I should suppose, were leaves bodily abstracted from the tree of knowledge, that I have had no time to dive into, or even to wet the wings of my mind in the calm pool of historical relation. Before my unfortunate swoon I had been a great traveller. I had visited most of the countries of Europe and Asia, and the northern part of Africa, and sojourned many a month among the venerable relics of antiquity. But now the whole world is metamorphosed; Troy, which I left peaceably mouldering on the shores of the Hellespont, is a flourishing place, of considerable magnitude; and your state, which appears from the accounts of its proceedings that I read, to be ruling the universe, proposes to lay out a road from Troy to Utica. This, in my days, would have been an extremely difficult task, something like Satan's constructing a road through chaos, as related in a book by one Mr. John Milton, who was much in vogue in my days, although not much heard of at present. I suppose it will entirely choke up the Bosphorus, and, after winding among the isles of the Archipelago, will take a straight cut to Algiers. But I fancy it will be a worse job to make a road on the dry sands of Africa than even in the Mediterranean. I understand that they are erecting a new capitol at Rome, and that Carthage and Rome are inhabited by the same nation. Is it possible, that the colony planted in Carthage should have existed to this day? And poor Belgium! she is metamorphosed from a poor amphibious state, between land and sea, into a fine healthy situation up in the mountains. The doctor has invited me to go and spend the summer in Paris, but I prefer a country residence during the dog-days, and shall therefore go to Boston, which I recollect is a fine little village near York, in England, but which, I understand, can be reached in two days' travelling from this city. I yesterday saw a person from the Highlands, but the only mark of his nation was what he called a plaid cloak. When I asked for news, he said there was none of consequence, but after a moment's reflection, he added that Edinburgh was burnt down, and that a nail factory had been erected in Birmingham! Both of these items were certainly new and surprising to me; and I believe my informer was an idiot, for when I asked him the amount of loss, he answered, "Oh, not much, only a tavern and a blacksmith's shop." Last week I saw some beautiful tobacco from Petersburg, which I suppose was raised in a hot-house, but Dr. — informs me that the climate is undergoing an amelioration. I did entertain an idea that the Neapolitans spoke Italian, but last evening I conversed with three natives of that place, who spoke English so fluently that I feel convinced of my error. They stated that they had travelled in a stage-coach as far as Hamburgh, and the remainder of the distance, which was through Athens and Corinth, in a sleigh! Even my kind friend appears to have linked himself to my enemies. I asked him yesterday, after a few hours' absence from the city, whither he had been? He answered, only as far as Bergen!!! I scorned to ask an explanation. To-morrow he says he has business at Jericho, I hope the Dead Sea may not swallow him, or the uncivilized inhabitants of those regions assassinate him. By this evening's newspaper I observe that a man has been taken up at Palmyra for passing a counterfeit note of the bank at Babylon; and by the next paragraph, that a burglary had been committed at Prague, for which the perpetrator was to be tried at Lisbon, and in the interim was to be committed to the jail at Leghorn. What an extensive empire is yours, and how speedy its communications! I have heard, much to my surprise, that Jerusalem is a famous place for oysters, and Moscow for peaches; that Attica was but four miles square and that it never had been any larger; that Rome was in Attica, and Athens within a stone's throw of Gibraltar; and that the

Alexandrian library could never have been burned, for there never had been any there to burn. Thebes is celebrated for its shoes, and Troy for its candles. No such person as Shakspeare was born in Stratford-upon-Avon; and the inhabitants of London intend applying for a charter. All these things surprise and confound me. I begin to believe that I have never altogether recovered from my trance. I often wish myself again in the vaults of the museum at Brussels, and actually one time contracted for my conveyance there in three days, but was solemnly assured that there was no museum there, or even the thought of one. I have addressed one of my new acquaintance, who has gone to Pekin, requesting him to obtain some situation for me; and Dr. — assures me that I will receive an answer by Friday, although but Monday last I dropped my letter in the post-office. If it be in your power, dear sirs, give me some explanation of this subject, and help to enlighten one who at present, like Æneas, is under a cloud.

THE FIRST FEE.

After a long probationship of three years my time of examination approached. It had been for several weeks my constant practice on awaking in the morning, to calculate how many days yet remained before the second Thursday in October term. From thirty it ran down to twenty-nine, twenty-eight, twenty-seven, until at last it reached seven, six, five, and off I started, like a hound from the leash, for the ancient city of Albany. Suffice it to say, I did obtain my license, and in the first boat thereafter I was on my way to New-York. I was unaccustomed to sleep amid the noise and jarring of a steam-boat, and my nerves being in rather an excited state, my slumbers that night were none of the soundest. I fancied that I was surrounded by persons eager to engage my professional services, and every stroke of the piston-rod was to my fancy the closing of the door after a new client. At breakfast the next morning I was still dreaming, though wide awake. I came near troubling one gentleman for the retaining fee, instead of fish; and once actually sent my cup for a second dish of costs into the place of coffee. My eyes saw nothing but declarations, pleas, &c.; and I have a vague idea of carving up a bill of exceptions, and bolting it down my throat in the shape of a beef-steak, exclaiming to myself, after each mouthful, "over-ruled," or "disallowed." Well, my first business was to get a good situation for an office, and nothing less than two rooms in Pine-street would answer me. I could have obtained one large enough for all my business, heaven knows! in a neighboring street for one-tenth the money, but my genius could not be "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd." The next thing was to prepare for my clients, so I ordered two dozen chairs, and had three large paper-cases made; but alack! no client's cheering rap was as yet heard at my door. The next week, all things being prepared, I sat down to wait for clients. I was in the midst of a flaming speech in a case of bigamy, when rap, rap, rap at the door. What a vision flitted before me! It was either some extensive shipping merchant from South-street, or a rich grocer from Front-street. What a train of business it would bring me! my heart rose in my throat, my pulse beat with the strength of a town-clock. I could scarcely bid my visiter walk in. He only pushed the door open, and asked, "Have ye anny ashes the day?" "Confound you and your ashes," roared I, and Coke upon Littleton discharged at his head, almost rendered necessary the coroner upon the intruder. I then sat down again to wait for clients. I nibbled one of my pens, still unconscious of the ink, scribbled my name on a sheet of paper, folded it up in legal style, and filed it away in paper-case number three. A week passed—I took down the paper on which I had written my name, endorsed, and returned it—nothing like regularity. One day, when I was waiting in an undefinable expectation of a client, I heard a terrible roaring in the chimney, which, in the bustle of my office, and the hurry of my business, having been neglected, had become foul and taken fire. I at first had an idea of instituting a suit against myself, in the name of the corporation; but having no opponent to contend with, I relinquished it, and sat down, with a desperate resignation, to wait for a client. At length one came, as welcome as the first rose of summer, or "as sky and stars to prisoned men." He held, it appeared, a promissory note, drawn by one wealthy merchant, and endorsed by another; it was about falling due, and he desired to know in case they did not pay, in what court he had a right to sue. This was a novel case. I hunted through several books, but could find nothing directly to the point; I, however, concluded, from general principles, that he could recover at least in one of the courts, and committed my opinion to writing, for which I received five dollars. I counted over the bills a dozen times. Five dollars! a three and a two. I opened them out on the table—I leaned my ear to hear their silky rustle—then I hastened to a broker, to ascertain if they were genuine, and thence to the bank, and got one in halves and the other in quarters. Franklin's whistle was nothing to them. In the midst of these reveries I was interrupted by a second call. Briefs and fees! how my business is increasing! I shall need a partner. My visiter entered, took a seat by the fire, cocked his legs on the mantel-piece, spit all over the carpet, and at last drawing a bundle of papers from his pocket, handed me one. "A statement of his case," thought I. I shall charge now twenty-five dollars. Interesting moment! I could scarcely unfold it for pleasure; when lo! it was a notification of a fine for not having my chimney swept according to law, amounting to exactly five dollars. There was no redemption. I had just five dollars by me; so I drew out half after half, and quarter after quarter. The scoundrel coolly deposited them in his pocket. I heard them jingle as he went out.

"Ah, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away!"

CHAPTER NOT TO BE FOUND IN COKE UPON LITTLETON, BUT SUPPOSED TO BELONG THERETO.

In the following trifle, it is not the intention of the writer to ridicule the learning or wisdom of my Lord Coke, which are so extensive and solid, but merely the quaintness of his style, and, to use a legal term, the hodge-podge mixture and disorder of his commentaries. Like the friend of the Frenchman's wife, in the Itinerant, he is "one very shenteel man, but his hair is von leetle bit out of his hat."

TEXT.

So if a man enfeoff another of certain lands, &c. and afterward the feoffee discover that the lands do not belong to the feoffor, clearly and manifestly, he shall take nothing by the grant, and the feoffee shall be holden to have no interest in the said lands.

Be it remembered, that the feoffee shall not be bound to pay the consideration of the purchase.

Item, si un homme enfeoffa, &c. un autre de certain terres, &c. et apres le feoffee, découvre que les terres non appartiennent a le feoffor, clairement et manifeste il tiendra soit nil par le grant, et le feoffee tiendra aver nul interet en les dites terres.

Memorandum: que le feoffee non soit tiendra payer le prix des terres.

COMMENTARY.

Item—so, or also. By this the diligent student shall observe that there hath been something precedent, for item is a species of corollary from some established proposition.

Un homme, &c. That is, bonus et legalis homo, not one who is ullagatus, outlawed, for since such a one cannot hold lands, it seemeth to follow that he cannot enfeoff another of lands. So, an alien cannot enfeoff, for he cannot hold lands, "Ubi nulla est destra ibi nullum est tempus." Where there is no right, there is no seisin. How clearly doth this set forth the beauty and consistency of the law! And by this, &c. four things are denoted—First, that by homme in this place is implied mankind, for the same law would be of the like feoffment of a woman. Secondly, That the feoffment must be regularly made, for to the plainest understanding it would appear manifest, that an invalid agreement would not be cogent. Thirdly—This must be a regular man; neither a ragamuffin, barney-lofer, dock-walloper, nor roarer; for albeit that these be of the human species, yet, as they never possess any lands, the law, alma mater rationis, decides that they shall not pass any land. This, &c. the reader shall observe is of great meaning, and albeit Littleton never annexed to it the significations which we have, yet he plainly intended something thereby. Then, Fourthly, if a man should disguise himself as a feme, and make a feoffment, it shall not alter the established law, for—

"Vestes non sexus mutant qui in shifts eunt."

Enfeoff. It is a maxim of the law, which maxims our student should treasure up as pure gold, that when a feoffment is made, it must be of something, as there is in this case, as clearly appeareth by the context.

Un autre. Here is understood homme, &c. and these words were more necessary, inasmuch that if there was no person to be enfeoffed, there could necessarily be no feoffment.

De certain terres. Here is explained of what such feoffment should be made, and if this example had been of certain lands indeed, the feoffee could have taken them. But here they were so extremely uncertain, that he could not even find them.

Et apres le feoffee découvre. If he had discovered it before deed made, it had been immaterial. But note, if a stranger discover that the feoffer had no land, is he compelled to inform the feoffee of the same? As by illustration, for there through doth light come. If A should give to B and his heirs, his certain lands, &c. in England, and C travelling in a foreign country should know that A had no lands to give, it is the better and more received opinion that C should not be bound to inform B of the same, or if of his uncompeled will he did, that he might do it with as little expense to himself as possible. And this case I myself heard argued for six days before the judges with great learning and wit.—Nota bene. That if the feoffee find instead of discover, the law shall not be altered.

Que les terres, &c. non a lui appartiennent. The discovery that any other substance did not belong to the grantor, would be immaterial, as per exemplum; it matters not whether A be possessed of a brass kettle, in order to alien his land; and even the discovery that the lands granted did not belong to a third person, shall not affect the grant.

Clairement et manifeste il tiendra, &c. Herein the perfection of reason, (which is but another name for law) is apparent, for albeit it could not well have happened in any other manner, yet much credit do our forefathers deserve for not choosing what had been the extreme of foolishness et sic de similibus.

Et le feoffer. And the feoffer shall be holden or considered to have no interest in the said lands. And this upon two good reasons. First—Because he hath none whatever; and, secondly, having no interest, by his conduct he forfeits whatever he had—as from him that had none, was taken even that which he had.—Memorandum. This being a special point of law, Littleton has placed it with a memorandum to fix attention. What followeth is so evident that it needeth not explication.

NEW MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Thin shoes in a shower, and going home with an elderly lady, who avails herself of all the dry stepping-stones, and holds on to your arm, like an anaconda.

Volunteering to take part in a duet in company, and finding it set too high for your voice.

A poet who asks questions about his own works.

To walk a mile for a certain book—put on your slippers—draw a chair to the fire with a gratified expectation of coming enjoyment—open it and find you have only the second volume.

LETTERS FROM THE ABSENT EDITOR.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER TWO.

AT SEA.

OCTOBER 20.—We have had fine weather for progress, so far, running with north and north-westerly winds from eight to ten knots an hour, and making, of course, over two hundred miles a day. The sea is still rough; and though the brig is light laden and rides very buoyantly, these mounting waves break over us now and then with a tremendous surge, keeping the decks constantly wet, and putting me to many an uncomfortable shiver. I have become reconciled, however, to much that I should have anticipated with no little horror. I can lie in my berth forty-eight hours, if the weather is chill or rainy, and amuse myself very well with talking bad French across the cabin to the captain, or laughing at the distresses of my friend and fellow-passenger, Turk, (a fine setter dog, on his first voyage) or inventing some disguise for the peculiar flavor which that dismal cook gives to all his abominations; or, at the worst, I can bury my head in my pillow, and brace from one side to the other against the swell, and enjoy my disturbed thoughts—all without losing my temper, or wishing that I had not undertaken the voyage.

Poor Turk! his philosophy is more severely tried. He has been bred a gentleman, and is amusingly exclusive. No assiduities can win him to take the least notice of the crew, and I soon discovered that when the captain and myself were below, he endured many a persecution. In an evil hour, a night or two since, I suffered his earnest appeals for freedom to work upon my feelings, and, releasing him from his chain under the windlass, I gave him the liberty of the cabin. He slept very quietly on the floor till about midnight, when the wind rose and the vessel began to roll very uncomfortably. With the first heavy lurch a couple of chairs went tumbling to leeward, and by the yelp of distress, Turk was somewhere in the way. He changed his position, and, with the next roll, the mate's trunk "brought away," and shooting across the cabin, jammed him with such violence against the captain's state-room door, that he sprang howling to the deck, where the first thing that met him was a washing sea, just taken in at mid-ships, that kept him swimming above the hatches for five minutes. Half drowned, and with a gallon of water in his long hair, he took again to the cabin, and making a desperate leap into the steward's berth, crouched down beside the sleeping creole with a long whine of satisfaction. The water soon penetrated however, and with a "sacré!" and a blow that he will remember the remainder of the voyage, the poor dog was again driven from the cabin, and I heard no more of him till morning. His decided preference for me has since touched my vanity, and I have taken him under my more special protection—a circumstance which costs me two quarrels a day at least, with the cook and steward.

The only thing which forced a smile upon me during the first week of the passage, was the achievement of dinner. In rough weather it is as much as one person can do to keep his place at the table at all; and to guard the dishes, bottles, and castors from a general slide in the direction of the lurch, requires a sleight and coolness reserved only for a sailor. "Prenez garde!" shouts the captain, as the sea strikes, and, in the twinkling of an eye, every thing is seized and held up to wait for the other lurch, in attitudes which it would puzzle the pencil of Johnson to exaggerate. With his plate of soup in one hand, and the larboard end of the tureen in the other, the claret bottle between his teeth, and the crook of his elbow caught around the mounting corner of the table, the captain maintains his seat upon the transom, and, with a look of the most grave concern, keeps a wary eye on the shifting level of his vermicelli; the old weather-beaten mate, with the alacrity of a juggler, makes a long leg back to the cabin pannels at the same moment, and with his breast against the table, takes his own plate and the castors and one or two of the smaller dishes under his charge; and the steward, if he can keep his legs, looks out for the vegetables, or if he falls, makes as wide a lap as possible to intercept the volant articles in their descent. "Gentlemen that live at home at ease" forget to thank Providence for the blessing of a water-level.

OCT. 24.—We are on the Grand Bank, and surrounded by hundreds of sea-birds. I have been watching them nearly all day. Their performances on the wing are certainly the perfection of grace and skill. With the steadiness of an eagle and the nice adroitness of a swallow, they wheel round in their constant circles with an arrowy swiftness, lifting their long tapering pinions scarce perceptibly, and mounting and falling as if by a mere act of volition, without the slightest apparent exertion of power. Their chief enjoyment seems to be to scoop through the deep hollows of the sea, and they do so quickly that your eye can scarce follow them, just disturbing the polish of the smooth crescent, and leaving a fine line of ripple from swell to swell, but never wetting a wing, or dipping their white breasts a feather too deep in the capricious and wind-driven surface. I feel a strange interest in these wild-hearted birds. There is something in this fearless instinct, leading them away from the protecting and pleasant land to make their home on this tossing and desolate element, that moves both my admiration and my pity. I cannot comprehend it. It is unlike the self-caring instincts of the other families of heaven's creatures. If I were half the Pythagorean that I used to be, I should believe they were souls in punishment—expiating some life-time sin in this restless metempsychosis.

Now and then a land-bird has flown on board, driven to sea probably by the gale, and so fatigued as hardly to be able to rise again upon the wing. Yesterday morning a large curlew came struggling down the wind, and seemed to have just sufficient strength to reach

the vessel. He attempted to alight on the main yard, but failed, and dropped heavily into the long boat, where he suffered himself to be taken without an attempt to escape. He must have been on the wing two or three days without food, for we were at least two hundred miles from land. His heart was throbbing hard through his ruffled feathers, and he held his head up with difficulty. He was passed aft, but while I was deliberating on the best means for resuscitating and fitting him to get on the wing again, the captain had taken him from me and handed him over to the cook, who had his head off before I could remember French enough to arrest him. I dreamed all that night of the man "that shot the albatross." The captain relieved my mind, however, by telling me that he had tried repeatedly to preserve them, and that they died invariably in a few hours. The least food, in their exhausted state, swells in their throats and suffocates them. Poor curlew! there was a tenderness in one breast for him at least—a feeling, I have the melancholy satisfaction to know, fully reciprocated by the bird himself—that seat of his affections having been allotted to me for my breakfast the morning succeeding his demise.

OCT. 29.—We have a tandem of whales ahead. They have been playing about the ship an hour, and now are coursing away to the east, one after the other, in gallant style. If we could only get them into traces now, how beautiful it would be to stand in the fore-top and drive a degree or two on a summer sea! It would not be more wonderful, *de novo*, than the discovery of the lightning rod, or navigation by steam! And, by the way, the sight of these huge creatures has made me realize, for the first time, the extent to which the sea has grown upon my mind during the voyage. I have seen one or two whales, exhibited in the docks, and it seemed to me always that they were monsters—out of proportion, entirely, to the range of the ocean. I had been accustomed to look out to the horizon from land, (the radius, of course, as great as at sea) and, calculating the probable speed with which they would compass the diagonal, and the disturbance they would make in doing it, it appeared that, in any considerable numbers, they would occupy more than their share of notice and sea-room. Now—after sailing five days, at two hundred miles a day, and not meeting a single vessel—it seems to me that a troop of a thousand might swim the sea a century and chance to be never crossed, so endlessly does this eternal horizon open and stretch away!

OCT. 30.—The day has passed more pleasantly than usual. The man at the helm cried, "a sail," while we were at breakfast, and we gradually overtook a large ship, standing on the same course, with every sail set. We were passing half a mile to leeward, when she put up her helm and ran down to us, hoisting the English flag. We raised the "star-spangled banner" in answer, and "hoove too," and she came dashing along on our quarter, heaving most majestically to the sea, till she was near enough to speak us without a trumpet. Her fore-deck was covered with sailors dressed all alike and very neatly, and around the gang-way stood a large group of officers in uniform, the oldest of whom, a noble-looking man with gray hair, hailed and answered us. Several ladies stood back by the cabin door—passengers apparently. She was a man-of-war, sailing as a king's packet between Halifax and Falmouth, and had been out from the former port nineteen days. After the usual courtesies had passed, she bore away a little, and then kept on her course again, the two vessels in company at the distance of half a pistol shot. I rarely have seen a more beautiful sight. The fine effect of a ship under sail is entirely lost to one on board, and it is only at sea and under circumstances like these, that it can be observed. The power of the swell, lifting such a huge body as lightly as an egg-shell on its bosom, and tossing it sometimes half out of water without the slightest apparent effort, is astonishing. I sat on deck watching her with undiminished interest for hours. Apart from the spectacle, the feeling of companionship, meeting human beings in the middle of the ocean after so long a deprivation of society, (five days without seeing a sail, and nearly three weeks unspoken from land) was delightful. Our brig was the faster sailer of the two, but the captain took in some of his canvas for company's sake; and all the afternoon we heard her half-hour bells, and the boatswain's whistle, and the orders of the officer of the deck, and I could distinguish very well with a glass, the expression of the faces watching our own really beautiful vessel as she skimmed over the water like a bird. We parted at sunset, the man-of-war making northerly for her port, and we stretching south for the coast of France. I watched her till she went over the horizon, and felt as if I had lost friends when the night closed in and we were once more

"Alone on the wide, wide sea."

Nov. 3.—We have just made the port of Havre, and the pilot tells us that the packet has been delayed by contrary winds, and sails early to-morrow morning. The town bells are ringing "nine," (as delightful a sound as I ever heard, to my sea-weary ear) and I close in haste, for all is confusion on board.

LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

Intercepted for the New-York Mirror.

NUMBER ONE.

Washington, Friday, January 5th, 1832.

DEAR TOM—You probably expected (as little as I did myself) that I would ever fulfil the promise I made you, upon leaving town, to send you occasional sketches of men and things in this truly American metropolis. But the truth is, I have been so long in the habit of unbosoming myself to you, of prosing and of egotizing, of venting my spleen, and letting off my superfluous good humor, that I find I cannot now live without it.

You know me, Tom: expect no method. I must ramble, like an

untrained pointer; digress without returning, commence without concluding; flush a bird here, and run over one there. This is my nature, my habit, or what you will. But a great craniologist once told me that I had a bump—a wonderful bump—not reducible within any of the ordinary classified bumps, which rendered it quite impossible that I should ever stick to one thing. I forget the name he gave it; but I recollect he turned six Greek words into one English one, which consisted of only twelve syllables, and expressed with surprising accuracy the precise nature of my necessary eccentricities.

I make one condition—show my letters to no one—this I insist upon. I don't care what I say to you, but I shall not waste paper for any body else.

On new-year's day the president receives visitors; a custom, I believe, introduced by General Washington. Averse to sights, I nevertheless went with the crowd. It was a motley scene. There were the Cherokees, over whom our northern philanthropists weep and whine; (I understand they are half Yankees;) and there were the diplomatists in costume, very fine; and our own people, from every state and of every class: the heavy Pennsylvania farmer, and the pert New-York dandy; the old Virginian, (I love him,) tall, ill-dressed, careless, but a thorough-bred gentleman. Here you encountered the restless, inquisitive eye that marks the descendant of the pilgrims; and there (I feel it yet) the independent tread of the unembarrassed Kentuckian; the courtly Carolinian, suspiciously polite; the red-hot Georgian; reformers from the far west, where people eat with two-pronged forks, and land sells for a sixpence an acre; travelled men, (to look at, they don't talk,) with beards and whiskers, dire and portentous; all these there were, and mingled with these, what will give interest to any crowd, Eve's frail daughters, (I beg pardon,) "the American fair." And here, too, was variety. What is your taste in beauty, Tom? But I suppose that of the many, you would admire now and rave about that brilliant complexion, bleached in Rhode-Island fogs. It is beautiful, I own; and the eyes are bright, and the lips red, and the teeth white; yet it touches me not. But look at, listen to for a moment, that little Georgian, hanging on the arm of the old gentleman; to the right, a bachelor uncle, I presume. What grace in every motion! Do you not love it? That childishness, that playful tenderness. How sweetly she "syllables" her words! How elastic the step of her delicate feet! If I dared, I should be in love already. But no,

"Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Used to command, untaught to plead for favor."

Isn't that a fine rant? But to return. What is there more to say? Rooms, and furniture, and "household stuff," have been before described. The celebrated east room, for furnishing which, with too little regard for republican simplicity, Mr. Adams was assailed, (though, in point of fact, he never furnished it at all,) is now, at length, *actually* furnished; well, I think, and with some taste, but not sumptuously. It is an oblong quadrangular room, with a straight ceiling, and, of course, (in my opinion,) without beauty. Only necessity or economy can excuse this style of building; the larger a room is, the more unpleasant is the effect.

The president appears in good health, but he looks very old. His manners are those of a kind man, with more of the farmer than the general. I expected a certain stateliness, and a more polished courtesy. It is very well, however, as it is. He shakes hands with every one. I am sorry for him. I believe if he consulted his own feelings only, he would return to the Hermitage to-morrow.

There has been, as yet, very little to interest in the proceedings of congress. In the senate some preliminary skirmishing on the tariff has excited attention, chiefly as indicating the probable course on that question of some of the leading members. I have not been so fortunate as to be present on any one of these occasions.

Yesterday there was a spirited little discussion in the house. The question was nothing; but I had an opportunity of forming some judgment of the manner, at least, of several distinguished men. Mr. Adams spoke, and exceeded expectation. McDuffie I knew instantly by his vehemence and perpendicular see-saw. Mr. Everett was fluent, and distinctly heard. His voice is musical, and his manner graceful, but not, I think parliamentary. He wants earnestness; his cadences are too measured; he seems to know too well when he commences a sentence what the end of it will be; so much so, that though his speech was very short, yet I could not help suspecting that he had not trusted to the moment even for his words; more especially as there was little or no reference, in the course of his remarks, to what had been said that day in the debate. You might perhaps guess that he had been a clergyman. When Mr. Burgess rose there was a general turning round of heads; it was evident that, for some reason or other, he was generally listened to. He uses much gesture, and his manner is very vehement; but vehemence of manner requires vehemence of matter to support it. There was little on that occasion in what he said.

You know, Tom, I have no taste for politics, therefore you may depend upon the impartiality of any sketches which I may hereafter find time to send you. I have no disposition to meddle with parties, but I shall not refrain from speaking of a man because he happens to be a politician.

In New-York you call the weather changeable. *Changeable!* Come here. It will shine, and rain, and snow, and thaw, and freeze all in the course of an hour.

I expected one thing here, a good table, in which I have been grievously disappointed. With the exception of canvass-backs, there is nothing to eat. Beef tough, butter bad, potatoes wretched. They say that the closing of the Potomac materially affects the market. If so, may it (the Potomac) speedily yield to southern breezes.

In haste for the mail, I remain your half-famished friend, V.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

MIRABEAU.

Acer et indomitus, quo spes, quoque ira vocasset,
 Ferre manum, et nunquam temerando parcere ferro;
 Successus urgere suos; instare favori
 Numinis; impellens quidquid sibi summa potenti
 Obstat; gaudensque viam fecisse ruinâ.—*Luc. b. l.*

ALL who have risen to eminence by the force of intellect, may be divided into two great classes; those whose sphere of observation and experiment has been external nature alone, and those who have either studied or acted upon the equally extensive and diversified field of the human mind. In the first class are the geometrician and the naturalist—the minute experimentalist and the generalizing philosopher; in the other the artful demagogue, the successful political leader, the overwhelming orator. To the former of these we are accustomed to look up with the greater and more perfect admiration, and at first sight it would appear the more reasonable. The comprehensive mind of a Newton, grasping the links which bind together the various portions of this harmonious all, following up the minute ramifications of nature to the great fountains of light and life, may well be viewed with reverential awe; while the stupendous powers with which feeble mortals are clothed by the creative and beneficent genius of Archimedes, Galileo, Faustus, and Fulton, claim their warmest gratitude.

Yet, at the same time, it may be doubted whether they have a more imperious claim to our admiring notice than those who have dwelt more immediately among, and for their fellow-beings; whether the lessons they furnish be more vitally important than those we gather from the career of the men who have lived lives of active exertion instead of speculative retirement; who have not toiled to control the elements to man's uses, but whose equally daring purpose has been to subdue mankind themselves, to sway the passions and the vices, the powers and the weaknesses of humanity.

It is not, however, that their superiority is less felt, but that its foundations are less firm and steadfast: they are, like those they would rule, and the renown they seek, but the children of a moment. Yet the benefits they confer, if not eternal as the principles whence are deduced the axioms of geometry and the laws of physics, are yet deep and lasting. Society looks to them as her guardians, if not as her benefactors; as those who, if they do not invest her with the regal robes of wealth and knowledge, can alone preserve uninjured her dear-bought acquisitions. They lay the foundations of her happiness and dignity, they give order and stability to her magnificent but tottering masses. These are the men of practical wisdom and practical utility, who can seize the spirit of the moment when favorable, or subdue it when adverse, and whom their country rewards for promptness of thought and ability of action in her cause, by throwing her powers, her resources, her interests, and her hopes into their hands. They do not indeed make

"Fire, flood, and earth,
 The vassals of their will,"

but they hurl the thunder of a nation's collected energies; *brutum fulmen*, indeed, but more terrible to mankind in its destroying fury than all the rage of angry nature. These are the men to whose supremacy we bow, as to the visible image of the Deity; and not without reason, for it is at least the reflection of god-like intellect. Common minds feel their inferiority, and with selfish prudence follow blindly those whose wisdom they know can alone guide and protect their ignorance.

A man of this stamp has a far harder game to play than the philosopher, who theorizes in the ease and security of his solitude. He does not, like him, tread on firm and secure ground, nor can he assure himself that every advance he makes is in the right and safe path; he stands on a precipice, giddy from its elevation, tottering from its unstable foundation, where one false step may precipitate him to infamy, and where even the clearest judgment, the firmest course, the most bounteous fortune cannot ensure his triumph. He cannot anticipate that secure enjoyment of the fruits of his labors, which animates the philosopher in his painful progress; a word, a breath—the caprice of a fickle and ignorant multitude—may baffle his utmost prudence and disappoint his fairest hopes. Trusting to superior skill, he stands alone against a thousand adversaries, and a thousand hostile chances, and stakes life, fame, and fortune on the "hazard of the die." Yet, at the same time, his career is as brilliant as hazardous. To control a thousand different opinions, and passions, and prejudices; to curb the natural instinct of self-love, and to direct all its acquiring energy to building up a name for himself; to rule men as men rule timid sheep and stupid cattle, by the supremacy of intellect, and to rise among them in the majesty of mind; this is their noble prerogative. Such was Pericles, the earthly representative to his countrymen of the might and majesty of Jove the Thunderer: such was Cæsar, who, while he immolated the liberty, fame, and power of his nation to private interest, could win over the sufferers to assist with smiles at the sacrifice: such was Cromwell, whose iron grasp could tear down throne and altar, and erect the idol of his own authority on their fragments: such was Napoleon, the gigantic march of whose mind trampled down a kingdom at every step: and such too was *Mirabeau*, who plunged boldly into the torrent where so many "strong swimmers" perished; and, amid all its vicissitudes, rode the red billow of the revolution in triumphant security. His career was short, and more than half of it was wasted in infancy, in exile, and in prison; but he was only strengthened to endurance and action by the very contests and reverses by which his enemies hoped to break his spirit. He was pre-

ceded, at his entrance into the world, by strong prejudices, the result as much of other's calumnies as of his own faults; but his restless ascendancy triumphed over every obstacle, and he died at last, when he was about to give the noblest proof, at the same time of his influence, his wisdom, and his generosity, by upholding with his atlas strength the falling monarchy, in the full splendor of the greatest glory he could have obtained or desired.

Honoré Joseph Gabriel Riquetti de Mirabeau was of an old and illustrious family of Provence. His father was a noble of the old school; one of those who, as Ségur tells us, while firm in their devotion to the crown, and bigotedly attached to aristocratic institutions, amused themselves by indulging in liberal speculations on paper, which they would have shuddered at seeing carried into practice. He was severe, prejudiced, and narrow-minded, dead even to that family pride and nice sense of honor, which, in the absence of better feelings, preserved most of his class from the disgrace of meanness. As if to show how little connexion there may be between theory and practice, how little profession may have to do with principle, though the most enthusiastic disciple of the would-be science of the economists, he dissipated his immense patrimony; a pretended philanthropist, he defrauded his children of their inheritance; an eloquent apostle of liberty, he silenced the complaints of his injured family by the discipline of a prison of state. At the age of eighteen, Mirabeau's persecutions commenced. He was imprisoned by virtue of a *lettre de cachet*, for the accumulation of a few debts; an indiscretion which a rigid moralist might censure, but which the parent whose churlishness compelled him to expenses, of which his prodigality set him the example, should not have visited with this full measure of vengeance. We can hardly conceive the wide and deadly influence which this tremendous engine of arbitrary power then exercised. These mandates allowed not their victims to speak in their own defence, or even to know "what ignorant sin they had committed." They seized them in the dark, and transported them, as it were, out of the world; for dead to the world, to comfort, to consolation, and to hope they indeed were; their fate and their very existence being kept profoundly secret. To such a refinement of oppression had this abuse arrived, that these missives were openly sold to heads of families, as an easy method of getting rid of obnoxious relatives, without openly outraging public opinion.

After his first arrest, Mirabeau lived for nine years in captivity, varied only as it became more strict and comfortless, until banished to Pontarlier, a fortress in the most inclement region of the Alpine frontier. Here he met with Madame de Monnier, whom, under the name of Sophia, he loved, and celebrated, and ruined; but for whose sake he endured disgrace, poverty, toil, exile, ruin; every thing, in short, that armed and ruthless malice could inflict on its helpless victim. He loved her with all the energy and warmth of his glowing soul; it might not have been a pure and hallowed flame, but it was intense and lasting. No time could diminish his ardor, no sufferings exhaust his patience, no temptation shake his constancy. He forgot his own sorrow in anxiety for her welfare; he roused himself from sickness, he shook off despair, to cheer and console the partner of his fate; and refused to desert her, though wealth, fame, and tranquillity were to be the rewards of the sacrifice, and lingering death the consequence of refusal.

Irritated beyond endurance by the unrelenting hostility of his father, who refused him relief in his necessities, spurned his complaints, defied his feeble attempts to obtain redress, blasted his prospects and blackened his character, Mirabeau resolved on a desperate measure, but the only one which offered a chance of safety or happiness—flight into a foreign land with Sophia.

He lived for a time in Holland in contented obscurity, supporting himself by his pen. He led a life, as he describes it himself, of unwearied application, with penury staring him in the face, and the evils from which he had escaped, and all that irritated, because eluded vengeance could add to the black catalogue, lowering in the horizon. But, on the other hand, he had the solace of her presence for whom he had sacrificed every thing, and whose strong confiding love had left all to follow him; her bright smile to lighten up his hours of gloomy despondency; her warm heart to share and soothe his griefs. And it surely is no slight proof of the natural purity of his feelings, that he was capable of this generous self-devotion, this tried and constant love; and that even on the giddy height of his after glory, he could remember and regret this humble valley of his happiness.

This interval of repose did not last long. The bloodhounds of relentless malice tracked him to his peaceful retreat; and, as a punishment for having obeyed the voice of nature and duty in struggling against oppression, for seeking to exchange misery for happiness, the groans and tears of his dungeon for the free air of heaven, he was condemned to have those insupportable cruelties repeated and redoubled, which alone had driven him to error or crime. He was carried a prisoner into France, cast into solitary confinement in the castle of Versailles, and taught to consider his prison as his dwelling and his grave.

Of all the torments which ingenious cruelty has invented to test man's powers of endurance, the horrors of solitary confinement are the most appalling. Every other variety of suffering has at least something to relieve its monotonous intensity. The laborer, exhausted by his daily toil, eats bread sweetened by the pride of honest poverty; the anxious interest and fond attentions of friends are a healing balm to the throbbing brain and sinking heart of the invalid; even the criminal on the rack is cheered by the rapid approach of death, come to rescue him from his tormentors. But there is no relief for him whom powerful cruelty condemns to solitary desolation. He hears no affectionate voices, the echo of whose music may linger around

his prison walls; he sees no beloved faces, whose image may people his dreary solitude; he is cheered by no friendly visits, to be waited for and hailed with tearful joy, and counted and dwelt upon. There is no oasis in the desert where he may gain strength for fresh endurance, no rallying point where reason may concentrate her energies to combat the thousand foes that threaten her empire. The wretch who is to quit at once "this pleasing, anxious being," finds his enemies more merciful in their cruelty; for the captive is, like him, cut off from the world, from pleasure, and from hope; but not, like him, from torment and despair. His relations with his fellow-men are severed, his very heart-strings torn asunder, and thus abandoned, dismembered, and isolated, he is bid to live on a life, which, however the acuteness of his anguish may shorten it, is to him an eternity of misery unutterable. The heart is oppressed, the brain is crushed, by the leaden weight of unbroken, hopeless suffering, by the dreadful certainty that to-morrow will be as dark and comfortless as to-day. The void which the loss of natural affection has left in the heart, is soon filled by a fearful company; the fair temple of the mind becomes a cavern for all foul and unholy ideas to "knot and gender in," until madness mercifully interposes to snatch the sufferer from the overwhelming consciousness of his misery.

No wonder that ordinary resolution should sink under such trials, and ordinary minds yield to such foul and fearful enemies. But Mirabeau's were of no ordinary stamp: the iron, indeed, entered his soul also, but it was of the temper of adamant, and only struck fire from the collision. He was determined that though his pursuers had "taken the strong man captive," to make sport for them, they should not feast their eyes on the spectacle of his despairing weakness. He was determined to struggle even against that torrent, which had swept away his hopes and his happiness, and lived on in the vague but exciting thought, that he might one day repay the long account of injuries and sorrows, and trample under foot the unholy altar at which he had been sacrificed. Love of liberty at length bent even his stubborn pride; he sued for mercy humbly, fruitlessly, perseveringly, and was finally released, on conditions as severe as could be extorted from his utter helplessness. He emerged from confinement at the age of thirty-one; desolation surrounded him, and clouds and darkness covered the picture. Life was to him a desert, but in that desert he reared the everlasting temple of his fame.

Mirabeau passed his time in endeavoring to retrieve his ruined fortunes, until summoned to play a part in the busy scenes of public life. The fame of his talents and sufferings had preceded him, and he was greeted with applause that soon increased to rapturous enthusiasm. He reappeared at the most propitious moment. It is not necessary here to trace the chain of events that ushered in the French revolution, or repeat for the thousandth time how the unjust privileges and arrogant usurpation of the higher classes gradually became too oppressive for endurance; nor how, afterwards, those who had been irritated by servitude and excited by combat, were intoxicated with success; nor need we retrace the splendid but bloody pageant of revolutionized France through its alternate scenes of despotism and anarchy. Suffice it to say, that soon after Mirabeau was restored to liberty and the world, the struggle commenced.

Though a noble by birth, and proud of his family connexions, Mirabeau had little cause to love his equals. He came forth from the ordeal of persecution with hopes and fortunes blighted, heart seared, and manhood wasted. He had been ignominiously driven from the career that opened brilliantly before him, his affections had been outraged, the sanctity of his domestic life violated, his bright day-dreams darkened by the clouds of premature suffering; and he had grown old in sorrow and in care. His bosom swelling with its load of maddening recollections and implacable revenge, he was well fitted to lead the ranks of turbulence, to scatter the firebrands of discord, and to call up around him the storm that raged in his own breast. He joined the party of the people; he was their leader and their friend, the tower of their defence, the idol of their affections. The thunder of his indignant eloquence swelled the feeble cries extorted from them by suffering, into the stern tones of determined remonstrance, the menaces of fierce resentment; his voice shattered the walls which had swallowed up the pride of his youth and the promise of his life; his vehement spirit encouraged the assembly to resist arbitrary orders, though enforced at the point of the bayonet. His first public effort was an attempt in the states of Provence to recover for the lower classes their natural right of representation. For daring thus to oppose the arguments of reason to the dogmas of divine right, he was banished from among the nobility as a traitor. This injury only increased and confirmed his influence with the people. He was a martyr in their cause; he had been the first and ablest to preach liberty, and it was but right that her most zealous apostle should lead the crusade proclaimed in her name. The torrent rolled on in resistless strength, and Mirabeau rose to supremacy on the swell of the billow.

His career, however it may have been attacked by interested calumniators, was fearless, and generally just and consistent. He was far, indeed, from being a statesman of sterling, unwavering integrity and patriotism; but neither was he the mere factious leader his enemies would make him—the base pander to the people's fantasies, the sordid slave of avarice, the mad votary of ambition. His first great triumph was the establishment of those two pillars of civil liberty, the freedom of the press and the inviolability of representatives. The most splendid efforts of his oratory were made in his country's cause, and his noblest monument is the privileges his exertions obtained for her. He was from the first the advocate of a constitutional monarchy, on the model of that of England. He

indeed struck the first blow at the royal power, but his aim was only to lop off the rotten limbs and unsightly excrescences, not to lay the axe to the root of the stately tree, nurtured by the cares of so many statesmen, and the blood of so many patriots. It is a mistake that does cruel injustice to his memory to suppose, that because his eloquence and his ascendancy were popular, he was on that account only the agent of sedition; he was a liberal and enlightened statesman as well as a bold demagogue, and labored as often to still the waves of popular commotion, as to rouse the angry surges from their repose.

His influence was overwhelming; his popularity amounted almost to frantic enthusiasm. He was not the leader of any faction; he united, he managed, he subdued them all. He was the defender of the people, and the terror of the royal party, until the pride of the one was sufficiently humbled, the rights of the other amply secured, when he threw all the weight of his supremacy on the side of the latter. This was the moment of his greatest triumph, when the nobles, who had stigmatized the "plebeian count" as an outcast, supplicated his protection; when his queen entreated him to become her champion, and the throne trembled before him—it was the exiled Coriolanus receiving the ambassadors of humbled Rome.

His career was brief as it was brilliant: his excesses shortened his life, though they never clouded his talents or relaxed his diligence. In one respect he was as fortunate in his death as he had ever been in his life—he died in the full vigor of his intellect, in the meridian glow of his prosperity. It was not like the sun, gradually sinking to repose, it was the same luminary suddenly veiled from sight by an eclipse; and his death, too, "disastrous twilight shed o'er half the nations." His loss was bewailed as a national bereavement, and not without reason, for France lost in him the presiding genius of her revolution. Others may have had purer and clearer views, but he alone had the requisite controlling energy. His magic influence alone could have made order arise out of chaos, and caused the discordant elements of the mighty system to move regularly and harmoniously. He died, too, at the very moment when his exertions were most imperiously necessary, when a chance yet remained to save the drowning state, and when he had pledged himself to a task every way worthy of him. How far his fair promises might have been performed, into what further error his wayward passions would have hurried him, we cannot judge; but almost his last words were a regret that he had lived only to desolate, and that he must die without repairing the ruin he had caused.

Mirabeau undoubtedly surpassed all his contemporaries in strength of intellect. His memory was prodigious, his application incessant; he felt intensely and spoke with energy. Leaving his eloquence out of the question, he holds a high rank among his country's authors. His essays on "Despotism," and on "Prisons of State," are filled with profound research, close reasoning, bitter irony, and touching yet lofty lamentations. Both were written in confinement, as his biographer expresses it, "under the inspiration of the dungeon," and the descriptions flow from his pen as they were impressed upon his breast, in characters of fire. His famous "*Lettres à Sophie*," are, on many accounts, a literary curiosity. Here is no thrilling excitement, no artful train of incidents, no highly-wrought descriptions; they are full of incoherent passion, of insignificant details; they are merely a strong and powerfully excited mind pouring forth its feelings into a sympathizing breast; yet the book is one of the most intense interest that a reader can peruse. It is the breathings of tender, devoted love; the voice of nature speaking from and to the heart. They have none of the artificial character of French literature, none of that sickly sentiment which even Rousseau's burning eloquence cannot always embellish; at the same time they are full of those dangerous sophisms which, disguised by all the richness of his glowing fancy, first disturbed his victim's peace, and conquered her virtue.

Mirabeau's style is never pure or polished; he breaks up his language to make it follow the turns and changes of his mind; it is rude and harsh, often wanting in precision and almost always in elegance; abounding with strong but incorrect expressions, and phrases tortured into new and improper constructions.

But all these defects are forgotten, or rather vanish, when we come to his oratory. Here he stands without a rival in modern times. No public speaker, whether in the British parliament or French assembly, understood his art so well; no political combatant wielded his weapons with such skill, facility, and success. He could vary the mode of his attack, the very character of his mind, at pleasure. Bold, yet calm in danger, impetuous in attack, persevering in exertion, master of himself even when he seemed most abandoned to his intense emotion, he united the most opposite qualities, and all that could ensure success. The style of his eloquence is strong and copious, full of lofty language, bold figures, and abrupt transitions. He seldom argued coolly with his auditors: he did not pause in his impetuous career to gain over their dispassionate reason; he carried them along with him in triumph; and those whom he could not convince he silenced, he astonished, he disturbed, he subjugated. He made even the iron and lead of common minds sparkle and glow with his own ardor; he communicated, as it were, an electric influence, which all must involuntarily obey. "His eloquence attacked at once and resistlessly; there were no cold intervals of calculation or deduction; every thing was amalgamated and beaten into one mighty thunderbolt of reason and passion, ridicule and invective—"

"Tres imbrī tortos radios, tres nubis aquosae
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque metumque
Miscuit—flammisque sequacibus iras."—*Virg.*

He has often been compared to Demosthenes; and the mere

ability to support the comparison is a sufficient eulogy on his genius. Both possessed clear perceptions and great powers of argument; both were formidable in accusation and invective; both fearlessly supported their country's interests and denounced her enemies; and both, to the disgrace of humanity, stained their reputation by degrading vice and pitiable weakness. The character of their oratory differs like that of their auditory. The ancient spoke to an assembly who prided themselves on their refinement, and the fastidious nicety of their taste; hence his discourses are marked by severe simplicity and studied neatness; his words, like his thoughts, flow on in a strong and rapid, but pure and sparkling stream. Mirabeau, called to address the "moving theatre" of a popular assembly, far less refined and more impassioned, could not regulate in the leisure of his study the imposing array of his arguments, the stately march of his periods. Demosthenes was indebted to study and careful preparation for that very *dehors*, that earnest energy, that overpowering logical strength, which is his chief merit: Mirabeau came forward unprepared, but ready to meet whatever combat the accident of the moment might call him to. Then it was, while all around were troubled, and anxious, and hesitating, that he put forth his strength, and

"Collecting all his might, dilated stood."—*Milt.*

He was named by his countrymen "the thunderbolt of war;" and it was, indeed, like Jupiter thundering and lightening over an awe-struck world, when he poured forth the winged arrows of his keen invective, his fiery indignation:

"Media nimbamur in nocte, corrusca
Fulmina molitur dextrâ."—*Virg.*

Of the private character of Mirabeau, truth will not allow us to speak in such eulogy. With all his greatness, he had no moral grandeur. He knew not that lofty principle which teaches us to tame the wild voice of passion, to silence the murmurings of nature, and to bow to the decrees of an inscrutable providence. He flew to the feverish excitement of debauchery to fill the "craving void" left in his restless mind, when ambition or party spirit no longer gave its energies employment. He was, indeed, a gross and abandoned profligate. But at least he was not, like Ulysses' soldiers, changed to a beast by the Circean cup; even its deadly potion could not paralyze his faculties; and, like Silenus in Virgil's Eclogue, he rose, his veins yet swollen with debauch,* to speak of the eternal principles of reason and justice, and to enchant his hearers with the music of his eloquence.

Yet, though we cannot defend, we may be permitted to lament his errors. The stately tree was, indeed, rotten at core, even when its head towered highest, and its verdure was most luxuriant; but then it sprung up in the poisoned atmosphere of corruption; the iron weight of oppression checked its growth; the "bleak winds and pelting storms" of adversity; stripped it of its blossoms, and it might, perhaps, have flourished in healthy vigor, had it grown up in the sunshine of parental affection, and had the dews of virtue and peace been permitted to descend upon it. But Mirabeau had not a father's guiding hand to direct him in the right path, the reflection of a father's virtues to encourage him to self-denial—he was cast upon the world to wander

"Quocunque ferat melior fortuna parente."—*Hor.*

Is it surprising that he should have been led astray by temptation? He began life filled with high hopes and generous sentiments: he found himself baffled, persecuted, and abandoned; is it surprising that cruel and unmerited suffering should have embittered his temper, and shaken his confidence in the divinity of virtue? He had writhed under

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely," and is it surprising that the deep sense of his injuries should rankle in his heart, until it poisoned every healthy feeling?

What he might have been under other circumstances we cannot judge; we speak of him only as he was—an erring and guilty mortal, but great even in his miseries, his follies, and his crimes:

"This should have been a noble creature—he
Had all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled—as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness,
And mind and dust, and passions and pure thoughts,
Mixed and contending without end or order,
All dormant or destructive."—*Byron.*

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

QUOTATIONS.

I do not recollect with certainty whether Miss Edgeworth, in her admirable Essay on Bores, specifies the quotation-loving bore, as one of that horrible genus. Two species are known to exist at the present day, the one distinguished by the appellation of the *conversational quoter*, and the other as the *writing quoter*. It would puzzle a Linneus or a Buffon, however, to assign them any distinct situation in a cabinet of natural history, as they partake partly of the nature of beast, and partly of that of birds. Their bestial nature consists in their browsing in the fields of literature, and cropping the fairest flowers; they are of the ruminating class, for they preserve their food a long while before making use of it, rolled up in little detached parcels, and concealed in a place called the cranium, or in a sort of kangaroo pouch, commonly called a common-place book. Their second nature is marked by their predatory habits, and by the talons with which they seize on their prey. They belong to the class vulture, and are supposed to be described by

* "Infatum hesternum venas, ut semper, iaccho."—*Virg. Ecl. 9.*

Virgil under the name of harpies. The conversational quoter has the power of speech in a degree equal to the parrot or magpie, repeating what it hears from others, and this is all that is known of their natural history.

The presence of the last mentioned can be discovered by his enforcing his observations, at the great hazard of proving himself a clipper of coin, (I speak figuratively,) by some beautiful but hack-nied rhyme or threadbare paragraph; and the former is always known by his continually tagging and dovetailing his sentences with some appropriate lines, introduced by a flourish of "as the poet says," or, "as a great writer on this subject remarks." I leave the solution of the question whether the former or the latter be the worse evil, to the ingenious and philosophical author of the "*Miseries of Human Life*." I am rather inclined to the opinion, that the conversational quoter is the worse evil, from the force with which I can imagine the uneasiness of the poor gentleman of whom Mathews related one of his humorous stories, whose every observation was met with a scrap of an old song, as, when he remarks on the coldness of the weather he receives for answer, "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind;" and when he informs his fellow-traveller, he considered such language very rude, was told, "Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer."

The inclination to quote can be traced in the portfolio of the traveller, and in the cabinet of the philosopher. The traveller could not bring home the Waterloo bridge or St. Peter's church, but he gratified his admiration of the original by a sketch; and when displaying it to his friends, feels all the consciousness of having crossed the one and gazed upon the other. So the quoter, when he cannot transfer to his pages the whole of a favorite author, indulges himself in some slight touches, which, to his pedantic satisfaction, is sufficient to convince the reader of his acquaintance with the quoted.

It seems to be an opinion that the older the author is from whom the quotation is made, the better. One from Gower or Chaucer is beyond all price; as the philosopher values his brick from the tower of Babel more than a whole modern city. It may be an opinion current with them, that literature improves by keeping, like wine; and that the dust of antiquity in which it is shrouded gives it a sort of religious mystery. The more unintelligible it is, the better it gives the reader a higher idea of the author's learning and comprehension.

An occasional and apt quotation is often highly ornamental. I object to quotations for the mere purpose of quotation, and when it occurs too often. A beautiful exotic adds variety and life to a whole garden, but the foreign plants should not be placed so thickly that the natural productions of the soil cannot shoot. A book interlarded with marks of quotation appears as if its author, or rather compiler, had borrowed from sheer necessity. What a ridiculous figure he would cut if, like the jay in the fable, he were stripped of his borrowed plumage! There is a very picturesque description of this retributive justice in Washington Irving's dream in the Westminster library; where, from a respectable-looking and well-dressed man, one person reclaimed a pair of small-clothes, a second a hat, a third a wig, and so on, until the poor pilferer stood stripped of his borrowed dignity and respectability, a scorn and a jest to all.

The quotations of Burke are remarkably felicitous. He observed the happy medium, neither wholly wanting nor too full. They unite with his subject so smoothly, they harmonize so well with his ideas, they astonish so much by their peculiar appropriateness, that far from appearing grafts or excrescences, they seem to be inherent to his reflections, and to have been created with them. This resulted from extensive reading, an excellent memory, and an excellent formation of mind. He did not ransack his library for them, they offered, they pressed themselves upon his attention. His mind was overflowing with knowledge; and when he drew on its inexhaustible reservoirs, he could not divide the rich drops of literature from the overwhelming stream of intellect. His quotations did not consist of the musty pedantic furniture of a college-furnished brain, they were jewels of literature brought up from its deep profound. They were not the waifs of a purloiner, or the estrays of another's signory; no sentence was tortured, no language was strained for their introduction; but all the parts harmonized together, forming a grand and impressive whole. While busy with one statesman, it may not be amiss to observe of another, the late Mr. Canning, that it has been remarked that all his quotations were from the first six books of the *Æneid*.

Quotation is not of modern origin, for Cicero and the Latin historians indulge in it; but the most singular instance occurs in Roocommon's poetical essay on English verse, wherein he quotes three or four pages of Milton's blank verse, by way of elucidating his argument, but to the utter derangement and discomfiture of all congruity and unity of design.

Although all authors of merit, and some of no merit at all, are considered by the quoters as their property, yet those to whom they more particularly lay claim are among the ancients, Seneca, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and Juvenal, not troubling the Greeks much; and among the moderns Shakespeare, Milton, Butler, and Pope. But the fate of the productions of these, from Milton down, is incomparably happier than that of Shakespeare. It were well if scribblers would consider his anathema against those who disturbed his physical remains, as applying to his intellectual also. If a writer can discover a line, nay, even a word, in Shakespeare, in any manner applicable to his subject, he immediately notes it down, and bolsters it with proper marks of quotation on either side; the mere exclamation, "holloa!" has been quoted, with the name of Shakespeare for authority.

Varied quotation certainly displays knowledge, but used for that

purpose it becomes a species of pedantry. It is not so great a sin as plagiarism, but *misquotation* is a much greater; for plagiarism is merely raising yourself to the level of another, whereas misquotation consists in the grosser misdemeanor of bringing another down to your own level. Byron detected Campbell, in three or four instances of misquotation, and has passed his reprehension on it.

Sir Walter Scott led the way in prefixing a motto to each chapter of his works, and the whole tribe of novelists followed his footsteps. So far did he give the reins to his desire of mottoes to prefix to his chapters, that when ready-made ones were wanting, he manufactured suitable ones for the purpose. All those signed Old Play are indebted to this motto mania for their existence. So general has this practice become, that there are several books compiled expressly for the purpose of quotation; one by a clergyman of this city, who doctored and remodelled passages from all authors at his pleasure, in order that the purchasers of his book could fit them in their places without further trouble. With merciless hand he transferred from the fields of their birth, where they grew in wild and untrammelled beauty, the fairest flowers of poetry, to the leaves of his herbarium, where each bright leaf withered, and each sweet tint faded.

But if persons will use quotations, let them be original, not the quotations of quotations. Any passage remarkable for beauty is quoted and requoted, until it becomes as hacknied as the nursery tales of old Mother Hubbard. How long the poet's eye will roll in a fine frenzy is not only a matter of conjecture but of alarm. As for the "light fantastic toe," it is worn to the bone, but nevertheless steps it off as merrily as in its best days. It is to be feared that it resembles the good people of Communipaw, who, according to John Bull in America, danced to the devil's fiddling, until not only their light fantastic toes, but even their ankles, were worn off. Poor man has been the study of mankind, so long, we should suppose that resurrection-men would have starved to death ere this. It is remarkable that now-a-days every newspaper essayist and scribbler has a dream, which is not all a dream. It is a melancholy fact, that since the days of that dozy fellow, Byron, people never get their old-fashioned sleep and dreams. This may yet be remedied, for we have observed a change coming over the spirit of a great many dreams lately, and it is to be hoped that things will again fall into the old routine. But the hacknied quotation of "jam satis," popping into my head, reminds me that it is time to finish, and moreover, my impatience is continually whispering, "claudite rivos."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1832.

Portrait of Washington Irving.—We intended, as previously announced, to have embellished this number with a very superior steel engraving of Washington Irving, by Hatch and Smillie. But that not being quite finished, we think this a proper opportunity to publish the view of Wall-street, mentioned in our prospectus as the only one on copper to appear in the present volume, all the others being on steel. The likeness of Mr. Irving, respecting which we are pleased to observe so much interest manifested, will be ready in the course of a month.

Editor's Study.—Our sheet to-day is filled entirely with original matter, and in looking it over and making it ready to be lanced, irrevocably, upon the world, our mind is crossed with several thoughts. What mistakes are here hidden from us which the multitudinous eyes of the public will detect? What latent personality is lurking under a demure description—what political heresy disguised beneath a *bon mot*—where has an impertinent semi-colon thrust itself into the rightful place of a comma—where is there a letter upside down—or a p for a q to mar the sense of our offering, and lower our character, and disturb our dream to-morrow night when we shall discover it but too late? Come, reader, as this is a department sacred to familiarity, we will lay aside our editorial dignity, and you shall put off your critical acumen, and we will enjoy a moment's friendly examination of our own affairs. Reflect now upon the evils that have sometimes resulted to you from a word carelessly spoken. Have you not ever abused lawyers or doctors, and in the midst of your animadversions been startled by one at your elbow; or condemned the conduct of some public man, and been informed in a whisper that the person next you was his nephew or his son; or ridiculed a book, till the extraordinary coincidence of nods and winks among your hearers betrayed that the whole had been overheard by the author? But these are incidents soon forgotten and trifling when compared with the regular necessity of having all your daily thoughts and opinions—written in every mood—denied the advantage of a revision—arrested and exhibited to the world for deliberate inspection. And then the immutability of a printed piece! When we and the objects of our hasty remarks, and the tastes of the times, and the very generations around shall be changed, our miscellaneous comments will be staring us in the face, and we shall be haunted by the ghosts of old paragraphs, unless (which to most of our fraternity would be still worse) Lethe, that potent stream against an universal deluge from which the literary world has no promise, shall silently spread its stagnant waters over us and all our errors. That last is rather a forlorn comfort, and no consolation for reading in our own writings that we sat out for such a place, or that we read to a maiden while she *sowed*, or any other of the inadvertencies, to guard from which requires the eyes of an Argus.

The fourth page is occupied with two letters. The first from an associate, to whom we look for many interesting sketches. The second is by a hand practised in literature, whose situation at Wash-

ington invests him with certain facilities for observing both the character of statesmen and orators, and the operations of that lower but more delightful vale, animated with the light of beauty and the hum of fashion. We wish some one would hint to the brilliant circles who dwell in that metropolis or are crowding thither from various parts of the United States, to be on their guard:

"A chiefs' among them taking notes,
And faith he'll prent 'em."

We commend the outline of "Mirabeau" to attention, but wish to complain of the writer, as an individual meriting reprehension. He is an enemy to the public, and snaps his fingers at them in a most disrespectful manner; for although his writings are enriched with an uncommon force of thought, and elegance of diction, he commits them to paper in the intervals afforded by other, (and as he impudently observes,) more *serious* avocations, solely for his own selfish amusement. We called in to his office the other afternoon, and found him in the act of lighting his cigar with a manuscript, twisted up into the form of a match, on which we caught the words, "his voice shattered the walls," and "crusade proclaimed in her name." A gentle flame just waved from the tip, when, by our timely intervention, we rescued the glowing biography of Mirabeau. Budgett relates a story of Rosicrusius, whose disciples pretend to new discoveries, which they are never to communicate to the rest of the world. The sepulchre of that philosopher, long after his death, was discovered, containing one of the ever-burning lamps of the ancients, the secret of which he had discovered. It was still lighted, but by its side was the brazen statue of an armed man, so constructed, that on the entrance of any one it raised a club, and dashed the suspended lamp to pieces. There are several Rosicrusians about town, in a literary way. We have reason to believe there is an organized society here. One of our best poets has been sworn in; and a person who knows much respecting these things, told us as much as that another has lately been permitted to collect and publish in a volume a number of admirable pieces before printed, on condition that several, not yet completed, but which might be as perpetual as the lamp of the ancients, should remain forever buried and concealed in his own imagination. We have regretted, more than once, that our periodical was established in a city so infested by the followers of this surly Rosicrusius.

The short article on "Quotations" was much wanted. Read it, old and young, and act accordingly. The excellent mind that furnished our description of Wall-street, on the first page, is guilty in this particular. He calls the Exchange the place "where merchants most do congregate." We shall hereafter be compelled to establish a severe censorship over our pages, and to strip correspondents of their borrowed decorations. The author of Mirabeau has also sinned in this respect, in the untranslated "*acer et indomitus*," over his paper, but he, being a Rosicrusian is, in some degree, excusable. Of all quotations, which, to nine-tenths of the human family must be intolerable, those dragged in from the dead languages, or, indeed, any foreign tongue, are the most provoking. A writer addicted to this tells you that "so good and virtuous a youth could not commit the crime, because "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*—" but adds, "his father was a scoundrel, and I confess '*κακὸν κἀγαθὸν κοινὸν αἶμα*.'" Then there are the misquoters, and those who mix up their words with the author's, and change moods and tenses to suit the occasion; like the man who, wishing to express emphatically the agreeable manner in which he was spending the evening, observed, "*tempus* certainly does *fugit* much more rapidly than usual." For calling attention to this great evil, our correspondent merits the thanks of the reading community. We dismiss the quoters, only adding, that in the "Extracts from a Modern Dictionary" on the last page, Milton has been made responsible for the term "domestic bliss," instead of "wedded bliss."

There is another habit into which some of our kind correspondents are falling, viz. *punning*. He who prepared the above-mentioned sketch of Wall-street—if you only knew him—the kindest, the most cheerful, benevolent being—but he will forever astound you with that long discarded piece of wit. It bursts out from him on all occasions, like a cork from a champagne bottle, or a bubble on the surface of a running stream. No matter how he is engaged—talking, writing, grave or gay, business or pleasure—pop—there it comes, and you must make the most of it. It reminds us of the leaping sturgeon in a glassy river, when all around is smooth and you least expect it, up he comes, and a splash startles you from your meditations. Our heart misgave us when we saw our friend in his article sailing towards bank notes, dealt out by the poet he mentions, and sure enough the notes of his bewitching lyre soon sounded in our ears. We said nothing, however, till he gravely informed us the lyre is not a *fib-teller*, and we then seriously resolved to give the subject a grave consideration. We know Shakespeare admitted these annoyances into his most highly-wrought scenes; so much so indeed, that some of his characters, instead of tears on any great calamity, invariably shed a flood of puns. A lover losing his mistress, strikes his breast and puns away in an agony of disappointment, and dying men pun in their last prayers. Even Milton could not soar above "this visible diurnal sphere" without a small parcel of these useful little machines, and he lets them down on his reader from the skies, or out from the garden of Eden in true earthly style:

"And with one bound high overleaped all bound," &c.
"If our proposals once again were heard," &c.
"Leader! the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home;" &c.

We give public notice that we shall, hereafter, set our faces against puns and quotations; and we hereby declare war against the Rosicrusians, great and small, and warn them that whenever any of their productions fall in our way, or, to speak figuratively,

whenever we dig down into any of their hidden sepulchres, we shall seize whatever we can, and hold it up to posterity. One of this sect has a poem, by Dr. Drake, called the "Culprit Fay." We do not know where it is buried, but hope some lucky accident will bring it to light. Why the numerous friends and admirers of that estimable man and admirable poet, should be denied the gratification of perusing a work from his pen, so remarkable for rich fancy and exquisite style, is a question frequently asked.

We have accidentally omitted to notice the establishment in this city of a weekly paper, called the Rail-road Journal. Its leading object is to disseminate a general and accurate knowledge of the extraordinary and almost incredible perfection to which rail-roads are brought, and the facts respecting their general adoption throughout the country. The reader, however, must not allow the title to mislead him into a belief that its sphere is circumscribed, its materials dull, or its pages unattractive. Besides a mass of historical and scientific information concerning the various branches of internal improvement, it contains a valuable supply of foreign and miscellaneous intelligence, and furnishes a convenient and entertaining record of what is passing in the literary world. It is published by Mr. D. K. Minor, and, we understand, the literary department is under the direction of Mr. Charles Hoffman, one of the editors of the American, a gentleman to whom the town is already indebted for many of the lively and popular sketches upon new publications, and other subjects, which have within a year enhanced the value of that excellent journal as a family paper.

The career of the Morning Courier and Enquirer has been successful in an almost unprecedented degree. The proprietors have exhibited unusual talent, energy, and skill in conducting its concerns. Their great facilities in procuring the earliest foreign news, their liberality and enterprise in furnishing their readers, by express, with public documents, and the endless variety of miscellaneous information to be found in their columns, have rendered this one of the most extensively circulated and important journals in the country. Of course we have nothing to do with its politics, of which we do not pretend to judge. The additional improvements lately made in this gazette are of such a nature as must command universal attention. The recent enlargement makes it the most ample and elegant sheet issued from the American press. It is printed on fine paper, with new type, by means of a double cylinder press, by which two thousand sheets are struck off in an hour. The annual cost of this, as well as each of its contemporaries in this city, is only ten dollars. It would puzzle a foreigner to conceive how morning newspapers can be afforded on such moderate terms. Similar publications in London command several times the amount. The inadequate price paid here for this species of labor, is a serious disadvantage, against which both dailies and weeklies have to contend, and one which exercises an extremely pernicious influence upon the exertions of our editorial brethren. A very general circulation, or an extensive advertising patronage is absolutely necessary to any suitable remuneration for the drudgery, labor, and enormous expenses incurred. The sum of ten dollars is but a slender compensation for any morning journal published in the city of New-York.

The operatic corps of the Park are nearly perfect in the forthcoming opera of the "Maid of Judah," and Mrs. Austin will soon appear here as Elvira, in Masaniello. She lately sang with Mr. Sinclair at the Musical Fund of Philadelphia, and also in Cinderella to a fine house. She will be warmly welcomed to our boards. Her tour to the south has been unusually brilliant. Cinderella, at Baltimore, was played twelve times in a fortnight. Jones improves in Masaniello. Mr. Richings rather overacts his part in "Behold how brightly breaks the morning." Nothing should be allowed to interfere with that delightful barcarole; and even although his playing be good, he should guard against diverting the attention of the audience. It disconcerts the singers, and destroys the effect of the music. In other respects he is excellent. Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Duff have been sustaining their round of characters, at the Richmond-hill, with considerable success. The Chatham has been re-opened for the reception of playgoers in that part of the town.

We are compelled, reluctantly, to exclude several notices of books, etc. and to postpone the reading of a number of communications till next week. Three or four letters are received, one from "a bachelor," complaining that the young ladies of this city are too grave and distant to their *beaux*, thereby frightening their sweet-hearts from tender thoughts; and a few lines from "Julio" asking advice touching a courtship which he declares has been broken off by the jealousy of two elder sisters. Charles informs us that he is passionately fond of music, and that a young Miss, for whom he has a "warm respect," has had a cold these two years every time he asked her to sing, and that the opening of a piano always sets her coughing. We recommend him to send her a box of Dr. Slangwhanger's cough drops! We sympathize, however, most deeply with a poor gentleman who says he occupies a room in the attic of a house without fire-places, and warmed by a furnace situated in the cellar. The people down stairs, he adds, are ill-natured, and shut off the heat when they please; and he assures us, with tears in his eyes, that after every new quarrel, they are sure to revenge themselves by nearly freezing him to death. The poor man adds, that when he wishes to know how he stands with his landlord, he always looks at his thermometer! We are much pleased to find the sphere of our correspondence lately much enlarged, and promise, that if our friends will forward their grievances to us, we will, like all great moralists, either furnish a remedy, or prove that their best method is to bear them as well as possible.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANN.]

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VOL. IX.

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No. 30.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FALL OF JERUSALEM.

'Twas sunset—and high above Jerusalem
Was seen the form of Wrath—his brow begirt
With storm—his arm with living thunder clad,
And in his red right hand was poised the bolt
Of retribution!
That ancient city! queen of Israel—joy
Of all the earth—the home of holy song—
Her time had come! From age to age
Her God had sent his servants forth, and they
Had knelt in sackcloth at her gates, and shed
Their tears, and groaned their prayers along her streets,
And pined away within her prison walls,
And poured their reeking blood upon her soil:
And, last of all, the Prince of Glory came—
Disowned, rejected, scorned; his name cast out;
His claims disputed, and his works despised:
Yet on he labored, toiled, and fainting not.
He wept, he prayed, he groaned, he bled, he died;
But, ere they led him forth, a prayer they said,
“On us and on our offspring be the guilt of all
His blood!” O damning prayer! 'Twas answered soon—
'Tis answered yet! a lasting curse, deep branded
On the brow of Judah's scattered children!
The die was cast—the ban of reprobation fell;
And though the wrathful hour was still delayed,
'Twas that her cup of guilt might overflow,
And all who would, escape the ruin of her fall.
And now the Roman legions came, and swarmed
Like locusts round her proud and lofty walls;
But ere the gates were shut, a little band
Went straggling forth, and wandered on among
The neighboring hills—'twas not a warlike band,
It was the flock of Jesus, led by angels forth;
For his own word was pledged to save them
From the coming storm.
And now Jerusalem had filled her cup;
Her streets had overflowed with blood
Of holy men; and weeping Mercy, that long
Had plead her cause with most beseeching words,
Sealed up her lips for ever! Meantime
The soldiers, at the mandate of their chief,
Had compassed in the city, with a breast-work
Broad and high.
Within her walls were scenes of nameless woe,
While lank-jawed, meagre Famine strolled about
The empty streets, and lapped at every door
The oozing blood—no less did hellish Faction
Claim an offering large of human gore.
The dank and loathsome tombs were filled
With princely carcases, and those of lower rank
Were scattered in the public ways. None mourned
The loss of friends, but rather wished them dead,
That fewer mouths might claim a share in food
That still remained. The strongest ties that bind
Together human souls were loosed, and none
Took care to see another fed. The mother
Thrust aside her starving child; and when
She heard its piteous moan, a laugh
Of maniac wildness told no mother's heart
Was there.
The tragedy of heaven had now begun—a few
More hours and God would let the curtain fall!
But ere the ruin burst, there was a deep
And awful calm. 'Twas such as when
The darkening tempest overspreads the clear
Blue vault, and Nature seems to hold her breath
In dread expectancy, while heaven prepares
To launch its thunders at the crouching earth.
'Twas like the hectic flush that comes before
Eternal paleness!
That day was fair as ever shone on Palestine,
And when the morning beams first fell upon
The city's golden domes and brazen towers,
The Romans hid their faces, for they could
Not look on such a flood of glory.
And Titus turned away, and wept to think
How soon those ancient piles would make a satire
On the pride of human art. The day passed on
And eve approached; but when the sun now rolled
His car adown the steep of heaven, and bathed
His burning forehead in the Ægean wave,
His lingering beams sketched signs of most
Unwonted wrath upon the eastern sky.
All marked the omens—all the Jews belied
Their import. When they saw their city
Pictured on the sky, besieged by mighty hosts,
And men of war, with fiery steeds careering
On the golden clouds, they said “'twas sign
Of great deliverance soon to come.”
These wonders passed; the night came down,
And Nature, as a meek and peaceful child,
Slept sweetly on the bosom of her God.

The beauteous queen of night shot out her barge
Upon the wide ethereal sea,
And myriads of shining orbs, that circle
Through the farther deep of heaven, beamed forth
A fainter radiance on the crystal air.
And there were mournful sounds, that trembled
On the ear like speech of dying men, and seemed
Prophetic of some dire calamity.
For in the far-off distance, hoarsely chimed
The heaving billows, as they broke upon
The Tyrian rocks; and to him that held
His ear awake, the low whisperings of fate
Stole on his sense, like music of some
Lonely hour; and all the scenery round
Was such as stirred the soul to look upon:
For there was Olive's mount, where Jesus wept,
But now 'twas Titus' camp; and here and there
The Roman eagle stood; and scattered groups
Of weary soldiers on their shields had laid
Them down to sleep; and there the garden
Where he prayed in agony; and there
Was Kedron's lonely brook; and there
Siloe's sweeter fount, grown putrid now
With blood of slaughtered men, and stench
Of pestilence!
The night advanced, and deeper silence came.
The noise and bustle of the day had now
All ceased, and weeping nature too had hushed
Her moan; not e'en a timid zephyr fluttered
On the bosom of the quiet air.
The moonbeams still were sleeping on
The temple's gilded turrets, and the stars
Looked down, and seemed to say, “Farewell!”
To that great city, soon to be no more:
And nought was heard, save step of weary
Sentinel, as on he walked his round upon
The wall or neighboring hill; or now and then
The Roman or the Jewish watchword echoed
Through the hollow air, or dying groans came up
From Salem's lonely streets.
And now the hour of midnight came,
And earth and heaven and hell seemed full
Of awful preparation. The moon, that lately
Shone so bright, turned deadly pale, and all
The stars drew weeds of mourning on,
Still shedding forth a wan and sickly beam;
And birds of evil omen flapped their wings
Above Jerusalem, and croaked aloud;
And spirits lost came flying through
The fevered air, as if some fearful errand
Call'd them from the pit, and angels of the living God
Swept down the starry road; and when they reached
The city, some reclined upon the temple's roof,
Then hovered in the air, as if God's house
Were not a sanctuary.
Just then a sound unearthly rolled around
The temple gates; its firm and lofty pillars
Rocked like cedars in a tempest;
The solid pavement shook, and then a voice
Of muttering thunder came from out
The holy place, and said, “Let us depart.”
A troop of flaming seraphs wheeled away
To heaven, and all was hushed again.
O Salem! Salem! where is now thy God?
Go call thy priests, and let them bring their incense;
O haste, and pour the blood of all thy beasts
Upon the altar. Go quickly, call
Thy slaughtered prophets from their graves,
And let them kneel and cry for mercy.
O that thou hadst a Moses or a Daniel,
To stand and plead thy cause, for thou
Art old in sin, and all the things belonging
To thy peace are hidden from thine eyes.
Alas! nor blood, nor incense-smoke, nor prayer
Of martyred seers, could change thy doom.
Thy lonely grave is dug, and devils
Gather now to chant thy funeral song.
What means yon heavy column, bright
With shields, as on it moves with noiseless step,
In march circuitous from Olive's brow,
And bends its course to yonder gate?
What means that din of battle-axes, and clash
Of armor, and the thundering crash
Of falling towers, and shouts of victory,
And groans of dying men?
Ha! See those pillars huge of rolling dust,
That mark the victors' path through yonder street!
Whence comes that heavy cloud of smoke
That towers to heaven, and whence that sheet
Of livid flame? Alas! alas! the temple burns:
O weep! daughter of Zion, weep! put sackcloth
On thy loins, and ashes on thy head; go sit
In dust and weep! O Jerusalem!
Jerusalem! thine hour is come, thy glory gone,
And desolate thy house!
The morning came, but now the city was

No more. To him who stood upon
The neighboring hills, the valley seemed
A moving sea of smoke and noisome vapor,
Rolling up to heaven. Nought could be seen,
And nothing heard save dying groans; or now
And then the falling crash of massive
Columns, that had stood the fury
Of the night.
And when the orient sun first looked aslant
O'er Olive's brow, he seemed as a timid child,
That dares not lift the pall and gaze
Upon the ghastly face of one that's dead;
For when his newest beams caught glimpses
Of the ruin, they seemed recoiling back
To their primeval source, as if the sun
Were sick to look on such a scene.
But day advanced; the vapor ocean rolled
Away, and showed where once fair Salem stood.
And there stood Wrath—he leaned against
A broken marble shaft, his bow relaxed,
And quiver empty at his feet. And there
Was Desolation, in his wild sepulchral
Garb, and held a leaden sceptre in his
Bony hand; he too stood still, and looked
As if his work were done. And there
Was soft-eyed Pity, strolling up and down
The streets; her robe of crape was loosely thrown
About her fragile form, and she appeared
As if her work were just begun.
And now the silence ended
In the captive's mournful wail; and here
And there, amid the smoking plain, were seen
The scattered remnants of an ancient race.
From yonder distance went a group of aged men
And matrons, bowing down with weight of years;
And when they came where late the temple stood,
And saw the altar broken down, and holy
Vessels strewn upon the earth, and thought
Of other times, when they had gone up there
To pay their morning vows, they lifted up
Their eyes and wept.
That day the soldiers turned the last
Remaining column off its base, and strewn
The land with salt, and ere the sun had set
They struck their tents, and all prepared to march.
In front was seen a countless throng
Of Jewish captives, from the hoary sire
To tender infants resting in their mothers' arms.
These moved in solemn silence up
The adjacent hill, and, when they reached
Its farthest peak, these sons of Abraham
Paused. They threw one lingering glance
Behind, and thought of all they once
Possessed, and then a note of lamentation
Swelled upon the breeze.

J. L. T.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

It was a remark of the lamented subject of this sketch, that “his life belonged to and would be embodied in history.” It was made, not in a spirit of egotism, but (and it is the only occasion, says Sir Philip Sydney, when boasting may be pardoned) while repelling the charge of a calumniator. The remark, however, was a true one, in whatever feeling it was uttered, and the name of Emmet belongs to and will be embodied in the history of Ireland. When the men of that country shall obtain as a boon, or seize as a right, the freedom of thought and of expression; when they shall assume the inheritance of which the union has deprived them; and when justice shall be at length awarded to patriotism, however misguided, and virtue, however slandered: when that time arrives, the actions and qualities of Emmet will become history; and until then he himself would but demand and receive a grave and a memory in the country of his adoption. To the historian, then, whose duty it will become to vindicate his actions and to display his qualities, we commit both, as he did, in the perfect confidence that both will be rightly appreciated. It is not, it cannot be ours, to perform such a duty; but we can, at least, in our humble sphere, fondly and not unprofitably remember what he was, point to the virtues we might proudly emulate, though at a distance, and dwell with pride and sorrow upon that character which has by his own voluntary act become a noble part of our national possession. The task of the biographer is often most difficult and delicate, requiring an intimate knowledge of human nature, and varied and extensive acquisitions; he may have, as in the case of Napoleon, to distinguish between virtues, follies, and crimes; but in that of Emmet he may tell his story without a comment, for in that character there was no veil, no concealment; the temper and soul of the man were in

every deed, thought, and gesture. He need only appeal to the hearts of our community, and he cannot utter an eulogium to which their voice will not respond.

Thomas Addis Emmet was, we believe, the youngest of three sons of a highly respectable physician in Dublin. The family appears to have been remarkable for talent of a high order. Robert, whose unsuccessful effort to restore his country to her ancient independence, drew down on him the vengeance of the government, has displayed in his dying speech a proud specimen of moral courage and nervous eloquence. Temple, another brother, was distinguished for oratory in a country which seems to be the birth-place of orators, and stood very high in his profession, which there collects in its ranks all that is noble in birth or by nature. Thomas, the youngest, pursued his father's profession; but after receiving his diploma, he relinquished it, and chose the law as his permanent occupation. In the struggle which accompanied and succeeded the union, every man, and especially every professional man, took his determined stand on one side or the other. It was not in the temper of the times, it did not comport with the Irish character, that there should be found a neutral in the country. On the one side were arrayed the office-holders and the pensioners of England: men who had either received the rewards for betraying their country, or had it in animating prospect; on the other were the honesty and talent of Ireland, the men to whom the lower classes looked up for counsel, and whom they acknowledged as their champions in the confusion of that critical moment. On this latter side we find recorded with Grattan, and Curran, and Plunkett, the family of the Emmets. To the men we have mentioned it was a period of awful responsibility. They had opposed, with all the conviction of argument and every appeal of eloquence, the subjection of their island to Great Britain: they had proclaimed it an act if passed not binding on their constituents, and contrary to the constitution. Was it not natural that this people should revolt, under these circumstances, from the union? Was it not to be certainly expected, that they would commit those acts which are the inevitable results of the indignation of a whole people, who supposed themselves robbed of their rights, and sold, as it were, by their own brothers, into political slavery? The more influential men among them saw more definitely the dangers which to the mass had all the adventitious coloring of the imagination. They saw in their union with a manufacturing people the cramping and subservience of that spirit among themselves; they saw in their system of representation, in the English parliament, their country in a contemptible minority; and in that minority the creatures of any ministry, responsible not to their own countrymen, but to the paymaster in St. Stephen's, and cringing and fawning for a smile at St. James's. They saw in the promise held out to them of religious emancipation, the word of that promise broken to their hope, without even the poor consolation of keeping it to their ear. They saw all this, and they heard in the loud voice of the people, opinions which should not be slighted, expressions which could not be mistaken; and in obedience to both they united with their common fortunes, and were willing to stand the common hazard of the die. While, however, we award equal justice to them, let us not forget to be just to England. It was their undoubted interest, in a commercial and political view, to secure the consolidation of Ireland with, or her subjection to themselves. Her statesmen were aware how in the olden time France, which had avowed herself at once the natural enemy of the one island and the ally of the other, had, through the medium of Ireland and Scotland, endangered her very existence by violence or intrigue. One of these means of communication she had cut off, the other only was wanting to present to the ambition of France a front of undivided opposition. Having attained her objects, by bribery and intrigue, she found the truth of the expression of Erskine, that a government can only control by fear where it is in vain to look for affection, and accordingly her steps, as she advanced in her career of terror, were guided by no rules but her fears, encircled by no forms but such as could secure her victims, and smoking with the blood of those whom she could not bend, and must necessarily break.

Such was the situation, the anomalous situation, of both countries at the time when the family of Emmet appeared in that theatre, and witnessed that drama, which was at once a tragedy and a farce. They saw a comparative handful of foreigners, lording it over millions of natives, destroying their lives, confiscating their property, proscribing their religion, offering to him who had been bred in a faith of all others the most imposing, attractive, and deeply rooted, to those who had been baptized in the words of its sacrament, who had prayed in the forms of its dictation, and who loved it with superstitious and jealous affection, the alternative of abjuring it, or of being compelled to be degraded in themselves, and abject in their posterity. It was, as it were, tearing out the very fibres of the heart to preserve its existence. Was it strange that they did not yield; that many of them, who had been brought up in a state of wild independence, did not at once change their very character, and become abject and tamely submissive? Was it wonderful that the lion who had snuffed the free air of his breasts, and roamed their sovereign, should not, when goaded to desperation by cruelty and confinement, cower submissive to the lash, and look with complacency on the bars of his cage?

At this period came forward Robert Emmet. With great mental and physical courage, with information and eloquence, he combined a pure and gallant patriotism. He heard the indignant cry of his countrymen, and offered himself eventually a martyr in their cause. The calumnies which they whose interest it was so to do, circulated against his character, in order, if possible, to wash their white by the contrast, need not be refuted. His own dying and burning de-

nial need not be repeated, and can scarcely again be equalled. It is the outpouring of a mind conscious of its virtue, noble and pure in life, triumphant and victorious in and over death; it is the very climax of contempt and pity for those that could not and would not appreciate its motives. It was an appeal which is echoed now by the hearts of Irishmen as warmly as it then rung on the ears of persecution and slander. Let the only boon he begged, the only petition he condescended to offer, be superstitiously granted. In the brighter days of his country, which assuredly are yet to come, and by an Irishman only, let the epitaph be written of him, who lived and died for Ireland.

The other branches of his family partook of the same spirit, and the blood of the brother produced men to whose moral strength and resolution armed men would have been children in the comparison. Temple, the other brother, died young, in the very height of professional and patriotic confidence; and the subject of our sketch was left, the only and not unworthy representative of a family whose name is synonymous in Ireland with genius and integrity.

The peculiar circumstances of his public life in that country we do not know, but it is enough to say that he distinguished himself so much as to attract the attention of government, to be confined in a state prison, to be examined before a committee of the house of commons, and to narrowly escape that death which he preferred to servitude and dishonor. In his examination before the committee he displayed his acuteness and his spirit. The first question they addressed to him, "Were you not one of the United Irishmen?" met the indignant avowal and fearless response, "I am one of the United Irishmen." The committee, of whom Lord Castlereagh was one, were delighted, we expect, to get rid of so formidable and decided an enemy. He and his brother patriots in their search for a place of refuge on which they should settle the little ark of their future fortunes, when the deluge of ruin had overwhelmed their native land, could not long hesitate. They beheld in our country that refuge, and fondly hoped that here they might worship at the altar of religious and political freedom undisturbed and untrammelled. They accordingly applied to our minister at London to know if they would be received into the communion of our rights and privileges, and were permitted to number themselves among the citizens of our commonwealth. The state of parties at that time was extremely warm, and the collisions fierce and frequent. When Emmet and his friends arrived here, one of the political parties was afraid that these men were coming to sow the seeds of a crop of political doctrines, whose harvest would be matured with the blood of a civil war, and reaped in the rankness and destruction of our republic. They were undoubtedly honest and conscientious in their fears, and although those fears were grounded in an utter misapprehension of the character of these men, they did not find us groaning under a despotism, which ground the poor to the earth, and robbed the wealthy and noble of every thing but their self-respect. They found us, it is true, divided on certain points of national policy, but yet ready to unite with one voice, one heart, one arm, to strike down him who should dare to lay his unhallowed finger on the ark of our independence. They found us happy in the full enjoyment of domestic ties, in the unlicensed freedom of the press, in our foreign relations, and in our peace and tranquillity. They did not come to destroy, but to share our individual and collective felicity; they did not come to undermine, but to seek a sanctuary in that temple, under the roof of which one of them lived and died; at one of whose altars consecrated to justice he ministered with pure heart and clean hands, and for whose duration he prayed then with as much devotion as we do now. These feelings of reverence for our country he has always shown; he mingled not in her political struggles, he ministered not to party excitement. He knew her independence; and his strongest feeling was that his country might be like her.

Sometime after his arrival in this city, he obtained his license, and commenced the practice of the law at an age more than usually advanced. His course in that practice I need not mention. Most of us have seen and heard him, some of us while yet in his professional prime. His eloquence was Irish, not only in the variety and beauty of his figurative illustrations, but in that vehement energy which denoted that the heart and the judgment went together in his course. His legal arguments are sound and convincing, and clothed in a style classically and chastely rich. He is not gorgeous, like Curran, often glittering with the mere tinsel of words, but he is bright and heavy with massy gold. He was not, like Wells, measured and precise in gesture, which yet was beautiful; but his actions, like his thoughts, came unbidden, and denoted that his physical man was wrought up to a conformity with, and yet subservient to, his mental excitement. As a jury lawyer, he was decidedly the greatest I ever listened to. Men who had controlled and enchained senates, were powerless beside him, when he thundered on or conciliated the jury-box. In the last cause which tasked his mighty effort he soared above Webster and Van Buren and his compeers, unrivalled and unapproachable. He died as a great lawyer should die, in the midst of his professional exertions, surrounded by his professional associates, in the very room, and within the very walls that but a few hours before had echoed to his thrilling eloquence. I need not recall to my readers the deep emotions that settled with a gloomy influence on the face of a whole community. I need not tell them of the tears of those whom he had loved and who loved him, of men with whom he had measured his strength, who had known and felt his superiority. Never shall I forget the meeting assembled to testify its respect to his memory. There were judges, whom he had delighted even when they differed from him; and brethren in the profession whom he had made to forget themselves and their clients in the charm of his genius, and who now poured out the

tears of their bitterness of heart. To me there is something in the tear of a man inexpressibly striking: the wailings of a woman or a child are the outbursts of feelings that soothe even when they thrill the hearer with kindred emotion: but in the tear that streams down the cheek of a man, there is an intenseness of agony; there is so much fortitude to conquer, so much physical and mental strength to prostrate, so much hardihood of soul to melt, before that tear comes, that when it comes it is more afflicting than the loudest and most extravagant demonstrations of grief. I looked around upon that assembly, and was not ashamed to find in my own eye the moisture that dimmed it in sympathy with theirs. Whenever I go into any of the courts in which I was wont to listen with a full anticipation of delight that was never disappointed, I hear for a moment in the dreaming ear of memory the music of that voice which I am doomed never again to hear, except in that memory. Always honorable, always forcible, always courteous in his demeanor, he was the model, and almost the *beau ideal* of a great lawyer. Not a great case lawyer merely, not confined in his literature to his precedents, in his history to the terms, but sallying beyond this narrow boundary to bring to the elucidation of his subject the extensive information of a scholar. The law with him was not an undigested set of rules, but a perfect science, and a science demanding in its professors a wide and solid and various range of acquirements. Those acquirements he possessed and displayed, and they made him the pride and the ornament of the profession.

Such was the character of Emmet. He died with armies of friends, and, I do believe, not a single enemy; with a fame which will proudly survive him, and prove to posterity that, as it requires such genius and knowledge to be what he was, the reputation of a great lawyer does not expire with the breath of his eloquence, and is not forgotten with the lineaments of his person. Such was he as a citizen of our country. Let the history of his own do justice to his virtues, and record him as one of those who preferred the gratification of their own patriotism to the places and pensions they might easily have received; and as one who sacrificed only when the alternative was dishonor, the last wish of a noble-minded man: to live for his country's interest, to die for her glory, and to be buried in her soil.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE YEAR, WITH OTHER POEMS.

A THIN octavo, bearing this title, has lately made its appearance. The author is already known to the reader by another volume, "The Fall of the Indian," also containing several smaller pieces. We thought that composition extremely creditable to his talents, and noticed it as such in this journal. It was therefore with a prepossession in favor of the writer that we entered upon the perusal of "The Year"—a prepossession which we are sincerely sorry the present work does not warrant. It is a production of little interest, crowded with tautologies, both in word and idea; the former not redeemed by the value of the thought, nor the latter arranged with any ingenuity of fancy. With one or two trivial exceptions, we must declare the dull common-places of "The Year," and its companions, to be totally unworthy the source from which they came. We cannot ascribe their deficiencies to want of talent in the poet, but to an almost unpardonable carelessness which has led him to fling upon paper all the results of his most ordinary and uninspired meditations. A string of prose, pretty enough for fire-side chat, divided off gravely into measured lines, or arranged with good set rhymes, with now and then a swelling expression, or the fragment of a splendid simile, or a piece of fashionable sentimentalism, that have served in their turn half the writers in all languages from Homer to the present day. If our author imagines that because he has written poetry, all he thinks and feels must contain the same heavenly essence, he has a lesson to learn which many a more renowned person has learned before him. He might as well expect the flint to emit a perpetual flame, instead of carrying in its dark breast sparks struck out at times. It is therefore of vital importance to a poet that he should wait and seize the truly beautiful and original conceptions which roll through his imagination, and separate them as far as possible from the common-places every where uttered, and in poetry, too, a certain grace and flow of expression are expected not requisite in prose, so that the lines may have a greater perfection in themselves than a given number of words in any other species of composition. The author of "The Year" appears indeed to have separated his fine conceptions from the rest, but to have reserved them to himself instead of giving them to the reader.

He seems continually to forget that poetry consists in the *thoughts*, and that as a noble idea is beautiful, even when sparingly draped with words, so on the contrary, no profusion of language can give to a lean and common one dignity or grace. Yet take one of his short effusions, and consider its meaning alone, away from the meretricious importance with which the measure and music of rhyme invest it, and it appears careless, inconsistent, uninteresting, and destitute of order and plan. Here is one; let us examine it:

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Like the yellow harvest-moon,
Shining bright and fading soon;
Like the summer's golden sun;
Setting when his course is run;
Like the meteor, sprinkling light
On the gloomy brow of night:
Such is Time!—So from his wing,
He doth light—then darkness, fling;
Now like sunbeams is his track,
Now 'tis starless, wild and black;
Shedding light and life to day,
Which, anon decays away;
Having now a look of sorrow,
And a gleeful laugh to-morrow.

Walk along Time's lengthened shore,
Hear his waters lap—or roar;
Now they sport along the land
Kissing all the golden sand;
Curling their white crests the while,
Like an infant's placid smile.
Time will tell you that the Deep
Never rouseth from its sleep.
That the sunshine loves it well,
That his billows ne'er rebel.
He would thus the picture show
In its best and brightest view.

Walk along Time's rugged shore
When his gloomy billows roar.
They will tell you that the Past,
Had its tempests, and its blast;
That their turmoil, and their rage
Ceaseth not from age to age.
In their bosom deep and dark
Crazy craft and gallant bark
Sink, in wild and hopeless fear,
Never deeming Death so near.
Look then to thine own gay prow,
That no rocks beset thee now!

Now remove the thoughts of this piece from the little glare in which the poet has placed them, and coolly examine their quality. The first fourteen lines! What does he mean to say in them? "Time is like the moon, shining bright and fading soon; it is also like the sun, and like a meteor sprinkling light on the night." He then changes it to the common form, and describes it as flinging first light, then darkness from its wing. Then again it is the sun's track, then the night, and then he repeats that it sheds "light and life" to-day which soon "decays away;" then the old idea, the third time, "having now a look of sorrow and a gleeful laugh to-morrow." In the succeeding stanza his subject has spread out into an ocean whose waters lap and kiss the sand and smile like an infant. The next lines are an enigma: "Time will tell you," &c. The author next proceeds to request you again to walk along *time's shore* when his billows roar, and they are to tell you something else, viz. that the past had its tempests, &c. and that their "turmoil and their rage ceaseth" not; and although he left you *walking on the shore*, he winds up by begging you to look to your own *prow*, and beware of *rocks*.

We protest against this gross negligence in one whom nature has gifted with much poetic talent. If we entertained a lower opinion of Mr. M.'s abilities, we should not take the pains to analyze his productions; but if men of mind will thrust crude compositions before the world, and if they have so improper an idea of poetry as to suppose it may be flung out as easily as an ordinary conversation, they must expect severe criticism, and they richly deserve it. We have to complain in the present work of another fault—the abundance of similes to be found in the writings even of every school-boy. A star is a *jewel on night's brow*; the everlasting spring comes *blushing*, her brow covered with *flowers*, and gives a *light-hearted laugh*; and "the blue wave springs also with a *laugh*; and summer has a *carpet green*, while the *golden (?) robin* sings; and autumn also comes bounding with a *mirthful laugh*, and dies of a *consumption*; and the moon hangs like a *silver urn*." Poor Cynthia is a sadly abused personage. No wonder she has such a *melancholy look*; compelled to admit of such familiarities as so many poets, good and bad, are forever taking with her. Sometimes she is, as in the present instance, an *urn*; then she grows into a *lamp*, then a *lovely queen*, then a *modest maiden*. We have scarcely time to fall in love with her in that capacity, when, presto, she is a *hypocritical jade*, unworthy an honest man's affections.

"The devil's in the moon for mischief."

We have known a poet lanch her off in the commencement of the evening as a boat, and drive her down the western heavens a very stylish chariot and four. It is needless to add, that these hacknied figures of speech should be carefully avoided. We dismiss the volume, only extracting the following lines, and begging the reader to compare them with the charming poem, by the same author, called the "Song of the Birds," which we copied into a previous number of this journal, in a review of the "Tale of the Indian."

"Oh! merry's the winter day!
When the sled flies down the frozen way;
And the school-boys slide on the crackling ice;
And the snow-fort is levelled in a trice;
And the steel of the skater rings on the lake,
And the smoke of the gunner curls in the brake."

The seventeenth number of the Harpers' Family Library has just appeared. It consists of the "Smuggler," by the author of "Tales by the O'Hara family," "The Denounced," &c. This series of works continues to be marked for its neatness, and forms a choice and entertaining collection of novels.

Mr. H. C. Sleight has published a volume of poems, entitled the "Literary Remains of Joseph Brown Ladd, M.D. with a sketch of the author's life by W. B. Chittenden." We have only given it a cursory perusal, but will notice it more attentively hereafter.

IN PRESS.—The brothers Harper have announced, and will shortly publish the following works: "Palestine, or the Holy Land, by Dr. Russell;" "Memoirs of Josephine;" "Civil wars of Ireland, by W. C. Taylor;" "Memoirs of Lavalette;" "Lives of Female Sovereigns, by Miss Jameson;" "Adventures on the Columbian River;" "Polynesian Researches, by W. Ellis;" "Romance and Reality, by Miss Landon;" "Works of the Rev. Robert Hall, A. M.;" "Evelina, by Miss Burney;" "Eugene Aram, by E. L. Bulwer;" "Cavendish, or the Patrician at sea;" "Cameron, a novel;" "Keith on Prophecies;" "Lives of celebrated Travellers, by James St. John;" "Romance of History, Italy;" "Brown's Dictionary of the Bible;" "Gibson's Surveying;" "Law of Husband and Wife;" "The British Spy, with a biographical sketch of the author, William Wirt;" "Toar in England, Ireland,

and France, with remarks on the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and anecdotes of distinguished public characters."

Mr. James Conner, of this city, is now preparing a stereotyped edition of a work entitled the "Treasury of Knowledge." It will consist of several parts, viz. a compendious English grammar, by Gould Brown, an English Dictionary, by Lyman Cobb, a new Universal Gazetteer, prepared by Mr. Edwin Williams, author of the New-York Annual Register, and a classical dictionary, followed by Scriptural names accented, a chronological analysis of general history, a dictionary of law terms, proverbs of all nations, &c. &c. All the departments are committed to the care of competent persons. The whole will be furnished for two dollars, in an elegant form. Two brief extracts from the gazetteer will be found on our last page—the one, Galena, a new town, never before described, we believe, in a geographical work, the other, Sunderland, where the Indian cholera recently broke out in England.

"Williams's New-York Annual Register" is to be continued for 1832. It will be offered by subscription at the price of one dollar and fifty cents, and we hope will be sustained by a liberal sale.

Carey and Lea will immediately issue Sir Walter Scott's new novel, "Count Robert, of Paris." It constitutes the last series of "Tales of My Landlord."

Mr. Doyle has nearly ready for publication, "Cobbett's English and French Grammar;" "A collection of four thousand songs;" "The Douay Bible, the authorized version of the catholic church;" "Catholic Piety;" and "The End of Religious controversy."

The following works are preparing for publication in Philadelphia: "Two biographies of the late Stephen Girard;" "Wood on Rail-roads, with plates;" "Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine;" "Donegan's Greek and English Lexicon, abridged for the use of schools;" "History of the progress of Ethical Philosophy, by Sir James Mackintosh;" "System of Physiology, by R. Dunglison;" "Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon, new edition, with great additions, complete in one volume;" "American Ornithology, by Charles Lucien Bonaparte;" "Works of Johanna Baillie;" "Elements of Mechanics, by John Renwick, Esq. Professor of Natural Philosophy in Columbia College, New-York."

THE FINE ARTS.

ORATORIO OF THE MESSIAH AT ST. PAUL'S.

THIS wonderful production will be repeated on Tuesday evening next by the New-York Sacred Music Society, an institution already greatly distinguished for the surprising improvement of its own members, and for the beneficial influence which it has exerted upon the public taste. Its exhibitions always comprise the best talent to be procured in the country, and are conducted with a spirit and care meriting the strongest praise. The attraction of the approaching performance will be enhanced by the powers of Mrs. Austin and Madame Brichta, among the female vocalists, and Messrs. Jones, Kyle, and Pearson among the male. It will also comprehend Mr. Hill, conductor, W. Taylor, leader, Cole, vocal leader, Norton, trumpet, and Blondel, organist. We regard the efforts of this society as intimately connected with the cultivation of a correct taste for sacred music, and as peculiarly interesting to a large class unaccustomed to enjoy the fine operas brought forward at the Park theatre. It is a department of the art at once so noble and pleasing in itself as perhaps to transcend every other, and the serious grandeur and sublimity which are its chief characteristics, are so appropriate in religious worship that we need scarcely press its importance upon a community where pious congregations so frequently assemble, where churches are so numerous, and an organ considered by so many as an indispensable requisite. These considerations, aided by the genius of Handel and the brilliant talents of many of the performers will, no doubt, engage the attendance of a large auditory.

CONCERT OF THE MESSRS. HERRMAN AND CO.

These gentlemen have delighted the lovers of music with two exhibitions, both of which have been attended by large assemblies of beauty and fashion. Among the pieces executed were several by Mozart, Rossini, Auber, and Weber. We have seldom witnessed in an audience more lively signs of surprise and gratification than those excited on the present occasion. Their performances are almost entirely vocal, the only instrument on the stage being a piano-forte and one violincello, which they seldom put in requisition. We are told that entertainments of the same description are not uncommon in Europe. We have certainly never heard any thing of the kind here. And although critical predictions on these subjects are not always verified, we will venture, on this occasion, to prophecy that if they continue any length of time in the city, (which seems to be a matter of some doubt) they will receive brilliant tokens of public admiration, which it has been the lot of few to secure. The astonishing base voice of Mr. Heartl quite deserved the encomium passed upon it by an auditor, unlearned in the art. "It is tremendous," said one; "it is better than Angrisani. It goes down to the lower C." "To C;" ejaculated the other, "nonsense! it goes to Z!"

On Monday evening, on which they gave their second concert, we found difficulty even at an early hour in gaining entrance, but our exertions, and also the necessity of remaining for several hours in a standing position, which we endured in common with a great number of others, were amply compensated by the performances of these really admirable artists. "The Chapel," (four voices) was repeated with great applause, and during the execution of the "Laughing Trio," a serious face among the audience was a thing not to be seen.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

THE opera of Masaniello appears to be growing into favor with the public, and has latterly been performed to full houses. Its magnificent music, from the novelty of its style, requires to be heard more than once to be properly appreciated. By practice the actors have become more perfect in their respective characters, and the concerted music of the piece is executed with a precision and effect really admirable. We only require Mrs. Austin in the part of Elvira, and some competent person in that of Alphonso, to render Masaniello as great a favorite with the public as Cinderella. Jones, who has succeeded Sinclair in the principal character, has exceeded all our anticipations. His acting is quite effective, and he sings the music allotted to him with a sweetness, taste, and pathos, which justly rank him as an artist of the first order. It is impossible that any thing can be so splendidly executed than the song "I have sworn;" its effect is electric, and invariably calls forth an universal encore. We confess ourselves warm admirers of Mr. Jones, because we have in that gentleman an evidence what genius and talent are capable of effecting. Depending upon those qualities alone, he came amongst us a stranger, unaided by friends, and unsupported by the press. Through the prejudice of the managers, to whose theatre he was originally assigned, he was scarcely permitted to emerge from obscurity, until the Boston public, who had judgment enough to estimate true merit, and liberality sufficient to foster it, brought him forward, and gave him the rank he now holds in his profession. The unpretending demeanor, and the modesty with which he has received the applause of the New-York audience, have won for him a general and high estimation. He has become an established favorite.

We owe it to the cheerful exertions of Mrs. Vernon, in Masaniello, as well as in every other piece in which she bears a part, to say that her efforts at the Park could not be dispensed with. If she is not brilliant, she is always correct, and with much versatility of talent appears to equal advantage, and with great effect, in characters of the most opposite description. While she enters into an accurate and spirited conception of the whole part, she has an admirable facility in making the most of a trifle, and an incident which many others would overlook entirely, in her hands is brought out strongly, and tells with force. The reader will recollect, as examples, her air when the mock prince in Cinderella greets her with a salute, and her admirable personation in "No song—no supper." In Masaniello she has but an inefficient part, which her talent and animation render a prominent feature in the opera.

A new comedy, called the "Discarded Daughter," has been produced at the Richmond-hill theatre. It is by a gentleman of this city, and is much praised. Mrs. Duff and Mr. Wilson attract good houses. The lady is an actress who, if she has an equal, is certainly without a superior on the American stage. Her representations are full of the most touching pathos and tenderness. Her own powers should be sufficient to fill the theatre.

We have sometimes been censured for the severity of our remarks upon the stage. In looking over the pages of the "London Harmonicon," the other day, we met with the following heavy broadside discharged against an unfortunate Madame Vespermann, which, in the paucity of theatrical intelligence, may cause a smile in the reader. As for us, we should not sleep at night if we had so handled any of the fair daughters of Eve.

"Some short time ago, there lived a Madame Vespermann, who, by the Germans, was esteemed a very good singer. She, like many other good things, was more distinguished by merit than longevity, and died while her bloom was yet on the increase. Her afflicted husband, anxious again to enjoy that connubial bliss of which he so unexpectedly found himself bereft, speedily paid the handsomest compliment in his power to the married state, and wedded another lady. The lady of this second choice is the very Madame Vespermann who now offers herself as a candidate for the favor of the British public. But as there were two Alexanders, so there are two Mesdames Vespermann, and the conqueror and the copper-smith were not more unlike, according to all accounts, than the late and the present Madame Vespermann.

"A cold is a bad thing always, and a good excuse sometimes: so Madame Vespermann, under the shelter of such a malady, was withdrawn till Tuesday evening, when she reappeared, in the part of Zoraide, without any deprecatory apology. From that time, therefore, critics have been in full possession of the right to exercise their functions, without the danger of being charged with precipitation or indelicacy.

"Madame Vespermann is in voice high—in stature low, and in both, particularly the former, grievously thin. If she decorated her person as much as her music, the burden would be too great for her to sustain, and the ornaments in the one case would be as generally mistaken for caricature, as they are in the other for burlesque. Her requisites, as an actress, are about on a level with her vocal qualifications; and, in short, her second appearance, without any cold, nay, without even an apology, confirmed the suspicions which her *début* excited; we may therefore, fearless of the charge of rashness, venture to foretell, that very little more will be heard of Madame Vespermann."

A new tragedy, entitled "Conrad of Naples," has been produced at Philadelphia, with much success. The prologue, from the pen of Robert Morris, Esq., editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer, is written with spirit and talent. Only want of space prevents us from copying it into our columns.

LETTERS FROM THE ABSENT EDITOR.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER THREE.

HAVRE.

THIS is one of those places which scribbling travellers hurry through with a crisp mention of their arrival and departure, but as I have passed a day here upon custom-house compulsion, and passed it pleasantly too, and as I have an evening entirely to myself, and a good fire, why I will order another pound of wood, (they sell it like a drug here,) and Monsieur and Mademoiselle Somebody, "violin players right from the hands of Paganini, only fifteen years of age, and miracles of music," (so says the placard,) may delight other lovers of precocious talent than I. Pen, ink, and paper, for number two!

If I had not been warned against being astonished short of Paris, I should have thought Havre quite an affair. I certainly have seen more that is novel and amusing since morning than I ever saw before in any seven days of my life. Not a face, not a building, not a dress, not a child even, not a stone in the street, nor shop, nor woman, nor beast of burden, looks in any comparable degree like its namesake the other side of the water.

It was very provoking to eat a salt supper and go to bed in that tiresome berth again last night, with a French hotel in full view, and no permission to send for a fresh biscuit even, or a cup of milk. It was nine o'clock when we reached the pier, and at that late hour there was, of course, no officer to be had for permission to land; and there paced the patrol, with his high black cap and red pom-pom, up and down the quay, within six feet of our taffel, and a shot from his arquebuss would have been the consequence of any unlicensed communication with the shore. It was something, however, to sleep without rocking; and after a fit of musing anticipation, which kept me conscious of the sentinel's measured tread till midnight, the "gentle goddess" sealed up my cares effectually, and I awoke at sunrise—in France!

It is a common thing enough to go abroad, and it may seem idle and common-place to be enthusiastic about it; but nothing is common, or a trifle, to me, that can send the blood so warm to my heart, and the color to my temples as generously, as did my first conscious thought when I awoke this morning. In France! I would not have had it a dream for the price of an empire!

Early in the morning a woman came clattering into the cabin with wooden shoes, and a *patois* of mingled French and English—a *blanchisseuse**—spattered to the knees with mud, but with a cap and kerchief that would have made the fortune of a New-York milliner. *Ciel!* what politeness! and what white teeth! and what a knowing row of papillotes, laid in precise parallel, on her clear brunette temples.

"Quelle nouvelle?"† said the captain.

"Poland est a bas!"‡ was the answer, with a look of heroic sorrow, that would have become a tragedy queen, mourning for the loss of a throne. The French manner, for once, did not appear exaggerated. It was news to sadden us all. Pity! pity! that the broad christian world could look on and see this glorious people trampled to the dust in one of the most noble and desperate struggles for liberty that the earth ever saw! What an opportunity was here lost to France for setting a seal of double truth and splendor on her own newly achieved triumph over despotism. The washerwoman broke the silence with "Any clothes to wash, Monsieur?" and in the instant return of my thoughts to my own comparatively pitiful interests, I found the philosophy for all I had condemned in kings—the humiliating and selfish individuality of human nature. And yet I believe with Dr. Channing on that dogma!

At ten o'clock I had performed the traveller's routine—had submitted my trunk and my passport to the three authorities, and had got into (and out of) as many mounting passions at what seemed to me the intolerable impertinences of searching my linen, and inspecting my person for scars. I had paid the porter three times his due rather than endure his cataract of French expostulation; and with a bunch of keys, and a landlady attached to it, had ascended by a cold, wet, marble staircase, to a parlor and bed-room on the fifth floor; as pretty a place, when you get there, and as difficult to get to as if it were a palace in thin air. It is perfectly French! Fine, old, last century chairs, covered with splendid yellow damask, two sofas of the same, the legs or arms of every one imperfect; a coarse wood dressing-table, covered with fringed drapery and a sort of throne pincushion, with an immense glass leaning over it, gilded probably in the time of Henri Quatre; artificial flowers all round the room, and prints of Atala and Napoleon mourant over the walls; windows opening to the floor on hinges, damask and muslin curtains inside, and boxes for flower-pots without; a bell-wire that pulls no bell, a bellows too asthmatic even to wheeze, tongs that refuse to meet, and a carpet as large as a table-cloth in the centre of the floor, may answer for an inventory of the "parlor." The bedchamber, about half as large as the boxes in Rattle-row at Saratoga, opens by folding-doors, and discloses a bed, that for tricky ornament as well as size might look the bridal couch for a fairy queen in a panorama; the same golden-sprig-damask looped over it, tent-fashion, with splendid crimson cord, tassels, fringes, &c. and a pillow beneath, that I shall be afraid to sleep on, it is so dainty a piece of needlework. There is a delusion about it, positively. One cannot help imagining that all this splendor means something, and it would require a worse evil than any of these little deficiencies of comfort to disturb the self-complacent, Captain-Jackson's sort of feeling, with

which one throws his cloak on one sofa and his hat on the other, and spreads himself out for a lounge before this mere apology of a French fire.

But for eating and drinking! if they cook better in Paris, I shall have my passport altered. The next *prefet* that signs it shall substitute *gourmand* for *editeur*. I will profess a palate, and live to eat. Making every allowance for an appetite newly from sea, my experience hitherto in this department of science is transcended in the degree of a rushlight to Arcturus.

I strolled about Havre from breakfast till dinner, seven or eight hours, following curiosity at random, up one street and down another, with a prying avidity which I fear travel will wear fast away. I must compress my observations into a sentence or two, for my fire is out, and this old castle of a hotel lets in the wind "shrewdly cold," and, besides, the diligence calls for me in a few hours, and one must sleep.

Among my impressions the most vivid are—that of the twenty thousand inhabitants of Havre, by far the greater portion are women and soldiers—that the buildings all look toppling, and insecurely antique and unsightly—that the privates of the regular army are the most stupid, and those of the national guard the most intelligent-looking troops I ever saw—that the streets are filthy beyond endurance, and the shops clean beyond all praise—that the women do all the buying and selling, and cart-driving, and awesoping, and even shoe-making and other sedentary craftwork, and at the same time have (the meanest of them) an air of ambitious elegance and neatness, that sends your hand to your hat involuntarily when you speak to them—that the children speak French, and look like little old men and women, and the horses (the famed Norman breed) are the best of draught animals, and the worst for speed in the world; and that for extremes ridiculously near, dirt and neatness, politeness and knavery, chivalry and *petitesse*, of learning and language, the people I have seen to-day must be pre-eminently remarkable, or France, for a laughing philosopher, is a paradise indeed! And now for my pillow, till the diligence calls. Good night.

LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

Intercepted for the New-York Mirror.

NUMBER TWO.

Washington, Tuesday, January 10th, 1832.

I stood this morning on the capitol, as the members lazily picked their way along Pennsylvania Avenue, and looked for some minutes on the prospect before me. Softened and partially obscured by a light haze, the picture, even in winter, is not without its beauties. High grounds in the distance form a vast amphitheatre; on your left winds the broad Potomac; and beneath the city, from the height and distance appearing more compactly built than it actually is, presents a respectable appearance, though neither vast nor splendid. When the trees are in full foliage, the plain clothed in green, the river unlocked, with here and there a white sail swelling in the breeze, and the whole lighted by the sinking glories of an autumnal sun with its rich canopy of clouds, I can easily imagine the scene to be one upon which a poet or a painter may gaze with enthusiasm, and which even a plain man like myself may acknowledge fair and goodly.

But, at the best, Washington, as a city, is but an unworthy monument to him whose name it bears. The plan, a large metropolis—the result, a little straggling town; wide streets and mean houses. You are everywhere struck with the mixture of grandeur and meanness—the lamentable disparity between the design and the execution. The worst of it is, there is little hope of improvement—the place has no business, no commerce; it is supported solely by government; and that a democratic, economical, penny-saving government.

So let it be. I will not deny that I could wish many things otherwise; but my pride, as an American, is too deeply seated to be affected by petty mortifications. We want the splendors of an empire; the palaces, the lofty monuments, the paintings, the statues, the trophies won from conquered nations; these we have not; but we have what is far more valuable. When the Roman matron was asked for her jewels, she pointed to her children. The glory of our republic is her millions of happy people. I would not give the common schools of my native state for all the art that adorns fallen Italy.

When a Frenchman under the old *regime* was told of the liberties of an Englishman; that even the king could not touch the property of his meanest subject; he shrugged his shoulders in wonder and contempt. He pitied such a king; he pitied such a people.

In very much the same spirit, such men as Basil Hall, when they deign to visit our country, conduct their inquiries and form their conclusions. Our judges are without wigs, and our lawyers without gowns; they whose arms have wielded the axe that has felled forests, are deemed suitable persons to make laws; the men smoke or chew tobacco; the women don't flirt; and every ragamuffin in the land may vote for whom he pleases, and turn up his nose at a member of congress. And these people are proud of their country! And these people think they are happy! It is more than he can comprehend! What though the laws are equal and intelligible, and the judges without wigs, learned and impartial? As to this he cannot speak. Nor has it occurred to him to inquire whether wives love their husbands, and children obey their parents; whether the churches are filled, the clergy esteemed, God worshiped, and the laws respected.

* Captain Hall makes this a subject of serious complaint. He says, "he does not think he witnessed a flirtation while he was in America." † "Is this true?" But is it quite true, my fair countenance? I don't know; but I have an impression upon my mind of having once been confoundedly jilted.

But there is one fact—since I have mentioned Captain Basil Hall—there is one circumstance stated in his book which speaks volumes. To do him justice, I believe its insertion an oversight; (I would not injure him with his publisher) for he presents it with the greatest *bonhomie* in the world, by way of complaint. It is this: "The Americans," he says, "have a detestable habit of praising their country, with vast want of tact, in the presence of foreigners, and of appealing to them continually for their opinion. And this is not general merely, but extends to every thing, to all their institutions; their government, and every part of it." Now this was an annoyance to the captain; because, though it was his practice to tell them the plain truth, yet it was unpleasant to say disagreeable things to people who were so very polite. Such, however, was the fact. From one end of the land to the other, in all places, in all societies was heard this universal voice of self-adulation; he was perfectly astonished at the blindness with which they loved and admired their country and every thing connected with it. (I don't pretend to quote exactly, but this is the substance of the captain's remarks.) Well, now, (as you say) captain, this must have been very annoying; but don't you think, considering how perfectly agreed they seem upon this point, that there may be something in it? And that they are actually—though very absurdly—a happy people? If it had been otherwise, would you not have heard here and there a murmur of discontent? Would there not have been some indication by which you could have discovered the truth, however artfully concealed? To illustrate—you recollect when you were in Canada there was a little grumbling and fault-finding; they thought Great Britain ought to do some things that she did not, and ought not to do some things that she did; and party spirit ran high; and they were rather tumultuous and disorderly; and at a dinner-table, one day, you told them they were great fools; that independence was good for nothing; that you had just come from the United States; that a husband was not happy unless he was hen-pecked; and, to conclude, that they themselves were actually the happiest people in the world. And they did not seem to take at first; but when you had finished your speech they all laughed. You see, these Canadians, who are the happiest people in the world, (more particularly because they are not plagued by being obliged to govern themselves) do yet occasionally show some symptoms of not being perfectly satisfied! But in the United States you saw nothing of this! I fancy now, that if I should land on the shores of Ireland, or even of "merry England," I should meet with something similar to what you experienced in Canada. There have been rumors here that castles have been pulled down, the clergy irreverently spoken of, and certain members of parliament treated with indecorum. Don't you think, captain, that if somewhat of this American foible of lauding their government and institutions could be communicated to your countrymen, it might have, in some respects, a happy influence? The lords possibly might sleep more comfortably in their country-seats, and your favorite bishops wear their mitres with more dignity. But I suggest this with great deference.

But the captain is right—it was not for him to go farther and draw inferences which might affect the sale of his book—the captain is right, nevertheless, and I will uphold him—*fas est ab hoste doceri*; isn't there some such Latin? Americans have this habit, and it is a vile habit. A reviewer, in the North American, argues very ingeniously through five or six pages that the captain is incorrect; it is the truest thing in his book. I have been present fifty times when I have heard a fellow, whose opinion I would not take on a brass button—though perhaps worth more on that subject than on any other—appealed to for his opinion of us and of our country. How did he like the country? What did he think of us? Oh, my countrymen, and oh my countrywomen, I wish I could teach you a deeper confidence, a more quiet satisfaction, a national pride which would lift you as much above the opinions of all other nations as in all that is most valuable you are in fact superior to them. Care not for these people—care not what they think or what they say. Be neither disturbed by their censure nor elevated by their praise.

I love a little touch of patriotism in a woman. But there it is—the women. Republican simplicity has seldom charms for them; in their secret souls there is (is there not?) a love for pomp, for titles, for dress. They sigh, at times, for the splendors of a court. A count, a duke overawes them. This it is that in spite of themselves makes them regard as superiors those who come from countries where such things are, and are common; that makes them ashamed, now and then, of their own democratic country.

Oh for a little of the old Roman pride that looked down so superbly upon the nations of the earth! Barbarians! A Roman matron, a Roman virgin were titles above queen and empress.

For myself, if I ever love a woman (as I hope I shall) she must love her country—she must more than love it; she must be proud of it; she must prefer it to every other.

WEDNESDAY 11th.—This morning I heard Mr. Clay. The subject was the tariff; the occasion, a resolution introduced by himself, a day or two before, declaring the expediency of taking off the duties from all articles unprotected, (except wines and silks) and instructing the finance committee to report a bill to that effect.

No little interest had been felt to hear Mr. Clay once more in a legislative hall, and especially to hear him on this topic. When he rose, the senate chamber, gallery and lobby, was crowded to excess. The lobby, on the floor of the senate, is accessible only to persons introduced by senators. Here comes not the *profanum vulgus*; and partly for this reason, I presume, it is generally preferred by the ladies. On the present occasion they filled not only the lobby, but kept encroaching until they formed a complete circle, extending in front of the president's chair, and literally encompassing the rever-

* Washerwoman. † What news? ‡ Poland is down.

§ See Charles Lamb's exquisite portrait of "Captain Jackson" in *Elia*.

end signors on every side. Some senators were even dispossessed of their seats. You may imagine what a ridiculous effect this produced; the gray heads peeping forth here and there amid the rustling silks and waving plumes. But soon your attention would have been so enchained that you would not have noticed this incongruity.

In manner, I think Mr. Clay the best speaker I ever heard. I have heard men more fluent—happier in their language—but I never yet have heard a man who, by mere manner, communicated more force to what he said. And it is difficult to say to what this is owing. He has no marked peculiarities like most great orators—no mannerism. Earnest, simple, with no false vehemence, saying apparently rather less than more than he feels, you never doubt that you are listening to a man who is impressed with a conviction of the truth of what he utters. His voice is clear, distinct, thrilling when raised, and in its low tones sweet and persuasive.

While Mr. Clay spoke, the vice-president turned round his chair so as directly to face him. They were but a few yards apart—their known variance of opinion on the vital subject under discussion gave to this somewhat of a dramatic effect, which was enhanced when Mr. Clay said with great emphasis, "Sir, upon one point I agree with you perfectly; it is that this question ought now, at this time, to be definitely settled." And this I believe was the only point upon which they did agree.

You will, of course, see the speech in the papers.

V.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.

(This being the only chapter, the reader had better peruse it.)

INTRODUCTION.

DEAR and courteous reader,—if it were my intention to accompany you throughout this eventful history, I would give you a faithful portrait of myself, my habits and manners, for then if you resolved to travel with me, and if you found my company disagreeable, you would have no person to complain of but yourself. But as my nephew is to be your guide through the labyrinth of this folio, I shall hasten my departure, and withdraw myself from public gaze, for no vanity has thrust me before you, but a sense of duty towards my venerable deceased friend, Doctor Josiah Knyphausen, and I now acquit myself of the pledge I gave him on his death-bed. Endearing was our intercourse through a long life, and hallowed has its memory been.

In the summer of 1811, my beloved friend closed his eyes for ever, dying as he had lived, a Christian and a philosopher. Age had been wasting him away for many years, until the candle which had burned so brightly and so long, sunk extinguished into its socket. One fine day, about noon, I received a message from him by his black servant Achilles, or, as he was called, by way of abbreviation, Shilly, informing me that he was very desirous of seeing me. I immediately ordered my gig, and was soon on my way to the dwelling of my friend, attended by Achilles, who was mounted on one of his master's steeds. As he was a very respectable negro, I directed him to ride alongside of my carriage, that I might converse with him by the way. He had been the faithful follower of his master in all his wanderings, even from boyhood to senility, and had imbibed from the doctor all his perseverance in research, all his patience, and all his mildness. His hair, or wool, as some naturalists plausibly maintain it is, was grizzled, and presented a pepper-and-salt-like appearance, or that mixture which is called iron gray. His face, even I, though partial to the black, cannot denominate intellectual. It possessed the usual quantity of nasal and labial appendages, and the usual whiteness of the teeth which distinguish those who wear "the livery of the devil," as my friend, Captain Goodheart, of the second continentals, used to designate a black skin. But Shilly had a good heart, and a deferential behaviour towards all whom Dr. Knyphausen in any manner esteemed, and I therefore invited him to ride near me.

"Is your master worse, Shilly?" said I.

"Oh, much a worse, and he talk all a while about old times on Allegany mountains, and say he go again to-morrow; but I 'spec massa nebbor go again: old Carlo howl all las' night roun de house jus as if he old heart break, and when old dog do so, somebody die soon."

"Dogs often howl in the night, Shilly," said I; "it is not a sign of death always."

"Massa say so," replied Achilles—"massa know all about such things; and old Carlo he come to me an' he lay down at my feet, and he gib one cry just like child, and look up in my face so sorry, that old nigger nearly cry: so I pat him on he head, and say 'old doggy, massa goin' to die soon,' and den he howl again, and go and scratch at massa's door, and lay down under he bed, and he wont come away. And massa say, 'Shilly, when I die, take care of old Carlo; massa must die afore new moon.'—Here Achilles shook his head very mysteriously, repeating, at intervals, "massa must die afore new moon."

Reader, pardon my "narrative old age;" Achilles was the servant of my friend. I concluded that Knyphausen was drawing near his end, because his mind had begun to wander to the earlier part of his life, and, as Achilles informed me, he was perfectly incoherent, save at intervals, on all other subjects. As we approached his house, which was situated on a small stream which empties into the Hudson, on the west side, a more than usual stillness seemed to pervade the place. The shutters of the lower part were closed; the farming and gardening utensils were gathered in a heap in the barn-yard; not a solitary person could be discovered around the

dwelling, and even the dumb animals, missing the kindly offices of men, seemed to participate in the general gloom. Having given my horse in charge to Achilles, I immediately directed my steps to the room of my friend. When I entered he was in an uneasy slumber, and I silently took my seat near the chair of his old housekeeper, who was sitting in a corner, resting her elbow in the palm of one hand, while with the other she supported her chin. She was, like myself, stricken in years, and the thought of losing her long-tried friend and benefactor, had rendered her very sad. Mrs. Gray had been left a widow at the age of thirty, and death had, since that period, taken from her her only child. She had since found an honest refuge from poverty in the house of Dr. Knyphausen, where her superintendence was of the most material necessity. Her respect for the doctor had become habitual, instead of having been destroyed by their long and intimate acquaintance. I have heard it said that she had, what is vulgarly called, a "sneaking kindness" for the doctor, he having been one of her favorites prior to her marriage; but he had always been so devoted to his mistress—science, that I believe he was never (except in one instance) found in the least wavering. Her form was erect, and her frame delicate; and although the bloom had left her cheek, and her forehead was wrinkled, some traces of beauty were still discernible in her dark eyes and well-formed features. I recollect her when she was the belle of the village, and that I have always lived a bachelor, is, perhaps, owing to Patty Allison: age, of course, has cured me of my folly, but I always considered and esteemed Mrs. Gray as a favorite. She was, in youth, of a gay and lively disposition, which time and old age converted into loquacity, and in her company I have spent many a sociable evening, at the house of my friend. When I entered the room she raised her head, and her sad look confirmed all my fears. He was, as I have said, in a light slumber, but at intervals his respiration was so difficult that I feared he was expiring. In the mean time I conversed, in whispers, with Mrs. Gray, who informed me that he had gradually, but perceptibly, grown weaker since the morning, and had repeatedly expressed a desire to see me. He had talked through the day, at intervals, but incoherently, about his travels and researches many years ago, but seemed to have no consciousness of circumstances which had transpired but the day before. Scarcely had Patty, (I should say Mrs. Gray) informed me of these particulars, when the doctor awoke. His eye wandered with a vacant gaze around the room, until it rested on my countenance, which seemed like an old landmark of the mind to point out the division between things past and present, for his eye immediately lit up with a portion of its former intelligence, and showed that he was not indulging in the reveries of memory, but took a sensible interest in passing events. He desired me to be seated at the head of the bed, motioned Mrs. Gray to leave the room, and raising himself partially on his couch, he said, "I have not long to live; my will, you know, is drawn, and I have set my house in order. Yonder box contains the diary which I kept during all my wanderings, with a short memoir of my life to be prefixed to the work. He then gave me his instructions in respect to the intended publication. "It was not right," he continued, "to publish that while I lived, because it had appeared vanity, but it were sinful to conceal my knowledge from the world after my death. To you I commit the task of its preparation. Send a copy to Yale College, my alma-mater, and—" here he fell back exhausted. His breath came short and thick, as if his spirits were flurried at the approach of death, but it was but the pertinacity of nature, which resists disease, and even death, to the last; for a man pure of intentions, and single in purpose, as my friend, could have felt no fear in leaving this world of woe to go and join the holy band of the "spirits of just men made perfect." I then called Mrs. Gray into the room, as I was persuaded from his pulse that he was near his end. Achilles also came, introducing a brother servant, and the female cook with him. Carlo, noticing a disturbance, came also from his place of rest, and raising his fore-feet on the foot of the bed, gazed wistfully at his master. We conversed in that subdued tone which the approach of death always induces, and if any moved it was with a stealthy pace, lest the passing spirit should be disturbed. Mrs. Gray sank into the seat which I had occupied, covering her face with her hands, which rested on the bed. Achilles gazed on his dying master with an unmoved expression of sorrow, and the other domestics with a feeling of fear and wonder, while I stood by the bedside, holding my friend's stiffening hand in my own. When I felt his grasp contracted in the extremities of life, and saw that he was conscious of my presence, I realized the strength of the expression "to smooth down the pillow of death." His pulse gradually stopped, his breathing ceased, and the relaxing of the lower jaw told me that all was over. Carlo, howling, left the room, followed by Achilles, whose cheeks were wet with tears. Mrs. Gray raised her eyes to his stiffened countenance, burst into tears, and again burying her face in her hands, exclaimed, "He is gone, sir, he is gone for ever." "Better take off he spectacles and put on a clean night-cap," whispered the black, who had remained, to the female domestic; "get new night-cap; massa so thin, old one no fit him now. Massa no more, Dinah."

There was something in those last words "no more" that went to my soul. I realized at their sound the bitterness of separation, and that agony which tongue cannot utter. What now would avail to me his instructive learning, his familiar conversation, his pure affection? I should never enjoy them more. The friend nearest and dearest to me was gone. "An unit had been struck from the sum of life," and millions yet remained, but to me that unit was all; without it I was a mere cipher. I had barely consciousness

enough to perform the last sad office, to straighten his limbs, and to close his eyes; and as I pressed his cold hand for the last time, I exclaimed, "Farewell, farewell, my friend. Though there be many nobler and greater than thou—though I have many friends, nay, kinsmen left, there are none, no not one, can recompense me for thy loss, thou brother of my heart!"

On the afternoon of the next day, the remains of my esteemed friend were committed to the earth, and I have caused a simple monument to be erected over the spot, with an inscription by myself, which having been generally admired, modesty forbids me to insert. By his will he bequeathed his library and cabinet to me, and also recommended to my protection Achilles, to whom he had given his freedom. Mrs. Gray is employed in her accustomed capacity in my house, I having had occasion shortly after my friend's decease to dismiss my housekeeper, who had lived with me eight or ten years preceding that event.

The care of arranging, preparing and copying the works of my friend has been intrusted to a suitable scientific gentleman, and that of his memoirs to my nephew, who, although he be disposed to turn all other things into levity and ridicule, will, I am sure, faithfully fulfil this trust.

Instead of publishing the doctor's autobiography and diary as the doctor left them, by his persuasion I have consented to allow him to throw them together in the form of a connected narrative, but have enjoined him in no wise to alter the meaning of a single sentence, or to make a single omission, only adding whatsoever its form may require.

SPECIMEN OF THE MORAL SUBLIME.

When at the close of the American revolution the "last armed foes" were retiring from our shores, some exultation might have been reasonably indulged by the soldiers, who had brought the doubtful and long-contested conflict to such a favorable issue. For eight years they had waged a sanguinary war with a powerful and determined foe! they had voluntarily debarred themselves of the pleasures of their firesides, and all the enjoyments which make life happy; they had combated the oppressors of their country at all times, and in all places, in the cold of winter and in the heat of summer, in the frozen hills of the north, and amid the sun-scorched wildernesses of the south. And now they fancied all their trials and perils were over—their troubles were ended, their miseries ceased, and with such belief angels could not have blamed the pride which swelled their bosoms. For what, though, had they combated so fiercely and so long? Did they follow in the train of a victorious prince who gave them kingdoms for their plunder? Alas! there was no land for their spoils but their own trampled, oppressed, and wronged country. Did they march beneath the banners of a beloved king to avenge his insults or protect his honor? No! for their monarch, who should have cherished and shielded them, had trampled their rights, and beneath his oppression their once loyal bosoms had been "parched, wearied, wrung, and riven." What then: did they succeed when a despot led the unwilling vassals of a despot's will? No! or if so, it was as the willing followers of the despot liberty, who ruled their bosoms with almost iron away, for she had torn them from wives and children, kinsmen and friends. Yes, it was the indomitable spirit of liberty which had filled their hearts with giant strength—that spirit which, though it slumbers, never dies, and which, like Samson, will sooner or later arouse from its sleep and snap asunder the cords which treachery and oppression have twined round her. These soldiers could well have exclaimed,

"Thy spirit, independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

Yes, it was often with bosom bare that they pursued their long-lost liberty. Often were the soldiers of the revolution constrained to march with naked limbs over fields of snow, to lie down without covering, and again, cold, wet, and hungry, to resume their march. In the ever-memorable retreat through New-Jersey, and during the encampment at Valley Forge, what miseries did they not suffer? But they suffered in silence—they suffered like men—and when their agony of misery was extreme, their lips were unopened in complaint. The story of their misery and forbearance is without a parallel. They fought for their country, and they fondly believed that country would remember them in their old age, and their children after them. In this patriotic, this generous confidence, many who had noble fortunes expended them in the common cause: but alas! how have their hopes and expectations been met and answered save the rich legacies of their father's virtues, their children have nought. But wonderful as was their forbearance, there is one point which concentrates in itself more honor than all their preceding actions together. I refer to that period when their victorious arms were still in their grasp, and congress denied the small pittance of their mighty labors, and would have disbanded and dispersed them penniless, powerless, and succorless to their homes. In that critical hour there were not wanting men, ay, influential and eloquent men, men who participated in their disasters and triumph, to inflame their wounded spirit, and incite them to vengeance. The only armed force in the country, the victors in a contest with Europe's best soldiers, a stinging sense of injury rankling in the heart, and a kingdom spread before their eyes, what was to hinder them from seizing, at the point of the sword, their rights, and setting up one to rule them who would richly reward them for their sacrifices. Congress was a weak, powerless body, without a cent in the treasury, or the least credit in the nation; a handful of troops could have dispersed them for ever, and they would be the sole arbiters of a nation, which, though then prostrate, gave signs of great promise.

Disabled, wounded, maimed, and scarred, they were to be dismissed, to seek their former homes—those homes which had been burned, destroyed, or converted to others' uses. There was but one alternative—whether to seize the rich prize, to appropriate to their own use the riches of the country, to clothe themselves in purple, to obtain splendid palaces for their habitation in old age, and as a patrimony for their children, or to retire to their pillaged dwellings without the use of limbs with which to gain a livelihood, to embrace poverty and misery, and to transmit them to their children—it was either to roll in splendor, riches, and luxury, or to lie down in want and contempt, and die in neglect and obscurity. And what did these gallant soldiers choose? Flushed with success, they felt the unjust denial of their claims poignantly, and they knew the riches and comforts which awaited them on one hand; but strength was given to their spirits to sweep "adown the gulf of time," and they saw on the other hand dimly in its dark bosom a huge nation, rising up to bless them and to do them honor. They saw treasured up an immense reward in their grateful recollections; and they dashed the proffered cup of rich pollution from their lips, and at the calm address of their beloved chief they disbanded without hesitation, retiring from the ranks maimed and poverty-stricken, but unhurt in their integrity, and rich in the honest pride of patriots. Such was the last noble act of the soldiers of our revolution; thus they added a crown of glory to their princely virtues, and presented a spectacle of moral grandeur unequalled in the aggregate, and only rivalled individually. Thus they added the last stone to the pyramid of their fame, over which in future ages the sweet flowers of memory and gratitude shall blossom sweetly and for ever.

HISTORY OF THE IRON MASK.

The history of the unfortunate being, who is known under this name to a world he was not permitted to see or know himself, must always remain a mystery. The only historical secret which has been equally sacred is that of the authorship of Junius; nor are even his lasting monuments of political rancor covered with half the darkness which broods over the name and fortunes of the solitary captive of the Bastille. We have learnt nothing new respecting him: we can, indeed, express openly the wonder, the pity, and the horror which his contemporaries hardly dared to breathe to their own thoughts, but we are no nearer a discovery than they.

Our attention has been turned to this subject by a paragraph which lately went the rounds of our papers, purporting to be an extract from the unpublished Memoirs of Cardinal Dubois. This relates an interview between Louis the fourteenth and the duke of Orleans, in which the king revealed the secret, and stated the man with the iron mask to have been Fouquet, the disgraced minister of finance. The names of Louis of Orleans and his minister may, perhaps be taken for *prima facie* evidence; but there is contrary testimony which proves this passage to be false, as the whole work whence it is taken is probably a fabrication. It is the late publication and extensive currency of a report so groundless that leads us to throw together a few remarks rather of others than our own; and show what is known, and what further may reasonably be conjectured.

Voltaire was the first who gave the fact a place in history, and he has, according to custom, colored and embellished it to the obscuring of the true simple outline. He relates, that some months after Mazarin's death, a prisoner, young, tall, and of pleasing figure, was sent, in the strictest secrecy, to an island on the coast of Provence. His face was always covered with a mask, so fitted with steel springs that he could eat without removing it. In 1690, St. Mars, the governor of the fortress, having been appointed governor of the Bastille, the prisoner was removed there. The minister, Louvois, went to the island on purpose to see him, spoke to him standing, and treated him with respectful attention. He was allowed every indulgence consistent with the strictness, or rather absolute secrecy of his confinement. He was passionately fond of lace and fine linen, and this taste was amply gratified. One day, it is said, he scratched some words with a knife on a silver plate, and threw it from his window into the moat of the castle. It was picked up by a poor fisherman and carried to the governor, who questioned the man closely as to whether he could read, and dismissed him with the remark that he was very lucky in his ignorance. In the Bastille he was treated with the same respect, and watched with the same strictness. The governor seldom sat down in his presence, yet his physician was never allowed to see his face. But he is described as having been of a clear brown complexion, remarkably well made, of a pleasing voice, and having something in his whole deportment inexpressibly noble and touching. The leaf containing the entry of his arrival at the Bastille, was carefully removed from the records, but an entry is found of his death, which took place in 1703, in these words, "Marchiali, aged about forty-five years."

These facts prove that it could not have been Fouquet who was pursued with this unrelenting and ingenious cruelty. The proud Louvois would hardly have treated a disgraced predecessor with such respect, nor would his jailer have been so anxious to lighten and adorn his confinement. In the same way may we refute a theory warmly urged in the Quarterly Review that the prisoner was the agent of Ferdinand, Duke of Mantua, by whom Louis had been grossly deceived in negotiating for the transfer of his dominions. It is certain that this agent, Matthioli, who betrayed Louis's intrigues, and yet was infatuated enough to put his head into the lion's mouth, to trust himself within the power of the monarch's emissaries, was secretly carried a prisoner into France, and committed to the custody of this same person, M. de St. Mars. But St. Mars had another prisoner guarded with the same care as this unhappy victim of his own imprudence, and one of the two is known to have died be-

fore he went to the Isle de St. Marqueri. This one must have been Matthioli. He who had wronged the proud and sensitive monarch of France in the nicest point, would not have been allowed the indulgences and honors which were paid as a matter of right to the prisoner of the Bastille. A stretch of high-handed power brought Matthioli within reach of Louis's vengeance, which was to be poured out upon his head as long as life animated it. He was decoyed into the power of the French general, in Piedmont, and carried a prisoner into France, but his death, luckily we may say for him, eluded the schemes of his enemies. Besides, no one known to the public as was Matthioli could have been thus confined for any time without exciting the inquiries of his prince, his friends, or his family. The prisoner must have been some one whose existence had always been a secret—some one who had no sympathies at work for him in the world. We must then conclude, that he was a state prisoner of high importance, and at the same time of high birth and rank—the child of shame, perhaps, and born in secrecy and sorrow; one who passed from the cradle to the dungeon, and had nothing in common with the world but the form that was always concealed from view, and the life that wasted away "unpitied and unknown."

This is the conclusion to which Gibbon arrives, and he does so with his usual ingenuity. After stating the facts, he mentions several other circumstances connected with them. These are, the birth of Louis Fourteenth, who, born after twenty-three years of a sterile union, was of at least doubtful legitimacy—the weakness, the almost impotency both of mind and body of his father, Louis Thirteenth—the known propensity of his mother, Anne of Austria, to gallantry—her strong attachment to Mazarin, whom no political reasons could ever make her abandon—an attachment, which though it began in policy, might easily have ended in love, particularly when its object was an Italian of agreeable person, loose morals, and artful address. The conclusion drawn from all this we give in Gibbon's own words. "If Anne yielded to such opportunities and so artful a lover, if she became a mother after her husband's death, her weakness and its consequences would have been carefully concealed. Louis Fourteenth was deeply interested to keep the secret, lest he should increase the suspicion on account of his own doubtful birth. If the strong grasp of Louis Fourteenth retained the sceptre, the doubt and the danger were entailed on future ages. In some feeble or infant reign, an ambitious *Condé* might embrace the fair pretence to assert the right to his genuine branch, and exclude from the succession Louis Thirteenth's spurious posterity. In a word he must have been his sovereign's brother, and most dangerous enemy. The humanity of Louis Fourteenth might have declined a brother's murder; but pride, policy, and even patriotism must have compelled that prince to hide his face and his existence within an iron mask and the walls of the Bastille."

It is the custom of all orthodox divines to wind up their discourses with some practical remarks, and we are loth to quit a subject that prompts so many "thick coming fancies" without uttering some of them. We promise to be very brief, and on that ground hope for our reader's indulgence for a few moments.

When the rain and hail beat against our windows from without, while we are comfortable and happy by our own firesides, when we can see the tempest rage and yet are sheltered from it ourselves—we feel more intensely the blessings of our own lot. So it is only when some such tale of armed oppression and helpless suffering reaches us, that we begin to feel the value of our quiet, secure domestic pleasures. At other times we are apt to regard them as matters of course—blessings as free to man as the sun which shines, and the air which breathes alike on the joyous and the sorrowful, on master and slave, the oppressor and the oppressed. But the captive whom we lament without being able to name, was shut out even from these free gifts of nature—from the sunshine and the breeze, which, no more than mercy or hope, ever passed the gate of the Bastille. And for the moral blessings we enjoy daily, yet unthankfully and half unconsciously,

"Society, friendship, and love
Divinely bestowed upon man:"

they were words without meaning to his ear, for they were strangers to his heart. Such were the punishments which sovereign power was in those days always able and ready to inflict. Exemption from these evils is cheaply bought by the loss of a little gilding and dress—of a few empty names and a little idle show—would we but think so. It is human nature, however, to forget what we have, and sigh for what we have not. Our wishes are like telescopes, which magnify distant objects while they regard not those which lie in our path and under our eyes. We envy courts and monarchies their splendors, and forget to be thankful for those

"Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,"

the pure and sacred pleasures we above all others possess—

"O fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint!"

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

PECULIAR HABITS OF MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

GLUCK—In order to warm his imagination, and transport himself to Aulis, or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with a piano before him, and a bottle of champagne by his side, he wrote his two Iphigenias, his Orpheus, and other works.

SARTI—On the contrary, required a spacious dark room, dimly illuminated by a lamp suspended from the ceiling; and it was only in the silent hours of night that he could summon musical ideas.

CIMAROSA—Was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently, in the course of a

single night he wrote the subjects of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends.

CHERUBINI—Was also in the habit of composing when surrounded by company. If his ideas did not flow very freely, he would borrow a pack of playing cards from any party engaged with them, and fill up the pipe with faces caricatured, and all kinds of humorous devices, for he was as ready with his pencil as his pen, though certainly not equally great with both.

SACCHINI—Could not write a passage except when his wife was at his side, and unless his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were gambolling about him.

PAISIELLO—Composed in bed. It was between sheets that he planned *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *La Molinara*, and other chefs d'œuvre of ease and gracefulness.

ZINGARELLI—Would dictate his music after reading a passage in one of the fathers of the church, or in some Latin classic.

HAYDN—Solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring sent him by Frederick II. and which he said was necessary to inspire his imagination, sat down to his piano, and in a few moments soared among the choirs. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he always enjoyed himself most when he was at work. London Harmonicon.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

A London paper, describing the dresses of some ladies on a late public occasion in that city, makes the following statements:

"The Duchess of Argyll, in a dress of massive gold tissue, her raven locks, and a prodigious plume of feathers of the same color, produced a contrast with her diamonds, equalled only by

"The Duchess of Bedford, whose jewelry astonished all by its glitter and glare. The latter made a prodigious display indeed. Independently of the necklace, which cost fifty thousand guineas, (50,000!) chains of diamonds, with amethysts in the centre, decorated her grace's dress, from the thick velvet Spanish hat, to the girdle or cestus.

"The Hon. Mrs. Pope, was a meteor in the throng! that lady was a moving firmament, and it was said that the cost in brilliants alone, in a dress of sombre magnificence, (crimson) exceeded seven hundred thousand pounds!" or three millions one hundred and ten thousand dollars!!

BREVITIES.

People who affect a shortness of sight must think it the height of good fortune to be born blind.

Lounging, unemployed people, may be called of the tribe of Joshua, for with them the sun stands still.

Fanatics think men like bulls—they must be baited to madness ere they are in a fit condition to die.

There is an ancient saying—"Truth lies in a well." May not the modern adage run—"The most certain charity is at a pump."

Some connoisseurs would give a hundred pounds for the painted head of a beggar, who would threaten the living mendicant with the stocks.

If you boast of a contempt for the world, avoid getting into debt. It is giving to gnats the fangs of vipers.

The heart of the great man, surrounded by poverty and trammelled by dependence, is like an egg in a nest built among briars. It must either curdle into bitterness, or, if it take life and mount, struggle through thorns for the ascent. Whittaker's Magazine.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1832.

Editor's study.—It is night. We are alone. Nothing is heard but the watchman, sometimes striking his club against the pavement, or the quivering peals of the bell, as it notes the never-ceasing flight of time over the sleeping city; or now and then the voice of some half-intoxicated straggler from the theatre, humming fragments of the opera. A friendly correspondent has supplied us with a communication, describing almost the scene upon which we have been gazing. We extract a few stanzas, and may give the rest at some future period:

Night in a mighty city, still and vast;
Lo, the broad square, and dimly-lighted street.
Deserted as if some dread plague were cast,
Like ancient curse, o'er them whose many feet
Late wore the pavements, and who now aghast
Had fled, and left this voiceless scene to meet
The pestilential air that o'er it brood,
A costly desert, an unnatural solitude.

Silence, in leafy wood, on grassy plain,
O'er mountain summit, in the bending vale;
Mid the rent arches of the ruined fane,
Or on the endless ocean, when the gale
Rests in her distant cave, may hold her reign;
Where strong proud men some awful grief bewail;
Or in the church-yard, where the skeletons lie,
Or in the dungeon dark or the deep midnight sky.

But in the city's walks the muser strays,
Mid objects by ambitious human hands
Reared lofty; proud things meet his wondering gaze:
See where the palace like a picture stands,
And here the late thronged theatre upraise
Its silent walls, where yonder square expands,
And not a voice or step the silence breaks,
And not a creature stirs, an answering echo wakes.

Night o'er the city, hanging like a spell,
And all the jostling crowd unconscious sleep;
For so at least the white closed shutters tell;
Though some there be, perchance, who wake and weep;
Alas! that 'neath these stately domes may dwell
Foul guilt and racking doubt and anguish deep;
Thoughts on the wearied mind that weigh like lead—
Some bending awful o'er the sick, perchance the dead.

And here but now the human current moved
Promiscuous medley: misery and joy,
Hope and despair, the hated and the loved,
Beauty all radiant, and the laughing boy;
Commingle, shifting, on the thousands roved;
Each chasing, like a child, its favorite toy;
And many a tired heart rests in slumber now:
Beguiling dreams shed light on many a care-worn brow.
Sleep on, ye thousands, rest ye while ye may;
Brief interval. The rolling earth will turn,
Soon, your smooth dreams dispersed, the breaking day,
Lighting his gradual eastern fires, will burn,
And call ye to your doom, &c.

There is a strange feeling in looking over the communications, newspapers, new publications, pamphlets, engravings, and the other ordinary paraphernalia of an editorial table at this dead hour of the night. A solitary midnight chamber has in it to us almost the solemnity of a sepulchre without its horrors and gloom, and these various articles strewn confusedly about, these fragments of the living, cheerful world, thus bent over in silence and seclusion, wear a different aspect from those seen in the liveliness and hurry of the day. And then the occupation of writing is not without its excitement, and the thought that by the aid of an art, so simple in itself as printing, the half-dreamy reveries which we are now venting with no other sound than the noise of the pen as it hurries over the paper, are addressed to so many, and may be perused by those yet unborn, when we shall be the tenant of some nameless grave, while it almost causes us to shrink from our task, fills us with admiration of the stupendous power of the press. Our thoughts were turned this way by a perusal of the proceedings of the Columbia Typographical Society at Washington, which occupy a page of the *Globe*. Our interest in them was by no means diminished by the observations of Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck, who, after the reading from the chair of a toast highly complimentary to him, addressed the assembly in a short speech, from which the following is an extract:

"Amongst the earliest recollections of my boyish days," he said, "were the amusing and instructive incidents of the early life of Benjamin Franklin, as related by himself; and one of the circumstances which most struck and excited my boyish imagination in that beautiful narrative, was that of his calling the office in which he worked in London, a *chapel*, according to the traditional phrase of English printers. It is a term that has gone much out of use, I have since learnt, on this side the Atlantic. In this chapel, however, about which our great philosopher and patriot printer first excited my curiosity, it has been the fortune—I think the good fortune—of my life, to have since passed many hours. These were hours which I sometimes used to flatter myself might be useful to others—they were certainly always agreeable and interesting to myself. I was there very early, and very frequently struck with the general intelligence and information of the craft; and I was often delighted with the native talent, the literary acquirement, the liberal principles, and the ardent minds of many of them with whom I there became familiar. I there made many acquaintances amongst your fraternity, whom I shall always remember with respect and kindness, and not a few friends whom I honor and esteem. I have received amongst them the best offices, as a friend; (nor can I forget it) aid, suggestions, corrections, as an author. One instance of this occurs to me at this moment, and the time and occasion will not allow me to pass it over. I was engaged some years ago in a miscellaneous literary work, in conjunction with two or three friends, whose writings are amongst the most valued productions of native literature. The volumes were most accurately, as well as most beautifully printed. Before the sheets had reached the binder, and long before they had fallen under the eyes of any regular editorial critic, I was surprised with a review of the work in one of our best and most widely-circulated literary journals. It was written with great talent, as well as elegance and sprightliness of style, and in the most friendly spirit. On inquiring for the name of our good-natured and able critic, the authors were surprised to learn that he was the compositor who had set up the whole of the manuscript, and who knew it only in that way. Our friend has since laid down the *stick* for the pen, and is now, as I trust, winning his way to fame and fortune in another country."

Our readers will be pleased to learn that this compliment, respecting the review, paid by one whose approbation must be gratefully received, was addressed to no other than Mr. Cox, our old friend and correspondent C. The work reviewed was the "*Talisman*," and the article appeared originally in this journal.

We copy from the American a humorous little poem, entitled "Extract from the loves of the Shell-Fishes." Is it not Shakespeare's Juliet who asks, "What's in a name?" We think there is much in a name; and if these lines had made their appearance, as an unpublished effusion of Lord Byron, how many sapient critics by this time would have discovered their beauty?

Not in the land where beauty loves to dwell,
And bards to sing that beauty dwell there;
Not in the land where rules th' enchanter's spell,
And fashion's beings, beautiful and rare;
Not in such land are laid the scenes I tell:
No odors float upon its sunny air;

No ruddy vintage, and no tinted flowers
Gladden its fields or bloom within its bowers.
Mine is a lowlier lay—the unquiet deep—
The world of waters; where man's puny skill
Has but along its surface dared to creep;
The quaking vassal of its wayward will:
Exultant only when its calm waves sleep,
And its rough voice is noiseless all and still,
And trembling when its crested hosts arise,
Roused from their slumbers by the wind's wild cries.

None but the dead have visited its caves;
None but the dead pressed its untrampled floor;
Eyes, but all sightless, glare beneath its waves,
And forms earth's worshippers might well adore,
Lie in their low and ever freshened graves,
All cold and loveless far beneath its roar.
The bright-eyed maiden and the fair-haired bride,
And sire and son there slumber side by side.

The decorated dead—there's nought above
More calmly soft or delicately fair.
Our picturing fancies, when in dreams they rove,
Create no forms that may with them compare.
Match me, ye eyes of light—ye forms of love,
That glad the dimness of our upper air;
Match me your living beauties like to those
The sea's vast charnel hold in deep repose.

What though our gorgeous sun deny its light—
What though its nights are starless—yet there beams
Within its element, all pure and bright,
A living radiance, that by far outgleams
The kindred glory of our day or night,
Flowing from out a thousand radiant streams,
The very essence of that lower world,
Where night's dark drapery never is unfurled.

The festering fingers of earth-born decay
Mar not the forms that sleep in beauty there;
The change that visits all of human clay,
Passes as lightly as the summer air
Over the slumberer's face: the wayward play
Of living passion, or the tread of care,
Leave on our brows their foot-prints far more deep,
Than the soft change that marks their dreamless sleep.

Smile not, ye wise ones, at my lowly lay,
Nor deem it strange that underneath a shell
High thoughts exert their ever-ruling sway,
And soft affections scorn not there to dwell.
That in an oyster's breast the living ray
Of mind beams forth; or that its young thoughts swell
Less vauntingly in pride of place or birth
Than aught that breathes upon our upper earth.

Of blighted hopes and confidence betrayed—
Of princely dames and wights of low degree—
The story of a high-born oyster maid
And her clam lover, of low family:
And how they met beneath their oft sought shade,
The spreading branches of a coral tree,
Attended by a periwinkle page,
Selected chiefly for his tender age.
Sing, scaly muse.*****

The annexed letter comes to us in a fair manuscript, of a tempting neatness, and although it discusses a rather antiquated theme, we admit it with the hope of alluring the author (whom we half suspect) to some more elaborate effort.

GENTLEMEN—I do not know a more disappointed and disheartened girl than Rose Bradshaw: when I meet her in the street she appears abstracted and bewildered, and although she is situated in such a manner that money could not be of use to her, still she is unhappy. Her father, God bless him, is one of the most amiable men in existence, and her mother is a good easy kind of woman, who would not harm a fly. Rose has all the amiable qualities of her father, and, consequently, she was beloved by all who knew her. This was when she was fifteen years of age. I hardly ever saw a good-natured young girl that did not make my heart jump—there is something so elastic in their dispositions—so bird-like in their singing, that, do what I will, I cannot resist the temptation to seek their company. You may talk about the blues, and a few other "ills that flesh is heir to," but if you wish to be happy, do not think it a condescension to visit young ladies. No, no—leave off reading "The art of prolonging life," and bear witness to the practical utility of my suggestions.

The first time I saw Rose she was engaged in her father's study dusting his great easy chair, and doing as much as possible (with the best intentions however) to derange his papers; in the evening she used to bring her father his slippers, and then recite the lessons which she had learned through the day at school.

On May-day Rose was elected queen for the year, (for this good old custom is not entirely extinct in Old Jersey;) still, I cannot help thinking it did Rose no good. When her father removed to New-York, it served to render her beauty a subject of conversation, and Rose now made her appearance as bride's-maid at Jane Smith's wedding, Jane being an old play-mate.

When Esther Clark sent out notices for her party, Rose Bradshaw's card of invitation was written first; and if she wanted any thing, she could always secure it. She had a season ticket sent to her from this and that institution, and if her father had a compliment paid him, Rose came in for a share. Her very artlessness made every body love her.

But poor Rose was vain—if not so by nature, she became so by flattery, and her best friends were neglected if they omitted any trifling punctilio. As she formed many new acquaintances, she forgot many old ones. If Miss Bradshaw wished to gratify her

vanity, she looked at her card-rack; and when she wanted to walk in Broadway she had only to signify to that gentleman whose name was least familiar to her ears, and she had a beau to flirt with, and then too she had the pleasure of mortifying her Alfred, as she used to call him when they played together at school.

Well, Miss Rose is now forsaken by her old acquaintances, and the butterflies who swarmed so thickly around her but recently, have been chilled by the first indication of her homeliness. You may see her now perusing her album, with an ill-natured, dejected countenance; she has become disgusted with society, and society has become disgusted with her; in her desire to improve her person, she resisted all attempts to inform her mind. It is a settled thing that Miss Rose will die an old maid. B t.

It is a common practice to undervalue the results of our native industry, and to give preference to specimens of foreign workmanship; but we are pleased to perceive the manufactory of Mr. Bussing, William-street, has recently attracted much attention. It displays such numerous evidences of taste and enterprise, and so many articles likely to attract female visitors, that we cheerfully spare sufficient space to make our fashionable lady readers acquainted with the establishment. The *Evening Journal* concludes a notice of it, with the following observations:—"The peculiar neatness and excellence of workmanship which distinguish the commodities from this manufactory, are unrivalled on this side the Atlantic, and are not outdone in any of the workshops of Europe. Among the many new and elegant affairs which were shown to us, were several highly-finished souvenirs, or pocket remembrancers, designed both for ladies and gentlemen, bound in beautiful embossed morocco, and ornamented with polished steel trimmings—an article extremely appropriate for the present season. But it is impossible here to specify the diverse sorts of companions for the pocket and for the toilet which the ingenuity of the manufacturer is constantly producing for his customers and the public."

Our resolutions last week, touching puns and quotations have put us already to some trouble. We have kept a little list of those expunged from several pieces read, and either presented in this number or to be published at a future period. "Golden opinions from all sorts of people," was taken out of a very good piece, and the sentence reconstructed. "They fought like brave men, long and well," shared the same fate. "The course of true love never did run smooth," was discarded—*nem. con.* And the "gems of purest ray serene, the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear," has been in the *Mirror* once or twice before. A very pretty letter on rose-colored paper, dated Rochester, and signed Ephemeris Consequentia, is over-run with lines, half-lines, and couplets from popular authors, and the "gems of purest ray serene" were shining there also, though the sin in this instance is partly palliated by the author's only giving the first three words, and then modestly retiring under cover of several *etceteras*.

P. calls our attention to an article in the *Courier and Enquirer* of the nineteenth inst. setting forth the confusion and injustice arising from our present system of insolvent laws, and pleading the strong necessity of a general bankrupt law. We should be glad, in common with thousands, to promote the passage of such a bill, but the subject does not come within the plan of the *Mirror*. We may, however, without any impropriety, add, that the essay in the *Enquirer* is, in every respect, just, and will amply repay a careful perusal.

The author of the beautiful poem, "The Fall of Jerusalem," on our first page, has our thanks, and we solicit a continuation of his favors. We suggest to him, however, the propriety of reducing his future productions to a more regular measure. Although it has, in the present case, been evidently his resolution not to restrain himself within the rules of blank verse, for which he has several authentic writers as precedents, yet a more studied regularity would be preferred by the general reader.

Mr. Whittier, long known as the editor of the *New England Review*, which, under his direction, has been ably conducted, has recently surrendered his charge to a very talented successor. We cannot compliment the present editor more than by saying that the journal has lost nothing of its former value in his hands. We have omitted the mention of this hitherto through inadvertence.

After a debate of some sixty years, the corporation has at length appointed a committee to adopt measures for supplying this city with pure and wholesome water. Two millions of dollars are to be appropriated for the purpose. It is to be hoped that the public will no longer be trifled with on this extremely interesting subject.

The "*Albany Literary Gazette*" announces that the premium of a hundred dollars has been awarded by a committee of gentlemen, to Mr. Willis Gaylord Clark, for a tale entitled "Retribution;" and fifty dollars to Mrs. Sigourney, for the best poem, called the "Western Emigrant."

It has been suggested by a writer in the *American*, that our government should invite the exiled and unfortunate Poles to settle in this country, invest them with lands, and afford them facilities for reaching these shores.

The twenty-second of next month will be the centennial birthday of Washington. We trust that the occasion will be celebrated throughout the land with every appropriate demonstration of respect to his memory.

A correspondent inquires why the city-hall clock is not illuminated at night?—We are unable to inform him.

THERE'S NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN.

ARRANGED FOR THE SPANISH GUITAR, AND PRESENTED TO THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, BY OTTO TORP—THE WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE.

Andante pastorale.

This world is all a fleet-ing show, For man's il-lu-sion giv'n, This world is all a

fleet-ing show, For man's il-lu-sion giv'n; The smiles of joy, the tears of woe, De- ceit-ful shine, de-

ceit-ful flow, There's no-thing true but heaven, There's no-thing true but heaven, There's no-thing

true but heaven.

SECOND VERSE.

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but heaven!

THIRD VERSE.

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but heaven.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

POLISH FEMALES.

THE Court Journal lately mentioned that among the arrivals at Warsaw was that of the Hon. Miss Plater, commander of the Samogitian Lancers, with her aid-de-camp, likewise a young lady of quality! The editor adds that another young girl had signalized herself in the Polish army, and expressed her determination to cut her way to farther distinction. This is nothing more than was frequently done in the American revolution. Our history contains several striking anecdotes of female courage in battles, and services rendered by them of great importance.

GALENA.

Galena is a town in Jo Davies county, Illinois; situated near the north-west boundary of the state, on Fever, or Bean river, six miles from its junction with the Mississippi, and about four hundred and eighty miles from St. Louis, Missouri, to which place three steamboats ran regularly in 1831. The lead mines in the vicinity of Galena are very valuable, and extend more than fifty miles in every direction. The ore yields seventy-five per cent of pure lead. The number of pounds of lead made at the mines in this vicinity from 1821 to 1830 inclusive, was over forty millions. Galena stands on the side of a steep hill, and the lower street is subject to inundations from the river. Most of the buildings are shops, taverns, or boarding houses for the accommodation of adventurers attracted here by the lead mines. Distance, three hundred and twenty-two miles from Vandalia—one thousand and eighty-six miles from Washington city.

SUNDERLAND.

Sunderland is a seaport of England, in the county of Durham—two hundred and sixty four miles north of London, and eleven miles south of Newcastle, at the mouth of the river Wear. It was formerly only a part of Bishop Wearmouth, but is now a populous town, (containing in 1831, about seventeen thousand inhabitants.) The harbor is formed by two piers at the mouth of the river, on one of

which is a light-house. The iron bridge over the Wear is an elegant structure, and celebrated as one of the wonders of modern mechanism. It was erected in 1796, and consists of a single arch of two hundred and thirty-six feet span, which at its centre rises one hundred feet above the river, so that ships can pass under it. The principal trade of Sunderland is the exportation of coal, in which upwards of five hundred vessels, and as many lighters are engaged. There are also manufactories of glass, earthenware, &c. The public buildings are several churches, assembly-rooms, and a theatre. Near the town is a chalybeate spring.

COAL.

The Philadelphia National Journal remarks that the managers of the Lehigh coal company deserve well of the public for not taking advantage of the inclement weather, the scarcity of wood, and the demand of coal to raise their prices.

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Public abuse—The mud with which every traveller is spattered on his road to distinction.

Slander—An invisible venom spit out by toads and serpents in the human shape.

Political honesty—Previous lexicographers have not noticed this word, treating it, I presume, altogether as fabulous—for definition, *vide self-interest*.

Love—A disease.

Happiness—A dream.

Hope—A traitor.

The grave—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

Modern literature—Fragments of the feasts of the old writers served up in new dishes.

Constable—A species of snapping turtle.

Modesty—A beautiful flower that flourishes only in secret places.

Sensibility—A quality by which its possessor in attempting to promote the happiness of other people loses his own.

A young man of talents—An impertinent scoundrel who thrusts himself forward; a writer of execrable poetry; a person without modesty; a noisy fellow.

Lawyer—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

Enemies—Borrower and lender.

My dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Watchman—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.

Office of street inspector—A sinecure.

Honesty—An excellent joke.

Dentist—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

Poetry—A division of affected prose into lines of a certain length.

Example—extract.

Count. I hear her shriek, and fly to save her life,

But what time, Simon, is it of the clock?

Simon. Alas! my lord, it must be more than three,

For late upon the drowsy air of night,

The iron swinger, in the steeple high,

(Which like a man of genius tops above

The other houses which, like little men,

Do stand obscure and lonely far beneath)

Did with three deep reverberating strokes

Awake the echo. Please you good, my lord,

Swift as the lightning from the cloudy heavens,

Or as the thought through heated fancy rolled,

And brave as lion, at whose dreadful voice

The beasts of all the forests trembling hide,

Let us, oh let us haste to save this maid.

Count. Aye, Simon, as some eagle whom the heavens, &c.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,

To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscriptions received for a less term than one year. New subscribers can be supplied with the Mirror from the twenty-seventh number of the present volume, which was issued on the seventh of January.

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No. 31.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

NOTICES OF DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

THE life of a man of genius is very different now from what it was but a few centuries ago. Then it was a spirit-stirring tale of devious wandering and various adventure; of moving accidents, exciting perils, and riotous pleasure. Now it is a monotonous detail of struggles against misfortune, of shifts against poverty, of daily, mercenary drudgery. The days are past when Froissart rode round on his stately charger, followed by his servants with hounds and horses, collecting at every castle the materials of his history, and received in all with princely hospitality—when the troubadours sallied out with the world “all before them, where to choose their place of rest,” protected by the sacredness of their poetical calling—safe among hostile chieftains, and loved even by rude barbarism. Those were ages of darkness, perhaps, but at least it was then something to be a man of genius. Men of genius were then men of the world. Ability and information were not then so common that they could be shut out of the busy public walks of life, to meditate in closets and starve in garrets. For precisely the same reason that in our new settlements the leading man is called on to be judge, colonel, postmaster, and deacon, was the poet then called on to play the orator, the monk to become the historian, the bishop to sit as judge. Rubens was ambassador to England, Petrarch was entrusted with embassies to almost every court in Europe, Machiavelli was secretary of the Florentine republic, Dante a soldier and magistrate, Garcilaso a skilful captain, Raleigh a warrior and statesman; while in Surry were united

“The courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s eye, tongue, sword.”

How different such a life—spent in such animating variety of object and employment—accompanied with such grateful and exciting popularity, from the biography of the man of letters of the nineteenth century! The poet or artist cannot hope now, as then, “*ante oculos omnium versari*.” He cannot enter into the political arena or judicial forum. Every class has now its chosen walk—its allotted beaten path of business, into which no stranger can enter. The very reputation of poet—the nick-name of a *genius* will be enough to condemn him to the cutting neglect, or more cutting pity of his fellow-men. The busy, the scheming, the ambitious, pass him by as an idler, an excrescence on the world of action. He may have the talent of Scott or Byron, and yet languish unknown unless he have their popularity—then indeed he will find plenty of speculators ready to traffic in the labors of his brain as in any other merchantable article—but if he have not, what is then to adorn, to endear, to soothe his life? He may cherish his fervid temperament—his keen susceptibilities—but they only make his misery more poignant, and in the lowest deep, open a lower deep of despair. His mind destroys itself—the blade wears out the scabbard. He flies at last to the bowl to purchase a short respite from care at the price of health and honor, and then,

“Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,”

we have the brilliant orgies of Burns, the mad despair of Chatterton, the beastly degradation of Savage.

These remarks have been suggested to us by a glance at the life and writings of the gifted author whose name is placed at the head of this article. Not that Brown was one of those victims of morbid sensibility, whose errors are most inexcusable, yet most easily forgiven, or that he wanted strength to buffet with the world. But if we were asked for an example of the love which follows learning for itself alone, of the consequences of such a spirit, and of the history of such a self-devoted student, this is the example we would give. We are accustomed to talk with admiring wonder of the untimely promise of Chatterton, and the absorbing enthusiasm of Kirke White; yet we have seen in our own city an instance of devotion to letters fully as ardent as theirs, and of a sacrifice to genius brighter than either.

Charles Brockden Brown was of a quaker family. In him, in Bernard Barton, and in West we see the germ of talent flourishing where every thing conspired to “eat its bud” and “bringing forth its fruit in due season.” The peace-loving sect that shuns the contagion of taste and refinement as the machinations of the evil one, has already had its poets, painters, and novelists—proofs enough, if proofs were wanting of the old adage—

“*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*—”

that no quaker precision, no drab-colored simplicity can utterly destroy man’s strong innate love of the beautiful.

The life of our author is not as brilliant or romantic as that of Petrarch or Cervantes. It was even more honorable, perhaps, from the quiet domestic virtues that shine in every line of its brief history; but it offers few materials for the biographer. We can tell, indeed,

how he panted and thirsted after knowledge from his earliest years, and how he displayed that premature quickness of thought, and those early ripened powers which always seem the forerunners of an untimely end; how he labored only to strengthen the mind, neglecting the body till it became too weak to struggle against lingering and deeply-seated disease; how he abandoned a profession which opened invitingly before him because it would call him away from literary pursuits, and how he left the broad road of business and the highway of wealth to “loiter beneath the laurel’s barren shade”—how devoted he was to this, to him a sacred calling, how unpretending he was in his mental superiority, how kind and gentle in his modest walk through life. We may follow that life to its early end, and show how all his labors and projects were broken off by death, and how he fell a martyr, and a willing one, to study, at the age of thirty nine. But here the office of the biographer ends, though half his character remains untold. So quiet and retired were his merits, that it seems almost like presumption to bring them to the light. We feel almost as if we were violating the sanctity of that domestic life wherein they took shelter. His fame as an author is the property of the public—his character as a man, a sacred legacy to friendship.

When we turn from the writings to the character of an author, or indeed from the public conduct to the private walk of any man, we often meet the most striking inconsistencies; of this we might multiply examples almost without end. The philanthropic St. Pierre, whose writings overflow with the love of nature and of man, was avaricious and unprincipled; and Rousseau, the most eloquent of sentimentalists, sent his children to a foundling hospital. The stern republican, Alfieri, was a gay profligate noble; the aristocratic old Count Mirabeau a zealous apostle of liberty. So in other walks of life. We have all heard of the actor, who, while he made all Paris laugh, was himself dying with melancholy; and Liston is famous for his staid seriousness of deportment and his lurking inclination for tragedy. The bloody persecutor, Claverhouse, was of even feminine beauty and delicacy; the good king Peter of Castile, was rude and harsh; while Ali Pasha and Djezzar were two of the mildest of men. None of these instances, however, are more curious than that of our author. He was himself child-like in his simplicity and purity; full of all generous and gentle impulses;

“He had a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day to melting charity—”

yet his pen was exercised only on the most profligate characters, the severest trials, the strongest passions, the most heart-rending sorrows of our nature. He is even less successful when he would describe the mild and benevolent emotions which were the familiar inmates of his own breast, than in laying bare the fearful workings of the evil passions that never found shelter there. He does not linger in the bowers of pleasure, or the sacred shades of home—he seems to begrudge to his characters the calm and quiet life he loved himself, and not to be satisfied till he has sent the delighted spirit to bathe in fiery floods of pain, perplexity, and sorrow. This is a curious propensity, and how to account for it might puzzle wiser heads than ours. We can only suppose it a freak of that perverse spirit which always makes us look wishfully away from ourselves to others, which makes it happen

“*Ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Sen ratio dedit, seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat, laudet diversa sequentes*,”

it is one of the countless anomalies of the human mind—one of those inconsistencies of which man’s whole nature seems made up.

The gloomy and the terrible is Brown’s peculiar walk. In all his works we “sup full of horrors.” In this taste he has been called an imitator of Godwin. But Godwin was a sneering, sceptical misanthrope. His pen was tinged with the gall and bitterness of his own spirit. He held up to view

“The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,” with a morbid pleasure at seeing so much misery in a world of which he himself was sick. He had made evil his good, and he seems proud to show the power and set forth the triumphs of the principle he advocated. Brown’s genius wandered in the same gloomy paths of sorrow and suffering, but it sought another object. His novels aimed at what the critic calls the true end of tragedy; to purge the passions by means of pity and terror. He never leads us to doubt of the divinity of virtue, though he subjects it to every variety of fearful temptation. Every incident is another illustration of the majestic prophecy:

“Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralld;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.”

He who reads Brown will learn much of the secret weaknesses of his own heart, much of the trials to which his nature is subject—but there is no fear that he will rise a stoic or a misanthrope.

Though Brown be ranked as a pupil of the writers who “love darkness rather than light,” he has at least the merit of having struck out a new path through the world of horrors. He is not a follower

of Mrs. Radcliffe, or a terrorist of the German school. With ten times Mrs. Radcliffe’s creative and imaginative power, he was not obliged to call in supernatural agency to give dignity to virtue, or majesty to sorrow. He rejected all the clumsy machinery of enchanted castles, spirits, and apparitions, once thought as necessary to a novel as its heroine and its love scenes. He was one of the first who proved that a story could be framed without the usual allowance of noblemen and palaces; that the attention could be held captive by an awkward country boy, when he spoke, with nature’s eloquence, of wild and thrilling adventures; and that the unbidden tear would flow even over the homely sorrows of untitled plebeians.

When we reflect, indeed, how many of the usual ornaments of fiction Brown has discarded, we cannot but rate very highly his skill and success. In him we find none of those *speciosa miracula* of human pride and pomp, attractive even on paper, brilliant even in description. He does not, like Scott, introduce us to the ancient abbey and frowning castle—to the glittering court and thronged tournament; he does not lead us into the brilliant shifting show of wealth, power, and luxury—he takes us with him into the wilderness of the new world. Like Sterne, singling out the solitary captive, he chooses a single group from among their inhabitants, and tells you its adventures and trials. Here are none of those names which in themselves adorn a tale—Cœur de Lion, Rob Roy, Charles of Burgundy, Cromwell, Elizabeth, Mary, and the other immortal names newly embalmed in Scott’s pages. Arthur Mervyn is only the adventures of a simple country boy, who, in search of employment, comes to Philadelphia during the yellow-fever, and Edgar Huntly but the history of a night or two of a sleep-walker. The plot of Jane Talbot is yet freer from “the foreign aid of ornament.” The heroine is forbidden to marry the man of her choice, and abandons him sooner than bring down upon him the anger of his father and condemn him to a life of misery, perhaps of self-reproach. These are but slender materials to be spread out through hundreds of pages—to give life and variety to volumes. Wherein then is the secret of their deep and gloomy interest—the power by which the author can “take the prisoned soul” and make it follow Edgar Huntly on his dim and perilous way, or soar with Wieland to his dizzy height of rapt devotion? Here are no coruscations of wit, no splendor of rhetoric—here are neither the rainbow hues of fancy, the mellowed richness of history, the plausible extravagance of romance, the pleasing terror of the supernatural. What then do we see to interest us so deeply in the rude outlines and plain coloring of his homely pictures? We answer, we see ourselves. The copy of nature is so fresh, so true, so speaking, that we recognize it at once. He seizes all the evanescent shades of thought and passion which blended in the hearts of the actors in his scenes; the lurking selfishness, the half-formed desires, the suppressed fears that shook their souls. His is the bold and skilful anatomy that lays bare all the dark and secret corners of the heart—its subtle windings of deceit—its thousand folds of self-love—its thick coverings of pride, fear, and meanness. We realize the feelings of his characters—we identify ourselves with them. The train of thoughts is so natural that we fall into it and prolong it insensibly ourselves. It is this nature which lends such attraction to Brown’s simple scenes and homely narrative. We may find Wieland’s mysticism dull, or Edgar Huntly’s pursuits insipid, or Arthur Mervyn’s simplicity rough and clownish; but when we see Wieland’s noble nature clouded and disturbed to madness, and see the man of sorrows rejoicing over the corpses of his wife and children, and the beloved sister struggling for her life with the brother; when Edgar Huntly escapes, almost by miracle, from the savage and the wild beast; or when Arthur Mervyn tells us of his journey to the infected city and enlarges on all the minutiae of horror—on the grass growing in the streets—the doors swinging idly on their hinges—the wretches groping for booty among the dead—the wasting fever—the pine coffin—and the slovenly burial—then we feel the spell of the mighty master, and hope or fear, shudder or struggle, at his bidding.

We would not part from our author with the words of censure in our mouth, therefore we shall not now speak of his faults. They are as familiar, as obvious as his beauties, and as much his own. His object was strictly to present truth with a simple apparel—not to hide the native beauty of the goddess under the profusion of ornament. He despised the tawdry tinsel of fine writing—the “shreds and patches” of metaphor and simile with which ordinary minds seek to cover their nakedness. His logical strength of mind—his depth of penetration—his power of argument—his wide range of judgment, are carried even into his novels. We are told of a young lady who was in raptures with Plutarch’s Lives as the most delightful romances she ever read, till she found them to be true; so, on the contrary, the grave philosopher might enjoy Brown’s novels as profound, moral, or metaphysical essays till he was told they were fictions.

FROM THE PAPERS OF AN IDLER.

FEELING AND SENTIMENT.

THERE are two men of my acquaintance, of nearly the same age, property, and standing in society, one of whom is a man of feeling, and the other a man of sentiment. Sentiment is rather a more gifted man than Feeling; writes and talks well, and on no subject does he write or speak so often and so well, as on the duty of doing good to each other. Feeling never wrote a paragraph in the newspapers, nor spoke where ten people could hear him; but there is not a cellar or a garret in — street that he has not been into, and there are hundreds of people that pray for him every day of their lives. Sentiment is the admiration of his acquaintances; Feeling, the delight of his friends. No better illustration can be given of the difference between them, than was shown in their conduct on one particular occasion. A mutual friend of theirs had died suddenly, under circumstances of peculiar affliction, and leaving a large family nearly destitute. Sentiment heard of his death as he was going to an evening party, where he spoke of his departed friend, and of his irreparable loss to his widow and children, in such a way as to bring tears into the eyes of all who heard him; but in a short time the conversation turned upon other subjects, and Sentiment became as lively and entertaining as ever. Feeling also heard of it as he was going to this same party, and he turned about and went home, for he loved his friend too well to feel in the mood to join a gay crowd while he was yet unburied. The next day Sentiment sat down and wrote a beautiful letter to the bereaved widow, while Feeling went about and collected a subscription for her use. Sentiment published an eloquent obituary notice of his friend, while Feeling paid his funeral expenses. Feeling adopted one of his sons, and educated him, while Sentiment named one of his own after him.

I have two cousins, however, in whom the two qualities are more strikingly displayed than in any persons of my acquaintance. I shall call one of them by the familiar name of Mary, and the other by the more romantic one of Matilda, assigning to each an appellation somewhat consistent with her character. Mary has a great deal of strong sense, uniform cheerfulness, and a fund of deep and quiet feeling. Matilda has more imagination, more liveliness, more enthusiasm and more sentiment. Mary is slow in forming attachments, and is very constant to her old friends; but Matilda is apt to be bewitched with new faces, and to repose confidence in those whom she soon finds to be unworthy of it. In literature their tastes are widely different. Matilda hangs with rapture over the passionate dreamings of Byron, and the mystical speculations of Shelly; but Mary prefers the tenderness of Cowper, and the deep philosophy of Wordsworth. If Matilda could find out some beautiful being that was dying of a consumption, or a broken heart, or any such interesting disease, in a chamber tastefully adorned with flowers, and dressed in robes of spotless white, she would devote to her all her time and energies, and be the most assiduous of nurses, and the most sympathizing of friends; but she cannot endure smoky houses, unwashed children, nor any repulsive form of sickness. I remember very well how differently they behaved on an occasion when I happened to be present, when the wife of a poor sailor and the mother of many children, and who lived near them, rushed into the house with the utmost disorder of look and manner, and told them, with the passionate lamentation customary to persons in her rank in life, in circumstances of overwhelming grief, that she had just heard that her husband was lost at sea, when within two days sail of the harbor. Matilda was dreadfully overcome, and had nearly fainted, and on recovering flew to her purse and emptied it in the woman's lap, and then sat down and wept in helpless impotence. Mary, on the other hand, retained her self-possession throughout, and applied herself at once to the soothing and comforting of her afflicted and humble friend, and by suggesting to her reflections and consolations in a manner equally creditable to her judgment and her feelings, soon succeeded in converting the hysterical violence of grief into a more calm and subdued state of feeling. And this was but the beginning of her good deeds. She made a decent suit of mourning for her, went about and procured situations for two or three of her children, and spoke of her case to some wealthy friends, with that eloquence which comes from the heart and goes to the heart, so that they became interested in her, relieved her present necessities, and provided her with the means of gaining a permanent livelihood. All this Matilda could not have done, though she would have loaded her with gifts if she had the means. Mary had as limited means as her cousin; but how much good can be done by one who has a willing heart and a resolute spirit?

These young ladies have a grandmother, who is somewhat in her dotage, and is, moreover, confined to her room by infirmities, and it is curious to see how unconsciously they display their different characters by their treatment of her. Matilda is truly attached to her; often speaks of her with deep feeling, and is ready to do anything for her, and to contribute to her happiness in any way she can. She goes to see her almost every day, and lights up the invalid's chamber, like a sun-beam, with her sweet looks. She delights to carry her flowers, pictures, or any thing that will amuse her childish mind; but her lively fancy cannot endure the "bald disjointed chat" of the poor old lady. She is restless, and fidgets on her chair while she is in the room, and soon makes an excuse to be gone. But Mary regularly devotes a certain portion of her time to her. She will read the newspaper to her by the hour together, and listen, without the least sign of impatience, to the thread-bare scandal that is half a century old, and to the pointless story that she

knows already by heart. She will tell her, too, who is married, and who is engaged, and who have failed, and who has come into town, and who has gone out of it, and who have given parties, and who are going to,—and in short empty the basket of gossip to its last chip. And she will do all this, though in addition to her excellent sense, she has a very vivid perception and keen enjoyment of the ludicrous.

When they were both about seventeen years old, they heard of the death of a schoolfellow, whom they both fondly loved, from whom they had parted only about a year, and whose residence was only a day's journey from their own. Matilda was almost heart-broken at her loss, and, in the touching language of Scripture, "refused to be comforted." She hardly slept for several nights, and scarcely tasted food for several days. She mourned for her friend long, as well as deeply; but her grief was of that stunning and absorbing nature, that it occupied her whole mind to the exclusion of every other image. Mary, though deeply afflicted, and disposed to yield to the torrent of grief which came over her, remembered, even in that trying hour, that her obligations to duty yet remained. She thought of the mother and sisters of her friend, and said to herself, "their sorrow is yet greater than mine." She flew to them on the wings of love. She soothed and consoled them. She took upon herself all those household duties for which they were unfitted, and so occupied herself that she was obliged to forego the luxury of tears, till she had retired to rest. She remained with them till the bitterness of their anguish was over, and then came home and resumed her own duties as quietly as if all she had done had been a matter of course.

I recollect another instance where the difference in their characters was shown. A poor man, in the village where they reside, was slowly recovering from a disorder, which had confined him to the house for several months. The physician had recommended him to drink Madeira wine, and he might as well have prescribed nectar, so far as the poor man's ability to procure it was concerned. Matilda heard of it, and gave up to the charitable purpose of procuring him the wine, a sum of money which she had laid aside for the purchase of a new bonnet, and wore her old one another winter; and (I may remark, *en passant*) never did she look so beautiful to my eyes, as she did the next time I saw her with it on. On another occasion, this same sick man expressed a wish to have some particular delicacy, of which his family had not the ingredients, nor did they know how to make it. When Mary heard of it, she immediately sent a servant with the materials to their humble abode, and soon followed herself and cooked the dish with her own hand, bending and toiling over their only fire as if she had been Sterne's "fat, foolish scullion" herself. There is, in short, hardly a day in the year in which their peculiar traits do not manifest themselves. I have often seen Matilda stop and caress a beautiful child in the street, addressing it with a look and tone that the child always remembered; but I never shall forget seeing Mary, when I was once riding in the stage with her, hold in her lap for two or three hours, an infant that was neither clean nor pretty, to relieve its poor mother, who looked sick, and faint, and broken-hearted. And never shall I forget the grateful look with which the woman expressed her thanks, telling her, with a manner and in language much above her appearance, "that she hoped she would never be in a condition to receive the kindness that she had shown towards her."

Such are my two cousins, each charming in her way, and I love them both with a truly cousinly affection, and if I were a fairy, each of them should marry a prince. But, perhaps, some fair reader may ask, "suppose they were not your cousins, which of them should you prefer?" Why, in truth, that is one of that numerous class of questions, which are more easy to ask than to answer. But if I must give a reply, I should say, that I prefer a twilight walk in the woods with the romantic Matilda, or to sit by her side in a summer evening when the rich moonlight is steeping, in its silver beauty, her dark hair and spiritual eyes; but if I were going to select a companion to walk hand in hand with, through this vale of tears, I am pretty certain it would be the affectionate and kind-hearted Mary.

New-England Magazine.

SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN JOURNALS.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

MR. ROGERS' first work, we believe, was an "Ode to Superstition, and other poems." This was followed by his most popular, certainly not his greatest poem, the "Pleasures of Memory." But though not his greatest poem, how beautiful it really is! What simplicity, what grace, what sweetness? Just let us suppose that Lord Byron had written a poem on the same subject: would it have been equally touching?—certainly not. His pleasures of memory would not have been the pleasures that live for all. Here we have the mirror of the Hungarian wizard—it presents to every man an image like his own, but flattered into beauty.

"As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend."

Who does not feel those lines to his heart's core?—an idiot would. But here is a deeper thought:

"On yon gray-stone, that fronts the chancel door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more;
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,
When the heart danced and life was on the wing.
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth;
The glow-worm loves her emerald light to shed,
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head;
Oft as he turn'd the green award with his spade,
He lectured every youth that round him play'd."

This is a picture: the gay-hearted urchins playing on the grave-stones—the old sexton pausing on his spade beside them. This,

too, is nature! and there is something of a moral beneath it, a moral sad, and yet utterly void of gloom.

Pure, in all that is best in poetry, is the allusion to—

"The blithe son of Savoy journeying round,
With humble wares, and pipe of merry sound."

But every one knows those lines—we would not forget them for half our library.

"Human Life" abounds in beauties of a loftier strain, and thoughts of a far deeper mood than we find in the "Pleasures of Memory."

The picture of the mother and child is unequalled for truth and sweetness:

"As ever, ever, to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise."

There is a startling beauty in these two lines:

"When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone."

Lastly, we incline to think the plan and conception of "Human Life" to be the witness of a very noble order of inventive faculty; but in the execution, we blame the ambition that sought, and we question the judgment that selected the peculiarities of a new school as an admixture with the graces of the old. A man should be very young to change a method of writing in which he has been successful. A happy mannerism either comes early, or must be brooded long. But turn we to the last and greatest of our author's poems, "Italy."

An edition has lately been published of this work that has brought it, almost as a new poem, again before the world—an edition that so highly honors the arts which have adorned it, that we look upon it with a national pride, as a sort of epoch in the history of letters. "Italy" is before us; as we turn over its pages, the verse and the engraving make the divine land visible. The forms, the vases, the palace, the ruin, the lake, the beings of history, the creatures of legend, yea, the very sky, the very moon of Italy—all—we see them all:—

"Venice
The glorious city in the sea,
The sea is in the broad—the narrow—streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces."

St. Mark's palace.

"Not a stone
In the broad pavement—but to him who has
An eye—an ear, for the inanimate world,
Tells of past ages."

The great character of this poem, as it is in the "Pleasures of Memory," is simplicity; but here simplicity assumes a nobler shape. Along the shores and palaces of old glides one calm and serene tide of verse, wooing to its waters every legend, and every dream, that can hallow and immortalize. — Abridged from the New Monthly.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RECENT CAMPAIGNS IN POLAND.

BY A POLISH LADY OF DISTINCTION.

At a time when the Polish officers, attached to the person of the grand duke Constantine, were throwing up their commissions in the Russian service, M. Turno, one of the Czarowitz's aides-de-camp, though no less anxious than they to enlist under the banners of his native land, nobly deferred resigning his post until he had seen his commander safe across the Polish frontier. Turno did not quit his side till they reached it; but, when their horses' feet had touched the boundary, the generous Pole bade him farewell, and raising his hand to his hat, drew the feather, which the Russian government had added to the national uniform, from it, and exclaimed, "I pledge you my honor, monseigneur, that I dismiss this badge never to wear it more!" and, spurring his horse's side, he darted from his highness's presence; whilst the latter, gazing motionless at the last Pole who had adhered to him, remained for a time rivetted to the spot, and then disappeared, at full speed, under the covert of a snow-storm.

General Chlopicki, during his brief dictatorship, having learnt that Rosen, the Russian commander, was collecting a force on the frontiers, evidently with hostile intentions, sent one of his officers to warn him, that, if he advanced one single foot on Polish ground, he should consider the act as a declaration of war, and lay the whole responsibility at his door. De Rosen endeavored to quiet the dictator's anxiety by pacific assurances, though, at his interview with the message-bearer, he entered into a lengthy enumeration of the formidable array which Russia exhibited; adding, by way of astounding the officer by the novelty of the comparison, "Look ye, sir! Russia is like a tun, and Poland nothing better than a barrel." "May be," retorted the Pole, "but it is a barrel of gunpowder." This repartee reminds me of what dropped from M. de Novosiltzoff, when conversing one day on the union of Poland with the Muscovite dominions, he incautiously let fall a truism, by observing that it was "a political blunder." "You will allow," observed a Polish lady, who was standing by, "that it brings increase of dominion." "Madam," replied Novosiltzoff, "tis an increase, engendering debility. This nook of land may prove our ruin."

On one of the fields of battle, a soldier was mortally wounded. "This is not the spot where I am doomed to die," he exclaimed. And he immediately raised himself from the spot, rushed upon the enemy, fired, brought his adversary to the ground, and then sank, a lifeless corpse.

A second officer had just pointed a cannon, when a ball severed both his legs in twain. "The piece points true—fire!" he exclaimed, as he fell to the ground. The ball struck a tumbril, and threw the enemy's ranks into confusion.

The enthusiasm which my countrywomen displayed, was soul-stirring and almost indescribable. Judge what were the feelings of the people of Warsaw, when they witnessed above a hundred village-maidens marched through the town in full gala, each with

a spade thrown across her shoulder, to lend their aid in strengthening the fortifications of Praga? A young woman, the elegance of whose form was the theme of universal admiration, advanced at the head of her fellow-heroes, waving one of the national banners, which bore a device that spoke to every heart amongst us. In the midst of the train, Madame Kalewaka, one of those matrons, whose hoary years and exalted character recalled the patriarchal age of human kind, was an object of general interest. On either side she was supported by one of her grand-children.

The female peasantry deserted their distaffs during the preceding winter. Instead of circling around that social occupation, they spent their hours in making lint. "If our sons and husbands," I have heard them observe, "should drive out the enemy, our lands will yield us flax enough in the spring. If they fail, what will they need but a winding-sheet?" Alas! my poor country!

A DESPERATE KIDNAPPER.

In the spring of the year 1816, Mr. McMillan had dispatched ten Canadians in a canoe down the Flathead River, on a trading excursion. The third evening after quitting the fort, while they were quietly sitting round a blazing fire, eating a hearty dinner of deer, a large half-famished bear cautiously approached the group from behind an adjacent tree; and, before they were aware of his presence, he sprang across the fire, seized one of the men (who had a well-furnished bone in his hand) round his waist, with the two fore-paws, and ran about fifty yards with him on his hind-legs before he stopped. His comrades were so thunder-struck at the unexpected appearance of such a visitor, and his sudden retreat with poor Louison, that they for some time lost all presence of mind; and, in a state of fear and confusion, were running to and fro, each expecting in his turn to be kidnapped in a similar manner; when, at length, Baptiste Le Blanc, a half-bred hunter, seized his gun, and was in the act of firing at the bear, but was stopped by some of the others, who told him he would inevitably kill their friend in the position in which he was then placed. During this parley, Bruin relaxed his grip of the captive, whom he kept securely under him, and very leisurely began picking the bone which the latter had dropped. Once or twice Louison attempted to escape, which only caused the bear to watch him more closely; but, on his making another attempt, he again seized Louison round the waist, and commenced giving him one of those infernal embraces which generally end in death. The poor fellow was now in great agony, and vented the most frightful screams; and, observing Baptiste with his gun ready, anxiously watching a safe opportunity to fire, he cried out, "Fire! fire! my dear brother, if thou wouldst save thy friend. Fire for the love of God! At his head—at his head." This was enough for Le Blanc, who instantly let fly, and hit the bear over the right temple. He fell, and at the same moment dropped Louison; but he gave him an ugly scratch with his claws across the face, which for some time afterwards spoiled his beauty. After the shot, Le Blanc darted to his comrade's assistance, and with his hanger quickly finished the sufferings of the man-stealer, and rescued his friend from impending death; for, with the exception of the above-mentioned scratch, he escaped uninjured. They commenced the work of dissection with right good-will; but, on skinning the bear, they found scarcely any meat on his bones; in fact, the animal had been famishing, and, in a fit of hungry desperation, made one of the boldest and most successful attempts at kidnapping ever heard of in the legends of ursine courage.

Cox's Adventures on Columbia River.

THE MOB.

The mob is a demon—fierce, ungovernable. It will not listen to reason; it will not be influenced by fear, or pity, or self-preservation. It has no sense of justice. Its energy is exerted in frenzied fits—its forbearance is apathy or ignorance. It is a grievous error to suppose that this cruel, this worthless hydra, has any political feeling. In its triumph it breaks windows—in its anger it breaks heads. Gratify it, and it creates a disturbance; disappoint it, and it grows ferocious; attempt to appease it, and it becomes outrageous; meet it boldly, and it runs away. It is accessible to no feeling but one of personal suffering; it submits to no argument but that of the strong hand. The point of the bayonet convinces; the edge of the sabre speaks keenly; the noise of musquetry is listened to with respect—the roar of artillery is unanswerable. How deep, how grievous, how burdensome, is the responsibility that lies on him who would rouse this fury from its den! It is astonishing, it is too little known, how much individual character is lost in the aggregate character of a multitude. Men may be rational, moderate, peaceful, loyal, and sober, as individuals; yet heap them by the thousand, and, in the very process of congregation, loyalty, quietness, moderation, and reason evaporate, and a multitude of rational beings is an unreasoning and intemperate being—a wild, infuriated monster, which may be driven, but not led, except to mischief; which has an appetite for blood, and a savage joy in destruction, for the mere gratification of destroying. London Atlas.

THE DEY OF ALGIERS AND DON PEDRO.

These worthies attend the opera regularly, and, to use a theatrical phrase, they draw good houses. The Dey—who, by the by, has very modestly put upon his visiting cards, "*Hussien, Ex-Dey d'Alger*," is always dressed in the first style of Turkish magnificence. Don Pedro usually appears either in uniform, or in a plain frock. He is a fine-looking man, but with a cold and pensive air. Not so the ex-empress, his wife, who appears always in good spirits. She, too, dresses very plainly, but so as to display to advantage her natural beauty, particularly her hair, which is very fine. She is much admired, and as simplicity is at present the fashion, she is regarded as quite a *femme à-la-mode*. French paper.

INSTINCT IN SHEEP.

About the middle of April last, I observed a young lamb entangled amongst briars. It had seemingly struggled for liberty until it was quite exhausted. Its mother was present, endeavoring with her head and feet to disentangle it; after having attempted in vain for a long time to effect this purpose, she left it, and ran away, bawling with all her might. I fancied there was something peculiarly doleful in her voice. Thus she proceeded across three large fields, and through four strong hedges, until she came to a flock of sheep. From not having been able to follow her, I could not watch her motions with them. However, she left them in about five minutes, accompanied by a large ram that had two powerful horns. They returned speedily towards the poor lamb, and as soon as they reached it, the ram immediately set about liberating it, which he did in a few minutes, by dragging away the briars with his horns. Its mother seemed all joy.

Magazine of Natural History.

CONSEQUENCE OF GIVING ADVICE.

The friendship of two young ladies, though apparently founded upon the rock of eternal attachment, terminated in the following manner:—"My dearest Jane, I do not think your figure suited for dancing, and as a sincere friend I advise you to refrain from it in future." The other, naturally affected by such unsolicited candor, replied, "I feel very much obliged to you, my dear, for your advice; this proof of your friendship demands some return—I would as sincerely recommend you to relinquish your singing, as some of your upper notes actually resemble the squallings of the feline race." The result of this precipitancy was, that the advice of neither was followed; the one continued to sing, and the other to dance; but they never after met as friends. Drawing-room Scrap Sheet.

A CURE FOR GALLANTRY.

A young officer of the National Guard has just received a check which will probably cure him of gallantry for life. He had tormented the pretty wife of a dyer during a long time, with letters and compliments, followed her about like a shadow, and, at last, became so terribly importunate, that she revealed the affair to her husband, who desired her to give him an appointment. Hardly had the conference begun, when the dyer and several of his workmen appeared, and seizing the unhappy lover, gave him a good sousing in a tub of indigo. Then, in order that the dye might be solid and durable, they made him stand before a large fire till he was entirely dry. Unfortunately, he was obliged to attend parade the next day, and in consequence he made such plentiful use of soap and *Eau-de-Cologne* that the tint of indigo disappeared, but it was to give place to a beautiful sky blue! Court Journal.

DANGER OF BEAUTY.

In the first attempt made by Mary Queen of Scots to escape from her imprisonment in Lochleven castle, she disguised herself as a laundress, with whom she had changed clothes; and when seated in the boat, and putting off from the shore, she was discovered by lifting her hand to her head. The extreme beauty of her hand, with its whiteness, discovered her at once, and she was carried back to her chamber in bitterness and tears. Atheneum.

THE SNOW-BIRD.

The snow-bird of America is remarked among ornithologists for the obscurity which hangs round its history. On the first approach of winter it suddenly makes its appearance at the farm house, apparently driven by the inclemency of the weather to court the society of man. Whence it comes no one can tell; and whither it goes, (for its exit is as sudden as its entrance) no one has yet been able to discover. It is supposed by some to be in reality another bird; only that its plumage, by some mysterious and irresistible power, has been suddenly changed. It delights to hover near haystacks, feeding on the seed they contain; while in very bleak weather, when the ground is clad with universal snow, and the air is piercingly cold, it may be easily attracted to the parlor window by throwing forth a few crumbs; the desolation of its lot causing it to forget its natural fear of man. There is a feeling of melancholy passing over the mind when the bleak and dreary landscape, deserted by all other tenants of the air, is only enlivened with the presence of the mournful snow-bird. Yet, even in the bitterest weather, he is always gay and lively; and the gloominess of the scenery around him seems to have no saddening effect upon his cheerful heart. Literary Gazette.

BREVITIES.

Those who are rendered unhappy by frivolous troubles, seek comfort in frivolous enjoyments.

Where there is one man honest from principle, there are ten men honest from prudence.

A wife, who is only mistress of a frivolous style of conversation, is a poor companion over a dull fire in a long winter's evening, unless her husband be as foolish as herself.

We can bear with a man who is only peevish when the wind is in the east; but it is intolerable to live with a man who is peevish in every point of the compass.

When you have strangers at the table, avoid introducing a forward blustering man. His noise and nonsense will effectually seal up the mouths of the company, and you will have the mortification of passing an unpleasant day from your want of discernment.

When you are at another person's table never call for bread, beer, or wine, in an authoritative manner.

Before you make a promise, consider well its importance, and when made, engrave it upon the tablet of your heart.

Truth is clothed in white. But a lie comes forth with all the colors of the rainbow. Whittaker's Magazine.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.—AN EVERY-DAY CHARACTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LILLIAN.

Years—years ago—ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty;
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty:
Years—years ago—while all my joy
Was in my fowling-piece and filly;
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the county ball—
There, when the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that set young hearts romancing,
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And then she danced—oh, heaven! her dancing!

Dark was her hair; her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender;
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender;
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wonder'd where she'd left her sparrows.

She talk'd of politics or prayers;
Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets;
Of danglers, or of dancing bears;
Of battles, or the last new bonnets.
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
To me—it matter'd not a tittle;
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the Sunday Journal.
My mother laugh'd; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling;
My father frown'd; but how should gout
Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic;
Her grand-mother, for many a year,
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And lord lieutenant of the county.

But titles, and the three per cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
Oh, what are they to love's sensations!
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

Shesketch'd; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading:
She warbled Handel; it was grand—
She made the Catalani jealous;
She touch'd the organ, I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well fill'd with all an album's glories:
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
Patterns for trimming, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter;
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder water.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored;
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted;
Her poodle dog was quite adored;
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laugh'd, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolish'd;
She frown'd, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolish'd.

She smiled on many, just for fun—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute:
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand; and, oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves—
A little glow, a little shiver;
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet" upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted;
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows, and then we parted.

We parted—months and years roll'd by;
We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh—
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
For, in my heart's most secret cell,
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room's belle,
But only Mrs. Something Rogers."

LETTERS FROM THE ABSENT EDITOR.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER FOUR.

PARIS.

It seems to me as if I were going back a month to recall my departure from Havre, my memory is so clouded with later incidents. I was awaked on the morning after I had written to you by a servant, who brought me at the same time a cup of coffee, and at about an hour before daylight we were passing through the huge gates of the town on our way to Paris. The whole business of diligence-traveling amused me exceedingly. The construction of this vehicle has been often described; but its separate apartments, (at four different prices,) its enormous size, its comfort, and clumsiness, and, more than all, the driving of its postillions, struck me as equally novel and diverting. This last-mentioned performer on the whip and voice, (the only two accomplishments he at all cultivates,) rides one of the three wheel-horses, and drives the four or seven which are in advance, as a grazer in our country drives a herd of cattle, and they travel very much in the same manner. There is leather enough in two of their clumsy harnesses, to say nothing of the postillion's boots, to load a common horse heavily. I never witnessed such a ludicrous absence of contrivance and tact as in the appointments and driving of horses in a diligence. It is so in every thing in France, indeed. They do not possess the quality, as a nation. The story of the Gascoigne, who saw a bridge for the first time, and admired the ingenious economy that placed it across the river, instead of lengthwise, is hardly an exaggeration.

At daylight I found myself in the *coupé*, (a single seat for three in the front of the body of the carriage, with windows before and at the sides,) with two whiskered and moustached companions, both very polite, and very unintelligible. I soon suspected, by the science with which my neighbor on the left hummed little snatches of popular operas, that he was a professed singer, (a conjecture which proved true,) and it was equally clear, from the complexion of the port-feuille on the lap of the other, that his vocation was a liberal one—a conjecture which proved true also, as he confessed himself a *diplomat*, when we became better acquainted. For the first hour or more my attention was divided between the dim but beautiful outline of the country by the slowly approaching light of the dawn, and my nervousness at the distressing want of skill in the postillion's driving. The increasing and singular beauty of the country, even under the disadvantage of rain and the late season, soon absorbed all my attention however, and my involuntary and half-suppressed exclamations of pleasure, so unusual in an Englishman, (for whom I found I was taken,) warmed the diplomatist into conversation, and I passed the three ensuing hours very pleasantly. My companion was on his return from Lithuania, having been sent out by the French committee with arms and money for Poland. He was, of course, a most interesting fellow-traveller; and allowing for the difficulty with which I understood the language, in the rapid articulation of an enthusiastic Frenchman, I rarely have been better pleased with a chance acquaintance. I found he had been in Greece during the revolution, and knew intimately my friend, Dr. H—, the best claim he could have on my interest, and I soon discovered an answering recommendation of myself to him.

The province of Normandy is celebrated for its picturesque beauty, but I had no conception before of the cultivated picturesque of an old country. I have been a great scenery-hunter in America, and my eye was new, like its hills and forests. The massive, battlemented buildings of the small villages we passed through, the heavy gate-ways and winding avenues and antique structure of the distant and half-hidden chateaux, the perfect cultivation, and, to me, singular appearance of a whole landscape without a fence or a stone, the absence of all that we define by *comfort* and *neatness*, and the presence of all that we have seen in pictures and read of in books, but consider as the representations and descriptions of ages gone by—all seemed to me irresistibly like a dream. I could not rub my hand over my eyes, and realize myself. I could not believe that, within a month's voyage of my home, these spirit-stirring places had stood all my life-time as they do, and have for ages, every stone as it was laid in times of worm-eaten history, and looking to my eyes now as they did to the eyes of knights and dames in the days of French chivalry. I looked at the constantly occurring ruins of the old priories, and the magnificent and still used churches, and my blood tingled in my veins, as I saw in the stepping-stones at their doors cavities that the sandals of monks, and the iron-shod feet of knights in armor a thousand years ago, had trodden and helped to wear, and the stone cross over the threshold, that hundreds of generations had gazed upon and passed under.

By a fortunate chance the postillion left the usual route at Balbec, and pursued what appeared to be a by-road through the grain-fields and vineyards for twenty or twenty-five miles. I can only describe it as an uninterrupted green lane, winding almost the whole distance through the bosom of a valley that must be one of the very loveliest in the world. Imagine one of such extent, without a fence to break the broad swells of verdure, stretching up from the winding and unenclosed road on either side, to the apparent sky; the houses occurring at distances of miles, and every one with its thatched roof covered all over with bright green moss, and its walls of marl interlaid through all the crevices with clinging vines, the whole structure and its appurtenances faultlessly picturesque, and when you have conceived a valley that might have contented Rascelas, scatter over it here and there groups of men, women, and

children, the Norman peasantry in their dresses of all colors, as you see them in the prints—and if there is any thing that can better please the eye, or make the imagination more willing to fold up its wings and rest, my travels have not crossed it. I have recorded a vow to walk through Normandy.

As we approached Rouen the road ascended gradually, and a sharp turn brought us suddenly to the brow of a steep hill, opposite another of the same height, and with the same abrupt descent, at the distance of a mile across. Between lay Rouen. I hardly know how to describe, for American eyes, the peculiar beauty of this view; one of the most exquisite, I am told, in all France. A town at the foot of a hill is common enough in our country, but of the hundreds that answer to this description, I cannot name one that would afford a correct comparison. The nice and excessive cultivation of the grounds in so old a country gives the landscape a complexion essentially different from ours. If there were another Mount Holyoke, for instance, on the other side of the Connecticut, the situation of Northampton would be very similar to that of Rouen; but, instead of the rural village, with its glimpses of white houses seen through rich and luxurious masses of foliage, the mountain sides above broken with rocks, and studded with the gigantic and untouched relics of the native forest, and the fields below waving with heavy crops, irregularly fenced and divided, the whole picture one of an over-lavish and half-subdued Eden of fertility; instead of this, I say, the broad meadows, with the winding Seine in their bosom, are as trim as a girl's flower-garden, the grass closely cut, and of a uniform surface of green, the edges of the river set regularly with willows, the little bright islands circled with trees, and smooth as a lawn; and instead of green lanes lined with bushes, single streets running right through the unfenced verdure from one hill to another, and built up with antique structures of stone, the whole looking, in the *coup d'œil* of distance, like some fantastic model of a town, with gothic houses of sand-paper, and meadows of silk velvet.

You will find the size, population, &c. of Rouen in the guide-books. As my object is to record impressions, not statistics, I leave you to consult those laconic chronicles, or the books of a thousand travellers, for all such information. The Maid of Orleans was burnt here, as you know, in the fourteenth century. There is a statue erected to her memory, which I did not see, for it rained; and after the usual stop of two hours, as the barometer promised no change in the weather, and as I was anxious to be in Paris, I took my place in the night diligence, and kept on.

I amused myself till dark watching the streams that poured into the broad mouth of the postillion's boots from every part of his dress, and musing on the fate of the poor Maid of Orleans; and then, sinking down into the comfortable corner of the *coupé*, I slept almost without interruption till the next morning—the best comment in the world on the only comfortable thing I have yet seen in France, a diligence.

It is a pleasant thing in a foreign land to see the familiar face of the sun; and as he rose over a distant hill on the left, I lifted the window of the *coupé* to let him in, as I would open the door to a long-missed friend. He soon reached a heavy cloud, however, and my hopes of bright weather when we should enter the metropolis departed. It began to rain again; and the postillion, after his blue cotton frock was soaked through, put on his great-coat over it—an economy which is peculiarly French, and which I observed in every succeeding postillion on the route. The last twenty-five miles to Paris are uninteresting to the eye; and with my own pleasant thoughts, tinged as they were with the brightness of immediate anticipation, and an occasional laugh at the grotesque figures and equipages on the road, I made myself passably contented till we entered the suburb of St. Denis.

It is something to see the outside of a sepulchre for kings, and the old abbey of Saint Denis needs no association to make a sight of it worth many a mile of weary travel. I could not stop within four miles of Paris, however, and I contented myself with running to get a second view of it in the rain while the postillion breathed his horses. The strongest association about it, old and magnificent as it is, is the fact, that Napoleon repaired it after the revolution; and standing in probably the finest point for its front view, my heart leaped to my throat as I fancied that Napoleon, with his mighty thoughts, had stood in that very spot, possibly, and contemplated the glorious old pile before me as the place of his future repose.

After four miles more, over a broad straight avenue, paved in the centre and edged with trees, we arrived at the Porte St. Denis. I was exceedingly struck with the grandeur of the gate as we passed under, and referring to the guide-book I find it was a triumphal arch erected to Louis the fourteenth, and the one by which the kings of France invariably enter. This also was restored by Napoleon, with his infallible taste, without changing its design; and it is singular how every thing that great man touched became his own, for who remembers for whom it was raised while he is told who employed his great intellect in its repairs?

I entered Paris on Sunday at eleven o'clock. I never should have recognized the day. The shops were all open, the artificers all at work, the unintelligible criers vociferating their wares, and the people in their working-day dresses. We wound through street after street, narrow and dark and dirty, and with my mind full of the splendid views of squares, and columns, and bridges, as I had seen them in the prints, I could scarce believe I was in Paris. A turn brought us into a large court, that of the Messagerie, the place at which all travellers are set down on arrival. Here my baggage was once more inspected, and, after a half-hour's delay, I was permitted to get into a *fiacre*, and drive to a hotel. As one is a speci-

men of all, I may as well describe the *Hotel d'Etrangers*, Rue Vivienne, which, by the way, I take the liberty at the same time to recommend to my friends. It is the precise centre for the convenience of sight-seeing, admirably kept, and, being nearly opposite Galigani's, that bookstore of Europe is a very pleasant resort for the half hour before dinner or a rainy day. I went there at the instance of my friend the *diplomat*.

The *fiacre* stopped before an arched passage, and a fellow in livery, who had followed me from the Messagerie, (probably in the double character of porter and police agent, as my passport was yet to be demanded,) took my trunk into a small office on the left, over which was written "*Concierge*." This person, who is a kind of respectable door-keeper, addressed me in broken English, without waiting for the evidence of my tongue that I was a foreigner, and, after inquiring at what price I would have a room, introduced me to the landlady, who took me across a large court, (the houses are built round the yard always in France,) to the corresponding story of the house. The room was quite pretty, with its looking-glasses and curtains, but there was no carpet, and the fire-place was ten feet deep. I asked to see another, and another, and another; they were all curtains and looking-glasses and stone floors! There is no wearying a French woman, and I pushed my modesty till I found a chamber to my taste—a nut-shell, to be sure, but carpeted—and bowing my polite housekeeper out, I rang for breakfast, and was at home in Paris!

There are few things bought with money that are more delightful than a French breakfast. If you take it at your room, it appears in the shape of two small vessels, one of coffee and one of hot milk, two kinds of bread, with a thin, printed slice of butter, and one or two of some thirty dishes from which you choose, the latter flavored exquisitely enough to make one wish to be always at breakfast, but cooked and composed I know not how or of what. The coffee has an aroma peculiarly exquisite, something quite different from any I ever tasted before; and the *petite-pain*, a slender biscuit between bread and cake, is, when crisp and warm, a delightful accompaniment. All this costs about one third as much as the beefsteaks and coffee in America, at the same time that you are waited upon with a civility that is worth three times the money.

It still rained at noon, and finding that the usual dinner hour was five, I took my umbrella for a walk. In a strange city I prefer always to stroll about at hazard, coming unawares upon what is fine or curious. The hackneyed descriptions in the guide-books profane the spirit of a place. I never look at them till after I have found the object, and then only for dates. The Rue Vivienne was crowded with people, as I emerged from the dark archway of the hotel to pursue my wanderings.

A walk of this kind, by the way, shows one a great deal of novelty. In France there are no shop-men. No matter what the article of trade—hats, boots, pictures, books, jewelry, any thing and every thing that gentlemen buy—you are waited upon by girls, always handsome, and always dressed in the height of the mode. They sit on damask-covered settees, behind the counters; and when you enter, bow and rise to serve you, with a grace and a smile of courtesy that would become a drawing-room. And this is universal.

I strolled on until I entered a narrow passage, penetrating a long line of buildings. It was thronged with people, and passing in with the rest, I found myself unexpectedly in a scene that equally surprised and delighted me. It was a spacious square enclosed by one entire building. The area was laid out as a garden, planted with long avenues of trees and beds of flowers, and in the centre a fountain was playing in the shape of a *fleur-de-lis*, with a jet about forty feet in height. A superb colonnade ran round the whole square, making a covered gallery of the lower story, which was occupied by shops of the most splendid appearance, and thronged through its long sheltered *passés* by thousands of gay promenaders. It was the far-famed *Palais Royal*. I remembered the description I had heard of its gambling-houses, and facilities for every vice, and looked with a new surprise on its Aladdin-like magnificence. The hundreds of beautiful pillars, stretching away from the eye in long and distant perspective, the crowd of citizens, and women, and officers in full uniform, passing and re-passing with French liveliness and politeness, the long windows of plated glass glittering with jewelry, and bright with every thing to tempt the fancy, the tall sentinels pacing between the columns, and the fountain turning over its clear waters with a fall audible above the tread and voices of the thousands who walked around it—who could look upon such a scene and believe it what it is, the most corrupt spot, probably, on the face of the civilized world?

LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

Intercepted for the New-York Mirror.

NUMBER THREE.

SATURDAY.—Last evening there was a great collection at the capitol of the friends of temperance. I am myself, I hope, a friend of temperance; but having abstract doubts as to the principle of total abstinence, and being fond occasionally of a glass of good old Madeira, I don't know whether I deserve to be classed among the zealous friends of all temperance societies. However, I toiled up the hill with the rest, for two tolerably good reasons: it had been given out that Mr. Webster was to speak, and I did not know what else to do with myself. I was disappointed; Mr. Webster made no speech; he did, to be sure, utter some half-dozen sentences; but does he think that was enough to compensate one for all the sufferings of a hot and crowded room? There was speaking, however; a Mr. Grundy spoke, a senator; and Frelinghuysen. I was disappointed in Frelinghuysen; I had heard his talents so highly lauded. He

was in earnest, to be sure; that is much; but I thought he showed rather an uncharitable spirit, and no great ingenuity in excusing it. He directed his anathemas principally against the moderate drinkers: a confirmed drunkard he pitied, but a moderate drinker he abhorred. Nine times out of ten (in this I quote him literally) a moderate drinker became a drunkard; there was no safety but in total abstinence. I was considerably amused by the remarks of a worthy gentleman, who made himself acquainted with me, and delivered his opinions with great energy.

"Now, sir," said he, "all this seems to me vastly foolish. Gentlemen, unquestionably, as a matter of prudence, (knowing best their own weaknesses,) or, for the sake of example, may govern their conduct by what rules they please; but when they condemn, as a sin, an enjoyment which, not carried to excess, is perfectly innocent, social, uncensured by the strictest moralist, commended even in holy writ; when they say to others, you must do as we do, and think as we think, you must adopt our rules, give us your pledges, empty your decanters, and put your wine in phials, otherwise upon your heads be the accumulated sin of all the drunkenness of the land; I, for one, when it comes to this, feel inclined to resent a little this dictatorial language, and accuse in turn my accusers. Why do they not carry their doctrine a little further? Is drunkenness the only sin, or only cause of sin? Let them live on water-creases, lest they may become gluttons; clothe themselves in skins, that they may not be led astray by the vanities of dress; turn hermits, for fear of the seductions of society; let them, in short, *totally abstain* from every pleasure in life, but the strict performance of their imperative duties; and then, being able at least to lay claim to the merit of consistency, they may, perhaps, preach with more effect, if not with more confidence."

As for me, Tom, you know I am a quiet sort of person, and having listened to the arguments on both sides, I made the best of my way down the hill, without committing myself to either party.

MONDAY.—To-day Mr. Hayne answered Mr. Clay. He spoke like a man who thought deeply and earnestly, and felt strongly. Of course he was eloquent. His speech was much longer and more labored than Mr. Clay's; much more, evidently, intended for a great speech; it would, therefore, be unfair to compare them. In reply, I understand Mr. Clay is coming out.

They are discussing in the house the bill fitting the ratio of representation; the debate is very uninteresting. For myself I should be in favor of having the lower house a very numerous body. I would not care if there were as many as five hundred members. Business would be just as quickly dispatched as it is now; a body so large would be more liable to sudden impulses, more likely to be carried away on great occasions, by a strong appeal, and at the same time less manageable by party influence; better men would be chosen; where the ratio is very large, the representative cannot, especially in new countries, where the population is thin, be known to his constituents; he is, in fact, the choice of a few; and finally, *bored*, from the very necessity of the case, would not be endured; no man would be suffered to speak who had not really something to say.

By the by, they coughed down a man very handsomely the other night at a public meeting. I wish the practice may become general. The patience of a Yankee audience is really marvellous. At all general assemblies, and upon all occasions, they seem to think it absolutely necessary to sit quietly, and let a man say whatever he pleases, and talk as long as he pleases, without testifying the slightest mark of disapprobation. They do these things differently in England. Nothing can exceed there (I know, for I have often witnessed it) the despotism of a public audience. They hiss, they cough, they groan; and, if every thing else fails, resort to positive violence; put a man out head and shoulders. And they are right; at least nearer right than we are; though they *do* sometimes carry it too far.

What is commonly called a very sensible man told me, however, the other day, in a very oracular manner, that all this was contrary to the spirit of our institutions; that a member of congress (he is in congress himself) had a right to speak, and that coughing or scraping was an infringement of that right.

That a member of congress has a right to speak, I will not deny; but other members of congress certainly have a right not to listen to, nor to be influenced by, any thing he says. Now, as the object of speaking (in general) is to be heard, and, being heard, to produce some effect upon the persons spoken to, if the persons so spoken to are obstinately determined not to hear or not to be influenced by any thing that is said, it appears to me that an intimation by them of this purpose, is calculated to effect a saving of time and labor to both parties; and thus, in some degree, advance the public interests. But if the man still persists, if he *will* speak, if his object is not to be heard, but to have it afterwards said that he has made a speech in congress! let him go on, I say: his purpose at least is clearly understood, and his constituents will have an opportunity of determining whether it is worth while for them to send a man to Washington for the reflected glory of making speeches that no one listens to.

THURSDAY.—I don't know what is the matter with me, Tom. For the last week I have been in bad humor, and in bad spirits. The fit comes stronger upon me, whatever I do. Are you never affected with a sense of your own unworthiness? Do you not sometimes despise yourself, and feel as if every one else despised you? It is the plague of an idle man, whose youth is running away without having been either improved or enjoyed. It is nothing, you will say, but the blue devils. No, there is something more; there is the want of some engrossing pursuit or passion; or

some one to love, or some one to hate; of something to do, or something to suffer. There is an unhealthy craving for excitement that becomes stronger and stronger as the capability of being excited passes away. "Give me back—give me back the wild freshness of morning." The dear days of boyhood! the animal spirits, worth more than fame or fortune or power! When the past was without regrets, and the present and the future all enjoyment and hope. I can recollect when I never saw a bird that I did not long to shoot it; or a fish, that I did not wish to catch it; or a woman—a woman! (provided she was young, and tolerably pretty) without a wild world of wishes, undefined—indefinable; but it is all a delusion, which there must be another creation, another state of existence before we can understand. And now, what are they to me? The birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, and the women of the earth: they may fly, walk, swim, sing, leap, chatter—But no, it is not so far gone with me neither.

I saw the prettiest creature the other morning; (I swear I believe it is that alone that ails me, for it has run strangely in my head ever since) just at the age—the only age I care about. Such a face!—and who and what she was, and whence she comes, and whither she goeth, I know not—I never shall know. But, I believe, if I had written a piece of poetry about it I should have been easier.

What does the fellow write such stuff to me for? I am sure I don't know, Tom, except that it is my habit. In essentials you are a good fellow; but to expect sympathy from one without sorrow, or to sentimentalize, or talk nonsense to—I know you of old—I might as well talk to a stone.

I thought that I must see some of the things to be seen here, so I went the other day to the National Museum. It is a noble collection of curiosities, embracing one bear, three monkeys, nine dirty wax figures, and a fine collection of shells, chiefly clams and muscles. Below these are flying horses—do you know what flying horses are?—and on these flying horses ride spirits—white, yellow, and black.

Then, in the evening, I went to the theatre, which certainly, I think, merits this distinction, viz. that of being the smallest and dirtiest in the Union. The orchestra consists of two broken fiddles, a fife, and other abominations. The actors paint high, and rant loud. The actresses are any thing but attractive. But, I believe I am ill-natured. There is — who certainly has talent, though she likewise has a double chin, and has all lost one of her side teeth. Why cannot I see all things (as you do) on the fair side?

I am going to try a remedy I have seen prescribed for the blues, namely, five or six mile-stones, to be taken before supper. V.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

A DRAWING-ROOM SCENE.

ONE of the most interesting, although not always the pleasantest occurrences that can happen to a young author, is to be *incognito* in a company where his writings are the theme of conversation. I was caught in this way some time ago, and received several hints which will be useful to me. They may not be without value to the editors of the Mirror, so I shall narrate what took place. The party consisted of seven or eight young ladies and gentlemen, of various ages, and being drawn in a cheerful circle around the fire, the conversation was not suffered to flag. One asked what arrivals there were that day; another mentioned Masaniello as an excellent opera; a third spoke of the weather, and so on. At length the Mirror, several numbers of which were lying on the table, attracted the eyes of a good-humored girl, and, in a few moments, it was the sole object of attention. You can scarcely conceive the improvement bestowed upon one's composition by a woman's accent, nor the gratification, derived under such circumstances, from listening to her praise. I am pleased to assure you, gentlemen, that the company laughed heartily at one of my characters, and the language I had placed in his mouth was pronounced very correct and amusing. The fair reader instantly fitted the description to her brother, and observed that he had used the very words in her presence, besides other phrases of the same kind. She declared that, although he is a young man of a very good education, he had been so spoiled by going to the theatres, and frequenting Tattersall's, and keeping bad company; that he brings all the cant terms afloat into the drawing-room; and addresses her as if she were a stage-driver, or a horse-jockey. "When," added she, "he wishes me to make haste, he desires me to *push a-head*. I happened the other day to speak while his friend was performing a piece on the piano, when he begged me to *shut up*, which, causing me to burst into a fit of laughter, he said I ought to be *hustled out*; and then commended the player by declaring that he was *no fool*, but understood how to put on the *double touch scientific*!"

I was agreeably surprised to find my piece productive of so much mirth, which was only broken by a very young lady, who said that the "chapter supposed to be in Coke upon Littleton" was very dull; but she was interrupted by an elderly gentleman, who observed that he did not know—he "thought it one of the most capital attempts at satire he had seen for many a day." "I think, however," said a third, "that a paper of this kind should always contain a heavy article—a good sermon, or something of that sort. The literature of the day is altogether too frivolous. The object is more to amuse than to instruct." "Here," added he, taking two or three numbers, and turning over the leaves carelessly, and with increasing marks of disapprobation, "what does all this amount to?—theatre—music—engraving!" (the fellow was reading off the titles of the various articles that met his eyes)—"editor's study—foreign literature—Mirabeau—first fee—literary notices—letter

from Washington—this, that, and the other; it's all a mistake, you may depend upon it. We want something solid, something deep and valuable—something —"

"About the tariff, and General Jackson, and woollen goods," interrupted a young girl, laughing. "Now that's just what we do not want."

"You would not discard music?" exclaimed the gay Marianne, (she plays divinely,) reproachfully.

"Hate the theatre!" added Mr. Riley, (who is in love with one of the actresses,) opening his eyes into a stare of astonishment.

"I am sure," said a modest, blue-eyed creature, who had scarcely uttered a word before, "you cannot find fault with the design of giving us a sketch of new literary works. Here are Mr. Bryant's poems. I never liked poetry more than I do this very week. I was induced to purchase that book by a review in the Mirror; and I am grateful to any person or any paper which has been the means of placing in my hands so delightful a volume."

"Delightful a fiddle-stick!" rejoined the gentleman. "It's such stuff that fills young ladies' heads with poets and nonsense, when they should be learning to make puddings. What good does it do? that's the question. What does it *prove*? What have you gained by it? How are you better, or wiser, or richer?"

"I do not know that you are richer in money or wiser in the arts to win it," replied the calm, sweet voice, a little tremulous with feeling, (her tone went to my very heart.) "Nor do I believe that either poetry or prose is useful to man or woman, when it interferes with any duty of life; but, enjoyed temperately, I believe nothing adds more to the only real wisdom—that of being happy."

An old gentleman, of mild demeanor, who had hitherto remained silent, now took up the debate. It was her father.

"Mary is right," he said, "quite right, and I must take part against you, sir. Providence has gifted us with sources of enjoyment above all other creatures, and whatever tends to develop them raises us above all others. They are like springs in a meadow, which, when kept open, flow through banks of verdure which they have enriched. Good poetry and useful reading of any kind keep the heart thus fresh. Ideas of merely sensual comfort, of money-making, and the drudgery of life, should not be allowed to occupy the mind exclusively; even wisdom, in its more serious forms, should not be too perpetually the object of attention. Whatever calls up an innocent smile, or a generous feeling, although but the conceit of an essayist, or the reverie of a poet, has its value, which cannot be estimated like merchandise. I do not demand of a periodical which I take into my family, that it should be a catalogue of duties, or a lesson in science. It is enough for me that it brings merriment, free from immorality, and innocent topics of debate and meditation: and, if it ever discusses subjects in which I myself do not feel interested, I reflect that there are hundreds of others whose tastes are different from mine. Its object must be difficult of accomplishment, inasmuch as it involves the necessity of satisfying a vast variety of understandings and opinions; and, when these differ so widely, I am not so unreasonable as to expect that it will be adapted to mine alone. I read it as I sit down to the table of a hotel, where, while I am dining on one dish, I perceive my neighbor is appeasing his appetite on another. Indeed the beneficial effects of this species of publication is, I am convinced, much more important than is generally imagined. Many a one has been induced to read great authors, from being struck with a quotation in a review. A stroke of easy satire has startled many a young person from a bad habit, or furnished him with a useful resolution. You have here the results of several persons' experience and thought. You are made acquainted with numerous shades in human characters, which might be otherwise overlooked. I remember I myself one evening, in a fit of weariness and perhaps ill-nature, to which all men sometimes yield, was checked in an impulse to speak harshly before my family, by hearing my daughter read an essay upon the "Tyranny of Fathers," which came from her innocent lips with a double force. I am inclined to think we all receive instruction most freely when not put on our guard by any avowed determination to teach us; and, if I wish to convey a lesson to the mind of my daughter here, I should choose that state of mind into which she has been thrown by the perusal of Mr. Bryant's poems. She is then softened into a readiness to receive a noble impression, and all her feelings are favorable to the growth of virtue."

This was a long speech of the old gentleman's, Messrs. Editors, but I thought it very much to the purpose; and, as his sentiments are of a kind which I believe you would cordially acquiesce in, but which your modesty might prevent your advancing in your own persons, I send them to you as nearly as I am able to recollect them, and should be glad to see them in print. N.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE INTERSTATE, OR JERRY SMITH'S WIDOW.

A WESTERN SKETCH.

I LEFT my residence in Kentucky, a few years ago, and proceeded to Baltimore for the purpose of transacting some business with a mercantile house, with which I had been extensively concerned. No one knew the object of my journey; because, being a bachelor, in easy circumstances, I was under no obligation to disclose to any person more than I thought proper. I left my farm under the direction of a manager, with the expectation of returning in a few weeks. On my arrival in Baltimore, I found that it would be necessary to proceed to New-Orleans. The vessel in which I embarked, after being baffled and detained by head winds, at length sprung a leak, and we were obliged to put into the Hayana. Here various delays

occurred, and as I could neither talk Spanish, play billiards, nor smoke cigars, the time hung so heavy upon my hands, that I soon fretted myself into a bilious fever. In this condition my captain left me, without so much as saying good-by; and when at last I reached New-Orleans, by another vessel, I found that the person with whom my affairs had been entrusted, was absent, and not expected to return for several weeks. There was now no alternative left me, but either to abandon the object of my voyage, and risk the entire loss of a large sum, or by remaining, expose my constitution, already debilitated and predisposed to disease, to the dangers of a sickly climate. Unfortunately I adopted the latter course.

I found the weather as hot here as in Cuba, the language as incomprehensible, and the billiard-tables quite as devoid of interest. The sickly season was fast approaching, and as I had determined not to escape disease by flight, I endeavored to avoid it by precaution. It is amusing enough, to those who can look on from a distance, to see the various expedients by which men endeavor to contend with death; as if the great destroyer was a foe who could be eluded by cunning, or baffled by force. The yellow fever assailed the inhabitants; I felt the malady, or thought I felt it, creeping slowly into my system, and resorted to every preventive which my own reason, or the experience of others suggested. I first tried the Sangrado plan; drank water, ate vegetables, and suffered phlebotomy. But I soon found that I could not endure starvation, nor carry on the functions of life without a due supply of the circulating medium. I resorted to stimulants and tonics—a mint-julep in the morning, bitters at noon, and wine after dinner; but alas! with no better success; for every time that I looked in the glass, I discovered, by my sallow visage, that the enemy was silently making his approaches. My eyes became jaundiced—my pulse heavy—my skin dry—and my complexion received a new coat of yellow every day, deepening at first into a delicate orange, then to a saffron, and lastly to a copper color, until I began to fear that I was actually degenerating into a Spaniard, a Quarteron, or a Cherokee.

"Coming events throw their shadows before,"

and on this occasion the shadows that tinged my face were but too prophetic. The dreaded fever came at last, and I sunk into a state of helpless and hopeless misery, which none can truly estimate but those who have felt its poignancy. I was a stranger, far from home; in a climate tainted with disease; and attacked by a disorder supposed to be fatal. That malady, among other distressing characteristics, has one which is peculiarly aggravating. I know not whether others are similarly affected, but to me a fever brings a state of excitement and sensitiveness which produces the most exquisite torture. My whole nature is subtilized—every feeling is quickened—and every sense sharpened into a painful acuteness of perception. The judgment is weakened, but the imagination acquires a supernatural activity; the body sinks, but the spirit is feelingly alive. Such was my state. In the early stages of my disease, a thousand wild visions were in my brain. I made rhymes; repeated pages of Latin, although in a moment of sanity I could not have connected a sentence; I saw people whose faces had been forgotten for years; I called up events which had transpired in my childhood; I planned novels, composed essays, and devised theories; I fought battles; I recalled the joys, and repeated the sins of my whole life. I was a madman, a philosopher, a devotee, and a wag, in the same hour. At one moment I prayed fervently; at another I dropped the doctor's nostrums in my sleeve, and amused myself with inventing ingenious answers to deceive him, and feigning symptoms which did not exist. I jested, moralized, groaned, wept, and laughed; and found in each new mood that came over me, a pang as agonizing as that which I had suffered in the one that had passed. Such is fever! excruciating bodily pain, with a brilliancy and strength of intellectual vision, which looks back to infancy, and forward to eternity, and around upon the whole scene of life, while the mental eye is crowded with images, whose number and vividness weary and distract the brain. Loss of strength, stupor, and melancholy succeeded. I thought of home, of myself, and of death; and my visions assumed every day a deeper and more death-like hue.

There was one object which intruded into all my dreams. I need only name its character, in order to enlist the sympathy of every tender-hearted reader. It was a young widow, for whom I felt a particular regard, and to whom—if I must speak out, I was engaged to be married, on my return home. She was my first love. I had paid my addresses to her before her marriage, but was too bashful to declare myself explicitly; and while I balanced matters in my own mind, and sought by the gentlest hints to disclose my passion, she, by some fatality—by mere accident, as I have since understood, married a certain Jeremiah Smith, a fellow for whom, and for whose name, I had always entertained a sovereign and spiteful contempt. I did not blame her for marrying, for that was her privilege; but to wed a fellow named Jerry! and of all the Jerries in the world to pitch upon Jerry Smith, a dissipated silly profligate, not worth a single brass farthing, was too bad! It was flying in the face of propriety, and treating her other lovers, who were numerous, with indignity. Poor girl! she had a sad time of it, for Jerry treated her worse than a brute; but at the end of two years he had the grace to pop off, leaving her penniless and as pretty as ever. It was a long time after her widowhood before we met; I would not call on her, and as to courting Jerry Smith's widow, that seemed out of the question. But when we did meet, she looked so sad and so beautiful, and smiled so pensively, and talked so sweetly of old times, that all her power of fascination over me revived. I began to visit her, thinking of nothing more at first, than to show her my superiority over Jerry Smith, and to convince her how great a slight she had shown to my merits in selecting him. But in trying to make myself agreeable to the widow,

she became so very agreeable to me, that in spite of all my former resolutions, I offered her my hand, which was accepted with the most charming grace imaginable. This was just before my journey, and as that could not be postponed, we agreed to put off the wedding until my return.

Such was the beautiful vision that had smiled upon me through all my wanderings; but which now was presented to my distempered fancy, arrayed in the brightest colors. In vain did I sometimes try to banish it; I thought of business, my farm, my negroes, my tobacco—but anon came the graceful widow, with that same smile and blush that she wore when she faintly murmured "no," and expressively looked "yes"—there she was, hanging fondly over me, and chiding my delay.

This could not last forever; and just when every body thought that I was about to die, I grew better; and to my great joy was put on board a steam-boat bound for Louisville. For a day or two I continued to recruit; change of air, scene, and food did wonders: but the happiness of a speedy recovery was not fated to be mine. I had embarked in a steam-boat of the largest class, on board of which were four hundred passengers. The weather was excessively hot, there were many sick among us, and the atmosphere between the decks soon became impure. The yellow fever was said to be on board; and our comfortless situation was rendered dreadful by the panic that ensued. I relapsed, and was soon pronounced past recovery. I had the yellow fever, and was considered a fatal bearer of contagion. It was thought proper to remove me from the boat, and to abandon me to my fate, rather than endanger the lives of others.

I was accordingly put on shore; but when or how it happened I know not. I have a faint recollection of being lowered into the yawl, and seeing people gazing at me; I heard one say "he'll die in an hour;" another inquired my name; one voice pitied me; and another said I had made a happy escape from pain. I thought they were about to bury me, and became senseless in an agonizing effort to speak.

When I recovered my consciousness, I found myself in a cabin on the shore of the Mississippi. A kind family had received and nursed me, and had brought me back to life after I had been long insensible. They were poor people, who made their living by cutting fire-wood to supply the steam-boats; a lean and sallow family, whose bilious complexions, and attenuated forms, attested the withering influence of a corrupted atmosphere. They had the languid southern eye, the heavy gait, and slow speech of persons enervated by burning sun-beams and humid breezes.

For two weeks I was unable to rise from the miserable pallet with which their kindness had supplied me. I counted every log in the wretched cabin; my eye became familiar with all the coats, gowns, and leathern hunting shirts, that hung from the rafters. I noted each crevice, and set down in my memory all the furniture and cooking utensils. For fourteen long summer days my eyes had no other employment but to wander over these few objects again and again, until at last nothing was left to be discovered, and I closed them in the disgust occasioned by the sameness of the scene, or strained them in search of something new, until my eye-balls ached. But I had no more feverish dreams, and when I thought of the widow Smith, it was with the delight of newly-awakened hope; and with the confidence that better days and brighter scenes awaited me at home.

At last I was able to crawl to the door, and to see the sun, the green trees, and the water. It was a most refreshing sight, although the landscape itself was any thing but attractive. The cabin stood on the bank of the river, in a low alluvion bottom. It was surrounded and overhung by a forest of immense trees, whose tall dark trunks rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet, without a branch, and then threw out their vast lateral boughs, and heavy foliage, so luxuriantly as entirely to exclude the sun. Beneath that dense canopy of shade, were long, dark, and gloomy vistas, where the Indian might well fancy himself surrounded by the spirits of his departed friends. The soil itself had a dismal aspect; the whole surface had been inundated but a few weeks past; the fallen leaves of last year, saturated and blackened by long immersion, were covered with a thick deposit of mud, and the reeking mass sent up volumes of noxious vapor. Before the house was a naked sand-bar, sparkling and glowing with heat. In the middle of the river was a large sawyer, an immense log, the entire trunk of a majestic oak, whose roots clung to the bottom, while the other end, extending down the stream, rose to the surface, the current giving it a heavy and eternal motion; now appearing some twenty feet of the huge black mass above the surface, and then sinking again in the water with the regular swing of a pendulum. I gazed for hours at that perpetual see-saw, wondering what law of nature governed its exact vibrations. Here the hideous alligator might be seen rocking through half a day, as if in the enjoyment of an agreeable recreation; while droves of those animals, sporting in the stream, or crawling on the beach, roared like so many bulls, filling the whole forest with their howlings. Added to those sounds, were the braying of the wolf, the croaking of innumerable frogs, and the buzz of myriads of mosquitoes. Under any other circumstances, I should have thought myself in Pandemonium; but I had in the last few weeks endured so much pain, passed through so many horrors, and trembled so often, and so long, upon the brink of the grave, that I enjoyed the sun, the breeze, and the verdure, even with these dismal accompaniments. I was even agreeably situated; for so great and so pleasing was the change, in having my mind relieved from its abstraction, that I could gaze placidly for hours upon natural objects of the most common description, and converse with interest on the most trivial subjects. Of all forms,

none are so hideous or so terrifying, as the horrible creations of a distempered imagination.

For another fortnight I remained contented, gradually gaining strength; and then finding myself again able to travel, I took my passage in a steam-boat for Louisville. The river was now extremely low, and we advanced slowly, sometimes running aground upon the sand-bars, and always getting forward with difficulty. At length we reached our port, and I sprang with delight upon the soil of Kentucky. Among the steam-boats lying along the shore, dismantled and laid up for the season, was the vessel in which I had embarked at New-Orleans, a feeble invalid, and which had left me almost a corpse.

My baggage consisted of several well filled trunks; one of which, a common black leather travelling trunk, I had purchased at New-Orleans, and packed with articles of finery, for my intended bride. On setting me ashore at the wood-cutter's, the captain of the boat had been careful to land my several chattels, and I now proceeded with them to a hotel in Louisville. My baggage was carried into a bar-room crowded with gentlemen, and I had scarcely time to turn round, when a lank, agile Frenchman, with tremendous whiskers, darted forward, and seizing my black trunk, seemed to be about to appropriate to his own use all my nuptial presents.

"That is my trunk, sir," said I.

"Aha! sair! you say dat your tronk! Sair, dat is *not* your tronk!"

"Excuse me, sir, it is undoubtedly mine."

"Ah! ma foi! I shall not excuse you, sair! Sair, if you say dis your tronk, you no gentleman."

As he said this he jerked a key from his pocket, thrust it into the lock, threw open the disputed trunk, and to my utter consternation, and the infinite amusement of all others present, displayed a magazine of "sundries" as undoubtedly French as his own accent.

"Dare! vat you say now, sair?" he exclaimed, triumphantly, as he threw out the contents, "you say dat your coat? dat your waist-coat? your fiddle-string? your musique note? your every ting? Sair, you are no gentleman, if you say dat your tronk!"

"I ask your pardon," said I, "the trunk is not mine; but there is a strange mystery in this affair, which I cannot pretend to unravel."

"Ah, very much mystery, for some oder gentleman get my tronk, and make me wear my linen in dis hot country for five six week!"

"The fault is not mine; I purchased a trunk at New-Orleans so nearly resembling that one, that if I was not convinced by the contents, I would still think it mine. I am sorry to have been the innocent cause of any inconvenience to you."

"Very well; I buy my tronk at New-Orleans too—dat how he look so much alike; very sorry for you, sair; but I cannot let you have my tronk, indeed, sair."

I stood mortified and confounded; cutting a very awkward figure in the presence of a large company, who viewed this odd adventure with astonishment. I began almost to doubt my own identity, and to fancy myself transformed by magic into somebody else. It seemed as if my ill-luck was never to cease. I dreaded lest this incident should prove prophetic, and as I had seen my trunk transformed under my very nose, into the trunk of another gentleman, I feared that I might find my widow changed into another man's wife. I was somewhat relieved by the captain of the steam-boat, who had witnessed this scene, and who now stepped forward, and informed me, that my trunk, which had been exchanged by mistake, was on board his boat.

Feeling in no mood to visit any of my acquaintances, I directed my course to the counting-house of a merchant, upon whom I held a draft. On handing it to his clerk, he returned it, observing,

"The drawee of this bill is dead, sir; and we have instructions not to pay it."

"I am the drawee," returned I.

"There must be some mistake," replied the clerk, very coldly;

"Mr. M., in whose favor it is drawn, is certainly dead. We have it from his heir."

"Heir! don't you suppose, sir, that I am the best judge whether I am dead or alive?"

"Can't say, sir—sorry to dispute any gentleman's word—but my orders—"

"Sir, you don't only dispute my word, you deny my existence—don't you see me, and hear me, and can't you feel me?" said I, laying my long cold hand upon his soft white palm.

"Very sorry," repeated the book-keeper, withdrawing his hand as if a viper had touched it, "but my principal is absent—I act under instructions—and Mr. M.'s account is closed on our books."

"This is the strangest turn of all," said I to myself, as I stepped into the street. "I am dead—my heir has entered upon the estate—the widow mourns over my grave! Very pretty truly! I shall next be told that this is not Kentucky, and that I am not, and never was Edward M."

Angry and dispirited, I turned into a public reading-room, and sought for a file of the newspaper published in my own neighborhood. I looked for an old date, and soon found—my own obituary! and learned that in my untimely death society had been deprived of a useful member; my kindred of an affectionate relative; and my servants of a kind master! Upon further research, I stumbled upon a notice from my administrator—the next of kin—inviting all my debtors to settle their accounts. I saw no announcement of the widow's death—and concluding that her strength of mind had enabled her to survive my "untimely death," I determined to set out for home instantly, as well to relieve the burthen of her sorrow, as to reassume the privilege of collecting my own debts.

After a tiresome journey, I arrived on the night of the third day in my own neighborhood. Concealed by the darkness, I reached

my own door without being recognized. My servants fled when they perceived me, screaming with surprise and terror. I followed them into the house. In the hall stood a gentleman and lady, who had been drawn thither by the uproar. They were the "next of kin" and—the widow Smith! The former, being a man of spirit, stood his ground, but the lady screamed and fled.

"Will you be good enough to tell me, sir," said I, "whether I am dead or alive?"

"We have mourned your death," said my nephew, with an embarrassed air, "but I am happy to find that you are alive, and most sincerely welcome you home."

"Supposing the fact to be that I am alive," said I, "will you do me the kindness to tell me whether I am master of this house?"

"Surely you are, and"—

"Do not interrupt me; you are my administrator, I find; do you claim also to be my guardian? These characters are not usually doubled."

"I claim nothing, sir, but an opportunity to explain these matters which seem to have offended you so deeply."

"Then, sir, being master here, and having neither administrator nor guardian, I desire to be alone."

The young man looked offended, and then smiled superciliously, as if he thought me insane, and turning on his heel, walked off.

I retired to a chamber, and having with some difficulty drawn my servants about me, and convinced them of my identity, took supper, and went to bed. About the widow I made no inquiry; circumstances looked so suspicious that I dreaded to hear the truth.

In the morning I rose late. I sallied forth, and gazed with delight upon my fields, my trees, and the thousand familiar objects that are comprised within that one endearing word—home. My negroes crowded about me, to welcome me, inquire after my health, and tell me all that had happened to them. Passing over these matters as briefly as possible, I proceeded to probe the subject nearest my heart, and—what think you, gentle reader, was the result?—the widow Smith was married to the "next of kin"! They had left my house at the dawn, that morning.

I have only to add that I have entirely recovered my health and spirits; and that as Jerry Smith's widow has twice slipped through my fingers, undervalued my character, and slighted my affection, and at last married that wild scamp, my nephew, whom I had before thought of disinheriting, I am determined that neither of them shall ever touch a dollar of my money; and to effect this laudable object, I am resolved not to live single, nor die intestate.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1832.

Editor's study.—There is, in one corner of the office where this journal is published, a recess, only large enough to hold three or four persons at a time, and so situated as to be nearly overlooked by the stranger. It is filled with a confused medley of matters—a table just of a size to hold ink, paper, and our elbow—a couple of chairs, dictionaries, gazetteers, pamphlets, and other heterogeneous materials. Here, for a change, we sometimes come and do our scribbling; or sit, peradventure, chatting with a friend in the secret of our hiding-place. The number of these is by no means limited. We are occasionally closeted in this little nook with intellects that have been felt far and wide. Poetry, prose, and the drama occasionally peep in upon us, with a cheerful "good morning." We are *te-te-te* with the representatives of all the arts and sciences; and—don't charge us with vanity, dear reader—somehow or other, half the wits about town know our little den, and give us a call when they have a work to publish, or a friend's book to be praised, or a new play to be brought forward, or a picture to be exhibited, or a fresh pun to let off, or any bit of scandal, literary or theatrical, that they want to know the truth of.

It is something to be an editor after all. Notwithstanding the drudgery, the wear and tear and straining of the mind and the imagination, the unkind things that are published of us away off in distant places by strangers, whom we have unconsciously offended; and the face of that everlasting printer's boy, with his quiet call for "copy;" notwithstanding all these, and other dark touches in the picture, there are little bright gleams shining in now and then, that half compensate us for past perplexities. If we make enemies, do we not also conjure up friends, who would have lived and died, and never suspected our existence, but that the waves of chance had flung us into our present vocation? It was but this very morning (our old feelings of boyhood even now as we write send a glow of childish delight through our bosom) that an elderly gentleman, a plain-looking man, (we should never have distinguished him in an ordinary crowd,) came in and handed us a letter. It was a note of introduction from an old subscriber in a neighboring city, and making us acquainted with —; one whose name has been familiar to our lips from our earliest years, and is intertwined with a throng of our happiest associations. Why, we have recited his pieces at school, and felt our boy's heart melt and take fire and tremble at his impulses, when we no more dreamed of ever meeting him this side the Elysian fields than we did of gazing on the superb broad forehead of Shakespeare himself.

We remember a similar occurrence which equally gratified us, for there can be no shame in confessing that there is a fine pleasure in coming into the presence of a man of genius. If he is one with whose works you are acquainted, over whose thoughts and actions you have pondered in your hours of quiet meditation, whose crea-

tions have beguiled you in solitude or in sickness, and shed in upon your mind streams of light, which but for him never would have been there; there is an agreeable excitement in casting your eyes, for the first time, on such a one, which we are never at pains to suppress. We have seen cold city-men, who sneer at this simple feeling. At all events, it is a welcome one, and why should we sit down deliberately and explain it away? Several months ago a friend came round into our corner with a stranger, of small stature and ordinary appearance. He pronounced his name, and we found ourselves in the presence of one with whose elegant and accomplished mind we were nearly as familiar as with our own. But oh! the difference between mind and matter. His *spirit* was gigantic. It had led us over earth and sea with the bold hand of a master; it had spoken arguments strong enough to shake a whole senate; its creations will go down to other generations, when the present has passed away. We had insensibly in our fancy drawn for the individual himself a corresponding appearance—a majestic form, a proud and lofty bearing, an expanded brow, eyes large, dark, and deeply expressive, and a mouth sternly characteristic of resolution and power. Who would have dreamed of looking for the author of — beneath that mild and cheerful face, which did not stand out our own inquiring glance of curiosity without being slightly suffused with color? Well! these are some of our casual gratifications.

One of the peculiarities, we will not say advantages, of the secluded retreat we have mentioned, is that we overhear much of what passes without; and while our pen is running on, and quietly dispatching paragraph after paragraph, we cannot avoid becoming acquainted with people's opinions on some subjects, which we might as well remain ignorant of. We warn casual visitors to take care. One came in the other day. He seemed really in a passion. He said our negligence in reading the proofs was positively inexcusable, we did not know how to spell. *Launched was lunched, Saviour was given Savior, and traveller with only one l.* In these, however, we have only followed Mr. Webster's orthography, as his dictionary is used by the printer; and we take this occasion to repeat a hope, which we have already expressed in a previous number, that the reader will have the kindness to look into Webster's Dictionary before he condemns us for any similar misdemeanor.

There is another subject on which we feel the greatest delicacy in touching, and do so with the most friendly sentiments to those concerned—we mean the frequent necessity we are under of reading and correcting manuscript productions, and recommending them to publishers. A person may be such a valued friend, such an excellent fellow, and yet no author; and we are not sufficiently master of the niceties and little fashionable arts of language to explain, without embarrassment, why we are not satisfied with a composition. What can be more difficult? Here is a gentleman whom you esteem; you are familiar with his family; he is ever ready to overload you with favors; he is perfectly convinced that he has written a novel, which will make his fame and fortune. He has had favorable opinions from "the best judges," and declares, if you will only say the word, the publisher will come to terms. There is the manuscript; you read half of it last night; you *tried* to like it, but in vain; and finally fell asleep over it as the clock struck twelve. In the perspective stands the publisher. He depends upon your judgment; but if the book does not sell he loses his money, and your reputation. You can shuffle off a play with half the trouble. It is too long, or too short; the poetry is delightful, but it is not precisely calculated for stage effect. It is deficient in mere dramatic management, in mechanical execution, and should be kept for the closet. In this case, if you disappoint an author, you do not wound him. Our reveries were broken not long since by the clerk's suddenly introducing a lady before us. Scribbling always unfits us for female society; we get stiff and moody; we have not the faculty of unbending in a moment, which we have so much admired and envied in others, and besides (we like to be particular) we often write with our hat on. Upon raising our eyes, we found ourself face to face with a young creature, of a most prepossessing appearance, and attired with great neatness and taste, but very plainly. There is something extremely odd in meeting thus a pretty female in the haunts of business. We looked at her as at a flower bursting up between the pavements of a thronged street. Our hat almost came off of itself, and we bowed her to a seat, in a state of peculiar suspense. She apologized—we told her "not at all." "Oh yes, she had taken a great liberty, but under the peculiar circumstances—" "We were (as in duty bound,) grateful for any circumstances which had favored us with an opportunity of serving her." "She knew," she added, "Mr. B. had told her—every body had told her—there could be no impropriety in her taking the liberty," &c. &c. &c. She drew from under her cloak a small parcel. No—it could not be—yes, it *was* a manuscript! We looked it over, to afford her time to recover from a slight embarrassment. It was a novel, entitled the "Three Spectres of St. Dennis." Scraps of the chapters caught our notice—"The youth knelt and kissed her hand"—"Lady Amelia sat gazing at the moon"—"Traitor! cried the knight," &c. We complimented the penmanship. She blushed, and curtsied almost imperceptibly. "Indeed!" asked we, "have we the pleasure of a production from your own hand?" And a right pretty hand it was; ungloved, and graceful, with no other decoration than a plain gold ring.

"Oh! no! no! sir," she replied.

"And may we inquire whose it is, then?"

"It is written by my husband, sir."

"And where is he, and why does he not come himself?"

"Do not ask me, I beg of you; it is quite immaterial."—She appeared greatly distressed.

No dew ever came more gently to the evening flowers than rose the moisture in the blue eyes that looked up at us a moment, as if reproachfully, that we had rudely probed a painful wound, and then closed, ashamed of having betrayed so much feeling before a stranger. Although we are an editor, and talk wisdom, we are (why should we conceal it?) a mere simpleton on such occasions, and as easily melted as any gentle shepherd of them all. Our situation was growing uncommonly interesting, when a fellow (broken bones be his lot!) thrust his huge head in suddenly, and inquired for the stereotype foundry of Mr. James Conner. We heartily wished Mr. Conner and his stereotype foundry in Egypt; while the fair incognito, hastily gathering up her cloak, and letting the hood fall over her face, withdrew, leaving the manuscript on the table. An hour afterwards a boy brought a note. We recognized the hand instantly. The messenger could answer no questions; a lady had requested him to leave it, but he did not know who she was. It was brief, and merely stated that if we would either purchase the story for the Mirror, and publish it by chapters, or read and correct it, and recommend it to the brothers Harper or Carey and Lea, or indeed to any one from whom the author could derive a reasonable pecuniary recompense, we should confer a favor, a deep and lasting obligation, on one who would never forget." She could not have said more had we been the hero of a romance. There was something in the whole affair that awakened curiosity, and fanned the little dim spark of romantic sensibility that lay, far beneath the thoughts and feelings of later years, half buried among the relics of our boyish dreams. Who could she be? Her address was entirely that of a lady. Her soft white hand betrayed a life enjoyed without labor; and a glance at her modest face satisfied us that she was a timid, artless, and innocent being, unused to misery, but by some rough chance destitute, and overcoming the natural sensitiveness of her character and sex for the sake of a husband evidently in great distress. By her accent she seemed a foreigner. Perhaps some enthusiastic girl, fled from her home to marry a youth "of low family," who was now sick, or in jail, yet toiling to support her by his pen. If this piece, now, should prove a good one, what a lot would be ours! To follow with unceasing interest the events of a spirit-stirring romance; to usher it into fame. No obsequious courtier ever exerted himself more anxiously to laugh at the jokes of his patron than we strove to weep over the astounding facts related in the "Three Spectres of St. Dennis." We followed the heroine through dungeons and sepulchres, and the hero into scenes which might have quailed the heart of a lion. We trudged on through massacres and misery. We saw people plunged into despair by the dozen. Provoking spirit of criticism! unjustifiable hardness of heart! Not a tear sprang, not a nerve thrilled. It was bad—it was trash; we could not deny it; we laid it by; it was totally out of the question. It would be dishonest in us to recommend it to another, and mere folly to purchase it ourself; and to offer charity to the mysterious bearer of it, we durst not. After a few days she came again. The same clear, girlish countenance, the same beseeching yet timid look, yet not so fearful as before, for a kind of hope shone in her face, and a—sort of—confidence—we may say. She was no longer coming to visit, she knew not whom; to meet perchance superciliousness and neglect, but one who, she had undoubtedly already seen, sympathized with her, whether or not he admired her husband's novel. Her embarrassment, too, had disappeared, and her first salutation betrayed that the manuscript was the sole object of her thoughts, and had probably been since our last interview.

"Have you read it?"

"I have, madam."

There was a situation. We were silent—she was silent. We wished for the man after Conner's type foundry, but no one came.

"I perceive sir," she at length said, with something of an air, "that either you have not formed any opinion of the work, or else an unfavorable one."

"I confess"—(there's a cold beginning for you!) "I confess madam, that although several passages are fine, *really* fine; indeed, I may say beautiful, yet the plot is —"

She turned absolutely pale. We began to fear more tears. Criticism could not stand it. The volume began to rise in our estimation. Here was the loveliest little creature in the world in an agony of distress, from which we could rescue her with a word. No, the days of chivalry are not gone for ever. We commenced praising the "Three Spectres," and at every breath the shadows fled away from her face until we were fairly bewitched into writing a note to a certain publisher, who, she said, had promised a tolerable sum for the MS. if it came recommended by our approbation. She extended her hand. A youth of the olden times would have knelt down and kissed it. What we did is nobody's business. The lady departed, and, as we soon after heard, received the money. Now mark the result: the book was published, and fell dead from the press. The publisher called on us to puff it—we refused. That we had deceived him was no reason why we should cheat our readers. The consequence was, a serious difference between us, which, we trust, may be adjusted by our narrating the above circumstances frankly, and by way of apology.

For the future, we shall come to an agreement, that when we are reduced to a similar dilemma, we will furnish him with a private mark by which he is to know whether our approbation is to be ascribed to the author's book, or his wife. We shall therefore hereafter yield to the importunity of literary aspirants, or their friends, and favor them with as many flaming commendatory epistles as they please, and be sure of their doing no more harm than theatrical thunder!

I'M FAR AWAY FRAE THEE, MARY.

COMPOSED FOR THE LONDON HARMONICON BY MRS. ORME, OF EDINBURGH—THE WORDS BY CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY, ESQ.

Andante affetuoso.

The crys-tal tear-drop fills my ee, When e'er I think, my love, o' thee; Oh! what are a' life's joys to me, Since now I'm far frae thee, Ma-ry! Since now I'm far frae thee!

I pon-der o'er the hap-py hours I spent a-mong my na-tive bow'rs, When wan-d'ring wi' thee o'er the flow'rs; But now I'm far frae thee, Ma-ry! But now I'm far frae thee!

thee, Ma-ry! But now I'm far frae thee!

SECOND VERSE.

I dare nae think upon thee now,
For ah! I ken you're still sae true—
'Twould break my heart,—my life! adieu!
I'll die for love o' thee, Mary!—
But leaves the wretch to weep?"

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

READING ALOUD.

THE oft quoted lines of Shakspeare—

"How many things by season seasoned are,
To their right praise, and true perfection,"

are very often exemplified in the trifling occurrences of social life, and in few more than in the habit of reading aloud to another person. In a proper place, and at a proper time, it is an accomplishment that may be put in requisition to the delight of all parties; but many forget that while they are in a mood to turn their attention to a choice passage, and be struck with admiration, another may have his mind monopolized by very opposite reflections; and I am not sure that there is any one so far above the petty realities around him, as to be always in the humor even for the finest authors. I know an enthusiastic young man, whose determination to compel every one near him to participate in his own pleasure at a good sentence is so strong, that I should be very loath to trust myself alone with him in a room where there were books. His passion for declaiming to you his favorite pieces, conquers all his usual sense of decorum; and I have been several times indebted to my physical superiority for an escape from a sublime Greek simile, or a musical Latin phrase, when I was in haste to keep an appointment elsewhere. He will even adroitly interest his companion in a conversation directed to a certain point, till he has deluded him to a remark which compels him to listen to a page or two that he has noted for the purpose of inflicting it upon the first rash unfortunate who falls in his power. Sometimes he will ar-

rest the social communion of a whole circle of his friends till he has drenched them with something which he conceives irresistible, but which, thus taken, is often disgusting. He once almost drove to distraction a very modest and polite gentleman with the tooth-ache, by a drinking piece out of Anacreon.

To me, reading a noble composition to one who fully appreciates it, is a most pleasurable excitement, perhaps double what I should enjoy from a mere solitary perusal; but I am so impressed with the certainty that few are capable of entering into its spirit at all times, that I usually do my admiration in secret. I always avoid directing the notice of any one to a graceful sentiment, unless I know him intimately, and then I should stop the moment I perceived the slightest signs of weariness, or even of inattention. No matter how splendid may be the ideas your author expresses, they will be, to such, of no more value than a dainty feast to one whose appetite is already sated.

SLANDERS AGAINST HUMAN NATURE.

Poetry abounds in errors. It is generally the language of feeling; and who feels as he reasons? Even our received system of morality frequently wanders from the truth. History is often turned into fiction by the discovery of a coin, or a half defaced inscription on a monument. The theory of the philosopher, however ingeniously contrived, is overthrown by some simple experiment, or accidental phenomenon of nature; and I am convinced that biographers oftentimes give faithful narratives of the adventures of their heroes, yet, by applying erroneous motives to their actions, metamorphose the whole into mere romance. One of the most

eloquent men I ever heard address a public assembly, exercised the most extraordinary, and, indeed, magical influence over his hearers, while engaged in confuting the ordinary calumnies against human nature, and in delineating its affections, its genius, and its virtues. It was impossible to listen to his exalted and generous descriptions without feeling the bosom beat high with noble and pure emotions. If I was ever capable of a Roman virtue, it was while thrilling and glowing in the state of calm excitement produced by one of these discourses, with the tones of that inspired speaker yet dwelling in my ear, and in my heart. Poetry is often made the vehicle for conveying false opinions of human nature.

"Ah, what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?"

This is a pretty sentimental slander, which, although not expressing the real sentiments of the poet, is much quoted as authority.

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Prospectus and index—Appendages to a literary work; the former showing what it ought to be, the latter what it is.

Gentility—Eating your meat with a three-pronged fork, though you have not paid the butcher.

Take a friend's advice—An expression used by a man when he is going to be impertinent.

Unbiased opinion—An opinion, the selfishness of which is concealed from the world.

The most intelligent child that was ever seen—Every man's own child.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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No. 32.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY JAMES NACK.

He and his glory shall be long
The theme of fireside tale and song;
In fifty years there shall be known
No history but his alone
Within the humble cottage, where
At eve the peasants shall repair,
And to some reverend dame shall say,
"By stories of a former day,
Good mother, help us pass the time—
Oh speak of him, that man sublime.
Though some, his fame to dim,
Pretend that he has wrought us ill;
The people all revere him still,
Revere him still—revere him still—
Good mother, speak of him!"

"My children, in my early life,
When I had scarce become a wife,
He passed this village with a train
Of kings. A better view to gain,
I stood upon a hill—he came
Anon, and climbed the very same.
He was not marked by proud array,
But well his riding-hood of gray
And little hat we knew.
I trembled when I saw him near—
He spoke to me—"Good day, my dear,
Good day, my dear—good day, my dear!"
"Ah! did he speak to you?"

"I saw him the succeeding year,
At Paris with his court appear,
Upon his way to Notre-Dame.
All eyes admired his splendor's flame;
But when he smiled, so very sweet,
It made all hearts with rapture beat—
'Behold!' were our exulting cries,
'Behold the favorite of the skies!'
Still to his fortune true,
They crown his wishes every one—
They bless him with a lovely son—
A lovely son—a lovely son!"
"What happy times for you!"

"But when our country fell at last,
A prey to hireling strangers cast,
He braved the dangers round her thrown,
And seemed to keep the field alone!
One eve I heard a knock—to me—
It seems but yesterday to be—
The door I opened, and—good God!
'Twas he! With weary step he trod—
He sunk into this chair—
Behind him came an escort slight—
He sighed, and said—"Oh fatal fight!"
Oh fatal fight!—oh fatal fight!"
"Ah! was he seated there?"

"He said, 'I'm hungry'—and in haste
I bread and wine before him placed;
And at the fireside here he slept—
Awaking he perceived I wept—
He said to me, 'Bonne espérance!
I hasten to avenge my France,
And shield you from all ill!"
He went—his glass I've treasured well—
Its worth to me—ill could I tell—
Ill could I tell—ill could I tell."

"Ah! have you got it still?"
"See, here it is—but he was borne
To ruin—we shall ever mourn.
He whom the holy father crowned
And consecrated—he has found
Upon a desert isle his grave!
We to his death no credit gave
At first—"He comes to set us free—
The stranger shall his master see
Again," we fondly said—
But when at last his real fate
We knew too well, my grief was great—
My grief was great—my grief was great."
"God's blessings on your head!"

A N-ICE VOICE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THREE strapping clowns were seen one day (strange case!)
Holding poor Hodge up to his knees in ice;
'Twas terrible to see the fellow's face;
Yet there he sat, stuck fast as in a vice.
With wond'ring ire a passenger was seized:
"Forbear!" cried he, "what! have ye no remorse?
Hands off! give over!"—"Sir, be not displeased,"
A beadle said, "we're making the man hoarse."
"Hoarse!"—"Yes, sir, manly in his tones, like gruff:
To-morrow's the saint's day in this here place;
And this here lad, who winces sure enough,
We're putting in a state to sing the bass."

ANNALS OF NEW-YORK.

REMINISCENCES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY A SOLDIER OF SEVENTY-SIX.

IN the beginning of the autumn of 1776, a few days after General Washington had conducted his army to the heights of Harlem, and to the vicinity of Kingsbridge, and the British troops commanded by General Howe had taken possession of New-York, several of their soldiers' wives were observed to collect together in a large frame building, near Whitehall-dock, previously designated the "Livingston storehouse." These women, for the purpose of dressing their provisions, procured from an adjacent yard a number of pine boards, the ends of which they placed in the chimney, while their opposite points rested upon the cedar floor of the apartment; to this the fire rapidly communicated, when the careless gypsies had made an end of their feast, and had withdrawn from the heated and smoky atmosphere within, to enjoy the fresh sea-breeze without. The cry of fire was heard soon after, and fearfully reiterated from every quarter of the city; and the day being hot and dry, the flames ran through the building with the rapidity of lightning, enveloping in a few moments the whole of the structure, through the top of which the fire was at first seen to arise in a single splendid column, with its immense summit curling in fantastic wreaths, amid the clouds of smoke; but, instantaneously changing its appearance, and spreading into a vast sheet of flame, it presented an object at the same time of terror and admiration. The firemen, ever alert, were readily summoned by the ringing of bells and other signs of alarm, as anxious as were their haughty invaders to subdue the destructive element before them, which moved in the sun's rays with the subtlety of a serpent, whose sudden evolutions can be perceived only by the vividness of its colors.

The king's officers, uncertain in whom to confide, or rather regarding in each individual citizen a rebel at heart, became suspicious of the firemen, and seemed to dread a counteracting exertion on their part; under which persuasion they frantically hurried them from place to place, and urged them with oaths and imprecations to do their duty, which the poor fellows had not then even thought of abandoning; and while they were making the greatest exertions in their power at one post, and ere they had time to quench the fire there, they were driven to another by their impetuous commanders, who retarded their endeavors by ruthlessly beating them with their swords; and, in some instances, it has been said, pushed them into the flames. Others of the citizens, perceiving the danger of their comrades, fled in alarm from the scene of terror and confusion, and sought refuge from their enraged pursuers. While the discordant cry of "Punish the rebels!" mingled with the shrieks of the affrighted women and children, and with the deep and reiterated call of fire! the gathering flames, wafted by a strong southerly breeze, and unchecked by a proper course, had rapidly advanced up the whole extent of Broadway, communicating with the buildings on both sides, even to the very heart of the city, and threatening its total destruction.

An idea that the liberty party had determined on destroying the town had taken such possession of the minds of the British troops, that in the height of their irritation they threatened death to every man who should be found abroad in the streets, upon whom a shadow of doubt could fall touching his loyalty to the king.

In the course of this tumultuous scene a noted and active tory, by the name of —, to make an open display of his true and sworn allegiance, sallied forth into the streets, with his drawn sabre in his hand, muttering "downfall and death to all rebellious subjects." In his gallant career he happened to encounter a company of rude and exasperated soldiers, who knew nothing of his political virtue, and disbelieving his earnest asseverations of fidelity and attachment to their cause, they charged him with an intention of destroying the fire buckets. "Down with the rebel and incendiary!" they cried, and in an instant the poor wretch was smitten to the earth, where

he rolled, writhing at their feet, and expired, covered with wounds and bruises. They then dragged his lifeless body to the upper end of the city, i. e. in Pearl, near Cherry-street, and suspended it by the feet from the sign-post of the Hand and Hammer, where it remained for the space of a day, a fearful example to the timid well-wishers, as well as to the secret enemies of the king.

Meanwhile the fire, threatening its worst, had gained an alarming height. Of the western part of the city the church of St. Paul and one dwelling only stood uninjured; all else were burned to the open fields; presenting a scene of noise and devastation, amid clouds of smoke and dust. But to attempt the giving a just description of the dismay of the citizens, and the exasperation of the British soldiery, would task the powers of a Paulding or a Cooper.

As soon as the fire was extinguished, and the tumult and the noise had abated, all was restored to order in the city, under a government of a severe military discipline and civil regulation. The old fortifications and the breastworks of the city, at which the Americans had so recently toiled, with strongly excited feelings and with severe industry, were now regularly and well manned, and were soon rendered strong and complete, and placed in the best possible state of defence, while the banner of St. George floated proudly over the most advantageous post of the country. The enemy, thus situated, had little to fear from the disheartened army under General Washington, to which the horrors and fatigues of war were new and dispiriting, many having fled in terror to their families and homes, totally unused to, and therefore holding in disregard, all military discipline.

General Howe occupied the finest house in the city, adjacent to the Battery, and fronting the Bowling-green; this was also the head-quarters of Sir Henry Clinton, at a later period of the war.

Many changes were made in the public buildings as well as in the private dwellings of New-York, which were both disagreeable and torturing, as it regarded the feelings of the citizens.

The places of public worship, that were not of the episcopal order, were converted into hospitals, prisons, or guard-houses, which caused great offence and bitter heart-burnings among the Calvinists, Lutherans, and Quakers. But this was a pill which they were all obliged to swallow, although it caused many a wry face and suppressed murmur; and when a crest-fallen disenter happened to pass the sacred portal, at which he had been accustomed to enter to unburden himself before his Creator, it was ever and anon with raised hands and eyes, or with a shrug and a suddenly averted face! To have breathed a word indicative of his regrets or resentments would have been highly impolitic, for if overheard by a jealous adversary it might have exposed him to severe punishment, or to imminent danger.

The old jail, as it is now called, was under the conduct of Marshal Cunningham, who was then the provost, and into it he was wont to crowd the unfortunate rebels who fell into his iron grasp.

Cunningham was a man strong and athletic in his make, and upwards of six feet in height; his complexion was florid, but his countenance was harsh, and its expression at times odious in the extreme; yet he could smile with his boon companions over a bottle, and be jocose, pass his jokes, though coarse and vulgar, and be merry, more particularly when he had made up his mind to the accomplishment of some dreadful enormity, which he had meditated against his half-starved prisoners. Oh! could the old walls of that prison-house but speak the secrets of the past, what horrid deeds would they not reveal! What scenes of mortal agonies! Death from pestilence, famine, and poison. But I must turn from this, the reflection is too dreadful, and continue my recital.

General Howe had regulated and arranged all things in the city according to his own pleasure, had attended with humane care to the comforts of his soldiers, and had provided his officers with good quarters, where, indeed, they were often received too well, and with too studious a care, by the fairer inmates, and greeted by them with too kind a welcome. The campaign being closed a few weeks after, and the winter setting in, these gentlemen had much leisure to reflect on the measures of the war, its future battles, and, moreover, on the certain success of their arms; for among them were the noble, the haughty, the proud, and the brave, who had never been taught the lessons of submission. Nor did the war or its fortunes alone occupy their minds; they had other and more agreeable avocations, their pleasures and their pastimes.

Their favorite amusement seems to have been the drama, which they studied with taste and care, and which they brought at length to great perfection. Its various characters were personated by the most elegant and refined gentlemen of the army, among whom the unfortunate Andre used frequently to bear a part, and receive distinguished applause.

Such being the pursuits of the officers of the British army, who were caressed by the fair, admired wherever they moved, boldly presuming that victory over our land would be an easy task, a thing

at any time within their reach; is it to be wondered that the time and opportunity should have been allowed to pass away, wherein a consummation such as that might have been effected? That months should have rolled on, unheeded by men who were made too happy to seek or wish a change?

The conquest of General Gates over Burgoyne, that brave soldier and accomplished scholar, may well be considered as the dawn of American glory; for until that period of the war, the English, accustomed to triumph wherever they carried their arms, had never for a moment doubted their own invincibility; and their daily papers, the "Royal Gazette," the "New-York Mercury," &c. had hitherto been the constant vehicles through which misrepresentations and slurs were cast against the continental leader, and the army under his command. Hence the British soldiers, all, from the highest to the lowest grade, looked with contempt upon the foe which they had come to conquer.

For some weeks previous to the battle of Saratoga, all regular communication between that place and New-York was prevented by the vigilance of that part of the American army which lay encamped in the Highlands; therefore, notwithstanding that the English in the city were quite certain of the final result of the undertaking, which was to annihilate the continental army, still they were anxious to learn the particulars of the action, and the time moved with heavy step that brought no messenger. Crowds each day collected round those fountains of intelligence, the printing-offices, in pleasing expectation of the good tidings, but nothing could be obtained; and though they were confident of victory, yet hope, long suspended, had become almost painful. One morning, at an early hour, an old Scotchwoman, in simple attire, appeared at the office of the Royal Gazette, and requested to see Mr. Rivington, the editor, who was by no means so tardy in obeying the summons as modern gentlemen often are when they have learnt the degree and condition of those who wait upon them. It was sufficient that an aged person and a female waited his coming.

"Good morrow, madam," said the polite editor, pleasantly; "how do you find yourself? I trust your early rising will do you no harm."

"I am verra weel, an' I thank ye for speering. A quiet morrow to ye, sir. An I wad na hae disturbed ye noo, but that I am auld, an weary too, for I hae travelled a lang way, wi naither conveyance than these twa feet, ye see, and which hae dune me muckle service these fourscore gude years, but na sae sure noo for stumblin a bit."

"Pray sit down and rest yourself, while you relate your errand," said Mr. Rivington, as he reached her a chair.

"Na, I thank ye kindly; I am stiff to rise when ance I'm doon; but wull ye assist, sir, to get a permit, that I may gang my ways in quietness; forbye, 'tis a lang journey fra Albany hither, and a' in sae short a time."

"From Albany, say you? Oh! and what of Burgoyne, dear madam?"

"He is safe there, he is safe there, hinny; an these twa een saw him verra weel, an I thank ye."

"Are you sure of it? Are you quite certain that you saw the general there? In Albany?"

"Oh just as sure as any thing. I saw him ance before; an I suld ken him weel amang a thousand, for his is na the look that ane wad forget in a while, he is sae braw and bonny."

"Burgoyne in Albany! that's news, indeed." And the delighted editor ran about the room in ecstasy, clapped his hands joyfully together, and at last caught the old woman in his arms, and kissed her with as much fervency as if she were a Hebe; then, without waiting for his hat, he hastened to head-quarters with the news, that the noble officer there might participate in his feelings.

The old woman stood for a moment aghast, looking after Mr. Rivington, for whose senses she began to entertain strong doubts; and she had just seated herself, to ruminate at her leisure upon the violence of the malady under which she supposed him to labor, when the identical madman, suddenly re-entered the room, half out of breath, and snatching his hat and cane, he drew the old woman's arm within his own, and said,

"You must accompany me to head-quarters, my dear madam, for such are the orders of the commander-in-chief, who is desirous of hearing from your own lips the glorious news."

An entire conviction of the truth now, for the first time, darted into the mind of the aged traveler; and she saw clearly that she had occasioned some terrible mistake, by not being more explicit in her relation, yet she feared to undeceive her gallant attendant, and wisely determined, after a little reflection, that she would simply answer the questions which might be put to her by the officers; but that, as she did not mean to withhold the truth, so, on the other hand, she would not manifest it unnecessarily.

They soon reached head-quarters, which were thronged with officers; and seldom before had there assembled so many delighted countenances. The old woman was greeted kindly, as she was conducted through the crowd to the commander-in-chief, who shook her hand most cordially, and said,

"Then, my good woman, you saw General Burgoyne in Albany, did you?"

"Ay, sir, that did I."

"You saw him yourself, you say?"

"Yes, sir, yes I did."

"A thousand thanks for the information, and here are three guineas, to purchase you a tartan plaidie for the coming winter."

"I maun e'en tak it, then," said she, pressing the pieces in her palm; "but I am na sae sure that I suld neither, for it is waur than

taking charity;" and she offered to return them, but General Howe prevented her doing so, by quietly closing her fingers upon the gold, to which they seemed to adhere naturally enough, and with a friendly squeeze he dismissed her.

Mr. Rivington followed her out of the house, and kindly directed her to where she might get a permit to move through the city at her pleasure. Having obtained this she left the police-office,* and made the best of her way to her friend's house, in the upper part of the city. To them she related her recent adventure, and the mistake she had occasioned. The story was too good to be smothered; and, in less than ten minutes, it was repeated, with the usual exaggerations, to at least thirty persons, from whose mouths it spread like a whirlwind.

It was not long, as may well be supposed, ere the report had reached head-quarters; and the officers, vexed to the heart at being so deceived by an old woman's tale, and irritated beyond measure at the news of the capture of Burgoyne and his army, sent a file of soldiers to bring the aged culprit before them, and when she appeared, they put several questions to her rather harshly, and demanded why she had not told them that Burgoyne was a prisoner!

"Ye didna ask me that," she replied, simply, courtesying the while; upon which they indignantly ordered her away.

Among the various recreations which were chosen by the British officers at that day to wile away their leisure hours, or to beguile the tedium of thought, the game of *fives* became a favorite amusement, in consequence of the example of Sir Henry Clinton, who, at one period, devoted half his time to that exercise. Indeed, so completely was he engaged in the laudable employment, that at length the older, or more thinking of the soldiers under his command, tired and disgusted with the idle life they were obliged to lead, began to murmur seriously, and to throw out hints which, though indirect, might by rebounding strike the ear for which they were intended. This went on for a while, but met with little or no attention—for when the plebeian counsels, the patrician but closes his ear more obstinately.

An enclosure at the corner of Broadway and John-street was dedicated to this game, and here the commander-in-chief, in company with a select party of officers, was accustomed to come and amuse himself for some hours on every fine day. One afternoon, when he had extended his sports to an unusually late hour, and, animated by his success and the plaudits of his companions, had forgotten all other engagements, an arrow, with a billet-doux attached to it, alighted amid the gay group, and was suddenly snatched up by one of the younger officers, who, having glanced his eye over it, handed it respectfully to the adjutant-general. André laughed as he perused the paper. This drew the attention of Sir Henry Clinton, who approached with a smile, and leaning familiarly over the shoulder of André, discovered the cause of his merriment by reading the following queries and replies:

"What is General Washington about? Strengthening his fastnesses in the Highlands; and vigilant of time, he devotes each moment to the furtherance of the cause which he has espoused.—What has the Marquis de Lafayette gone after? To procure succor and resources from France for his rebellious brethren here.—What is De Esteign engaged in? Carrying his conquests from island to island in the British West Indies.—What is Paul Jones after? He is with his squadron, cruising off Scarborough-head for the Baltic fleet.—Well—and what is Sir Henry Clinton doing? *Playing at fives!*"

The commander-in-chief colored with vexation, while he attempted to make a jest of the pointed rebuke; and drawing the arm of André within his own, he left the inclosure and walked away towards head-quarters; leaving the rest of the party to make themselves merry at his expense.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE POLISH CHIEFS; AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(Now in press, and shortly to be published in this city.)

THIS work was commenced while the Poles were struggling for independence: the writer has given a history of the two great Polish chiefs—Pulaski and Kosciusko, who came to assist in our revolutionary conflict. Their lives abounded in romance. With these he has commingled many of the heroes of our country, who lived in their day, and has struck them off with great faithfulness. Sometimes he treats the men he describes with good-natured satire—for instance, take the following account of the author of the *Magnalia* and his works:

COTTON MATHER.

"One of the most amusing novels I ever read, is a work I found here, and purchased, which is called the '*Magnalia*.' The author, whose name was Cotton Mather, was a clergyman, who died little more than half a century since. This, and his other works, show him to have been deeply learned in the humanities, and in mathematics. With a great command of language, he gives his readers most amusing tales. Sometimes his characters are struck out with felicity, and are prominent in the business of his dramatic pieces. No orientalist among the numerous nations who have dealt largely in fiction, for instruction and amusement, ever had a more vivid fancy than this American novelist. He made his genii of angels and the devil; the latter having in his train certain mortals to whom he imparted a limited share of supernatural power, and then sent them out on errands of petty mischief; and at times, these minor

* A room in the old city-hall, in which, previously to the war, the mayor's court was held, was dedicated to that purpose.

agents were very much engaged in their work, and really frightened the people from their propriety. If the machinery in Mather's novels wanted something of the taste of the Arabian fabulists, it had as much supernatural energy in it. There is, however, this difference in the construction of their machinery: the orientalist take it for granted that all true Mussulmans should fully believe in the agency of genii, and they have taste and judgment, and see the reasonableness of such agents; but the great American story-teller found that he had readers who would not credit all he said or wrote, and he was under the necessity of stopping, at times, the beautiful current of his narrative, to trounce his hearers or readers into a belief of the truth of part of his assertions. This was vexing to the novelist, and is so to the reader. It must be confessed that he showed great tact in his methods of bringing all to his faith, for he denounced all who did not swear that all he said or wrote was most solemnly true, and he threatened them not only with his own wrath, but with the vengeance of heaven, if they did not think so. Some ill-natured critics have intimated that he must have taken a hint of this from Mahomet; but in my opinion this was not the case, for every thing in his plan of bringing the mind to become impressed and controlled by the fascinations of his pen, is so natural, that envy alone could have the heart to rob him of his honors. There was some admirable touches of art in his works, for he knew how to make them sell,—a much greater art than writing cleverly. He would add some new judgment of heaven to his works, and by a little management of a new title-page, the bookseller's shelves were at once cleared off; and the novelist, who was never tired of using his pen, sat down to write another book.

"The mind of this great dealer in fiction was never exhausted, for when the devil had become too familiar in his plots, he most boldly and adroitly changed his agent, and took the Almighty—sometimes through his works, but not unfrequently directly in person, to assist in his fictions. If a harmless comet passed rapidly along through the sky, in a zealous haste, on some errand of its Maker, he instantly pressed him into his service, and all fit for the fight, he mounted his racer and spurred him onward, showing him, as he passed, to the poor, trembling inhabitants of the earth. They were astonished to see him mounted on heaven's war-horse, making him neigh for blood, and set worlds on fire with his tail. If he did not possess more vanity than other novelists, he certainly did more boldness, for he always made himself a principal character in his fictions, and this the poor novelist seldom dares to do. But he was right; for, does not the modest man put his own picture or bust in his parlor? and why should he not have the liberty of placing himself in his own novel?"

"Ages may pass away before this or any other country will behold such another novelist as Cotton Mather, for copiousness and variety of language, for invention, for boldness in expression, and for that daring spirit of genius that seizes on heaven, earth and hell, and makes them vassals in his power, subservient to his will. Astonishing as it may appear to all, his works of fiction amount to nearly three hundred, abounding in some of the most delightful specimens of horrid transactions and awful wonders that ever were written. His works are ten times more bulky than those of the Princess Scheherazade, and are much more surprising; but it must be confessed that hers are the most natural, and more distinctly confined to her vernacular language. She was brave, but delicate; cautious, yet warm and affectionate, but never bordering on voluptuousness. He was dogmatical, opinionated, and severe, and everywhere the iron sceptre of the tyrant was visible in all the kingdoms he created; but he sometimes wielded that sceptre with great majesty and courtesy, and was lavish of his bounties to his favorites. The greatest of all wonders in and about him was, that he thought he was dealing in truth, when he was laboring in fiction. The knight of La Mancha was not more deceived than this sober, studious, hard-working man; and such was the power of his genius, that he made many others believe that he was dealing out solemn, veritable things, when he was deeply engaged in romance. Here he had the advantage of the knight of the woful countenance; for all his neighbours knew he was stark mad, while Mather's thought him an inspired prophet. How true it is, that men are small or great, wise or foolish, by the uncertain and strange opinions in which they live; for no one thought in the golden days of this mighty magician that these works of his would be ranked with the Arabian Nights, those beautiful tales of the days of Aroun al Raschid.

"I visited the tomb of Mather: there was nothing there to remind me of his magic powers—there was not even a Latin quotation on his tombstone. How degenerate was his race!—for they might have known, or should have known, that such a spirit as his could only be appeased, and kept within his prison bounds in the dark mansions of the dead, by good, distinct Latin lines, made or borrowed for the occasion. The very tombstones of the common dead around his resting-place, when I saw it, seemed to be sinking into the earth at the neglect which they felt was shown to their most illustrious neighbor. It is strange, when it is common for man to die, that we should still go on so unceremoniously respecting the manes of the dead. In this the ancients had all the advantage over us. They, good souls, never suffered a corpse to remain unburied when they could help it, nor ever disturbed the mighty dead by any such profanity as we now see in the best feeling community."

EUGENE ARAM.

This new novel, by Mr. Bulwer, may soon be expected from the press of the brothers Harper, of this city. The London Literary Gazette praises the work highly, and pronounces the hero a fine and most original conception.

THE RUINS OF ATHENS, AND OTHER POEMS.

SECOND NOTICE.

We have seen but few and brief notices of these productions, and those were in the daily papers. If they have undergone commentary in any of the literary journals, it has escaped our attention. Yet they richly deserve and will well repay perusal by all the lovers of poetry. A few inaccuracies in some of his pieces betray the marks of haste; and in some instances the resemblance to other poets is so strong that the inference is plain that their melodies dwelt upon the ear of his memory. But his pieces have been written under the influence of the places and circumstances to which he alludes. It is no imaginary voyager, though entirely an imaginative one; and none of the sights or sounds of the ocean or the land have been lost upon him. We like his descriptive pieces best, though the volume contains several graceful and spirited lyrics. We would urge him to cultivate his faculty carefully, because it is evident that he will indulge in it, and fame, at least, if not profit, should be his reward. The state of the poetical market in England is at present most unpromising, and the best productions of our bards meet with but a slow sale at home. Still we have observed with pleasure that within a few years past several of the best of them have received encouragement to collect some of their sybilline leaves, and present them to the world on fair paper and type. As the stock increases, perhaps, the demand will become greater, and a true poet will have some chance of being substantially compensated for the pleasure he can communicate to others. This, however, is but a doubtful matter. In the mean time, the least we can do is to bestow the meed of discriminating praise where it is deserved. We regret that want of space prevents our quoting the "Ruins of Athens," (which we commend to the reader's attention) and also several fine, and what is unusual here, regularly constructed sonnets, which possess great poetical merit, not the less on the latter account. Half of our metre-mongers seem to think that three quotations and a distich make a sonnet, in which they are grievously in error. We make a single extract:

MOORISH RUINS IN SPAIN.

What dost thou here, thou lovely flower?
The beautiful and brave
Are silent now in this lone tower;
Go! wither o'er their grave.
Wall-ruins and moss-grown turrets moan,
And weed-clad arches sigh;
For thee too sadly deep the tone
That speaks of times gone by.
Go! twine thee with the ivy-plant
That decks the brow of mirth;
The lonely images that haunt
These halls, are not of earth.
The voice of song hath with the wind
Of other times pass'd on;
And thou art left to bloom behind
In loneliness alone.
The spider and the weed attire
Thy place of revelry;
The broken battlement thy lyre,
Woke by the night-wind's sigh;
All, all but thee, the spring in thy
Gay dress to joy awakes,
All, all of life and loveliness,
The ruin'd tower forsakes.

ROBERT OF PARIS—WALTER SCOTT'S LAST NOVEL.

CAREY AND LEA, PHILADELPHIA.

If ever there were melancholy words to the lover of English literature, these are they—not only to the lover of English literature, but to all the civilized nations of the world, for the writings of this extraordinary man are limited within the range of no single language. Who that on the first appearance of Waverley followed the hero through its enchanted pages, and acknowledged the sway of a master mind in those gorgeous and wonderful creations which have since emanated from the same source, can peruse the announcement which accompanies the present volumes without a mournful feeling? What novels were ever before composed which addressed themselves so strongly and so universally to human beings? They are confined to no circle of fashion, nor do they seek to illustrate any particular event or passion. They are Shakspearian pictures of mankind, and all mankind may read them with profitable delight. The servant maid pores over them in her kitchen smoke, while the mistress enjoys them by her astral lamp. The school-boy yields to the magic, and traces the winding plot with wondering eyes and a dilated bosom; and the statesman, the philosopher, the debtor in his prison, and the languid invalid, forget the world and themselves, till the story is ended; and while the name of the author is spoken with reverence in the royal circles of England, the portrait of *Valter Skote* is swinging in the breeze among the remote hills of Hungary. What a crowd of living, glowing characters throng on the memory as we take up the "last volumes" of this illustrious writer! Poor Amy Robsart and the princely Leicester—the black-browed giant Front de Bœuf—the fierce, yet generous Rob Roy—honest Old Bailey Nichol Jarvie—the wretched and lovely queen of Scotland—Effie Dean and Jennie—the haughty Elizabeth—the banished Charles—the proud master of Ravenswood, and Lucy, and Rebecca, and Lady Ashton, and a world of others, palpable as if we had seen them, and spoken with them: we have trembled in their battles, and rejoiced in their rejoicings, and hated, and feared, and loved, and laughed, and lived through a hundred lives, while sitting, peradventure, in the silent chamber, while the world without went darkly with us, and when we should have been brooding, unless thus rescued by the spell of this conjurer; and now bringing up the rear of the long and brilliant train, awakened from the realms of fancy—comes this, the last!—a mournful gift, handed out, as it were, from the very shadows of the grave, with an aged and a tremulous hand, the last of

fering to his world of friends and admirers of a giant intellect—passing away to dust! It is like the breaking of an instrument that has charmed the world with music, or the drying up of a river, that has clothed it with verdure; or the extinguishing of a sun, whose beams have tinged vale and field and mountain with golden light.

We shall not review this work for several reasons. In the first place we are not in a mood to criticize it coldly. It may be folly, but it is not affectation in us to say that we have a reverence for the man and for his book, put forth under such circumstances which would exempt it from animadversion, although ever so much exposed to it. Then the most violent eulogies will add nothing to the fame of its author, and it will be read with interest and indulgence by every one who pretends to read at all. Few have ever attained—will ever attain such enviable distinction as Walter Scott. Many a prayer from many a remote corner of the globe has called down blessings on his white head. Many an eye has ached to behold it in its simple majesty. Many a manly heart has loved it. Dark will be the moment, with the sorrow of many nations, when it is laid in the grave.

THE LAST NIGHT OF POMPEII.

We suspect the author of this work has laid out his strength upon it. It bears marks of study and talent, and merits a favorable notice. The subject is highly poetic. The reader need not be reminded particularly of the almost supernatural horrors which must have attended the convulsion of Mount Vesuvius, that, nearly twenty centuries ago, buried beneath an ocean of lava and ashes the cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and many villages, with their wretched inhabitants. The objects disinterred at the present day possess a singular and most vivid interest. The scenes which occurred immediately preceding the awful crisis, must be in a great degree left to conjecture alone, and Mr. Fairfield has here a fine field for the display of a bold and rather wild imagination. The plot of the poem is composed of the slightest possible materials. A Roman, converted to the christian faith, becomes hateful to the Prætor Diomede, chief ruler of Pompeii. The Roman christian flies to the mountains with his lover, Mariamne—is there arrested and borne into the city to combat with a lion in the public games, during which the eruption takes place. There is a slight under-plot which, like the first, is instrumental in developing the state of society prevailing in those luxurious and doomed towns. We cannot compliment the author upon a striking dramatic effect to his story, although the lion, just unloosed for the fight, cowering down overawed by the earthquake, at the foot of his intended victim, and then springing away to the hills, is a fine incident.

"Nature's quick instinct, in most savage beasts,
Prophecies danger ere man's thought awakes,
And shrinks in fear from common savageness,
Made gentle by its terror; thus, o'erawed
E'en in his famine's fury by a power
Brute beings more than human oft adore,
The lion lay, his quivering paws outspread,
His white teeth quashing, till the crushing throngs
Had passed the corridors; then glaring up,
His eyes imbued with samiel light, he saw
The crags and forests of the Appenines
Gleaming far off, and with the exulting sense
Of home and lone dominion, at a bound
He leapt the lofty palleades, and sprung
Along the spiral passages, with howls
Of horror through the flying multitudes,
Flying to seek his lonely mountain lair."

There is a similarity between the leading features of the whole narrative and Mr. Milman's "Belshazzar" and "Fall of Jerusalem." Benina, in the former, bears a close resemblance to

"Pompeii's loveliest virgin, in the bud
And perfume of her sinless being, doomed
To perish in the vault of mysteries."

The author, however, frankly acknowledges, in a note, that the ground has been trodden before. The crouching of the lion we have mentioned as finely introduced, but its effect is injured by the previous command of Pansa to the beast; and indeed we may here express a regret that the poet has ventured too far in the use of supernatural machinery, and thus weakened his hold upon the human sympathies of the reader.

There are scattered through these pages, however, several descriptions of a high order. Bold, vivid, and gloomy, and (which is not the usual character of the author's composition) clear and simple. In general he is verbose to a fault, and we do not sympathize with his compound adjectives. The first four or five pages impressed us unfavorably. We do not know what *heart-smiles* are, nor can we conceive how a building can be "overwhelmed by grandeur." "Love-filled melodies," "dial-dews," "dew-beams," "soul-peopled heaven," "thought-winged thunder clouds," "virgin-light," "interested ecstasies," "moon-beam hues," "virgin dew," "sun-beam lips," "rose-light lips," "morning's gem-light;" these and similar ineffectual combinations, are the symptoms of a meretricious style, which should have been carefully avoided. Milton's *Paradise Lost* appears to have been several times in the mind of the writer, and has perhaps led him occasionally to illustrate simple ideas by means of complex and obscure images. That is one of Milton's faults. Poetry addresses itself to the world at large, and should be easily understood, and in this age of light reading, abstruseness is a sin not lightly forgiven.

But a truce to fault-finding. The work, whatever may be its demerits, has elevated Mr. Fairfield in our estimation, and we turn with pleasure from his deficiencies to afford several examples extremely creditable to his ability.

After a little moralizing upon life, (rather misanthropic, by the way) we have the following pretty passage:

"Yet some preserve the vivid thoughts—the charms
Of household sanctities; and one such now

Rose from affection's spotless couch and bent
O'er the angel face of virgin infancy;
And thus her gentle and blest thoughts found words.
'Thou sleepest in love's own heaven, my child! that brow
No guilt hath darkened and no sorrow treasured:
Those lips, which from thy fragrant breath receive
The incense hues of thy sweet heart, no gust
Of uttered passion hath defiled; thy cheek
Glow with elysian health and holiness:
And all thy little frame seems thrilling now
In the pure visions of a soul sky born.
The Læres be around thee, oh, my child!
For never yearned Cybele over Jove
With transport deeper than is mine o'er thee!"
Then o'er her babe she spread the drapery,
Kissing the shut lids and unsullied brow,
Where the mind dreamed, perchance, of bliss forgone,
And shading with her byssus robe and flowers
The sunbeams from the sleeper, with a step
Soft as the antelope's she stole and knelt
In prayer for that loved one at Vesta's shrine.
Breathing their bliss in melodies of love,
Their pictured wings fanning the ether, flew
The song birds, and the groves were full of mirth
Too pure for any voice but music's, when,
Lifting their dim eyes to the blaze of day,
Campania's proud patricians deemed the hour
So far removed from common time of rest,
Without dishonor, they might breathe the breeze,
That o'er the dimpled waters and the flowers,
Since the first tints of dawn, had played like thought
Over the face of childhood."

We can afford room for but one more extract, of such unequivocal merit, as by the contrast to give certain other censurable passages an increased prominence. We select the well painted, and, comparatively speaking, faultless picture of the Roman games.

"They open and the gladiators move
Round the thronged circle to display their forms
Athlete and strong, and with the voice of death
Salute the ruthless genius of the games.
From many a kingdom thrall they come—from realms
Spoiled by the locust hordes of Rome; the Gaul,
The Briton and the Thracian and the Frank,
The Wehrmanne and the Hebrew and the Celt,
Every clime's vanquished—every age's wreck:
All codes and creeds, strangers or friends, contend
Here in assassin strife to please their lords.
One deep wild shout like breaking billows swells,
Hailing the victims of the carnage fiend,
And on the sands two stalwart forms alone
Remain; and now Sigalion, voiceless god
Of Memphian mysteries, of all the host
Seems sovereign, such a quivering stillness hangs
Over the thousands, who await the fray
With eyes electric as the ether fires,
Lips sealed by passion, hearts like lava, still
In their intensest rapture! Bickering swords
Clash quickly, yet, with matchless skill, each blow
Or thrust falls on the flashing steel; and long
With fixed eyes dropping not their folded lids,
And marble lips, and brows whereon the veins
Burn like the storm-bolt o'er ice pinnacles,
And heaving bosoms, naked in their strength,
And limbs in every attitude of grace
And power—they struggle, not in hope of fame,
To win dominion, or achieve revenge;
But by their toil and agony and blood
To amuse the languid masters of the world."

We cannot take leave of Mr. Fairfield without regretting the gloomy and extravagant style in which he frequently indulges. The popularity of that feature of the Byron school is, we sincerely trust, long since terminated. We love happiness and happy associations. We love to be told of the bright and beautiful things around. We are wearied of groans and tears: true, these must exist, and grateful should we be, could we hush and check them; but we do not wish them in the attractive garb of poetry, where they too often are but murmurs against the wisdom of heaven, which spread shadows, discontent and doubt. It should be the business of a true poet to dispel misery. He should come with streams of light, and irradiate the path of life. All the ruggedness of it—all the clouds that lower around it should catch a glow from his elevating influence, as the flinty road, the desolate heath, or the gray mountain peaks smile in the mellow light of the setting sun: and most especially it should be his care to advocate the character of human nature, and the wisdom of the Creator. He should never dwell upon and exaggerate debasing subjects, nor grovel and brood among gloomy images, but walk with a confiding and pure spirit to soothe and refine, to elevate, and to etherealize earthly things; and surely we are not destitute of fitting subjects. The spirit of life, and love, and beauty is over us, and around us, where ever we tread; we are neither so wretched nor so depraved a race of beings as we are often painted; and they deserve best who succeed most in making us think so. It is for this that we admire the verses of our friend Woodworth. There is no sublimity about him—no striking effect. We do not believe he ever wondered why he was placed in so wretched a world, or wished to be struck with lightning, even on quarter-day. There are in his poetry few attempts at the lofty or the terrible. No heaving midnight oceans—no cloud-wrapped cliffs. His effusions are not of that out-of-the-way kind: they are flowers—mere simple fresh flowers, such as you may see every June on the hill-side, or in the field, if you will take the trouble to look; and, like flowers, they are sweet and pretty, and unassuming, and always bright. We think Woodworth under-rated; and we should have preferred Mr. Fairfield's book if he had flung in a few lighter and tenderer touches; something to please and soften, as well as to terrify and astonish. In this respect, he might have turned his admiration of Milton to more advantage: for that poet, although his greatest work involves events and characters absolutely the most sublime and awful that could address themselves to a human imagination, has taken care to enliven and adorn it with pictures of perfect loveliness and natural joy, than which, nothing more rich and beautiful can ever be composed.

The bodies of persons, apparently dead of cholera, have been in some instances observed to move. Mr. Lende, president of the late Warsaw commission, has expressed his belief that many have been buried alive.

LETTERS FROM THE ABSENT EDITOR.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER FIVE.

The Louvre—American artists in Paris—Politics, &c.

THE salient object in my idea of Paris has always been the Louvre. I have spent some hours in its vast gallery to-day, and I am sure it will retain the same prominence in my recollections. The whole palace is one of the oldest, and said to be one of the finest in Europe; and, if I may judge by its impressiveness, the vast inner court (the *façades* of which were restored to their original simplicity by Napoleon) is a specimen of high architectural perfection. One could hardly pass through it without being better fitted to see the master-pieces of art within; and it requires this, and all the expansiveness of which the mind is capable besides, to walk through the *Musée Royale* without the painful sense of a magnificence beyond the grasp of the faculties.

I delivered my passport at the door of the palace, and, as is customary, recorded my name, country, and profession in the book, and proceeded to the gallery. The grand double staircase, one part leading to the private apartments of the royal household, is described voluminously in the authorities; and, truly, for one who has been accustomed to convenient dimensions only, its breadth, its lofty ceilings, its pillars and statuary, its mosaic pavements and splendid windows, are enough to unsettle for ever the standards of size and grandeur. The strongest feeling one has as he stops half way up to look about him, is the ludicrous disproportion between it and the size of the inhabiting animals. I should smile to see any man ascend such a staircase except, perhaps, Napoleon.

Passing through a kind of entrance-hall, I came to a spacious *salle ronde*, lighted from the ceiling, and hung principally with pictures of a large size; one of the most conspicuous of which, "The Wreck," has been copied by an American artist, Mr. Cooke, and is now exhibiting in New-York. It is one of the best of the French school, and very powerfully conceived. I regret, however, that he did not prefer the wonderfully fine piece opposite, which is worth all the pictures ever painted in France, "The Marriage Supper at Cana." The left wing of the table, projected towards the spectator, with the seven or eight guests who occupy it, absolutely stands out into the hall. It seems impossible that color and drawing upon a flat surface can so cheat the eye.

From the *salle ronde* on the right opens the grand gallery, which, after the lesson I had just received in perspective, I took, at the first glance, to be a painting. You will realize the facility of the deception when you consider that, with a breadth of but forty-two feet, this gallery is one thousand three hundred and thirty-two feet (more than a quarter of a mile) in length. The floor is of tessellated woods, polished with wax like a table; and along its glassy surface were scattered perhaps a hundred visitors, gazing at the pictures in varied attitudes, and with sizes reduced in proportion to their distance, the farthest off looking in the long perspective like pigmies of the most diminutive description. It is like a matchless painting to the eye after all. The ceiling is divided by nine or ten arches, standing each on four corinthian columns, projecting into the area, and the natural perspective of these, and the artists scattered from one end to the other, copying silently at their easels; and a soldier at every division, standing upon his guard, quite as silent and motionless; would make it difficult to convince a spectator, who was led blindfold and unprepared to the entrance, that it was not some superb diorama, figures and all.

I found our distinguished countryman, Morse, copying a beautiful Murillo at the end of the gallery. He is also engaged upon a Raffaele for Cooper, the novelist. Among the French artists I noticed several soldiers, and some twenty or thirty females, the latter with every mark in their countenances of absorbed and extreme application. There was a striking difference in this respect between them and the artists of the other sex. With the single exception of a lovely girl, drawing from a Madonna, by Guido, and protected by the presence of an elderly companion, these lady-painters were any thing but interesting in their appearance.

Greenough, the sculptor, is in Paris, and engaged just now in taking the bust of an Italian lady. His reputation is very enviable; and his passion for his art, together with his untiring industry and his fine natural powers, will work him up to something that will, before long, be an honor to our country. If the wealthy men of taste in America would give Greenough liberal orders for his time and talents, and send out Augur of New-Haven, to Italy, they would do more to advance this glorious art in our country, than by expending ten times the sum in any other way. They are both men of rare genius, and both ardent and diligent, and they are both cramped by the universal curse of genius—necessity. The Americans in Paris are deliberating at present on some means for expressing unitedly to our government their interest in Greenough, and their appreciation of his merit of public and private patronage. For the love of true taste, do every thing in your power to second such an appeal when it comes.

It is a queer feeling to find oneself a *foreigner*. One cannot realize long at a time how his face or his manners should have become peculiar; and after looking at a print for five minutes in a shop-window, or dipping into an English book, or in any manner throwing off the mental habit of the instant, the curious gaze of the passer by, or the accent of a strange language, strikes one very singularly. Paris is full of foreigners of all nations, and of course physiognomies of all characters may be met every where; but, differing

as the European nations do decidedly from each other, they differ still more from the American. Our countrymen, as a class, are distinguishable wherever they are met; not as Americans however, for of the habits and manners of our country, people know nothing this side the water. But there is something in an American face, of which I never was aware till I met them in Europe, that is altogether peculiar. The French take the Americans to be English; but an Englishman, while he presumes him his countryman, shows a curiosity to know who he is, which is very foreign to his usual indifference. As far as I can analyze it, it is the independent, self-possessed bearing of a man unused to look up to any one as his superior in rank, united to the inquisitive, sensitive, communicative expression which is the index to our national character. The first is seldom possessed in England but by a man of decided rank, and the latter is never possessed by an Englishman at all. The two are united in no other nation. Nothing is easier than to tell the rank of an Englishman, and nothing puzzles a European more than to know how to rate the pretensions of an American. I feel very proud of my countrymen here.

On my way home from the Boulevards this evening, I was fortunate enough to pass through the grand court of the Louvre, at the moment when the moon broke through the clouds that have concealed her own light and the sun's ever since I have been in France. I had often stopped, in passing the sentinels at the entrance, to admire the grandeur of the interior to this oldest of the royal palaces; but to-night, my dead halt within the shadow of the arch, as the view broke upon my eye, and my sudden exclamation in English, startled the grenadier, and he had half presented his musket, when I apologized, and passed on. It was magically beautiful indeed! and with the moonlight pouring obliquely into the sombre area, lying full upon the taller of the three *façades*, and drawing its soft line across the rich windows and massive pilasters and arches of the eastern and western, while the remaining front lay in the heavy black shadow of relief, it seemed to me more like an accidental regularity in some rocky glen of America, than a pile of human design and proportion. It is strange how such high walls shut out the world. The court of the Louvre is in the very centre of the busiest quarter of Paris, thousands of people passing and repassing constantly at the extremity of the long arched entrances, and yet, standing on the pavement of that lonely court, no living creature in sight but the motionless grenadiers at either gate, the noises without, coming to your ear in a subdued murmur, like the wind on the sea, and nothing visible above but the sky, resting like a ceiling on the lofty walls, the impression of utter solitude is irresistible. I passed out by the archway for which Napoleon constructed his bronze gates, said to be the most magnificent of modern times, and which are now lying in some obscure corner unused, no succeeding power having had the spirit or the will to complete, even by the slight labor that remained, his imperial design. All over Paris you may see similar instances; they meet you at every step: glorious plans defeated; works, that with a mere moiety of what has been already expended in their progress, might be finished with an effect that none but a mind like Napoleon's could have originally projected.

Paris, of course, is rife with politics. There is but one opinion on the subject of another pending revolution. The "people's king" is about as unpopular as he need be for the purposes of his enemies; and he has aggravated the feeling against him very unnecessarily by his late project in the Tuileries. The whole thing is very characteristic of the French people. He might have deprived them of half their civil rights without immediate resistance; but to cut off a strip of the public garden to make a play-ground for his children—to encroach a hundred feet on the pride of Paris, the daily promenade of the idlers, who do all the discussion of his measures, it was a little too venturesome. Unfortunately, too, the offence is in the very eye of curiosity, and the workmen are surrounded, from morning till night, by thousands of people, of all classes, gesticulating, and looking at the palace windows, and winding themselves gradually up to the revolutionary pitch.

In the event of an explosion, the liberal party will not want partisans, for France is crowded with refugees from tyranny of every nation. The Poles are flocking hither every day, and the streets are full of their melancholy faces. Poor fellows! they suffer dreadfully from want. The public charity for refugees has been wrung dry long ago, and the most heroic hearts of Poland, after having lost every thing but life in their unavailing struggle, are starving absolutely in the streets. Accident has thrown me into the confidence of a well-known liberal—one of those men of whom the proud may ask assistance without humiliation, and circumstances have thus come to my knowledge which would move a heart of stone. The fictitious sufferings of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," are transcended in real-life misery every day, and by nature quite as noble. Lafayette, I am credibly assured, has anticipated several years of his income in relieving them; and no possible charity could be so well bestowed as contributions for the Poles, starving in these heartless cities.

I have just heard that Chodsko, a Pole, of distinguished talent and learning, who threw his whole fortune and energy into the late attempted revolution, was arrested here last night, with eight others of his countrymen, under suspicions by the government. The late serious insurrection at Lyons has alarmed the king, and the police is exceedingly strict. The Spanish and Italian refugees, who receive pensions from France, have been ordered off to the provincial towns, by the minister of the interior, and there is every indication of extreme and apprehensive caution.

The papers, meantime, are raving against the ministry in the most violent terms, and the king is abused, without qualification, everywhere. It is the genius of the French to make a noise; but without hazarding my single opinion, I quote the most intelligent men I have met, in saying, that there is every appearance of determination and resentment working at the heart of the whole people, and a change must come somewhere. Heaven send it soon, if the distress and wretchedness that meet the eye at every step, depend upon political change for alleviation! We apprehend oppressive measures in our country with sufficient indignation and outcry; but to see the result upon those who bear their burdens till they are galled into the bone, is enough to fire the most unwilling blood to resentment. The irresistible enthusiasm to which one is kindled by contact with an oppressed people, loses here all the pleasure of a fine excitement, by the painfulness of the sympathies it causes with it. Thank God! our own country is yet free from the scourges of Europe!

I went, a night or two since, to one of the minor theatres to see the representation of a play, which has been performed for the hundredth and second time—"Napoleon at Schoenbrunn and St. Helena." My object was to study the feelings of the people toward Napoleon II, as the exile's love for his son is one of the leading features of the piece. It was beautifully played—most beautifully! and I never saw more enthusiasm manifested by an audience. Every allusion of Napoleon to his child, was received with that under-toned, guttural acclamation, that expresses such deep feeling in a crowd; and the piece is so written, that its natural pathos alone is irresistible. No one could doubt, for an instant, it seems to me, that the entrance of young Napoleon into France, at any critical moment, would be universally and completely triumphant. The great cry at Lyons was "*Vive Napoleon III!*"

I have altered my arrangements a little, in consequence of the state of feeling here. My design was to go to Italy immediately, but affairs promise such an interesting and early change, that I shall pass the winter in Paris.

LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

Intercepted for the New-York Mirror.

A fashionable party—society, etc.

I have been at a Washington squeeze, or cram; got nothing to eat, (they don't eat here) and am at this present moment so marvelously out of humor, that I write to you out of pure spite. But come I won't slander myself; I will be benevolent: I know you like to hear of *things*, (you have no taste for abstractions) and I will try to give you a notion of a Washington party.

Recollect, however, this is not to be a precedent, as they say in congress. I promised to write you letters from Washington, but not about Washington. I can't, Tom; I can't write about things before my eyes; they are seldom those which occupy my mind. I must scrawl in my own way, or not scrawl at all.

I was once, I will confess it to you, and the rather that you know it already, I was once a—dandy! At two and twenty my supercilious chin rested on (then fashionable) a cravat, whose tie Brummel might have envied; and my eye thrown carelessly around, reposed with most satisfaction on the mirror that reflected—*myself*. The bite of that puppy Coxcombry is not soon or easily cured: a fit will now and then, to this day, come over me.

This evening I was visited with a transient weakness; it was my birthday. I was nine and twenty. Nine and twenty wasted years! How little of youth remained.

The foolish profligate will throw away his last guinea because it is his last; and I suppose it was the same sort of reasoning that determined me to dedicate *this night* to vanity.

As the ghost of a miser might be supposed to gaze on the board that is daily diminishing in the hands of his spendthrift son or nephew, so did I scrutinize the face over which more slowly and surely Time was drawing his fingers.

The bloom had withered beneath his touch. He had drawn lines, faint yet, but with a certain rigidity which art could not conquer or quite conceal. But there was much left. The fire of the eye was unquenched. Unthinned and in their full rich color, the dark brown curls clustered over the broad, high forehead that slightly and gracefully frowned beneath them. I smiled—I thought there might yet be fascination in that smile!

Carefully, and with a half-abstracted air, I unfolded what might indeed be called a coat! Thrice I had worn it. Upon two occasions it had graced a Parisian saloon—once it had been the envy of Almack's.

It was done—I was a perfect man. No one has ever witnessed my toilet—let the world admire the effect; the means are my secret.

When Brummel fled, he hid not from the world that wonderful discovery—*starch!* How simple; yet it could only have occurred to a genius. When I die—I have no wealth to found a college or dig a canal—yet will I leave a legacy to my countrymen. Secrets there still are in dress, as well as in science. *Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines.* There is a way of doing things; there are certain last touches. Enough. The rising generation shall remember me. *Non omnes moriar!*

I appeared. The diplomatists stared. The natives were struck dumb with astonishment.

My graceful bows accomplished, I crossed the room with stately arrogance, and leaned carelessly against a pillar. I assumed an air of ineffable nonchalance. It might be read in my face that men and women, and all created beings, but one, were to me objects of the

most sublime indifference. Then I fell into a fit of absence. I was trying hard to think of something.

"Do you recollect," and I laid my hand on the collar of a gentleman next to me, as one might handle any inanimate object near him; "do you recollect what was the name of Lord Holland's famous pointer?"

The person addressed was a portly, middle-aged man; a major-general from Pennsylvania, who had improved the breed of cattle. There was on his face at that moment a smile of peculiar self-satisfaction, for he had been declaiming, and, as he thought, very eloquently, on the subject of a home market.

A little disconcerted at being thus unceremoniously accosted, the general stared at me for a moment, and then mustering his dignity, looked grand, and answered very pompously,

"Sir, really, I believe I have not the honor of your acquaintance, sir; and, sir, if you should look at me for a moment, you would see, I presume, sir, that I am not a person likely to have made pointer dogs my particular study, sir. And, sir, I don't know who you are, sir, nor whether you meant to give offence, sir; but I must take the liberty to say that I consider your behavior improper and incorrect and impolite, sir."

When this speech was commenced, I listened for a moment as if I expected to hear the name of the dog in question; but my curiosity not being satisfied, my fit of absence returned, to the evident amusement of those around.

The sound of the general's voice at length ceasing, seemed, however, to awaken some recollection in my mind; and reading apparently in his face that he had been saying something to me, I answered hastily, "Certainly, certainly, sir; I agree with you perfectly."

The discomfited general retreated. He thought it was *real*!—During all this time, many bright eyes had shot at me inquisitive glances; and sweet smiles and encouraging nods and inviting looks had visited me in my retreat—but it was in vain—I was not to be diverted. I played my part like a hero.

Waltzing commenced. Music melts my soul; but I stood insensible—then some began to despise me. Now for an effect.

I stepped forward with sudden animation; my face illuminated with an eloquent smile. She was a fair creature, rather tall, of melting loveliness. "Might I presume to request—for one round?" Could I sue in vain? She smiled consent, and she blushed delight.

Lightly beating time, we waited for the measure. Slow at first, like creatures of the air, with languid grace we floated round. A livelier tune! As if receiving impulse from the music, darting suddenly, like an arrow from Apollo's quiver, with vigorous grace I whirled the yielding beauty in rapid circles, till the quick motion stole the crimson from her cheek.—The others soon paused to admire. We were left alone. How beautiful. We scarce seemed two, nor yet one. What or why they admired so much they could not tell. There was a mystery, a strange accord between the music, the dance, and the beings in it. We seemed born of music, and the dance our natural state of existence. When we ceased there was a murmur of applause.

Music followed. The human voice was put to torture; the piano was beaten like a bag-pipe. At length there was a cessation. The hour was late, and but a small circle remained. I turned the conversation ingeniously to Scotch, Irish, Italian, *Spanish* music. I had heard an air in Spain—the words too were pretty—I half hummed it to myself as if endeavoring to recall the tune. I was beset with entreaties—"to try, only to try!"—"they were *sure* I could sing!"—"no matter for the *words*!"—"no matter for the *tune*!"—"I *must*!"—"there—there was the guitar, I *must*!" I yielded. With a smile, careless of success, I yielded as if only for quiet.

When I was in Italy, Tom, I determined to see if I could not do something as a singer. I took counsel (and paid for it) of some of the first musicians. I received very little encouragement. My voice was a bass, sweet, but not flexible, and of very little compass. Still I was assured that with cultivation and a good natural taste something might be made of *any* voice. I stipulated for three songs, but in them I was to be perfect. The celebrated P., unable to resist my persuasions, enforced by an argument to which neither singers nor Italians are often inaccessible, undertook the task. After infinite pains, both on my part and on his, the songs having been selected with special reference to my powers, I succeeded. We were both satisfied. Certainly I should be, for with these three songs, no one of which I have sung three times, never twice in the same country, and only in small and select circles—what a reputation have I acquired! Not only as a singer, but as a man careless about his talents and accomplishments—as a man who *might* do what he pleased. The difficult point was to conceal my poverty—to avoid singing again, after having once been heard. Few, I believe, could have navigated this channel. But I have a look, a manner—when I please—which puts an end to solicitation. "I sang once—it was a whim, but I was no singer—it was taking a liberty to treat me as one—it was offensive to me." People shrugged their shoulders—I was odd! So much the better.

Upon the present occasion, sing as I might, I was certain of success. But I had taken care that there should be *one* person present who had taste and reputation. This was to fix and give permanency to my fame. I sang; far better than was at all necessary. It was an old simple thing; a serenade. A young noble about to depart for the wars takes leave of his mistress. First, a stanza for battle and for fame—then one for love and tenderness.

I was overwhelmed. The words, the air, the singing—all were perfect, and beyond perfection. I received their praise carelessly; as just, but of no sort of consequence to me. Then I talked familiarly for five or ten minutes of camps, and courts, and foreign climes,

and withdrew hastily after a brilliant anecdote, without wit, truth, or point, but which had this merit, that I had contrived to introduce into it a wicked old cardinal, a dissolute actress, Talleyrand, an English horse-jockey, and myself; and I was the hero.

So much for puppyism! Here I am now the best singer, the best dancer, the handsomest man, and so agreeable! When you know me—only a little eccentric! In short, I am the fashion! And to be the fashion is something, any where! Otherwise why will men of sense and information envy fellows without head, heart, honesty, or grammar?

You will not recognize me in this sketch, Tom. You do not believe it—I am not such an insufferable coxcomb! I should not be if others were not, but what is a man to do? Who the deuce, I should like to know, would think of me if I did not show that I thought so much about myself? But there is another and more dangerous cure; I mean for a man of any sense or feeling.

That shrewd observer of human nature, my old friend King Corny, says all women in their hearts love a bit of a coxcomb. Now if this be not true, there is at least such a portion of truth in it, that it is very generally believed, and not unfrequently acted upon.

But if you choose, Tom, you may suppose that I have entered the soul of a dandy, and have given you an accurate account of what passes there. In truth, I do not think I could long support the character myself. There is such a constant restraint; one has to refrain from saying and doing so many things. It must be a great assistance to be a blockhead.

But I have promised to describe to you a Washington party, and I have not yet advanced a step. To begin then; as in these matters we get the clearest ideas by comparison, and as your own observation, Tom, does not extend very far, I think beyond the precincts of your native city, suffer me to compare a ball in Washington with a ball in New-York.

For style and general effect there, you must be allowed a decided preference. Your rooms are larger, better furnished, and better lighted; the music is better; the women have more fashion and elegance, and there is a much larger proportion of gay, young, handsome, and well dressed people. Then you have a lion here and there; you can always tell him, and it is easy to find out who he is, and every thing about him; and out of the way, where the women cannot see you, is a snug card-room, where you may retire, if you don't wish to dance, and there is no one that you care particularly about talking to; and there is a constantly replenished bowl of *ne plus ultra* punch in the hall; and champagne and a splendid supper to conclude. It is a defect in New-York that there are too many *young* people; here there are too few. There you want lions; you are sometimes in truth confoundedly pushed—here the lions are too numerous—they interfere with each other, and no one obtains his due share of admiration. As to the supper, which is not the fashion here, something may be said on both sides. There is, in truth, little pleasure in eating in a crowd; but then it breaks people up into little sets, and gives a capital opportunity for a *little à l'élite*. Most tender speeches in New-York are made in the supper-room. Upon the whole, however, I should be willing to give up the supper and compound for champagne.

Certainly, however, to those whose object is rational conversation, or who wish to see the great men of the country, the society in Washington (during the session of congress) is superior to any elsewhere in America. There are the members of the cabinet, the foreign ministers, the judges of the supreme court, and the distinguished lawyers attending the session of that high tribunal, with many others, whom, at this session, business or curiosity draws to the metropolis.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A LITERARY GEM.

ALL the higher literary circles are ringing with the praises of the following forthcoming work, by a gentleman of distinguished reputation. When we hint that the author is none other than Mistletoe Mushroom, Esq., we are certain of ensuring the new production a favorable reception. Mushroom, though possessing neither the individuality of Scott, nor the narrative minuteness of Cooper; the misty witicism of Bulwer, nor the copiousness of Galt, still, we think, he unites a spice of the characteristics of each to the tumid nothingness and inflated grandiloquence of Johnson. We have been favored with a perusal of the manuscript, and are happy in being enabled to present our readers with a selection from its pages. We take at random the second chapter, which, however, we think far inferior to other parts of the work.

THE FLY-MARKET LOAFER.

CHAPTER TWO.

"An ancient and fish-like smell."

The shades of evening, or, as our hero, in reference to the mackerel sky overhead, at the time wittily designated them, the shades of evening, had already fallen on the metropolis. It is true they were somewhat broken in their fall by those ligneous perpendicularities which the municipal fathers of the city have carefully erected for the purpose of sustaining those artificial luminaries, vulgarly cognominated lamps, but nevertheless broken and distorted as they were, they had fallen. The streets, squares, and lanes of this wide charnel-house of the living were being deserted by those who for the purposes of traffic, pleasure, or duty had perambulated and trotted them transitively and adventitiously during that portion of the common division of time, a day, denominated, daylight. The collector of the port and the collector of ashes had severally wended their ways

home. Old Pot Pie Palmer had an hour since ceased his tintinnabulatory exertions, and was now feasting his eyes with the accumulated treasures of his unctuous bags.

The musical and plaintive cries so peculiar to the American sweep had long since ceased their resonances, while the singularly rich intonations of the compensated distributor of charcoal had died away among the constricted intricacies of Catharine-lane. An hour passed on, and this urban crepuscular silence had given place to those vespertine peculiarities which nocturnally enliven the interstices and interstices of our great domiciliary network. The ottery peripatetics were already at their perambulatory labors—the snoring of the constituted guardians of our property told that they were faithful to their posts; and from the cupola of the hall, like muezzin from the minaret, its stationary herald, owing to the eccentric exigency of an approximate sentinel of time, obliviously forgot to bawl out that pecuniary death-tick to our Æsculapian professors of "all's well."

The chronological period we now allude to was eight P. M., and the local point to which we would induct our readers, is the head of the old Fly-market, at the foot of Maiden-lane. Not a solitary foot-step was heard, and nought usurped the stillness save the guttural sound of a little stream of muddy water, which, in perfect indifference to all else, was emptying itself into the sewer below the market. Presently a man, who had been concealed beneath the frowning portico of the building, gently stepped forward. His pace was stealthy, and ever and anon he glanced furtively around. He was enveloped in an old pea-jacket, he wore a chip hat on his head, the remnants of his trousers were of fustian, and his feet were covered, the right by the canopy of heaven alone, and the left by an old razed boot. There was an expression in his countenance, but what it was it would have puzzled a physiognomist to determine. If he did not appear like one who had seen better days, it were but a charitable sentiment to *wish* that he had. His complexion showed an utter disregard on his part to all aqueous elements and saponaceous compounds. But slovenliness is ever the accompaniment of genius, so that the market price of soap will always be in the inverse ratio of the march of mind; and in a literary republic washerwomen will have no place, as poets were excluded from Plato's. But to return. The lineaments of the countenance of the Fly-market loafer (for he, we may as well at once confess it was) were not of an extremely prepossessing cast, but he was the bantling of antithesis and the brat of coincidence. The Venusadamean beauty and symmetry of his intellect were in direct contradistinction to the Laocoonicanguinal contortions of his body; but on the other hand, and as in compensation, his nose, like his logic, was Socratic; his forehead, like his propensities, low; his visual organs, like his ideas, single; and his shoulders, like his talents, unequal.

He approached the iron railing which ran along the platform in front of the market, and looking down upon the stream of water before mentioned, he exclaimed, "Alas! the insignificance of man! He labors for a few brief hours, and then his exhausted frame requires rest; but thou, thou little kennel, holdest thy course unchanging through the live-long hours of the day and the tedious watches of the night. Since the corporation graduated and paved the vicinity, thou hast been invariable. True, at times, showers have swelled thy volume, and at others hod-carrying Hibernians have robbed thee of thy complementary stream; but when the rains have passed away, and thy channel has been undammed, thou hast still flowed on to thy old depot. Immutable mudgutter, unchangeable kennel. In comparison how little is man!" Then the Fly-market loafer started from his reverie. Some sudden thought had flashed across his mind. He thrust his hand hastily into the right pocket of his jacket, and his naked fingers finding no impediment, protruded below the skirt. Quick as a wink, or as the poet expresses it,

"As meditation or the thoughts of love,"

he rummaged the corresponding habilitmentary profundity, and drawing forth a knife, sharpened it convulsively on a broad stone at his feet, until having bestowed on it the keenness he considered requisite for his diabolical purposes, he cut a hunk of pig-tail from the chunk he held in his hand, and again relapsed into his sombre mood. After a brief silence again he suddenly started, and cut stick down the long vista of the market, amid the deserted stalls and the desolate chopping boards, until he reached the longitudinal centre of the second division of this noble edifice, when he emerged from its right opening into the narrow precincts of Fly-market street. He stopped in front of a low, wooden building, through the shutters of the second story of which a tallow-ignited light fell greasily to the pavement. Over the door was legibly painted "Fly-Market Porter-house, by Patrick Huggins," to the right of it the faint and wayworn-traveller-cheering words, "Boarding and Lodging," while to the left glistened the cabalistic paragraph, "Sausages and tripe halways ot." By this time the intelligent reader has probably surmised that Mr. Huggins was perhaps a pabulary and cubicular proveditor for the gastronomic and clinical necessities of a portion of our transient population. Need we declare also that this was the domicile of the maiden bright that claimed our hero's admiration? Preluding by a tune on a jews harp to attract the attention of the fair one, the Fly-market loafer, (so he delighted to be called, for it was his patronymic, his father having been a loafer before him) then sung with that peculiar melody which distinguishes the psalmody of Connecticut from the harmony of all the civilized world, a beautiful ditty, redolent with the romance of the Fly-market region, and he accompanied the chorusses with a singularly wild and picturesque dance.

The conscious maiden blushed as she listened to the entrancing strain; the blood mounted hastily from her heart to her cheeks, like the aroused garrison of an attacked citadel. Gladly would she have

thrown herself from the casement into the arms of her expectant lover, but prudence, and the fear of her cruel father forbade. She merely ventured on gently opening the shutter to gaze for a moment on the dim form of our hero, when startled by an impatient call for hot tripe from the public room below, with a fearful foreboding of the future, she bade the loafer a good night, and withdrew from his ardent eye.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

It would be affectation in us to deny the force of argument contained in the following chaste and well written letter. The logic displayed, especially in the postscript, leaves us very little to urge in defence.—EDS.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

MOST POTENT, GRAVE, AND REVEREND SIGNIORS—Your paper has lately contained many ironical allusions to the prevailing faults among writers, and you have taken it upon yourselves to be particularly witty on the practice of using quotations. My object in addressing you is to express my dissatisfaction with your remarks. I myself occasionally "scrawl strange words with a barbarous pen," and am therefore more emboldened to "commend the ingredients of the poisoned chalice to your own lips." I dissent from you *in toto* and, *more meo*, I shall be frank in uttering my sentiments, which are, that the rule you have so arrogantly laid down upon this subject, belongs to those "customs more honored in the breach than in the observance." What! sirs, shall we, in a land "consecrated to the genius of universal emancipation,"

"With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us,"

submit to two or three editors, who, one might imagine from their actions, are "lords of the creation?" No!

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

In my future compositions I shall no more consider your instructions than "as the idle wind." The best writers, those who have reached "the round and top of greatness," the "master spirits of the age," men "with thoughts that breathe and words that burn," all of them are in the habit of quoting; and so will those of the present generation be, by which you may see that you have "scotched the snake, not killed it." If quotations are "done when they are done, it were well they were done quickly;" and you, in your late presumptuous attempts to steer "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," have let the wind out of your sails, and thereby "shot your arrow o'er the house, and hurt your brother." What! shall "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," be told that all the gems which unfold their leaves in the pages of others, are fruits of that forbidden tree "which must not be touched lest it turn to ashes on its lips?"

"Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine played,"

are such hypercritical observations.

I regret that necessity, which at least in this instance, is not the "tyrant's plea," has compelled me to be so severe on you, for I am a "constant reader" of your columns, and often discover there

"Truth severe, by fairy fiction dressed;"

but "coming events cast their shadows before," and if you go on in this style you will very soon be forced to "hide your diminished heads," although you may think yourselves now like the sun, sitting "high in his meridian tower." I am not prepared to deny that the Mirror is an excellent paper; for it not only "teaches the young idea how to shoot," but "wakes laughter's peal," and by the aid of pathetic tales "bids the tear-drop roll," and thus "sends its readers weeping to their beds;" but that is no apology for your endeavors to laugh other people out of countenance, because they happen not to think as you do. If you are offended, I can only say, "None but the brave deserve the fair;" and (I name no names) my maxim has always been,

"Hated by fools and fools to hate,
Be this my motto and my fate."

I fear nothing—"Not fate itself can awe the soul of Richard." I should dwell much longer on this subject, but the "iron tongue of time is tolling ten," and I am really overcome with "tired nature's sweet restorer;" so (as Falstaff says) yours by yea and no, which means as you use him,

RICHARD WIGGINS,
Editor of the Commonwealth United States Champion.

P. S. I fear the above is very ill-natured, but you remember the words of the poet,

"And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing, owes not, but still pays at once,
Indebted and discharged."

THE FINE ARTS.

DUNLAP'S HISTORICAL PAINTINGS.

The gallery of the National Academy at Clinton-hall, is now opened with an exhibition of the historical paintings of Mr. Dunlap. They consist of a series of pictures from the New Testament, viz. "The Christ Rejected," "The bearing of the Cross," "The Calvary," and "The Death on the Pale Horse, or opening of the Seals."

"The Christ Rejected" is a fine and very celebrated piece. Mr. West executed a magnificent painting on the same subject, but the two are different in their composition. Mr. Dunlap gives an admirable representation of a crowd. The effect of the thronged galleries in the shadowy distance is fine. The Savior is a calm figure, with a countenance of perfect quiet amid the surrounding discord and confusion, and turned away from the high priest, who

is exclaiming, "Crucify him! crucify him!" This production will amply repay a long and close examination.

"The bearing of the Cross" discovers the Savior bent down beneath the load, and nearly overcome by physical suffering. It exhibits a great number of spirited figures in a variety of admirable attitudes.

"The Calvary" contains several groups of unusual grace and merit. One in particular, which the artist has re-painted, by itself, and which may be seen in the opposite side of the room. Perhaps the annals of time do not afford a moment of more striking moral sublimity than that chosen in the present piece. The expiation of human sins is almost consummated, and the Redeemer, amid the scoffings and cruelty of his enemies, is uttering those sacred words, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

"The Death on the Pale Horse," is founded on the outline of West's picture, which is all that Mr. Dunlap has ever seen of that work. It is a fearful representation, calculated to awaken the imagination, and very creditable to the artist's abilities. The head and shoulders of the young man on the left, in front, are extremely well executed, and the face of the dead mother, with her child, merit the highest praise.

In addition to the series exhibited in the gallery is "The attack on the Louvre," affording a very happy idea of the scene every where presented throughout the streets of Paris during the late revolution in that city. The spectator will be gratified with the vividness and reality pervading this picture. The two admirable female figures on the right, and the one on the left, will not fail to arrest his attention. The general idea of confusion which it so happily conveys—the volumes of smoke floating in the air, through which glimpses of troops and armed citizens are caught—the dying youth on the left—the musket lying on the ground—the drum, and the attitude of the cadet, are prominent testimonials of the artist's skill.

The doors of the gallery will be opened from ten till three, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from seven till ten in the evening. Lectures on painting will be delivered on Tuesday and Saturday evenings, illustrative of the pictures and the art.

We sincerely trust that Mr. Dunlap's great worth and indefatigable exertion as an artist, will render this appeal to the public taste entirely successful.

THE LATE ORATORIOS AT ST. PAUL'S.

The oratorio of the Messiah has been repeated twice within the last fortnight; and, to the credit of the inhabitants of the city be it stated, to numerous and respectable assemblies. Unfortunately the indisposition of Mrs. Austin deprived the society of their principal soprano singer; but Madame Brichta supplied the deficiency to the best of her ability. This lady is an excellent musician, and a correct vocalist, without being a finished singer. Her intonation is always perfect, consequently she never offends, and in music of the Italian school we hear her always with satisfaction, sometimes with delight; but Handel's music requires not only fine vocal abilities, both natural and artificial, but it likewise demands an education in that particular school which, although it is progressing rapidly, is not yet to be here met with in perfection.—This all the great Italian vocalists, and among the number Catalani, Pasta, and Malibran have admitted, and previous to their attempting ancient and sacred music, have taken the precaution to be well drilled by English professors who had arrived at eminence in that peculiar branch of the art. The principal failure of foreign singers in Handel's music is the mistaken use of the appoggiatura, and embellishment in general; and this was remarkable in the song "I know that my Redeemer liveth," as sung by Madame Brichta. Her best effort was "Rejoice greatly," although she sang it much slower than it is executed by the received authorities of the present day. Mr. Jones has improved wonderfully since the first oratorio. His opening recitative was beautiful, as was the aria following—and "Thy rebuke" had lost nothing of that pathos which we have previously eulogized. We would ask why he sang the song, "But thou didst not leave?" it being written for, and always sung by a soprano voice. Mr. Pearson got through all he had to do with his accustomed fidelity to the written notes, and with his usual want of style and taste. A Mrs. Toy absented herself the second night very properly; and Miss Moran manifested much sweetness of voice, and only wants a good master to become an efficient and pleasing concert singer. Mr. Kyle acquitted himself with his wonted ability; and the splendid manner in which Norton accompanied the song, "The trumpet shall sound," could not be excelled. We never heard him to greater advantage. We have already given it as our humble opinion that the choruses of the Messiah were admirably executed. There was an absence of that drawing, sleepy style which is so apt to creep over those who are in the habit of singing nothing but psalmody, and Mr. Hill led the oratorio very creditably. Mr. Blondel has a fine firm grasp of the organ, but we agree with a commentator in the American, under the signature "Oratorio," that he would improve his style of accompaniment by merely playing the harmony, as from a figured bass. We cannot, however, assent to the over-rating of Mr. Hermann's abilities, by the same writer, as manifested in the Messiah, although we certainly consider him an excellent violoncello player; but no violoncello player in his senses would attempt to stem the torrent of a full band, which numbered four double basses and as many violoncelli, besides bassoons and trombones. He would be about as audible as a lady's sigh in a gale of wind: added to which, as, right or wrong, the leader is answerable for the time, he would know very little of his duty if he attempted to dictate in such a manner, and it is very doubtful to us if the Messrs. Hermann, although clever musicians, know more about the time of the Messiah

than many musicians of this city. In conclusion, the Sacred Music Society of New-York have done all for the production of this great work which zeal and industry could accomplish. They presented the public with an excellent and well instructed chorus, the best band they could procure; the best soprano and tenor within their reach were engaged to lead the business, an accomplished singer took charge of the alto, and the bass was recruited from the best choice within a hundred miles.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

FROM WHITTAKER'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

MY FIRST DUEL.

THERE are some events in the life of a man that make an indelible impression on the mind; events that, amid the varied scenes of love, or war, or ambition, are, to the last hour of existence, as forcibly impressed upon the tablet of memory, as at the moment when they were first inscribed there by the hand of fate. Of this nature is our first duel—the recollection of the first time that we stood on the boundary line that separates the civilization of the ancient and modern worlds. There are several kinds of courage, it has been a thousand times remarked, all of which, if we take the trouble of metaphysically analyzing them, we shall find are but the consciousness of our own force or skill. The squadron of steel-clad cuirassiers rides gallantly at the square of infantry, heedless of the bristling bayonets, of the kneeling front rank, or the murderous volley of the rear. The sailor, lashed to the helm, looks calmly on the raging tempest. The huntsman, in pursuit of game, springs fearlessly across the yawning chasm, or boldly attacks the lion in his lair. Habit, and a familiarity with danger, deaden the instinctive dread of death implanted in us by nature; yet the bravest man may blanch, and the life's blood curdle in the veins, when he finds himself opposed to an adversary, who, without exaggeration, at twelve paces, could wing a hum-bird. Such was my case when quite a raw and inexperienced youngster, exposed, at the age of sixteen, to one of the most slippery tricks that dame Fortune, in her most wayward humor, can play a man. Every one must recollect the rancorous animosity that subsisted between the British and Americans for several years after the termination of the war between the two countries. Time has now, in some degree, softened down this hostile feeling; but, in 1818 it blazed fiercely forth at Gibraltar, where a slight misunderstanding at one of the guard-houses, led to a succession of bloody, and, in some instances, fatal rencounters between the garrison and the officers of the American squadron, at that time in the bay. Similar scenes were enacted at Madeira, though with less fatal results; and, only a few months afterwards, when the United States corvette Ontario, and the British frigate Hyperion, were lying in the bay of Callao de Lima, to so fierce a pitch had this feeling risen, that the commanders of the two ships came to an understanding to allow their officers to go on shore only on alternate days; and by this timely precaution they prevented a hostile collision, which would in all probability have deprived the services of both countries of some valuable and gallant officers. It was during the noontide heat of this rancorous feeling between the two nations, that I one evening entered a *café*, in one of the Brazilian outposts, to meet, by appointment, a friend, from whom I was to receive some letters of introduction for the interior of the country, for which I was on the eve of my departure. The streets were silent and deserted; the only sound to be heard was the vesper hymn sweetly floating on the evening breeze. On entering the *café*, I found a group of savage-looking Minheiros, who were drinking and listening to a love-lay, sung with great sweetness to a guitar accompaniment, by a mulatto youth; and a party of four American officers who were going home, inviolated from their squadron, round the Horn. Forcibly as my attention was arrested by the picturesque costume of the Brazilian mountaineers—one of those dark satanic groups that the spirit of Sal-vator so revelled in delineating—it did not escape me that the subject of discourse with the American party was England, against whose institution and people violent abuse and unmeasured invective were levelled, in that drawing, nasal tone that so particularly distinguishes our transatlantic brethren. No man, even of the most cosmopolitan composition, can digest violent strictures on the country of his birth; the language of the Americans jarred violently on my ear, but though it stirred up the ill blood of my nature, I did not exactly think myself called upon to play the Don Quixote, and to run a tilt against all those who should choose to asperse the majesty of England. By the young and ardent this feeling, I am aware, may be stigmatized as ignoble; but those whose passions have been mellowed by time and experience will, I think, own the prudence of the line of conduct I pursued.

I therefore took my seat, lighted a cigar, and listened attentively to the beautiful modinha sung by the mulatto; there was a plaintive softness in the air, and an exquisite simplicity in the words of the ditty, telling of the pangs of unrequited love, that had well nigh allayed the angry feelings that were struggling for mastery in my bosom; when the strictures of the Americans which had hitherto been levelled at Old England in general, were directed to me personally, and left me but one—honorable alternative. "When a man openly insults you," says my Lord Chesterfield, "knock him down." If I did not on this occasion follow his lordship's advice *a la lettre*, I did something which, among honorable men, is deemed tantamount to it, and which produced a challenge from one of the party; a demand for immediate satisfaction on the following morning, on the plea that their departure was fixed for the succeeding day. "Gentlemen," said I, "willing as I shall be to give

you the satisfaction you require, I doubt my ability to do so at the early hour you have named; for I am a stranger here, and may experience some difficulty in finding a second among my countrymen who are quite strangers to me; and are, moreover, established in a country where the laws against duelling are severe—banishment to the shores of Africa—I must, therefore, defer the rencontre till the evening, not doubting, in the mean time, to find some one to do me the office I stand in need of."

A provoking sneer played round the lips of three of the party, and an exclamation of withering contempt was on the point of escaping them, when the fourth, who had hitherto been quietly sipping his sangaree, rose from his chair and addressed me with great politeness of manner: "I cannot conceal from myself," were his words, "that this quarrel has been forced upon you, and I regret, from the turn it has taken, that there remains nothing but the last appeal; but if, as you say, you are a stranger here, and are likely to experience any difficulty in finding a second, I will myself most willingly do you that office; for I can conceive no situation so forlorn, so desolate as that of a man, in the solitary loneliness of a foreign land, without a friend to stand by him in an honorable quarrel."

The hearty pressure of my outstretched hand must have told him better than words could do, how deeply sensible I was of the service he was about to render me. We separated. The sun had scarcely gilded the balconies of the east when I arose, hurried on my clothes, and having given a few directions to my servant, hastened towards the spot where, on the preceding evening, I had parted from my new friend. It was a beautiful morning—the sun had risen in all the splendor of a tropical clime, and as I moved on through the silent trees, methought the fair face of nature had never looked so beautiful; not a sound was heard, save the solemn peal of the matin bell, or the rustling of the silk mantilla of some fair beata, as she glided past me to pour forth her morning orisons at the shrine of her patron saint. I at length reached the palace square, and observed my American friend slowly pacing the esplanade of the church of St. Maria. He was tall and bony; his blue frock and ample white trousers hung about him with republican negligence of manner; he wore his shirt collar open; and his long matted dark hair was shadowed by a broad-brimmed hat of Chilian straw, white, in comparison to the sallow hue of his complexion; his countenance I can never forget; it wore not the open frankness and gallant bearing of the soldier, but there was an expression of enthusiasm, of a cool, determined cast, a stern intrepidity; and, as he stretched out his hand to welcome me, and fixed his large black eyes on me with a concerned gaze that seemed to read my thoughts, it struck me that I beheld the very *beau ideal* of a duelist.

We moved on, each of us wrapped up in his own meditations, when, on clearing the city, he at length broke the silence that had prevailed, by asking me if I had ever been out before? On my answering the question in a negative, "I supposed as much," he continued. "At your age one has seldom drawn a trigger, but on a hare or partridge; remember, therefore, to follow implicitly the instructions I shall give you in placing you on the ground; and take this cigar," he added, handing me one from his case: "it is a powerful stimulant, and quickens the circulation of the blood."

We had by this time reached the field of action, and discovered my adversary, his second, and a medical attendant, smoking their cigars beneath the shade of a cluster of cocoa-nut trees, that stood in loneliness in the middle of the valley. They arose on our approach, saluted me sternly, and interchanged friendly greetings with my companion. "You will, of course," observed my adversary's friend, "have no objection to sixteen paces?" "As the challenged party, we have the right of choosing our own distance," rejoined my second; "say, therefore, twelve paces, instead of sixteen, and *the firing down*." "Twelve paces," I repeated to myself; "can he be playing me false?" But I did him injustice, for to this arrangement I owe, to all human certainty, my life.

The ground was measured. My second placed me with my back to the sun—a disposition that brought his rays right on my opponent's line of sight. The seconds retired to load. The ramming down of the balls grated with portentous effect upon my ear. All being ready, my second, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, bound one end of it tightly round my right hand, and measuring the length of my arm, which he marked by a knot, brought it across the back over the left shoulder, where the knot was tightly grasped by the left hand. "Now, then," he said, on putting the pistol into my hand, "be cool! When the signal is given, let your arm steadily fall, till you find it brought up by the handkerchief, and then fire!" The appointed signal was given; both fired at as nearly the same moment as possible, but with unequal success. My adversary's bullet passed through my hat; mine was more unerring in its aim—he reeled and fell. My first impulse was to rush towards him, but I was arrested in my course by my second, who stood close beside me. "Remain where you are, sir," said he; "he may yet stand another shot." This was not the case; the ball had entered the shoulder; and as the wounded man lay weltering in his blood, he said, with a look of reproach to my companion, "B—n, this is all your doing." We conveyed him to a neighboring hut, till the shade of evening allowed us to take him on board ship. As he walked off the ground, my companion said to me, "You doubtless wondered why I rather placed you at twelve than sixteen paces. Know, then, that at the latter distance your adversary was a dead shot. At twelve, it occurred to me, that he might by chance fire over you; that, unaccustomed to that distance, he might not correctly allow for the parabola described by the ball on leaving the pistol; the result," he added with a smile, "has proved that my calculation was correct. Had you too," he added, "allowed your

arm to have fallen with great force, the shot would taken effect lower, and might (this was said very coolly) have proved fatal. But I must not find fault with you, as it was your first essay."

On the following morning my generous friend, my preserver, in fact, my wounded adversary, and his friends, sailed for the states. I have never seen them since, or even heard of them, save a few short lines sent me by a vessel they spoke at sea, to inform me that the wounded man was doing well.

I have often reflected since on the high-toned, generous feeling that entered so deeply into the peculiarity of my situation; the high resolve that, once pledged, sternly devoted itself to carry me through, indifferent to the ties of country or friendship. That my friend was a duelist, his conduct on the ground warrants me in supposing. I am ignorant if he yet walks this earth. But this I know, had I gone into the field with any one else, I should now be sleeping beneath the white walls of the English cemetery at R—.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1832.

The Cholera.—This awful calamity is becoming a subject of alarm in America. At the first faint intelligence of its ravages among the population of the most distant part of the globe, we could not but shudder. We have been accustomed, however, to consider ourselves so completely separated from Asia and its dangers, that we regard accounts of the transactions occurring there, almost as the history of past ages, if not the incidents of a romance; but as this pestilence rolled from those remote nations, with a broad and steady course over Europe, the subject began to assume a new and more fearful interest, which the late advices from England are by no means calculated to diminish. The question on every one's lips now is, can this extraordinary plague cross the Atlantic? We are inclined to hope it will not. Several private letters state that the disease is not generally so terrible as it is represented, and that its consequences, as it progresses, are of a less fatal character. We must allow something for the confusion and alarm excited in England, and for the exaggerations and errors which on such occasions usually prevail. That the reports differ materially, is certain, and one communication from Gateshead, the town on the river Tyne, opposite Newcastle, states, that every malady, of every description, and every death, from whatever cause, are ascribed to the cholera. Although this is not entirely credible, we suspect it is not wholly destitute of truth. Neither is the question of its contagiousness settled. The very doubt, however, has a sufficient bearing on the subject of its reaching the American continent, to render necessary the quarantine regulations, which have been recently adopted in this city, and sometime since in Boston, in all our ports. The victims of the disorder would perish or recover long before their arrival here; but the infection is supposed to remain with all the objects with which the sick had any communication. If the disease is merely contagious, and not a state of the atmosphere destined, as some suppose, to circumvent the globe, every thing is to be hoped from the enforcement of the quarantine rules; and the temporary inconvenience which they may occasion to commerce, is but trivial compared with the incalculable evils against which they would be the barrier. If, on the other hand, the pestilence is but a poisoned air, is it likely to retain its nature upon the Atlantic, and will not the western coast of Europe and Africa be the limit of its career? Some learned person or other has published his opinion, that it is undoubtedly a venom in the atmosphere, and estimates its velocity at a few inches a day. But the wind, that is the air itself, travels many miles a day, and would, consequently, convey such a venom with it. Besides, if the air itself is poisoned, why do not beasts die of it?—yet we have not heard of either horses or dogs sick with the cholera in England. But whatever the origin of it may be, it is certainly striking terror through all classes. It is not only the actual contagion that they fear, but the confusion and distress it will everywhere occasion. We notice, with pleasure, that the translation of a treatise on the subject is on the eve of publication; but we think yet more should be done, and, if only to impart a feeling of confidence to the public, one or more competent physicians should be dispatched to England to study the precise nature of the disease, and the correct method of treatment, the course of diet, &c. most proper to be pursued, and such facts as would be valuable to the profession in this country. If symptoms of the pestilence should break out here, the opinion that we are prepared for it will, in some measure, allay the public anxiety, and prevent our yielding to sudden and groundless alarm. At present, should a case transpire, or even one of another malady be mistaken for it, the mind of the whole community is prepared by a thousand floating, and, perhaps, exaggerated rumors, to yield to the most frightful apprehensions.

Bachelor's Ball.—Moralists declare that the greatest homage guilt can pay to virtue is to assume its garb; so the most unequivocal confession of their dissatisfaction with their lot is afforded by this elegant entertainment, which the bachelors offer to the ladies. It takes place on St. Valentine's day, the fourteenth instant, at the City-hotel. The balls managed by this society have always presented a fine display of fashion, and it is almost superfluous to commend them to the attention of our fair readers. Rumor is already busy touching the throngs of the young and the beautiful briskly preparing for the occasion. Many a rash advocate for single blessedness will rue the hour. Hymen is weaving chains that *must* be worn, and the blind boy is sharpening his arrows. Go, dear reader—be

sure to go. It will be a thing to be remembered. Go witness the discomfiture of bachelorism, its annihilation by its own rashness. Go see the lion beaten in his den. What fatal folly possesses these impetuous swains to rush on their fate? Deem they their flimsy armor of philosophy and resolution sufficient shield against the brilliant dangers they must encounter? If they knew what we know, would they persist? Presumptuous scoffers! their plumes shall be torn! The annexed rhapsody from a correspondent comes very *apropos*, and cuts short further observation.

"Descend, oh muse! we invoke thy aid. Spirit of Ossian inspire our pen. Lift the veil of the future. Alas! what do we see? The radiant scene bursts upon us in a blaze of light! A crowd of the lovely and youthful mingle in the dance. Music, richer than fills a summer grove, inspires every bosom. The bending floor springs to the touch of slender feet. Graceful the groups as flowers by the running stream. The prismatic chandeliers flash with rainbow beams, such as shine on the spray at the foot of Niagara, when the heavens are blue, and spring blossoms in the valley. Venus, from a cloud of floating incense, bends her radiant face. Cruel Cupid draws his fatal bow.

"The white-armed Laura pauses from the dance. Pure her thoughts as clouds that hang in heaven. The prosperous Jenkins calls her daughter. She comes from her beautiful home, where the circling Bowling-green shines with waving trees, amid the city walls. Her father is great among the people; snowy winged ships bear his wealth from distant climes; many aspiring youths seek her hand, though cold her bosom to love. Tremble, blue-eyed Laura; tremble, daughter of Jenkins of the stately ships. Whisker-cheeked Augustus arrests thy heavenly orbs. Persuasion flows from his lips; his looks are soft and full of love; they sink into thy soul. Tremble, lovely dweller by the Bowling-green; blue-eyed daughter of Jenkins, thy time has come. Relentless Cupid loosens his winged shaft; deep to thy heart it flies like the arrow of the hunter to the wild deer's panting and snowy bosom. They will miss thee in thy father's costly halls; they will miss thy tones of music. The aged man will lean his ear for thy light step; only the evening breeze will answer. Shadows will be on his wintry forehead, when thou art away with thy husband. Peace be ever with thee and thine, silver-voiced enemy of bachelors. Who rises like a soft star? Dearer her tones than the dash of blue waves, that break on thy sandy beach, far flowing Hudson. Fly from her glance, Frederick, mightiest of bachelors, danger is abroad. Fly, snuff-taking Henry, antiquated studier of Coke. William, doctor of renown; Thomas, writer of jingling rhymes—fly.

"Beautiful she comes as a summer night, when no cloud reflects the moonbeams. In a distant street is her dwelling. Her once David wedded. A green mound swells by the river side. There his name is written. The rolling years went on; nature healed her wounded heart, and overspread it with other thoughts and other hopes. So when the dreadful earthquake rends the hill the gentle summers wash its torn bosom with showers, and overspread it with peaceful grass. She moves with a slow step; her eyes are soft with dark beauty, like the antelope's when it leaves the playful herd and mourns. She was lovely, and many loved her. The high-hearted Arthur bowed before her.

"Hear me," he said. "Julia of the mournful eyes, wealth is mine; my palace is proud and beautiful: I am high among the highest. The world is bleak around thee; they thou lovedst are laid low; their names are found on the cold marble; they can never protect thee. Let me protect thee. Dearest thy melancholy than the mirth of others. It soothes my soul like summer's twilight hours. I love thee in thy sorrow. There is no love like my love."

"She spoke; her voice was like the dove that mourns her mate.

"I cannot love thee, youth with the lofty brow; other's eyes are brighter than mine. Their bosoms will beat when thou speakest to them thus. Mine is cold and still. I can never love thee."

"Tears hung on her lashes like drops on the vine-leaves after the shower. Cover from our view, oh spirit! his dark thoughts. Hide the treacherous scene. Many will be the hearts reft by the arrow of the laughing boy at your ball, oh bachelors! A."

Washington's birthday.—On the centennial birthday of Washington, Major-general Morgan Lewis will deliver an oration. The consistory of the Middle Dutch church have unanimously offered their building for the occasion. A general parade will take place in the day, a military *fete* will be given in the evening, and other demonstrations of public feeling will celebrate this interesting era.

Madame Malibran.—This female has obtained a divorce from Mr. Malibran, on the grounds that in France no marriage is valid occurring out of the kingdom unless sanctioned by a French consul. She has formed a new alliance with a famous fiddler—De Berneot!

Commissary-general.—Alexander M. Muir has been re-appointed commissary-general of this state. In common with our fellow-citizens we are gratified with the intelligence. This gentleman is deservedly popular from the fidelity and courtesy with which he has discharged his official duties.

A critic's grammar.—A critic in the New-England Galaxy of the fourth instant, in an article criticizing Mr. Willis, has the following finished decision, which we presume is final: "He writes to please neither you nor I." We regret the letters do not please *he*, but it cannot be helped.

Cinderella.—Mrs. Austin appeared in this opera to a fashionable audience on Monday evening. She was received with acclamations.

The young grandson of Sir Walter Scott, to whom the *Tales of a Grandfather* were dedicated, died lately, aged eleven years.

THE CELEBRATED ITALIAN WALTZ,

COMPOSED BY S. CRISTIANI.



ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

EUROPE.

THE moral and physical aspect presented by this portion of the globe may be termed awful: the people everywhere rising against the government, or the fires of revolution smouldering beneath the surface, like the force of approaching earthquakes. The higher classes are appalled with fear for the tenure of all they value in life, and the lower orders, often oppressed with the most wretched poverty, and goaded to desperation by hunger or cold. The power of nature is combating with the energy of old tyrannical laws, and Europe resembles a boiling stream, agitated by the conflict of violent and opposing tides. In addition, and rolling over the whole, like a pestilential ocean, the cholera comes onward with a march which nothing can oppose or elude, and adds its victims to those of war, despotism and famine. The historian who shall write several centuries hence, will thus describe the present age, as it transpired in the land of France, Greece, and Poland. Yet go there, and, perhaps, you will travel weeks, and suspect nothing of these evils. You will see peaceful cottages with green swards, and merry peasants dancing beneath a clear bright heaven, and the country will delight, and the splendor of the city dazzle: so difficult a thing is it to keep down the human mind, and by even the most stupendous public calamities to check the growth of private joys. This elastic character of man, for which we cannot be too grateful to Providence, is like the vital principle of vegetation in the earth, where vines, trees, and bright flowers will spring up between the crevices of rocks, or from out of the fragments of mouldering ruins.

PETTY SUPERSTITIONS.

The guardians of youth have often been told that they cannot be too careful to exclude from their imaginations these marks of ignorance, which render them ridiculous as well as unhappy. But all rules have exceptions. During my early childhood I was sent to reside for several years in a distant country place, nearly as re-

mote from city scenes and associations as the island of Robinson Crusoe. In this humble abode my infant mind soon yielded to the simple fancies of those around, and I learned to regard numerous ordinary occurrences as fraught with a mysterious meaning. Some of these, I confess, were dark and withering. A winding-sheet in the candle—a death-tick in the ear—the howling of a dog at night—I acknowledge my soul has shrunk from these dreadful omens, but then, what exquisite pleasure I have derived from others of a contrary description! How my heart has brightened up on finding a horse-shoe, for that was always a sign of "good-luck;" and many a time when my eyes caught the clear iron, half buried in the road, I have seized it with almost a religious veneration, and placed it on the old rail fence, where the poor laborer, on his return, might see it. Then the shooting stars!—when they flashed their fiery trains across the sky, it was our belief that he who during their progress could express his wish three times, would certainly have that wish gratified.

There is a small and beautiful winged insect, shaped in the back like a tortoise, of a golden color, spotted with black. With what gravity, when one of these gorgeous little creatures encountered me in my walks through the corn-fields, I have caught it, and repeated the old traditional lines:

"Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will burn," &c.

I realized a joy in the vague idea, that by means of this warning I had saved it from some impending evil, and enlisted in my favor the good graces of superior beings. Crickets, too, were considered as a kind of charm. I remember having once fought a severe battle with a young urchin, just from the city, who wished to crush one on the grass. I thought him rash as Belshazzar, when he stole "those golden vessels richly carved," for his fatal feast. That simple superstition cannot be totally destitute of beauty, which could soothe me by the low chirp of this insect, hidden in the kitchen hearth, and now that these errors have passed away, I am almost fain to regret them. They are connected with a world of peaceful and pleasant images, with that ancient low house, and its moss-

covered roof; with the tall, straight locusts by the door, and their silky leaves; with the green lane, and well-remembered orchard, where we used to feast on the early apples; and with so many friends now scattered and dead, and so many delights which I can never know again, that I yet pause at the voice of a cricket, and smile when I find a horse-shoe; and, when, in a midnight perambulation, the "fallen star" streams across the still bright heavens, I am scarcely recovered from the impulse to wish many and many a vain dream, to which even the spell of the flashing meteor cannot now lend the tinge of reality.

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Tragedian—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets into a violent passion for so much a night.

Critic—A large dog, that goes unchained, and barks at every thing he does not comprehend.

Impossibility—Breakfast on board a steam-boat without sausages.

Patron of American periodical literature—A person who subscribes to a journal, and stops it in a few months without paying his subscription.

"Your humble servant"—A term applied by the writer of a letter to himself, which would be the greatest insult if applied by another.

Esquire—Everybody, yet nobody; equal to General.

Jury—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one or more at a bar.

Young attorney—A useless member of society, who often goes where he has no business to be, because he has no business where he ought to be.

State's evidence—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,

To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscriptions received for a less term than one year. New subscribers can be supplied with the Mirror from the twenty-seventh number of the present volume, which was issued on the seventh of January.

J. Seymour, printer, John-street.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1832.

No. 33.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

TO HER WHO CAN UNDERSTAND THEM.

AIR—"To ladies eyes a round, boy!"

THE song that o'er me hovered
In summer's hour, in summer's hour,
To day with joy has covered
My winter bower, my winter bower.
Blest be the lips that breathe it,
As mine have been, as mine have been,
When pressed, in dreams, beneath it,
To hers unseen, to hers unseen.
And may her heart, wherever
Its hope may be, its hope may be,
Beat happily, though never
To beat for me, to beat for me.

Is she a Spirit, given
One hour to earth, one hour to earth,
To bring me dreams from heaven,
Her place of birth, her place of birth?
Or minstrel maiden, hidden
Like cloistered nun, like cloistered nun,
A bud, a flower, forbidden
To air and sun, to air and sun?
For had I power to summon
With harp divine, with harp divine,
The Angel, or the Woman,
The last were mine, the last were mine.

If earth-born Beauty's fingers
Awaked the lay, awaked the lay,
Whose echoed music lingers
Around my way, around my way;
Where smiles the hearth she blesses
With voice and eye, with voice and eye?
Where binds the Night her tresses,
When sleep is nigh, when sleep is nigh?
Is fashion's bleak cold mountain
Her bosom's throne, her bosom's throne?
Or love's green vale and fountain,
With One alone, with One alone?

Why ask? why seek a treasure,
Like her I sing, like her I sing?
Her name nor pain nor pleasure
To me should bring, to me should bring.
Love must not grieve or gladden
My thoughts of snow, my thoughts of snow,
Nor woman soothe or sadden
My path below, my path below.
Before a worldlier altar
I've knelt too long, I've knelt too long,
And if my footsteps falter,
'Tis but in song, 'tis but in song.

Nor would I break the vision
Young fancies frame, young fancies frame,
That lights with stars elysian,
A poet's name, a poet's name;
For she, whose gentle spirit
Such dreams sublime, such dreams sublime,
Gives hues they do not merit
To sons of rhyme, to sons of rhyme.
But place the proudest near her,
Whate'er his pen, whate'er his pen,
She'll say, (be mute who hear her,)
"Mere mortal men, mere mortal men!"

Yet though unseen, unseeing,
We meet and part, we meet and part,
Be still my worshipped Being,
In mind and heart, in mind and heart.
And bid thy song that found me—
My minstrel maid, my minstrel maid!
Be winter's sunbeam round me,
And summer's shade, and summer's shade.
I could not gaze upon thee,
And dare thy spell, and dare thy spell,
And, when a happier won thee,
Thus bid farewell, thus bid farewell. F. G. H.

THE LOVES OF THE SHELL-FISHES.

Extract from a manuscript Poem.

In my young days—I'm old and hoary now—
In my young days, when life was in its spring,
Ere yet the hand of care had seamed my brow,
While life's fresh buds of hope were blossoming—
I was a wanderer then—the vessel's prow
Bore me away, with high and wind-kissed wing,
To new and distant lands, beyond the clime
Where I had fondly hoped to pass my prime.

I travelled through strange lands, and in strange eyes
And stranger voices found a welcoming,
And learned the language spoke 'neath milder skies,
Soft as the rivulet's mild murmuring:
And in that land of gentle melodies,
Of incense-breathing airs and changeless spring,
I met a fisher once by the sea-shore,
A man of humble life, though varied lore.

For he had learned the language of the sea
From a young mermaid, taken by his art;
The fairest of the ocean-born was she,
And quite she won the simple fisher's heart.
There was a life of joy and loving glee;
And 'twas her whole enjoyment to impart
To him the heaven of promise to his sight,
Her latest found and ever new delight.

The unwearying burden of those ocean lays,
The storied legends of her own loved clime;
Where the glad light of never-dying days
Knows not the lapse of years, the change of time;
With words as soft as is the voice of praise
From childhood's cherub lips; my lowly rhyme
Fears to repeat the soft words from a mouth
Sweet as the perfumed breezes of the south.

His thirsty ear drank deeply of her song,
And his full heart retained its witchery;
And many a time as we have strolled along
The yellow sands that skirt the foamy sea,
I've listened to his strange and varied throng
Of words of wild and thrilling mystery,
Of tales of love, and stories of old lore,
That earthly being never heard before.

Peace to thee, humble fisher, and to her
Thy gentle and thy cherished ocean bride:
Ye hear no more the billow's busy stir,
That bore ye onward on their foaming tide.
Ye shall not all decay, if song confer
A place in hearts where ye may yet abide;
Though nameless as my lay, to be forgot
From human memories, shall not be your lot.

Thus did I learn this plain and simple lay.
Rude though it be, its beauties all are thine,
Sweet daughter of the deep; though never may
It reach the hearts of others as of mine;
Though but the record of an idle day,
It breathes not thoughts that poets call divine.
I do confess it wakes and warms my cold
And worn out heart, and makes me feel less old.

Such is my plain unvarnished tale; if true
Or false, it is not every part mine own,
Except the episodes which I clearly do
Claim most exclusively as mine alone.
These I submit to the impartial view
Of thee, sweet public. Now my preface done,
I shall commence, as has become the fashion,
My poem with a splendid burst of passion.

She was the fairest of the race of pearls,
Gentle as fair, and graceful in her mien
As is the form of earth's most queenly girls,
And to be loved had only to be seen.
As when a cloud of darkness vainly furls
The star that peeps its feathery skirts between;
So did she look, when the half-opened shell
Gave glimpses of her beauty in its cell.

She was, I must confess, a little pale;
But hers was not the paleness which on earth
Speaks of the gnawing tortures that assail
The heart, and rob the bosom of its mirth;
She had not felt misfortune's wintry gale,
For pleasure smiled upon her at her birth;
And she was nursed in joy as in their bowers,
The sea-born goddess by the laughing hours.

Hers was, as I have said, a lineage
Stainless, and traced back to the deep's dark ages;
(So proved by reference to the herald's page;)
Her sires were minstrels, warriors, saints and sages,
And acted well their parts on life's wide stage;
Pure patriots all, unbought by place or wages;
While on her mother's side the best of blood
Was traced to several years before the flood.

With birth and beauty such, the education
Of this fair daughter of a princely race,
Was such as well became her rank and station;
And every budding year put forth new grace,
And added to the glorious coruscation
Of charms that beamed from mien, and form, and face,
While her deportment showed that strict propriety
Which gives a charm to ocean's good society.

ORIGINAL TALES.

ALICE.

SHE arrived at the school on a holiday afternoon, towards the close of spring, when all the scholars were out in the neighboring fields, except Frank and myself. We were seated under the great elm in the dooryard, engaged in our favorite game, in which each alternately endeavored to surpass the other by reading a greater number of lines in Virgil without breaking the measure, when the carriage drove up, and Alice Prior alighted. We spent the remainder of the day in introducing the new-comer to all the objects of interest within and around the seminary; and from that time forth, for two years, we three were inseparable companions whenever school regulations did not preclude our intercourse. It was the happiest period of my life. I loved the gentle orphan as a brother may love a favorite sister; but farther than this, I dared not give way to my feelings, being aware of the previous attachment of the cousins. At length I was recalled to the city to superintend my father's mercantile affairs, as his partner. Frank and I corresponded for many months, until at length becoming more and more engrossed in the business of the busy world, I neglected to answer his letters altogether. In his last he informed me of the death of his parents, that Alice had been adopted by a natural uncle, a Mr. Morton, who was childless, and reported to be among the wealthiest of the metropolis, and that his collegiate course was almost completed. I made inquiries for Alice soon after, but not being able to ascertain her place of residence, her remembrance gradually passed from my mind, and I thought no more of the country belle for three whole years, till one night I met her at a large party. I knew her at the first glance, but the artless school-girl had grown into the accomplished woman. She had just been led to the piano by her adopted father as I recognized her. Scarcely had she struck a dozen notes, before the numerous groups throughout the spacious and thronged saloon became still, and ere the first stanza was ended, I fancied myself in some vast hall where music and statuary had united their fascination, so motionless were the listeners, so charming the strain. There was more of melody than power in her voice, which, with the touching expression she gave to the sentiment, made its way directly to the heart. She sang a few more popular airs, and then resigned her seat.

"Can this be Alice Prior?" whispered I, audibly, as she passed me, arm-in-arm with a gentleman, who was conducting her to a little knot of friends.

"It is even so," returned a familiar voice, at my elbow.

I looked round and beheld a tall figure leaning against a pilaster just on my right. I recognized the features of Frank Warner. I grasped his hand, and in a moment we were boys again. We retired to a distant corner of the room, and there ran over the prominent events in the history of our lives since we parted at boarding-school. Among other particulars, he acquainted me with an engagement between himself and cousin, previous to her removal to the metropolis; of their subsequent correspondence while he was yet at college; "which lasted but a few months," continued he, with emotion, "before she became remiss in answering my letters, till at length I heard from her no longer. By and by I came to the city to pursue my professional studies; but my feelings had been too deeply wounded by her silence to seek an interview. We met, however, occasionally, as the sphere of my acquaintance enlarged, but she had forgotten me, and she was no longer the unsophisticated being for whom we contrived so many gratifications in our school-boy days. Adopted, nay, idolized by a man of large fortune, transplanted into the fascinating scenes of metropolitan gaiety and splendor, and enchanted by all the pleasures which wealth and beauty can summon, she has learned to forget, or to look back with disdain on those simple delights amid which she was nurtured. She has breathed the malaria of flattery, till her young heart has been tainted with its poison. She has learned that she is an object of admiration. She has learned that she is heir to a splendid inheritance, and the consciousness of independence is but another name for pride. No expense has been spared to perfect her in the fashionable accomplishments of the day, and these with her elegant person and prospective dowry, have drawn around her a crowd of admirers. I too still observe her, but it is at a distance; I stand aloof and gaze at her as at some glorious and unapproachable being, from the mastery of whose presence it is impossible to break away. We meet comparatively often, for I cannot bring myself to shun the opportunity of seeing her, though she passes me unnoticed, or notices me but with indifference."

"Assuredly, my friend," said I, "there is a fortune in love, and therefore to repine at the awards of the blind goddess is of no avail. In the disappointments of affection, as in all others of the heart, stoicism is the true philosophy. Come, come, Frank, away with this boyish melancholy—cheer up, and remember that though this

passage in your life be gloomy and desolate, it may be the highway to scenes of light and beauty which await your future progress."

"It is useless to philosophize," replied Werner. "Reason, I own, shows us true beacons by which we might safely direct our course; but, Love sits at the helm of the heart, and—"

"Should be thrown overboard for a blind pilot," interrupted I, "whenever he trifles with his trust, amid breakers and quicksands."

Before he had time to reply, a friend beckoned me to her from a distant part of the room. The lady who had summoned me was one of the gay circle in which Alice was seated, and after a little time I was introduced to the latter. She had not forgotten me; but whenever, in the course of conversation, I reverted to past scenes, she became silent, and even apparently disconcerted. At first I did not notice her embarrassment, so pleasing was it to speak of the associations awakened by her presence; but I soon discovered my error, and remarked to myself that there is no surer way of forfeiting the good graces of those who have risen to consequence from the humble walks of life, than to remind them of their first estate. Pride, like the eagle, looks upward, and finds no gratification in surveying the low perch from which it plumed its wing for eminence.

"Who is that student-looking unknown, whom you left in the corner yonder?" asked one of the group. "He looks as pale and melancholy as a discarded lover."

All eyes were directed towards Frank, whose face was partly turned towards the window, through which the full-moon was beaming.

"That's my friend, Dr. Werner," I returned. "I believe you formerly knew him, Miss Prior."

"Indifferently," she replied, with nonchalance.

"He affected to be your beau at school, I have been informed," observed another of the party. "His country gallantry must have been really amusing."

"He my beau," cried Alice, extending her fore-finger with a scornful smile; "that tall mountaineer my beau, indeed!" and she laughed outright.

The gesture and the contemptuous smile did not escape the notice of their object. I looked at the haughty girl, and our eyes met. A blush passed over her features, but it was instantly followed by an expression of careless gaiety; and tossing a billet to me, she said,

"Here, Mr. Morgan, this is for you: you used to be an admirer of sonnets, and of course you will be greatly obliged to me for so valuable a present. Your friend handed it to me this evening, by mistake, I presume."

"Read it, do, do," cried half-a-dozen voices at once.

"No, no, indeed," interrupted Alice; "you must spare me—I am positive I should not survive such an infliction."

Werner turned away in confusion, and withdrew from the apartment, stung to the quick.

The group was soon after dispersed in a cotillion, and as my feelings were warmly excited in my friend's behalf, I took the opportunity of being alone to see what he had written as a valedictory to his cousin. The following were the lines:

Farewell—the spell is broken
That held me in its thrall;
Farewell—the word is spoken
My lips shall ne'er recall!
And though we oft may meet, perchance,
And mingle in the stirring dance
With pleasure's idle-hearted;
We shall not meet as we have met,
Ere hope's first morning star had set,
Nor part as we have parted.
I loved thee, and must love thee still
In memory of the past,
Amid what'er of earthly ill
My future lot be cast!
For in my boyhood's sunny prime,
When brightly from the urn of time
Life's golden moments fell,
Thou wert a peri to my eyes,
Sent from Love's own sweet paradise
In my young heart to dwell.
Ay, curl that cherub lip in scorn,
And give to wit the rein,
And barb that tongue with sarcasm born
From thy proud heart's disdain,
In mockery of one who erst
Was ever foremost of the first
To guard thy maiden fame—
One who, with quick adventurous hand,
Had braved the proudest of the land,
That lightly named thy name.
And yet if thou canst borrow,
In beauty's mirthful pride,
Delight from friendship's sorrow,
Smile on, I will not chide:
Yet ah, methinks it were more kind,
More fraught with woman's feeling mind
To hide derision's fang,
From one who even now would dare
More than life's brittle thread could bear,
Ere thou shouldst feel a pang.
Farewell, may nought of sadness
Thy coming hours befall:
But thine to meet with gladness
And gentle looks from all—
And mine to wend my way alone,
Whether with thorns or roses strewn,
I care not—fate shall tell—
Soul-nerved with stoic pride to bear
Calmly the cold world's wintriest air,
And ev'n thine own—farewell.

I was suddenly roused from the reverie into which the perusal of

the stanzas had thrown me, by a shriek which broke from near the centre of the apartment, and hurrying towards the spot, I beheld Alice, pale and insensible, in the arms of the gentleman with whom she had been dancing. One of the large chandeliers had broken from its fastenings by the jar of the cotillions, and the whole weight of the massy ornament had fallen obliquely upon the neck and shoulder of the beautiful girl. The external injury was scarcely perceptible, and after a little time she was so far recovered as to be enabled to ride home. An experienced surgeon was summoned, and when I called, a few days after, to learn the state of her health, her father informed me that her case had been pronounced hopeless! A large and deep-seated aneurism had made its appearance in such a situation that an operation was deemed impracticable. As I left the house, my promise to Frank occurred to me, and I took my way to his office. I found him in rather a melancholy mood, surrounded with books and anatomical drawings, and deeply engaged in study. After a little conversation on topics connected with past scenes, I asked him if he had seen his cousin since her late accident.

"No," he replied, "has anything of consequence befallen her?"

I gave him the particulars of her misfortune. At first he would not believe me, but when convinced that I was in earnest, he dropped his head upon his hand and remained silent for several minutes. At length he asked,

"Did you say that Dr. — despaired of her recovery?"

"So her father assured me."

"Then I will see her," resumed he, after a little pause. "I have had no inconsiderable experience in the treatment of such injuries."

He took from a drawer a case of instruments; and having satisfied himself that they were in perfect order, we set off together for Mr. Morton's.

We found the old gentleman walking the room in an agony of grief. As soon as he became a little calm, I introduced my companion as a young surgeon of eminence, whom I had taken the liberty to call in, thinking that possibly his experience might prove of some benefit to the sufferer.

"Thank you," returned Mr. Morton; "but I fear that all our efforts will end in disappointment."

"While there is life there is hope," observed Frank, encouragingly, as they entered the apartment of the invalid.

After a short absence they returned.

"And what think you, doctor?" whispered the old gentleman, as soon as he had closed the door.

"I think—nay, I know that she can be saved," was the firm reply.

"Saved! How?"

"By a painful and most perilous operation."

"And who will perform it," asked I, "since Dr. — has refused?"

"There is one," replied Werner, "who will attempt it, if his seniors lack courage."

At this moment the door opened, and Dr. —, the surgeon in attendance, entered.

"Ah, Dr. Werner, I am very glad to meet you—I have just driven round to your office to bring you here; but some one has anticipated me."

"He has seen her, Dr.," said the father, "and bids me take comfort in the prospect of her recovery."

"What!" exclaimed Dr. —, addressing Werner, "will you attempt to take up that artery, seated as it is in the very neighborhood of the heart?"

"With your approval and assistance, sir," was the reply.

The fact was, Werner had been the favorite pupil of Dr. —, who had formed so high an opinion of his professional abilities from the science and skill he had displayed on several occasions while yet a student, that he almost looked upon him as his superior, even at that period, and always consulted him in all dangerous emergencies.

"But," continued Dr. —, "how can you expect my approval in this case, when I remind you that the operation you have in view has never been attempted but once, and then by the first surgeon in Europe, in whose hands it completely failed. I stood by him at the time, and witnessed the painful reluctance with which he abandoned it, after a long-continued and most anxious effort."

"Sir," replied the young surgeon, respectfully, "I have twice successfully reduced a similar aneurism, and with your support can do it again."

"Then will I stand by you," said Dr. —, and retired to make the necessary preparations. Before he withdrew, however, Frank said to him,

"Be kind enough, doctor, not to mention my name to the patient, if you please: I have a special reason for the request: and, pray, throw a handkerchief over her face, for the countenance of a suffering female unmans me."

The arrangements were soon completed, and we were admitted to the apartment of the invalid. The patient had on a white undress, and was seated in a low easy-chair, with her head reclining on Dr. —'s shoulder. Her neck and the upper margin of her bosom were uncovered, exposing a large pulsating tumor which seemed on the very point of yielding to the vital current that circled beneath. Her father stood by, holding her hand, with a countenance in which hope, fear, and sorrow were most touchingly depicted. I glanced instinctively and with an absorbing feeling of apprehension towards the young surgeon, as he prepared himself for the fearful operation with a composure so marked, that it seemed to border on apathy. He was paler than usual, but then I could not detect the slightest quivering of a muscle—he was perfectly firm and self-collected. Every lineament of his face showed the mastery of mind over the strong passions which must be subjected during the performance of

his dangerous task, and accordingly there was no more emotion to be detected in the bearing of that manly frame, than if it had been chiselled from the insensible marble. As he bent down, however, and with one stroke of the knife made a deep and free incision along that beautiful bust, which was followed by a convulsive tremor and a suppressed groan of the sufferer, I thought I heard him catch his breath for once, spasmodically; but no other sign of discomposure escaped him.

"Father, dear father," cried the poor girl, "clasp my hand closer—closer still—I can't feel you—so—so—that will do."

Tears stood in the old man's eyes, and he turned away his face from the scene. Even Dr. —, veteran as he was, respired with difficulty. But the adventurous operator kept steadily on, dexterously winding deeper and deeper amidst nerves, veins, and arteries, with a skill, on the perfect integrity of which depended the life of the lovely being in whose fate he was so warmly interested—his progress rendered doubly obscure by the effusion of blood, and doubly dangerous from the unnatural situation of the surrounding parts—until at length, by a masterly effort, he succeeded in securing the deep-laid and ruptured vessel. The dressings were soon adjusted, and leaving Dr. — and the father to replace the patient in bed, we retired to the drawing-room. Frank threw himself on the sofa, exhausted by the smothered and almost insupportable excitement of the scene through which he had just passed.

"Some air," said he, faintly; "I feel ill—very ill. There is a strange sense of dizziness in my head, and of suffocation here," he continued, laying his hand on his breast, "which almost overcomes me."

I threw up the window, and the cool air, with a glass of wine, partially restored him. Dr. — now entered, his benevolent countenance beaming with such an expression of admiration as a fond parent exhibits on the triumph of a favorite child.

"Well, well, my son," he exclaimed, "I will no longer be proud of my surgical abilities. Hitherto I have thought there was nothing practicable within the compass of my art which I could not perform; but you have taught me a new lesson, and I own my mistake."

I will not attempt to describe the mingled expressions of gratitude and respect with which the father greeted the savior of his child. He took him affectionately by the hand, he solicited the favor of his friendship, and amid thanks and benedictions, begged him to mention any sum—even to the extent of half his fortune—as a remuneration for the obligation he had conferred.

"The consciousness of having performed my duty, and secured the regard of such men as yourself and Dr. —," returned the young surgeon, "were an ample reward for my services. But of this we will speak at some future day. In the mean time, as I am obliged to leave town to-morrow, you will be kind enough to dispense with any further assistance on my part—the welfare of your daughter could not be entrusted to safer hands than those of Dr. —."

Before the expiration of a month, Alice was restored to perfect health. About this time, one afternoon, the servant brought in a note from Mr. Morton to Werner, requesting him to call at his house as early as he could make it convenient. He did so. The old gentleman met him with all the kindness of their last interview.

"I have sent for you, doctor, partly because I had a selfish wish to see you myself, and partly because my daughter desires to thank you personally for the continuance of that life for whose preservation, under Providence, she is indebted to yourself alone. Walk into the parlor, and she will be with you presently."

The door opened soon after, and Alice entered. Her cheeks had not yet recovered their usual color, yet never, perhaps, before had she appeared so beautiful as at that moment. During her convalescence she had been made acquainted with the danger from which she had just escaped, and the name of the injured individual whose skill had conducted her safely through that fearful crisis. There is no better moralist than sickness. The spirit of pride, mirth, and ambition are rebuked and exorcised from the bed-side of disease. This was the case with the poor girl during her recent illness. The fascinating illusions of the gay world, which had for years dazzled her too credulous imagination, had given place to the sober realities of the sick chamber. Removed from the excitement of that thoughtless world, she had an opportunity for reflection. Memory had been busy with the images the endearments of the past. The friends of her early orphanage—the kindnesses she had experienced at their hands—the vows and the visions of her first attachment, had all passed again and again before her mind, mingled with the consciousness of ingratitude and broken faith, and she now presented herself before her slighted lover, humiliated and self-condemned. Frank rose to receive her. The poor girl hid her face with her hands, while the tears gushed out from her jewelled fingers.

He led her to the sofa and seated himself beside her. After a momentary silence, he said,

"Spare me, cousin Alice, I entreat you. Though there have been times when I have prayed to see you shed such tears, yet now that those prayers are answered, I cannot see you weep."

"Ah, Werner, forbid not the sacrifice of sincere contrition—it is the fittest requital I can make for the wrongs you have suffered from my unkindness, and the one which remorse would wring from my heart, though it should struggle to resist the impulse of its better nature."

"There is no longer need of such a sacrifice. Fortune has already more than requited me for the trials of which you speak, by affording me the opportunity and the willing power to serve you when you had ceased to remember me."

"Ample has been your revenge," sighed the disconsolate girl. Yet, can you forgive me?"

"I can—I do," exclaimed Frank. "Your temptations to err were such as might have shaken a stronger mind. I was poor,

friendless, unknown; you were rich, accomplished, and admired. Let us deem this a sufficient palliation for the neglect which perhaps I have merited."

He took her hand and pressed it to his lips—it was wet with the dew of repentant love.

"These tears," said he, tenderly, "shall be the lethe in which I will drown every unpleasant remembrance. Come, dear Alice, let us to your father. He professes to be greatly obliged to me. With your permission, I will teach him how he may cancel the obligation."

"I have told him all—your brotherly solicitude in my behalf—our plighted affection—together with my bitter ingratitude and estrangement—all this I have told him."

"And my answer was," said the old gentleman, who, having entered a moment previous, had caught the last few words of Alice, "my answer was, doctor, that though you have a perfect claim on her heart and hand, you have no right to remove her from her present home, and thereby leave me childless and solitary. I cannot live without her; and as you, doubtless, like all true lovers, are in the same unfortunate predicament, I see no other way than for you to consent—and the sooner the better—to become one of my own little family!"

PROTEUS.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE HISTORY OF A MAN OF LIBERAL NOTIONS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

FROM the earliest of my recollection, I have always entertained liberal notions of men and things. I have such a thorough and hearty contempt for meanness of spirit, and for people of narrow ideas, that I can scarcely regard them with common patience. My father and mother, and my old scamp of a schoolmaster, endeavored to chain down my aspiring spirit, and to degrade my soul, by instilling into my youthful mind narrow and confined ideas; but I was incapable of receiving them, and I spurned them as a duck, when she shakes her feathers, scatters the water from her back. I do really think that common arithmetic has a tendency to fill the mind with mean and pettifogging notions. There is something so ridiculously contemptible in that silly accuracy of adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, even to the niceness of a single farthing. I never in my life could make a sum in arithmetic precisely right; and what in the name of common sense can a trifling half dozen or so, one way or other, signify? That exceeding accuracy of calculation shows a narrow mind. My old fool of a schoolmaster told me, that if I did not do my sums right, I should never be able to keep a set of books. Contemptible fellow! Did he imagine that I was ever going to let myself down to the meanness and sordidness of book-keeping? Look at those fellows who keep books? What a mean, dull, clodpated race of mortals they are—no wit, no fire, no imagination, no spirit, no humor among them. Look at them lumbering up to the city by coach-loads every morning from Islington, Pentonville, Somers Town, Paddington, Chelsea, Highgate, Hampstead, Camberwell, Peckham, and from ten thousand other places; and then lumbering back again in the evening, so stupefied with book-keeping, that they can hardly tell the difference between beef and pudding. They spend their whole lives among figures, and so they never make a figure themselves. But if I was disgusted with common arithmetic, how much greater was my contempt of fractions—bits, pieces, odds and ends, cheese-parings, hair-splittings! People may well call them vulgar fractions. Why, if I was too liberal to care for ten or a dozen, one way or other, was I likely to care two straws for fractions—for halves, quarters, eighths, and sixteenths? Nonsense! I told the man so to his face. "Sir," said I, "give me leave to tell you, that I shall not chain myself down to your trumpery fractions; I have had plague enough to learn your common rules, and I will not stoop my aspiring spirit to calculate sums less than a farthing. Give me the generosity and nobleness of spirit that is above the meanness of calculation."

I believe the man was struck for a moment with the grandeur and sublimity of my ideas, for he looked upon me with emotion and astonishment, while a smile of admiration was playing upon his features; but presently, summoning up the whole schoolmaster within him, he replied: "All this is pretty talk—very pretty talk, indeed; but how am I to show my face to your father, if I neglect to teach you what you are sent here to learn? I am absolutely robbing your father."

"Well, sir," said I, "rob my father if you like, I am not so narrow-minded as to concern myself about that."

"The boy is mad," said the fellow. Ah, that is the way I have always found it through life. Whenever any individual at all superior to the common run of mortals dares to act and speak from the generous impulses of a noble nature, forthwith all the low-minded sordid sons of calculation exclaim, "He is mad!" Poor narrow-souled wretches! They have no notion of any thing that is free and generous; they are made to draw in harness—to follow a leader—never to act from the impulses of a towering spirit!

A few months after I had left school, my father said to me, "Bob," and I said, "Yes, sir." "It does not appear to me, Bob," said my father, "that you are much the better for school." "No, sir," replied I, "nor to me neither. I think it a great mercy that I am none the worse. That mean-spirited fellow was always endeavoring to instill into me his own narrow notions, and making such a ridiculous fuss if a sum was not right to a farthing! Oh, sir, I could not bear such beggarly notions. What is a farthing, more or less, to a gentleman, and a man of liberal ideas?"

My father shook his head, and said, "Now, my dear Bob, let me

talk seriously to you." Then I shook my head in return, and said, "Now, my dear father, pray don't."

"But, my dear Bob," said my father, "how do you expect to get through the world, without a little prudence and consideration?" "Why, as to the matter of that, sir," replied I, "I may get through the world sooner without prudence than with." "But," said my father, "it becomes a matter of importance that you should now choose a profession." "On that point," I said, "I am perfectly indifferent; but whatever profession I adopt, I hope, and trust I shall carry into it the liberal ideas of a man of high spirit. 'What think you of the church?' 'The church! Why, there are some men of liberal notions in it, but yet they are under some kind of restraint, and it would not suit my liberal notions to undergo an examination by a bishop's chaplain: those fellows are sometimes apt to ask a variety of impertinent questions, which no man of liberal notions would care to answer. Then the style of dress—very bad—always black—no, sir, that would never do. Besides, sir, there are many pleasant amusements which a clergyman is debarred from, which no man of liberal notions would choose to surrender. No, sir, the church will not do.' 'The law?' 'As far as my observation has gone, I have fancied the law contracts the mind; besides, sir, law depends so much upon precedents and antiquated notions, and ridiculous out-of-the-way old fashioned acts of parliament, that ought to be buried out of sight and forgotten. Then, you know, there is no getting on at the bar without a great deal of labor and study, and poring over disgusting and wearisome books, which by no means meet the views of a man of liberal notions. Really, sir, with all due respect to you and my grandfather, I must take the liberty to say, that I have no such very high opinions of the wisdom of my ancestors. Old people, sir, are much addicted to entertain narrow views of things; and law has so much to do with antiquity and by-gone notions, that I must decline it as a profession.' 'Well, Bob, as you please; but you must do something—what think you of physic?' 'Don't like it, sir; can't bear the smell of drugs. Then to have a gilt Galen's head, or pebble and mortar, over one's door, a transparency in the shop-window, advice gratis to the poor—to be called out of one's bed, or away from one's dinner—especially if I was dining out, as gentlemen are very apt to do—or to be called out of church, and suddenly woke in the midst of a sermon. To be accountable for all the crotchets and caprices of jalap—bah! No, sir, physic will never do.' 'But, Bob, you positively must do something.' 'Must I, sir, I am sorry for it; that word *must* is very annoying.' 'What do you think of keeping a shop?' 'Can't think of it at all, sir; bowing behind the counter to whimsical customers, whom I am longing to kick—What's the next article?—Oh, no, no, no! shopkeeping will never do for me.'

So I could never make choice of a profession from that day to this. What a pity it is that the state does not make provision for gentlemen of liberal notions! so that they need not be under the galling and degrading necessity of stooping to some trumpery profession or peddling employment to avoid starvation. I am really quite disgusted when I look round upon my old school-fellows, and see some of them riding in carriages, and others established in lucrative professions, who were once not half so well off as myself. They are rich, to be sure, but they are not to be envied, for they have exceedingly contracted notions of things. Once they were hearty, generous, high-spirited fellows, singing loud songs, and drinking deep cups; but now they are as grave as judges, as sordid as Jews, and as starched as old maids. They turn their backs on their old friends, and all their souls are absorbed in making money. Sometimes, indeed, when I find my coat out at elbows, and my finances scarcely equal to a dinner at an "ordinary," I am tempted to wish that I had adopted some profession, and had given a little attention to the meanness of money-getting. But, however, I must not complain; I do now and then feel a little inconvenience for want of a dinner, and a little mortification for want of a clean cravat and a whole coat. Still I have retained my independence and my liberal notions of men and things. And what is life without liberality of sentiment? Oh, I despise the vulgar, every-day, common-place people, that pass you by shoals in public streets, elbowing their way along, and looking so greedily and avariciously, as if they were born merely to gather together sordid pelf and filthy lucre. They despise my threadbare coat and greasy hat, they look contemptibly on my old brown-black trowsers, and think foul scorn of my gaping shoes; but they do not see my mind—they know nothing of the towering genius that dwells within. They do not know that the man whom they despise is a man who despises them. I have often thought of illuminating the world on the subject of things in general, and of giving them new views of religion, politics, and society; but those mean and sordid booksellers, one and all, set their faces against every thing that is liberal. They talk about the march of intellect, but they do not care a fig for intellect. They merely print and publish for what they can get. They have no sympathy with the towering aspirations of mind. I had a most excellent design for a work, that should convince all mankind that they were a pack of fools, and that should produce such a glorious change in the constitution of society, that talent and liberality should reign triumphant; I communicated my design to a publisher, and what was his answer? Blush, Britain, blush for the meanness of thy intellectual tradesmen! "I don't think it will sell," said the fellow. "Why, then," said I, "give it away." The man stared at me, and said, "What shall I get by that?" There, gentle reader, there is a specimen of the sordidness of booksellers. "What shall I do?" When I see such narrowness of soul, and such degradation of mind, my heart bleeds for humanity, and I almost blush to call such wretches my fellow-creatures. I must confess that this interview had such an

effect upon my nerves—I do not know what my nerves are, but I know that they were shocked—it had such an effect, I say, that for a long while I could not apply to another publisher; but at length I did, and to another, and another. They were all in the same story, just as if they had conspired together to thwart my views for the welfare of the human race. I will not mention names, for I do not wish to hold them up to the contempt and derision of mankind. I am sorry to say that their meanness has compelled me to have recourse to a mode of instructing the public which I should not have adopted by choice, but to which I am driven by necessity—I allude to inscriptions on walls and stable-doors, by means of a simple instrument, called a piece of chalk. But the worst of this mode of public instruction is, that there is not room enough for an elaborate argument, or even a well-turned period. One is compelled to confine oneself to a certain sententious brevity, which convinces none but those who were convinced before. When I write on a stable-door, "Hang the Bishops," nobody hangs them on my recommendation. By the way, I cannot help remarking here on the illiberality of a torified stable-boy, who, reading one of my inscriptions, found fault with the spelling. Fool! I have forgot more spelling than he ever learnt. How exceedingly captious and illiberal is it, when no other fault is to be found with a literary production, to find fault with the spelling. Besides, what man that loves his country would not for its salvation tolerate a little bad spelling? It would be a rare thing for the country, if the books which are swarming every day from the press contained nothing more objectionable than a little bad spelling.

Now it is very mortifying to a man who is capable of governing an empire, not to have sixpence in his pocket, and to have no opportunity of convincing the world how much he is their superior. I have conversed with men of all sentiments, but I have found in them all a certain narrowness of mind, and limitation of idea.—There have been few, very few, that have come quite up to my notion of liberality. Some people are liberal in one thing, and some in another, but none, except myself, have I yet met with, perfectly liberal in every point of view, and upon every topic of human interest. I have endeavored, and I think successfully, to keep my mind free from all narrow prejudices, and it is often a consolation to me, when my clothes want mending, that I have no prejudices. No, I scorn them—I don't mean clothes, but prejudices. The man that is prejudiced, is blind to beauty and deaf to truth. I am guided only and always by pure reason. There is not, I will venture to say, one person in a thousand, who is in all his actions and sentiments guided by pure reason. People are slaves to prejudices, confined and limited in their views. Indeed, how can people take liberal views, who do not take comprehensive views of things? Men of business are confined to their shops or counting-houses, men in the law are like horses in the mill, moving in a dull round of precedents, medical men see none but the sick and the sad, the hypochondriac and the diseased, and what should they know of the world? As for parsons, all the world knows that they must be fools and idiots by virtue of their office; they absolutely know nothing, ten times less than nothing; they walk through the streets blindfold, they go to Cambridge and Oxford expressly for the purpose of learning ignorance; all that they know is, which side their bread is buttered on, and all that they desire is to have it buttered on both sides. As for statesmen, ministers, members of parliament, commons, and lords, they all have their prejudices, they are confined to narrow views of things—they do not know the world, they do not see it, they have no time to look at it, they have no time to attend to it. They must take things merely by report and at second hand. There is, in a word, no man who can thoroughly understand human life and human nature so well as a man of liberal notions, altogether without prejudices, who has nothing else to do than to walk about the streets from morning to night. Monthly Magazine.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

We have received a few lines from a hand equally well known to us and the public, and from whom we should be pleased to hear more frequently. We must be permitted to add, however, that the last verse, although it sounds pretty enough to the poet, is heresy to the father.—EDS. N. Y. MIR.

DEAR —. Do you recollect meeting me on the first day of the election in Broadway? It came near being our last interview. I took to my bed a few hours afterwards, and have been dangerously ill ever since. Being convalescent now, I send you a few lines as a consolation for your disappointment in "anecdotes of the late —!"

I would a little child I were,
And ever might be so;
That guilt of youth, or manhood's care,
My mind should never know:
Nor I in wintry age should bare,
And bow a head of snow—
I would a little child I were,
And ever might be so.

I often wish that I had died
In childhood, pure and blest;
I often think if death should glide,
And sever from my breast
A child, although my joy and pride,
And bear it to its rest,
I should not sorrow that it died
In childhood, pure and blest.

A number of communications from our obliging correspondents are unavoidably postponed.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER SIX.

Taglioni—French stage, etc.

I WENT last night to the French opera, to see the first dancer of the world. The prodigious enthusiasm about her all over Europe had, of course, raised my expectations to the highest possible pitch. "Have you seen Taglioni?" is the first question addressed to a stranger in Paris; and you hear her name constantly over all the hum of the *cafés*, and in the crowded resorts of fashion. The house was overflowed. The king and his numerous family were present; and my companion pointed out to me many of the nobility, whose names and titles have been made familiar to our ears by the innumerable private memoirs and autobiographies of the day. After a little introductory piece, the king arrived, and, as soon as the cheering was over, the curtain drew up for "*Le Dieu et le Bayadère*." This is the piece in which Taglioni is most famous. She takes the part of a dancing girl, of whom the Bramah and an Indian prince are both enamored; the former in the disguise of a man of low rank at the court of the latter, in search of some one whose love for him shall be disinterested. The disguised god succeeds in winning her affection, and after testing her devotion by submitting for a while to the resentment of his rival, and by a pretended caprice in favor of a singing girl, who accompanies her, he marries her, and then saves her from the flames as she is about to be burned for marrying beneath her *caste*. Taglioni's part is all pantomime. She does not speak during the play, but her motion is more than articulate. Her first appearance was in a troop of Indian dancing girls, who perform before the prince in the public square. At a signal from the vizier a side pavilion opened, and thirty or forty bayaderes, glided out together, and commenced an intricate dance. They were received with a tremendous round of applause from the audience; but, with the exception of a little more elegance in the four who led the dance, they were dressed nearly alike; and, as I saw no particularly conspicuous figure, I presumed that Taglioni had not yet appeared. The splendor of the spectacle bewildered me for the first moment or two, but I presently found my eyes riveted to a childish creature floating about among the rest, and, taking her for some beautiful young *élève* making her first essays in the chorus, I interpreted her extraordinary fascination as a triumph of nature over my unsophisticated taste; and wondered to myself whether, after all, I should be half so much captivated with the show of skill I expected presently to witness. This was Taglioni! She came forward directly, in a *pas seul*, and I then observed that her dress was distinguished from that of her companions by its extreme modesty both of fashion and ornament, and the unconstrained ease with which it adapted itself to her shape and motion. She looks not more than fifteen. Her figure is small, but rounded to the very last degree of perfection; not a muscle swelled beyond the exquisite outline; not an angle, not a fault. Her back and neck, those points so rarely beautiful in women, are faultlessly formed; her feet and hands are in full proportion to her size, and the former play as freely and with as natural a yieldingness in her fairy slippers, as if they were accustomed only to the dainty uses of a drawing-room. Her face is most strangely interesting; not quite beautiful, but of that half-appealing, half-retiring sweetness that you sometimes see blended with the secluded reserve and unconscious refinement of a young girl just "out" in a circle of high fashion. In her greatest exertions her features retain the same timid half-smile, and she returns to the alternate by-play of her part without the slightest change of color, or the slightest perceptible difference in her breathing, or the ease of her look and posture. No language can describe her motion. She swims in your eye like a curl of smoke, or a flake of down. Her difficulty seems to be to keep to the floor. You have that feeling while you gaze upon her, that if she were to rise and float away like Ariel, you would scarce be surprised. And yet all is done with such a childish unconsciousness of admiration, such a total absence of exertion or fatigue, that the delight with which she fills you is unmingled, and, assured as you are by the perfect purity of every look and attitude, that her hitherto spotless reputation is deserved beyond a breath of suspicion, you leave her with as much respect as admiration; and find with surprise that a dancing-girl, who is exposed night after night to the profaning gaze of the world, has crept into one of the most sacred niches of your memory.

I have attended several of the best theatres in Paris, and find one striking trait in all their first actors—*nature*. They do not look like actors, and their playing is not like acting. They are men, generally, of the most earnest, unstudied simplicity of countenance; and when they come upon the stage it is singularly without affectation, and as the character they represent would appear. Unlike most of the actors I have seen, too, they seem altogether unaware of the presence of the audience. Nothing disturbs the fixed attention they give to each other in the dialogue, and no private interview between simple and sincere men could be more unconscious and natural. I have formed consequently a high opinion of the French drama, degenerate as it is said to be since the loss of Talma; and it is easy to see that the root of its excellence is in the taste and judgment of the people. They applaud judiciously. When Taglioni danced her wonderful *pas seul*, for instance, the applause was general and sufficient. It was a triumph of art, and she was applauded as an artist. But when, as the neglected bayadere, she

* The god and the dancing girl.

stole from the corner of the cottage, and with her indescribable grace, hovered about the couch of the disguised Bramah, watching and fanning him while he slept, she expressed so powerfully by the saddened tenderness of her manner, the devotion of a love that even neglect could not estrange, that a murmur of delight ran through the whole house; and when her silent pantomime was interrupted by the waking of the god, there was an overwhelming tumult of acclamation that came from the hearts of the audience, and as such, must have been both a lesson and the highest compliment to Taglioni. An actor's taste is of course very much regulated by that of his audience. He will cultivate that for which he is most praised. We shall never have a high-toned drama in America, while, as at present, applause is won only by physical exertion, and the nice touches of genius and nature pass undetected and unfelt.

Of the French actresses I have been most pleased with Leontine Fay. She is not much talked of here, and perhaps, as a mere artist in her profession, is inferior to those who are more popular; but she has that indescribable something in her face that has interested me through life—that strange talisman which is linked wisely to every heart, confining its interest to some nice difference invisible to other eyes, and, by a happy consequence, undisputed by other admiration. She, too, has that retired sweetness of look that seems to come only from secluded habits, and in the highly-wrought passages of tragedy, when her fine dark eyes are filled with tears, and her tones, which have never the out-of-doors key of the stage, are clouded and imperfect, she seems less an actress than a refined and lovely woman, breaking through the habitual reserve of society in some agonizing crisis of real life. There are prints of Leontine Fay in the shops, and I have seen them in America, but they resemble her very little.

LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

Intercepted for the New-York Mirror.

The Capitol—Rotunda—Senate, etc.

The capitol is one of the most puzzling buildings in the world; I should know it now, and yet I scarcely ever fail to lose myself in it. This is not owing to its size, but to the manner in which it is constructed; I have very soon comprehended the plan of much larger buildings.

I passed some hours this morning in the Rotunda, looking at the paintings and pieces of sculpture with which the walls are adorned. It has a strange effect—the hollow reverberation by which, in a large room, every sound is followed. This, in the Rotunda, from its height, size, and shape, is very striking. There is a constant moaning; the noise of opening and shutting doors, the human voice, every footstep, is swallowed up in one deep inarticulate sound, that seems to proceed from the place itself. The solitude is disturbed, but not removed; you feel not alone, but lonely.

On the panels of the walls are four pieces of sculpture, representing respectively the preservation of Captain Smith by Pocahontas, the Landing of the Pilgrims, a conflict between the celebrated Daniel Boone and two Indians, and Penn's treaty with the Indians. The first of these is by Capellano, the last by Gévelot, and the other two by Causici.

Sculpture and statuary, I confess, have always seemed to me very inferior arts; nor can I conceive of their producing by their intrinsic power, a very strong effect. That artists, or persons familiar with these arts, and who know the difficulties to be struggled with, may be affected with enthusiasm in contemplating their masterpieces, I can readily imagine; but it is not rather the triumph of genius that they admire? Art is more successful when we forget the artist. I mean at first, while its effect is fresh. I can well remember when I was a boy, and read for the first time that impetuous boast of Nisus, "*Me, me: adsum qui feci: in me convertite ferrum*;" it brought tears to my eyes. I had been flogged not an hour before, and had been most unwillingly plying my task ever since, yet when I came to this line, even then the poet triumphed, and I wept. Certainly I little then thought of Virgil; it was the vivid picture of the enthusiasm of friendship; it was Nisus rushing on the Rutulian swords. So in a painting where, for instance, strong emotion is depicted in the human countenance, is not our first feeling and our first expression, "what speechless tenderness in that look!" "what agony in that face!" Afterwards we think of the painter; afterwards we admire the art; but not at first. Or if we do, if our first feeling is, "what a pathetic passage!" "what a noble painting!" then the poet or the painter has failed. I ask no better test; genius may have been displayed, but it has not been completely successful.

But is it so with sculpture and statuary? Is it not always there "what genius!" "what consummate skill!" "how wonderful!" Is there not always a feeling of astonishment that with the chisel, out of block or marble, such wonders should be wrought? Is not our first feeling one of admiration? and do we ever for a moment forget the art or the artist?

I don't know, people talk to me of the Apollo, of the Venus—I have seen them, I have admired them; though not with the raptures that some profess, yet I have admired, I have wondered at them; but still there is something in the dull heavy marble, that I can't get over:

"Thy blood is cold,
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes."

It is not life; when I admire most, I feel it is not life.

But I "know nothing of these arts, and therefore am not a judge." I never put two rhymes together, yet I can feel poetry. I cannot draw the vilest caricature of the human face; I know nothing of the rules of the art, but I can admire painting. If those only can appreciate sculpture or statuary who practically or theoretically are versed in these arts, that is a decided proof of their inferiority.

Why are such persons better judges? Because they can better understand the difficulties that have been overcome. They may not analyze their feelings well; but this must be the source of that higher degree of admiration, of that enthusiasm of which they are sensible.

I think these inferior arts, but I do not therefore condemn them. I condemn no exercise of skill or talent; circumstances, too, may sometimes give them an advantage. Paintings cannot bear exposure, and cannot be seen advantageously at a great height or distance. What other peculiar advantage, besides its cheapness, sculpture possesses, does not occur to me; unless, perhaps, in the grotesque. Carvings of fabulous or imaginary creatures, of dragons, dwarfs, giants, magicians, and sea-serpents, viewed by a dim light in old halls or galleries, might have a powerful effect upon the imagination, particularly of children.

However all this may be, it is at least clear to me, that nothing can be more futile than to attempt to represent by sculpture scenes in nature. It is impossible as in painting to compress within a small space rivers and mountains, so as to give a just idea of their vastness, and at the same time to introduce buildings and figures, which shall seem of no more than a proper relative size. Things appear no larger or smaller or farther or nearer than they actually are. If an artist should wish to give an adequate idea of a forest he must go to work, and carve just so many trees, and make them just so high as would be necessary to constitute an actual forest. This, however, not being quite convenient, we are presented with forests which contain two or three trees, which trees are just a little higher than a man's head. Such is the wilderness in which (in one of the pieces of sculpture I have mentioned) the intrepid Boon despatches the two Indians.

But the boldest attempt and the most ludicrous failure—a failure not of the artist but of the art—is in the "Landing of the Pilgrims."—The landing of the pilgrims! You look for the pathless ocean, the trackless forests, the gallant vessel, the pilgrims themselves, wearied but resolute, determined to be free; the wondering natives crowding the shore—for these you look, and what have you? A canoe in a mill-pond, with a man, a woman, and a child, and one Indian sitting on a stone!

The Rotunda likewise contains, as I suppose you know, Trumbull's celebrated historical pictures: the Declaration of Independence, the Surrender of General Burgoyne, the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and the Resignation of General Washington.

The first and last of these represent scenes, for moral sublimity, not surpassed in the annals of the world.

Of the Declaration of Independence so much has been said, so much of praise and so much of blame, that I might perhaps spare myself the trouble of adding any thing of either. It was called, you know, by John Randolph the "shin piece," from the undue share of attention supposed to have been bestowed by the artist upon the "shins" of the celebrated personages whom it represents. This is certainly rather an eye-sore; you do see too many shins; but I do not well perceive how it could have been avoided in representing such a number of persons generally in a sitting posture. Indeed it seemed to me, looking with special reference to that matter, that there had been rather an exertion of ingenuity to conceal, than a desire too conspicuously to bring forward, those important but not very graceful or expressive functionaries of the body.

The objection generally urged against this painting is that the countenances are too sedate and deliberative, too much in repose; that there is a want of energy, passion, animation; so much so, that instead of the high resolve that had been fixed upon, we might suppose, for aught that appears, the most ordinary business to be under discussion. It is even objected, that the artist has unnecessarily trammelled himself by attempting to preserve the likenesses of the distinguished actors; that this minute attention to particulars is incompatible with the attainment of any high degree of excellence; that he should have given reins to his fancy, and have shown us rather what such a scene ought to have been, than what perhaps it actually was.

That by a total disregard to dress, localities, appearance, or, in other words, by a sacrifice of historical truth, Colonel Trumbull might have produced what is commonly called a finer painting; a painting which, independent of association, might have had a stronger effect upon the passions or emotions of the spectators, may perhaps be admitted. But this is not just criticism. If I draw the ocean smiling and serene, is my design faulty because it would have been more sublime in a storm? The true questions are whether or not the design which the artist really had is noble and praise-worthy, and if so, whether he has successfully executed it.

For myself, this is one of those things in which I regard truth as of paramount importance. I would have nothing factitious, nothing for effect; above all, I would preserve, with religious veneration, the persons, dress, and faces of the men. They are represented quiet, calm, and serious; so probably, in point of fact, they were. It is an American scene. There is a sobriety, a simplicity in the American character, which accords well with our government and institutions; we do great things in an ordinary way. Here is the honest face of Sherman, the philosophic Franklin, the unbending Adams; such they were, so they looked. There is more eagerness and animation expressed in the face and attitude of Jefferson than of the others. He was a younger man, and had more ardor of character; moreover, his was the chief part in that scene; he drew the sacred deed, whose price was blood, but whose purchase was freedom. In this the artist has shown skill without violating truth. But if these ever had been represented standing on tip-toes, and gesticulating like Frenchmen, or with a wild Jocelian stare in their faces, I should have turned away with disgust.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2.—So, Tom, you infer from my last letter that I am suffering from great depression of spirits, and prescribe matrimony! That is so like you! I never knew a married man who did not recommend matrimony as a sovereign cure for all complaints—except now and then, when I have got an honest fellow a little mellow; and then he has let out! You say I would suffer no more from "imaginary evils." I believe it. I would never again be visited by "blue devils." Very likely; but I might be visited in their stead by real flesh and blood devils; squalling, red-faced, pap-eating little devils; whom, if they did not come quite so often, it might be rather more difficult to get rid of. No, Tom, I am marked for an old bachelor; I have all the badges—the thriftless, wandering habits, the love of ease, the nervousness, and notions, and near-sightedness, together with a certain independence of speech and action, commonly called eccentricity. I like a quiet game of chess; I have no objection to a bottle of wine; I smoke; I sit up late; and I have a ghost's aversion to the morning air. I can't rock a cradle; I can't dance a baby; I can't give "my dear," the true matrimonial whine; and I detest tea, scandal, caudle, doctors, parsons, kisses, and children. Then if I did not love my wife, I should be wretched; and if I did love her, ten to one that I should be more wretched still. So you see, Tom, it won't do; I am one of that sort of men whom women detest (they have a wonderful instinct at finding us out); and though I have the highest respect and admiration for them, (sweet creatures!) yet—it won't do—it won't do.

Well, Mr. Clay commenced his great speech to-day—his reply to Mr. Hayne. I went late, and found every entrance filled: it was impossible to get within six feet of either gallery. But I never yet saw a crowd that could not be penetrated: I persevered, and I succeeded.

There is philosophy to be gleaned from this—you know I am a philosopher: really, though, if there is any thing upon which I pride myself—but I have told you so fifty times—it is now my turn for moralizing, (I wish I ever made any use of it.) However, as I said, some philosophy may be learned from looking on a crowd of this kind, and watching people as they push and struggle for better places.

At first, as in life, every avenue seems closed, every spot pre-occupied. The timid retire in despair; the bold push forward, elbow their way at all hazards; the patient wait their time and chance; the impudent pretender makes his way fastest, but he is liable to rebuffs; the patient, modest, persevering man, in the long run, seldom fails—there is a disposition to aid him on his way, and if he gets a good place, no one is inclined to question his claim to it, or to envy him his good fortune.

But to return to Mr. Clay. When the senate adjourned, he remarked that he was just about to enter on his argument. He had been speaking more than two hours. 'Till he has finished his speech I shall say nothing of the impression it has made upon me. He was in a witty humor to-day, and made, as the audience seemed to think, several palpable hits. A by-blow at Isaac Hill, and an allusion, with peculiar emphasis, to the advocates of a "judicious tariff," seemed particularly well relished. In speaking of the tariff of 1823, he remarked that it was well known that its opponents had endeavored to prevent its final passage by amending it, during its progress, in such a manner as to make it as objectionable as possible to its friends; and he said he had heard, he did not vouch for it, that that plan had been devised by a distinguished gentleman now abroad. Now abroad! Mr. Clay did not so emphasize the words; but I suppose it was a preception of the peculiar appropriateness of the tense used, taken in connection with certain recent events, which occasioned the general smile I observed upon the faces of his audience. A compliment to Irishmen, and to "ould Ireland," not the less generous if, as I have heard, every Irishman in the Union is a "Jackson man," was received with a hum of applause, and some slight demonstrations of more noisy admiration, which were instantly checked by the vice-president's threatening to clear the galleries. Mr. Clay said that of all foreigners to whom our shores gave a hearty welcome and a safe asylum, there was no one who so easily and naturally amalgamated with us, who seemed so much to feel himself at home, as the Irishman. Indeed, he had sometimes fancied that Ireland originally must have been one of the United States, and that in some great shock of nature it had been dislodged, and had floated over the ocean, until at length, most unfortunately, it had settled down in the vicinity of Great Britain. But above all, he said, the Irishman resembled the Kentuckian: there was the same reckless ardor and generosity of disposition; the same ready hospitality; the same frankness of speech that endeared to him the state of his adoption and of his best affections. It was not for him to add, the same versatility of talent and copiousness of eloquence.

SATURDAY.—This has been a true Washington day. It opened beautifully. At eleven o'clock I sat on the piazza with an uncut "Robert of Paris" in my hands, drinking the soft southern breeze, and watching the lazy clouds as they turned over and basked themselves in the sun. At one it rained; about two, sunshine again; and now, at half past four, there is another rain, accompanied by rather a chilly wind.

Mr. Clay continued his speech yesterday until nearly three o'clock, when, upon motion of Mr. Webster, the senate adjourned to meet again on Monday—upon that day I presume he will conclude.

I would not write to you last night, because I wished time to make up my own mind. What I thought of Mr. Clay, I hardly yet know, but—shall I confess it?—while every one is full of his praises, I am a little disappointed. I do not think Mr. Clay a very close rea-

soner; in this respect he is greatly inferior to Mr. Webster: but what has surprised me more, is that I have perceived at times, if I am not mistaken, a want, not of words, but of the best words—a poverty of language; he has *copia verborum*, but not *curiosa felicitas* in their choice, which is the distinguishing mark of genius. Is it possible, as some tell me, that this speech is equal to Mr. Clay's happiest efforts? May he not have grown a little rusty?—I half think so.

The most admired part of Mr. Clay's speech, yesterday, was his attack upon General Smith, of Maryland, and through him upon the administration for what has been termed "the proscriptive policy." In allusion to a remark of General Smith, that the friends of the "American system" were the majority; and that it became them to use the power which they unquestionably possessed with moderation and with mercy: he reminded that gentleman, that he too was a member of another majority—the majority in whose hands was now placed the administration of this government.—With very ill grace, he said, did an appeal of this kind come from any one of that majority, of which the gentleman was so conspicuous a member. What mercy, he asked, or what moderation had that majority shown? He gave a rapid sketch of the scene that the city of Washington presented in the month of March, 1829, crowded with hungry politicians from the east and the west, and the north and the south. Shadowy forms were seen by twilight, stealing into the president's house; and, in the broad day, the squares and the corners were filled with clamorous beggars, bawling for "treasury pap." He then drew a picture of the domestic misery that had followed the proscription; the mother, and the children, and the father suffering not the less, because his pride would not suffer him to show it, "despising their pity, and defying their power."

Mr. Clay's greatest power is in these attacks. It is impossible to give an idea of them—there is something tremendous, but so much is manner. It is curious to watch a man thus marked out for contempt or indignation of a large audience. General Smith sat pretty still at first, but after a little time he grew fidgety, and finally, turning round and spitting, with an attempt at indifference, he remarked, loud enough to be heard where I was standing, (I was just behind him, in the lobby) that "it was all declamation." Very unpleasant declamation it was to General Smith!

But Mr. Clay—his age, standing, and situation, at this time considered—is too fond of personalities. Why does he stoop to such small prey? He should disdain to fix his talons in Isaac Hill: he might push aside the "imbecile telum" of a General Smith, but let him reserve his own javelin for a more powerful foe.

Remember me to all inquiring friends—it will not give you much trouble. V.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

I WAS not a little amused, Messrs. Editors, one day last summer in the country, with the reflections and narrative of an old man, who, to a very colloquial disposition adds a good deal of benevolence, shrewdness, and humor. His similes (to use an expression of his own, respecting one of his neighbors) "slip off his tongue as easily as butter from hot glass." I happened once to be in his little farmhouse when he was giving his son an account of his past life. Attracted by the peculiarity of his phraseology, I was induced to listen, and, when I went home, to set down as much as I could recollect of his recital, it afforded me a good deal of merriment, and perhaps may amuse your readers. So here it is.

OLD ROBIN BIRD'S STORY.

"Harry, you are fast comin on to the stage, and must soon have a finger in the pie which the noisy, busy multitude is mixin. The old man, you know, is pretty proud of you, as well he may be, but don't take that for flattery, for truth is never flattery. You know, too, that besides havin the best farm in town, which measures most round into the bargain, there's the factory where he rolls the hard dollars like shot runnin through a tunnel, pretty fast and plagy thick. And you know you are the only child he has to pick 'em up, which you can do without burnin your fingers, for he's as clear of debt as a woman's chin is of a beard—but I needn't say any thing more about these things, for I guess you can see as fur into a mill-stun as any body that don't wear spectacles—if you can't, my old eyes have been lookin through a beam instead of a mote, and people lie worse than they used to. Now, Harry, just profit a little by the experience of one who has received more hard thumps from this villain world, and play'd old Nick more honest tricks than most of his neighbors, and Lord knows a clear conscience and a log hut here will bring a good house and a large farm in heaven. I was once young too, Harry, and had a heart as gay as a peacock's tail, and as light as the thistle's down, notwithstanding my old father (God bless him) wasn't much better off for worldly goods than a young goslin for feathers. But my arms were then as strong, and my nerves as stiff as a new cart, and my heart, gay and light as it was, was as honest as the catechism of my old mother (God bless her too) could make it. And I knew, Harry, that the world ow'd me a livin at some rate or other, until the tax-gatherer of humanity should call and make me a member of that assembly where the rich and poor, the high and low, friends and enemies dwell together as quietly and as peaceably as young kittens in a basket of tow. And so I set about gittin my bread as the Lord intended man should git it, that is, by the sweat of his brow. I went to work for old square Baker and deakun Bunce, who, thank the Lord that cast my lot in this village, are as honest men as it can boast, and pay them that do 'em

a favor as prompt as the sun rises every mornin. And so I slid along an honest life as nice as a boy slidin down hill, till I got to be three and twenty years old, and then I began to slide nicer than ever, because I did what every honest man and good citizen ought to do, that is, I got a wife. And this is why I got one. One Sunday night when I liv'd with square Baker, after doin up my chores, I went into the kitchen, and after makin up a rousin fire, as I was won't to do every night, I sot down in the corner, and 'fore I thot on't I got lookin at the coals and thinkin about matters and things in general, and finally I got thinkin about myself and what prospect there was for my gittin along further in the world. I thought how other people got along that had families, and how much comfort they seem'd to take, and how happy they seem'd to be when they had their little progeny growin up around 'em, and how glad they seem'd to be to take care of 'em, and thought all their trouble well paid for by the love and caresses of the little chubby darlins. I knew I was then goin on very smoothly, had no more trouble on my heels than I could shake of at my leisure, always had a clean shirt for Sunday, and a shillin far trainin day, and now and then a spare sixpence for the needy. But thinks I to myself, by and by I shall be growin old, and then my arms won't be so strong—and the hot summer's sun and the cold winter's air will be more an' a match for me, and I can't work so well for people as I now do, and "no song no supper," the sayin is, and if I didn't do so much work, people wouldn't pay me so much, and I couldn't bear the idea of livin on people's sympathy, for I was somethin proud in them days, and would rather a man would hate than pity me. And I thought when I was old, people wouldn't want me sittin round their fires, and eatin their apples, and drinkin their cider, and they'd wish the 'old man,' as they'd call me, had a house of his own to live in, and not trouble them. No, no, Harry, it was like the mush-rat's livin in his neighbor, the wood-chuck's hole, and clearin it out durin the day to have the privilege of sleepin in it over night—or like the king-bird, who, without building a nest for himself, flies round all summer ketchin flies and worms, and then when autumn comes, goes and takes possession of the robin's nest, when he knows he aint wanted there. I thought that the robin hated the king-bird, and that when winter come the wood-chuck would pull a stun afore his hole when the mush-rat was out, and so give him a hard hint (the old man was not aware of making a pun) that his room during the winter would be better than his company. I knew the square had nearly three hundred dollars of my wages in his hand, and that if I was to settle with him then, he'd owe me a hundred more. So, takin all things into consideration, I didn't see any other way than to get married, and to get a place to put my wife, and then old Robin would have a nest of his own, and perhaps some of these years he would have some little birds to gladden his old heart and bless his old eyes. So I began to look about for a mate.

Now Polly Bates lived with deakun Bunce, and all the neighbors said she was one of the nicest gals in the country. I'd seen Polly at meetin every Sunday as regularly as the Sunday come, and always thought she was a good modest gal, and would make no bad helpmate either for any body that could get her, although she was two or three years younger than I, and her eyes were as bright as a new brass kettle, and her love was pure and watchful as the stars, and her heart as sympathizin as the waters, and tender as the young lamb; her hair was black as a crow, and her cheeks and lips were as red as a summer mornin's sky, and her teeth as white and as regular set as a row of white pint bowls on a cupboard-shelf. But, thinks I, who knows but Polly may take a notion for me; anyhow no end was ever lost or won that was not first tried for; and if she tells me no, why then it will be all over with, and I can go to lookin up somebody else that'll suit me as well as Polly, and who will tell me yes. So the next Sunday night I greas'd my new cow-hide boots nice, put on a bran new shirt, and my new brown hum-made clothes, and my best hat, and then got on to old Bob, and started off to see Polly. Well, I went in to the deacon's and found 'em all sittin round the fire, and I guess Polly and I must a look'd queer enough, for the very minit that she see me come in dress'd up so nice, it seem'd as tho' there was a kind of sympathizin feeling that run thro' her mind, that told her what I'd come for, for she color'd up as deep as a mill-pond; but I put on as good honest a face as I could, and began to talk to the deakun after takin a chair, about the sermon, his congregation, and his farm, as tho' I'd come to see him and not Polly. But the old deakun had been a member of the church too long not to know what was what; so he made some excuse for goin into the other room with his wife, and left Polly and I alone in the kitchen—and then, I guess, we felt and look'd queerer than ever. Howsomer, I'd heerd the square's daughter say, that a faint heart never won pretty Polly; and so I muster'd up all my courage, and finally, after Polly had got a basin of apples and a mug of cider, and we had eat two a piece, and drank up most all the cider, we begun to git a little over it, and had quite a social chat, so that I staid till nearly ten o'clock, when I took another drink of cider, bid Polly good night, and started for hum; but, going to the hos-post, I found old Bob, who wan't used to keepin such late hours, had broken his bridle, and left me to plod hum two miles through the snow on foot. Howsomer, this didn't cool my love any, for there was a thousand fancical ideas of comfort flyin thro' my brains, and I walk'd so fast and so heedlessly, that I went half-a-mile past hum afore I found out I'd got there. Such tricks love will play us, Harry; but, as you always go in the carriage, you never need be afraid of your driver's going a step further than he's obliged to. Well, I went to see Polly a few times, and thinkin she lik'd me pretty well, I made up my mind to ask her to marry me. So I went up to the deakun's agin the next Saturday night, determin'd to have my lot cast. Polly look'd as plump and bloomin

as a hill cover'd with daisies, and when I set down in the corner opposite to her, I never felt so odd in my life. This love-feelin', Harry, makes such fools of us that we can't hardly tell a crow-bar from a meeting-house steeple, and we are no more fit for business when we are in love than a duck is for a dancin'-master. My heart was full as a brook in the spring, and I thot every minit it would melt or break. Howsomever, I brought on the subject as well as I could, but I felt sort of odd at being so fur off from Polly, so I draw'd my chair close to hers, and kept tryin' to ask her the question, but findin' that the longer I waited the worse I grew, I ventur'd to take hold of Polly's hand; and oh! the touch of it! it thrill'd thro' every vein in my body, like a clap of thunder thro' a brush-heap. Then seein' the ice broke, I ask'd her plumply if she'd have me? She blush'd red as a trainer's feather, trembled like a lamb in a thorn hedge, and finally she said, "yes." My suspense was then all over; my heart leap'd into my mouth like a frog into a puddle, and I could a chaw'd it up for joy! The next Sunday the parson publish'd us, and the next thing was to git married. They were goin' to have an apple-bee at one of the neighbors the next Wednesday night, so after doin' up my chores the square went with me up to the deakun's, and Polly went to put on her best calico frock to have the ceremony perform'd, and while she was out, some of her young friends, who didn't know that she was goin' to be married, (so shy had she kept it,) stop'd in to have her go to the apple-bee. She told 'em to wait until the square had married us, and then we'd all go together. So the square tied the knot for us, and then we all started off for the apple-bee, in high glee. With the wages which I then had, and them that Polly and I afterwards earn'd, we bought from the square the little house and farm and saw-mill where we now live, and have lived ever since we was married, taking as much comfort as a cucumber which has nothin' to do but lay in the garden and grow. Next to God, who gives us all good things, we love each other best, and next to each other we love our children, and next to our children we love our neighbors; and, with the Lord's blessin, we will live honestly and comfortably as we have lived, until it pleases him to call us from this world, when we hope to be separated only for a little while, and then meet again to live with each other in God's presence for ever."

The principal circumstances of the old man's simple and candid story common report had long since made me acquainted with; but they seemed doubly interesting coming from old Robin himself. For the purpose of forming some apology for giving his "chubby darlings" valuable presents, I have often visited his retired house, to eat tarts and *johnny-cake*, which his "pretty Polly" is famed for making, and her neatness as a housewife is proverbial; indeed, to use one of old Robin's expressions, her kitchen floor is so nice that a "fly would slip up if he were to undertake to walk across it."

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

REMINISCENCES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

LETTER FROM COUNT PULASKI TO DR. FRANKLIN.

WHEN Pulaski left France, in 1776, he promised to write to Franklin, then residing as minister, in Paris, and give him a full account of what he thought of the progress of events in the great struggle of American independence. To this agreement he faithfully adhered; and the observations of this enlightened foreigner, no doubt, assisted the philosopher in making up his estimate of things in regard to the revolution. He was particularly requested to write his opinion of the talents and characters of the generals engaged in the American cause. These men had mostly grown up since Franklin's prime of life, and he did not feel so much acquainted with them as with their fathers. Pulaski was sagacious, open-hearted, and free in his remarks.

He continued his correspondence with the doctor until his death. The following letter, which we extract from the manuscript of the new novel, mentioned last week, entitled the "Polish Chiefs," was written in the year 1778:—

"MY DEAR DOCTOR—I have named Washington to you in my former communications, and I can safely say, that every day my veneration for him increases. He seems equal to any occasion, rising with it, and developing just such talents as are required for the exigency. His moral bravery is equal to his physical courage. He is careful of human life—a rare characteristic of a modern commander—yet he has none of that sentimental tenderness that would make him forego real advantages for fear of a little danger. He has the true gift of command, dignity and ease. In our last battle, he had some misunderstanding with General Charles Lee, for which Lee is to be called to a court-martial. Lee is a good officer, well acquainted with modern tactics, and unquestionably brave; but he is profligate, and reckless of his conduct here as of future life. It is well known that he is a freethinker, and that does not suit a great proportion of the army, who are strict believers in Luther or Calvin, or some other reformer. Lee is a scholar, and a man of wit, and might be more useful in the army than he is. It is whispered that he and his friends are intriguing to make him commander-in-chief. This will not do. The result of the court-martial will, I apprehend, put a quietus to that impression. However distinguished the talents of Lee may be, he is unfit for these grave and practical people.

"If Washington was to be taken off, General Green would, probably, be called to succeed him, if the wishes of the army were consulted. He came out from the people, and rose at once from his merits; and has sustained that high reputation which was given to him by his own state, ever since he became a continental officer.

He is cool, clear-headed, and firm of purpose; and is popular with the few of discrimination, as well as with the many who are guided by impulse.

"Knox is much admired and respected by the army; he is a bold gigantic-looking officer, who combines reflection with youth, and a sage demeanor with a lofty spirit. Washington is his friend, and puts high confidence in him. He is another of those men who have grown up for the occasion. He was a sergeant in an artillery company in Boston; but when the commander of it left the country, Knox was made captain of the corps; and, joining Washington at Cambridge, was soon rapidly promoted in the army. Regularity, spirit, and no small share of science, are seen in his deportment; and he probably is now a severer student than any cadet in Paris. Such a man will be distinguished by every opportunity to display himself. From his very errors he comes at the truth. I find that he has among his camp equipage a valuable collection of military books—a rare thing in this republican army. They now and then take a set from the British, and commence reading them.

"Sullivan, I have not had much of an opportunity to become acquainted with; but the New England people are satisfied with him as a general, and they are sagacious, and generally correct in their opinions of men. He has great spirit, and a good head: such men will be distinguished in any walk of life.

"These are foremost men that I have mentioned; but there is a younger class, who are principally in the staff, of an equal cast of mind, and of superior education, having generally just left their institutions of learning, or the early course of professional life, to join the army. There are some elegant young men among these. Major Fairlee I would mention as one of them. He is quite young; but for sagacity, wit, and knowledge of his profession, he has no superior. Playful and satirical, or instructive, as he varies from one subject to another, I have taken much delight in his society, and think he has given me more instruction in pronouncing the English language, than any other officer I have met with. This is probably owing to my enjoying his society so much.

"The young French general you have sent to America, is a nobleman of nature as well as of accident. He is winning in his manners, and is the charm of social life. He puts aside all the pretensions of rank, and comes down to a level with all his brother officers. I could not have supposed that one born and educated in such a court as that of Louis fifteenth and sixteenth, could have been so much of a republican in his manners. He has the confidence of Washington, the love of the great mass of the officers, and the adoration of the soldiers. He is never easy unless on duty, and happy only when that duty is satisfactorily performed. He is a good soldier—full of resources, and not easily discouraged. His men have full confidence in him, and that is every thing in a general. No crusader was ever more ardent in the cause than Lafayette is in yours. He is certainly able beyond his years. Seldom has this world seen a general, not yet out of his minority; and yet he seems quite at home in military matters; but this may be accounted for by his having a military education, which always gives a man a gravity beyond his years.

"He appears to have identified himself with this country, and will not give it up as long as he can find one soldier to support him. These Frenchmen are full of enthusiasm, and that you will not find fault with in such a cause. I think, my dear doctor, that you owe much to this same young Frenchman. He came with his pockets full of money, his head crammed with military manœuvres, and his heart overflowing with philanthropy and republicanism; and he is still as full of fight as a young cadet. Of all the officers from foreign powers he is the most popular with the army; and, I think, bids fair to retain that popularity; and, in a struggle like this, no man can sustain a command without some share of popularity. The French now here respect the general as much as the army love him. His fame is not confined to the army, but his influence is great in reconciling jarring interests, and he is as ready to heal a breach as any man I know of. His services will be gratefully remembered if this country obtains her freedom, for such a man or his deeds cannot be forgotten.

"There is a southerner of fine character and high promise devoted to the cause—Colonel Laurens, from South Carolina. He has the elements of a great soldier in him, and if the war is to be long continued, he will rise to some high command. He is quick to discern, and as quick to execute, and has that great necessary gift from heaven to make him illustrious—I mean that power, which all can feel and no one define, of diffusing a chivalrous spirit into all within his influence. In the late battle of Rhode Island, Laurens and Colonel Henry B. Livingston were distinguished for having displayed great talents and bravery. In fact, my dear doctor, your country is rich in talents of a high order, in every department; time and opportunity only are wanting to develop them; and, in the destinies of your people, these will come.

"I should do wrong, while on this subject, if I did not name to you one of my most favorite soldiers, Colonel Alexander Hamilton. He is one of the most promising men of the army. With great simplicity of character, he unites uncommon energies of mind. He gathers knowledge with an intuitive grasp; and holds it with the tenacity of brass. He is as brave as Cæsar, and as honorable as brave. He is cool in command, and furious in attack; he is modest and humane in victory; intrepid and unbroken in defeat. If for a moment you discover some slight error in him, a redeeming quality is found hard by to efface it. If now and then Omphale plays with his sword-knot, she never binds him to the distaff. If sometimes Cupid, in a frolic, traces on his shield the images of beauty and the bowers of love, it is instantly polished all bright again by its

use in the battle field. In council, with the air and mien of youth, he gives to pondering gravity new matter for reflection, and to irrelative honesty new vigor. They think him a boy when he begins to speak, and a sage when he has finished. He is as well fitted for the deliberative body as for the camp; and for the forum as for the hall of justice. Wherever he goes, there will be a stream of light; wherever he rests, a pillar of fire. He seems unconscious of his superiority, and yet is unawed by the most gifted minds. If his equals are no where to be found, there are many in your country I have seen, who are so many pledges that the independence of it will be achieved. In fact, it is already virtually fixed. The germ of liberty is bursting into vigorous shoots. The several states are holding conventions to establish constitutions of government, and order and harmony must be the result. Congratulate yourself, my dearest friend, for you may rest in perfect safety that the great struggle is to close gloriously; for when a people as large as the American nation will be free, they must be free. Heaven prospers those who dare assist themselves.

"The lovers of freedom have cause to rejoice throughout the world. Your countrymen have, by this perilous conflict, brought forth talents, which they themselves were unconscious of possessing. The energies of man have always been found equal to their exigencies, if untoward fate did not repress them. Separated, as you are, from the old world by three thousand miles of water, it will be found impossible for any one nation to transport a sufficient number of men to your shores in the end, to conquer those determined to be free. Half a century, a mere hour in national existence, will give your country a population of more than ten millions. You may then laugh at the world when they talk of subduing you. Your calculations have been considered dreams by the old world, but I entreat you to dream on, the truth will outstrip your calculations, and the coming time will fulfil your prophecies.

"I shall not live to see all this realized. The genius of my country, clothed in a blood-stained mantle, is for ever before my eyes, and points me to my place of rest. The wide shroud prepared for me has on it "gouts of blood;" but do not understand me as looking on this as a dreaded spectre. Oh no; it exactly suits my fancy. I wish to die in so good a cause; I wish to sleep in the bed of glory, and to fall in the discharge of my duty. There is something yet to be done, and in doing it I hope to perish. I brood over Poland, but Poland is not yet to be regenerated. The incubus of despotism is on her breast, and convulsions may ensue; but no freedom can be obtained by this paroxysm.

"The Russian power is increasing and will increase for perhaps half a century to come, but her decline after this is certain. Her ambition will urge her on to conquests—these will enlighten her hordes, and knowledge, instead of increasing the power of such a mass, will cause it to tumble to pieces. There is a mighty spirit now directing her destinies, but it will in time change, and feeble hands may wield that which is now directed by talent and wicked ambition. Do not smile at my anticipation, for I hold it good that every patriot should be a prophet. I am an outlaw, an exile, and like the last of the druids among your ancestors, I have the second sight, and "see the warp and woof of Edward's race," as I precipitate myself as a victim, for my country's cause, or rather thrown from the precipice by my country's foes. However deep I may feel for Poland, I assure you that the gloom which I witnessed on the brow of your countrymen when I first arrived here, is gone. Determination has taken the place of anxiety; and although the war is not finished, the manner in which it will terminate is no longer doubtful to any but those wilfully blind. The army think that the enemy will entirely overrun the south, and then separate the south from the north and east. In this they are wrong. The north and east can, and will, furnish troops to fight the battles of the south, and if they are not on the ground in season, or when they are wanted to prevent evil, they will come in time to avenge it. I am ordered to the south—Farewell. PULASKI."

LITERARY NOTICES.

MR. BULWER'S NEW NOVEL OF EUGENE ARAM.

WE have been favored with the perusal of this work, which, it is understood, is just published by the Messrs. Harpers; and our decided impressions are, that it is of superior excellence to any of the previous productions of this very popular writer. The principal person of the piece is the man from whom it derives its name, and the development of whose character comprises the main interest of the narrative. Eugene Aram is represented in the notices which appeared shortly after the trial, that gave him such infamous celebrity, as a man of profound learning as well as great natural powers of mind; and the defence he made on that trial unquestionably guarantees the opinion. The author has made this the groundwork of a character of very singular interest and originality, and has developed it with a degree of philosophical accuracy, as well as natural probability, which indicate a species of talent Mr. Bulwer has not hitherto displayed, at least not in so masterly a manner as in the present instance.

Unquestionably it requires a much higher power to produce a great degree of interest and excitement, by simple and natural means, than by the aid of witchcraft, or a resort to a series, or rather a farrago of unnatural incidents, neither probable in themselves, nor, if probable, at all likely to bring about the catastrophe of the piece. Invention, unchecked by judgment, is but a vulgar and ordinary feature in the composition of genius; for nothing is more easy than to imagine impossibilities. The highest order of fictions is

certainly that in which a series of interesting incidents leads naturally and probably to a striking *denouement*. If the agency of gods and goddesses in Homer, of enchanters in Tasso and Ariosto, of witches and fairies in Shakspeare, had not been sanctioned by the popular belief, to a certain extent the interest of their vivid creations would have been deplorably lessened by the introduction of such machinery. Superstitions of every kind, which are extensively disseminated, furnish excellent grounds for the construction, and capital materials for the embellishment of fictions; for, though we may not actually believe in the existence and agency of these beings, still they are so familiar to the imagination that we do not revolt at their introduction, as we would at that of influences to which we had not been accustomed from our youth. A basis of probability is thus attained, without which, in our opinion, no fiction or work of imagination is perfect.

We think Mr. Bulwer has accomplished this object, at the same time that he has most successfully addressed himself to the taste of the day, for stirring adventures, high-wrought feeling, and tragic incident. The development of Aram's character, by means of action and dialogue, is striking, affecting, and philosophical; and the struggles of such a mind as his is represented, with the recollection of a guilt which could never be washed away, the hope of happiness and the fear of discovery, are wrought up into a most exciting narrative. One of the author's greatest triumphs is having rendered it sufficiently probable that such a man as Eugene Aram should have inspired such a woman as Madeline Lester with a love so pure, and at the same time so passionate and profound. This was one of the formidable difficulties of Mr. Bulwer, and he has successfully surmounted it. Another difficulty was to evade the disadvantage of having adopted as the hero of his story an individual whom so many of his readers knew beforehand to be a murderer. From the first, therefore, we have an infallible clue to the mysteries of the story; and must be aware, that according to all other poetical justice, (save that of our author in Paul Clifford,) the catastrophe is inevitable. The end of poor Madeline's love must, of necessity, be misery and disappointment, since the consciousness of such a crime preying on the mind of Eugene Aram, must totally unfit him for administering to the happiness of another. But these inherent defects, in the nature of the subject, and the notoriety of the principal fact, do not prevent this from being one of the most keenly interesting tales we have ever met with.

The work is also adorned with many rare and charming embellishments. There are interspersed throughout many descriptions of scenery, extremely touching and beautiful, as well as many observations which indicate a mind capable of turning aside into the path of truth, and plucking both fruits and flowers. We scarcely remember a finer philosophical truth more beautifully illustrated than in the following passage:

"And thus passed the student's life; perhaps its monotony and dullness required less compassion than they received; *no man can judge of the happiness of another*. As the moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favor with a peculiar beam one long track amid the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity, yet all the while she is so niggard in her lustre—for though the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as if they were not—yet *she*, with an equal and unfavorable loveliness, mirror's herself on every wave. Even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though to our limited eyes she seems only to rest on those billows from which the ray is reflected back on our sight."

A vein of observation similar to this runs through the story, and we confess we have little respect for any writer, either of fact or fiction, who does not mingle something of the kind with the tissue of his narrative; still less do we reverence a reader whose curiosity is so rampant that he cannot stop to contemplate a beautiful landscape, or to banquet on the naked charms of truth, which, say what they will, are not less lovely, romantic, and touching than the wildest creations of the imagination. When Apelles wished to delineate the goddess of love, he did not resort to his invention, but to nature and reality, and he produced a combination which, though never before perhaps exhibited in one single figure, was nature—pure nature notwithstanding.

Our time and limits will not now allow of a more extended analysis of the present volumes. We cannot conclude, however, without expressing our decided opinion that in style, sentiment, plan, and catastrophe, Eugene Aram is the master work of a man, who now that the wand of the great wizard of the north is, peradventure, broken forever, has no superior—nay, no equal, in the walks of fiction among the writers of Great Britain. Undoubtedly there are faults, both of style and sentiment, but often the faults of a man of genius are preferable to the beauties of one without genius. We are upon wafting a little sober advice across the main; "were we not most decidedly of opinion that the divine spark had much better follow its light, than that the link boys of literature, who, though they enable him to avoid a gutter, or a quagmire, never lead him to the 'cloud cap hill,' or the beautiful recesses of nature."

We perceive that the American edition of this work is prefaced by a touching little address to the countrymen of Washington and Franklin, in which the author modestly adverts to his popularity in the new world, as a subject of pride and pleasure, and offers the kindest acknowledgments of a manly spirit. Mr. Bulwer is right. The favorable estimation of a nation of freemen, containing more readers than any other on the face of the globe, and more people that can read, is a subject of just pride to any man, let him be

who he will. It is something, as has been observed, allied to the voice of posterity, and is given with an independence of the influence of temporary fashion, which makes it the more valuable. The time is not far distant, when the British writers, present and future, will look to this country as the widest, vastest field remaining to them all. A hundred millions—if heaven spares the earth so long—a hundred millions of people will, in less than a hundred years, inhabit this western republic, who will speak and read the English language in all its purity. How absurd—how ineffably absurd is it then, in so many of these writers, to mingle in their works, feelings and prejudices, slights and calumnies, that will forever preclude them from circulation in this country, and deprive them of millions of readers! Certainly, overweening vanity never made a greater sacrifice at the shrine of imaginary superiority, than that of immortality in a *new world*. **

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

THE unusual inclemency of the present season has, of course, been prejudicial to the theatres. At the Park, the benefits of the most talented and favorite members of the corps have been undeserving the name. Even Mrs. Wheatley appealed nearly in vain. We state this with equal surprise and regret. No more skilful and admirable actress ever appeared on our boards. The managers could not represent most of the plays decently without her. There is no substitute for her in the whole range of our dramatic acquaintance, and she has educated her two charming young daughters with so much successful care to become universal favorites, that an overflowing house would have been but a natural and just reward of her indefatigable exertions. Mr. H. Placide, another deservedly popular actor, and one who every one imagined must be remembered by the thousands that have been delighted by the displays of his varied talents during the year, was received by two or three hundred persons, whose enthusiastic greetings were doubtless very gratifying to his feelings, but of little service to his pocket. Mr. Jones was not exempted from the effects of this apathy. If any one ever merited substantial marks of public approbation, he is the man. His rise from mediocrity to his present eminence in his profession has been so completely under our notice, that we may almost consider him an American vocalist; and the rapid progress he is making, not only in music, but also in acting, must, we presumed, attract a crowded audience. The house indeed, for the night, was good, but not what it ought to have been. This neglect of talent and industry is a bad feature in the character of our theatrical community; and the bad consequences of it recoil upon ourselves. If merit is not rewarded, and perseverance meets no more acknowledgment than is bestowed upon indolence and shallowness, we withdraw the stimulant from talent, and encourage the claims of presumption.

Cinderella has been repeated with great success, and is still the prominent attraction of the Park theatre. We think there is an improvement in Mrs. Austin's acting. Her music, as usual, is delightfully sweet and effective. The Caliph of Bagdad, and the two last acts of Der Frieschutz, have been performed. As Haroun Alraschid, Mr. Jones played with spirit and freedom, and sung admirably, notwithstanding a slight touch of the influenza. Barnes, as the Cadi, was droll and odd, and kept the house in a roar. Thorne played Chebib extremely well. He is a useful actor, and sings music adapted to his voice, very sweetly, and with effect. As an example, take his song in the Englishman in India, "Oh firm as oak, and free from care," and his personation of Caspar in Der Frieschutz, which is everywhere good, and in parts powerful. Neither must we forget his Caliban, the best on our stage. But what shall we say of Mrs. Austin, in both the operas? As Darina and Linda she was equally brilliant. Her every appearance leaves upon the public a deeper impression than the last. We take blame to ourselves for having hitherto permitted the benefit of Mrs. Hilson, which took place at the Chatham theatre, to remain unnoticed. She was greeted with a crowded house, and the most deep-felt approbation, which she well deserves.

Mr. Barnes announces his benefit, and that this is the last season of his appearance at the Park theatre. This is "wondrous strange."

An article which we had prepared on the Richmond Hill theatre has been crowded out, but shall appear in our next.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. PAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1832.

New-England Magazine—American Turf Register—Ladies' Magazine—Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature—Illinois Magazine.—We find on our table this morning a host of periodical journals, each in its own way creditable to its department of our literature. When we recollect the difference between this country and England, in respect to the manner in which attempts of this kind have been hitherto supported, and the great inducement among us for talent to embark in other enterprises, we regard the present works with a gratification not wholly unmingled with surprise.

The New England Magazine is conducted with marked ability, and presents strong claims to public attention. Every number contains articles admirably well written, many, apparently, from the pens of eminent authors, and a steady improvement has been visible since its commencement. It is a vigorous, healthy, and manly pub-

lication—utters its opinions with a bold and attractive freedom, and even when we do not acquiesce in its sentiments (which sometimes happens) we appreciate the frank independence of the editors, and respect them for it. The work is correctly and elegantly printed, and we think, under its present direction, must succeed.

The American Turf Register is, as its title indicates, addressed especially to gentlemen of the turf. It is by no means limited to subjects uninteresting to the general reader, but, on the contrary, often sparkles with sketches of a light and pleasing character. To its literary merit we can bear testimony, and, we learn, that it is very popular for its more technical excellencies among the *cognoscenti*.

To these two deserving publications we are sincerely pleased to add the Ladies' Magazine, under the direction of Mrs. Hale. We have before solicited our fair readers to look into its pages, both from the fact that its editor is a lady, and of decided talent, and from the sterling merit of her work. We should, perhaps, be overstepping the limits of our critical prerogative in dwelling upon her amiable and estimable character as a mother, and the praiseworthy novelty of her appearance among the editorial corps; but we are sure, that when added to the spirited manner in which she conducts the magazine, these circumstances will arouse the approbation, and elicit the patronage of all admirers of female worth and talent.

Of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, we have also previously spoken. It furnishes us, and in a very unobtrusive way, with all the gems of the British periodicals without their politics and heavy, dull matter. It is by far a more interesting work than any single journal abroad. Its selections are made with care and taste, and afford an ample equivalent for its moderate subscription. We cordially recommend it to the lovers of foreign literature, as it ably fills a vacancy in our own, which has too often been usurped by very inferior publications.

We should apologize for having so nearly lost sight of the *western* writers. There are among them several bold, powerful intellects, and some of unusual eloquence and refinement. Among them, Mr. James Hall holds a prominent rank. We fear he is not properly appreciated by his brethren of the Atlantic states, because not sufficiently known; but we hear he is more read in England. We know, indeed, too little of the west altogether, and shall seize the earliest leisure to fling together a few observations on the subject. Till then, we must content ourselves by mentioning the Illinois Magazine, a work, in our opinion of the great excellence of which, all who peruse it must fully concur.

Plagiarism.—A poetic effusion, of great merit, entitled "August, by William Cullen Bryant," and commencing

"The quiet August noon is come,"

is again going the rounds of the British periodicals, and, of course, of our own papers. It is now before us in Littell's "Museum of Foreign Literature," copied from the London "New Monthly Magazine." The verses alluded to originally appeared in the New-York Mirror anonymously, under the head of "A Noon Scene," and we cannot compliment the courtesy of the editor who took them from us without credit, altered the title, and annexed the name of the gentleman whom he conceived to be the author. We ascribe this either to the carelessness or the dishonesty of certain among our brethren, *on this side the Atlantic*, who are in the constant practice of appropriating the articles of this paper to themselves, without acknowledgment. It is a dishonest and unpardonable offence, which would not be persisted in by any honorable man, and, perhaps, there is no periodical in the country that has more cause of complaint on this subject than our own. That such conduct meets the marked disapprobation of the English journals, take the following as an example, from one of the first works of the day:

(From the London Harmonicon.)

"In the Harmonicon for August and September, we gave an essay on vocal music, quoted, as we fairly stated (p. 168,) from the 'New York Euterpeid,' and to which we appended some observations of our own. It now appears that our American contemporary had extracted the whole of the paper in question, without acknowledgment or remark of any kind, from the 'Young Ladies' Book,' (published in the city of London,) and we have thus inadvertently been led into an act, which, under any other circumstances, would be totally unjustifiable, and of which we trust our readers and the public will believe us to be wholly incapable."

Progress of Music.—It has hitherto been customary for us, "the innocents of this happy country," to gaze, with delighted wonder, and admire every thing that is prepared for us by the managers of theatres, as coming from royal establishments, and played by *king's servants* in England; and we doubt whether many of the dramas and *dramatis personæ* would have met with the same success had they been otherwise introduced to our notice. In England, we notice that the old opera of Artaxerxes has been played frequently this season, introducing Braham and a fair *debutante*, and got up by Sir George Smart and Mr. Welch, with a "new" and "original" *finale* to the first act. This *new and original finale* was arranged by an amateur residing in this city, to whom we are indebted for the translation of the Caliph of Bagdad, the arrangement of Cinderella, &c. and produced by Mr. Simpson at the Park theatre, three years ago, although we cannot find, on examining the play-bills, that the Covent-garden managers gave Mr. Simpson the credit which he has so elaborately bestowed upon them on similar occasions. We rather think this is the first composition which has ever been adopted at an English theatre, having previously succeeded in America, and it speaks volumes for the improvement of the art in this country.

FROM THE RUIN'S TOPMOST TOWER;

CAVATINA—AS SUNG BY MISS CAWSE, IN MARCHNER'S GRAND OPERA OF THE VAMPIRE, AS PERFORMED AT THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Arranged and adapted to the English stage by W. Hayes—the poetry by J. R. Planche, Esq.

Andantino.

From the ru-in's top-most tow'r, I have gazed a wea-ry hour, Wen-zel to' dis-co-ver,

In the sun's de-scend-ing beam, Moun-tain glow'd and glit-ter'd stream, But they bore no lo-ver. Troop-ing came the guests so gay, But no bride-groom. Fa-ther,

say, Should not that my brow shade o-ver, Should not that my brow shade o-ver?

SECOND VERSE.

Ev'ning sinks on hill and dale,
And the sobbing nightingale
Mourns one perjured lover;
From her cloudy slumber soon
She will wake the silver moon,
And to pity move her.
Night is on its starry way,
Yet no bridegroom. Father, say,
Should not that my brow shade over?
Should not that my brow shade over?

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

ERRORS OF MANKIND.

It is singular to look back upon the errors of the human race, and to observe with what zeal even the strongest minds have followed error, than which, to the most uninformed of the present day, nothing could be more absurd. Among the questions to which the old metaphysical writers devoted their talents, were the following:

Can angels pass from one point of space to another without passing through the intermediate points?

Can more than one angel exist at the same moment, in the same physical point?

Is virtue good because it has intrinsic goodness, or has it intrinsic goodness because it is good?

Is the mind's freedom of choice, an entity or a quiddity?

Can angels visually discern objects in the dark?

Can they exist in a perfect vacuum? and if they can, is that vacuum perfect?

Can the Creator exist in imaginary space, as well as in space that is real?

Can a mode exist without a substance?

Although we can scarcely peruse these profound queries without a smile, is it not possible that future ages will find among our philosophers themes of discussion equally useless and absurd?

RESOLUTION.—FROM MY DIARY.

The longer I live, the more I am impressed with the deep importance of cultivating this quality. It is greatly overlooked in the usual estimates of a man's character. We speak of his generosity, his courage, his integrity, his manners and attainments; we call him amiable, affectionate, intelligent, but we seldom inquire if he is *resolute*. It is equally overlooked in the received systems of education. We teach children grammar, arithmetic, geography; but it is not often that a schoolmaster watches to strengthen by precept and example the growing weakness by which the young

boy yields easily to surrounding circumstances. It is true, we praise the resolution by which an individual carries on a great design, but that is not what I mean. The less obtrusive, but far more valuable peculiarity to which I allude, is that quiet, never-sleeping spirit which pervades the whole tenor of some men's existence, and is, in fact, the secret cause of greatness and wealth, and success in whatever they undertake. It is the spell by which ordinary minds pass brilliant and gifted intellects, in the journey of life; by which so insignificant a creature as an ant piles a hill for his dwelling; by which the coral insect raises an island in the ocean. If I were a father, I would strive to implant this habit in my son's character. It is more valuable than gold, and will accomplish more than genius, with half the disappointment and peril. How much I admire it—yet how totally I am destitute of it! I have ardently endeavored to acquire it, but have failed to gain it, from the very fact, that I had it not. With it I could have grasped any other virtue, and nearly any other advantage. I could have been systematic in my business, and regular in my indulgences. I could have been rich. I could have amassed knowledge, and strengthened all the faculties of my mind. It is the "place to stand on" which Archimedes wanted in order to move the world. No one can be resolute in this way without having been taught early a certain contempt for ease and enjoyment: this I have never learned. There is my weak point—every temptation overcomes me. There are moods in which I feel I could effect great things. I have a Spartan severity of thought, and a singleness of purpose, which, could I but retain it, would lead me anywhere. Could I but be isolated from the gaieties of life; could I be thrust into a dungeon, or on a solitary island, for a certain period, and with a certain object; could I, in any way, rescue myself entirely from the innumerable influences around me, and become actually the master of my own mind, I would not pass away from the earth an unremembered creature. I would leave a monument; but without resolution this is but an idle reverie. Yes—and I fear it would be no more, even in the dungeon, or the island. My own thoughts

would be my enemies. Pleasure comes like a spring sun, and dissolves all my snowy designs. The satisfaction of a present impulse has always been more important to me than the success of a remote plan. Irresolution is a habit which creeps upon its victim with a fatal facility. It is not vicious, but it leads to vice, and many a fine heart has paid the penalty of it at the scaffold.—Trifling as it appears in the wavering steps of the young, as they grow older its form changes to that of a hideous monster, who leads them to destruction with their eyes open. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurean, the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet which he is about to drain, is poison, yet he swallows it. He knows, for the example of thousands have painted it to him in glaring colors, that it will deaden all his faculties—take the strength from his limbs—happiness from his heart—oppress him with foul diseases, and hurry his progress to a dishonored grave; and yet he drains it under a species of dreadful spell, like that by which small creatures are said to approach and leap into the jaws of the loathsome serpent, whose fiendish eyes have fascinated them. How beautiful and manly is that power by which the resolute man passes unmoved through these dangers!

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Mirth—A drug, never found unalloyed.

Thin shoe—An article worn in winter by high spirited young ladies, who could rather die than conceal the beauty of their feet.

Witness' stand—In a court of justice, a kind of pillory, where a person is obliged to receive every species of verbal insult without being able to resent it.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,

To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscriptions received for a less term than one year. New subscribers can be supplied with the Mirror from the twenty-seventh number of the present volume, which was issued on the seventh of January.

J. Seymour, printer, John-street.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR, OR THE EFFECTS OF CRITICISM.

"A sensitive plant your literary flower."

"I AM going to visit a young genius," said my friend B. to me, one day. "Will you accompany me?" I assented. "That you may understand the character of the person we are about to visit," he added, after we had started, "it will be necessary that I should give you a sketch of his life:

"Edwin Delisle was an only child. His parents were rich. He was brought up with the expectation of filling the highest rank in society. The best masters were provided for his instruction; but his wild and joyous nature led him to prefer pleasure to learning, and his wayward desires were too much indulged. Because the stream of knowledge flowed to him unsought, it was disregarded. A number of unfortunate speculations reduced Mr. Delisle from affluence to bankruptcy. Unable to bear up against the shock, he shortly after died of a broken heart. His widow soon followed him to the grave, leaving Edwin, at the age of thirteen, at once a beggar and an orphan. The care of him devolved upon his maternal uncle, who, not willing to be troubled with the 'spoiled child,' had him bound out to a trade. This was a change in his situation as unexpected as it appeared to him humiliating. He had been taught to consider dignities and honors as a part of his birthright, and his pride revolted at the idea of bowing to the will of another; but submission was the only course left him to pursue. He was kindly treated by his master; but fancy surrounded him with many ideal evils. Every little slight, every word that appeared harsher than common, was tortured into intentional insult. Every laugh was directed against himself, and the finger of scorn followed his steps everywhere. His spirits drooped, the joyous laugh vanished from his lips. He would wander forth when his daily task was done, and in silence and solitude weep over his utter desolation. He had none to comfort or advise him, for he had quarreled with his uncle, and was too proud to seek a reconciliation; and those who had called themselves his father's friends, had forgotten that he left a son behind him. But the elasticity of the young mind will not allow it to remain long inactive under the pressure of misfortune. In Edwin the fearful struggles of pride, the bitterness of crushed affection, and the indignation excited by the perfidy of friends, while it caused him to shun the communion of his kind, and drove the warm current of feeling and love back upon his own heart, likewise awakened within him a new talent, that would otherwise have remained dormant. The deep and passionate thoughts that had long been pent within him, at last found vent, and

"Burst into voluntary song."

"On discovering this new faculty of his mind, he pursued it with avidity, because it enabled him to fly from the evil that preyed upon his spirits. As his powers more and more developed themselves, a change came over his manners and appearance. His step grew firmer, and his carriage loftier. His face had lost the joyous look which it wore in childhood, but it had now gained much in intellectual expression. His solitary rambles were still continued, but he no longer gazed around him with listless indifference. He felt keenly alive to the beauty and grandeur of nature. He was no longer alone! Imagination peopled the unfathomed void.

"New hope flashed upon the darkness that surrounded him—hope that in the young breast paints all things beyond reality. He beheld himself pressing on in the path of fame. The world was already bowing in homage to his genius. He felt himself immortal. 'They shall be glad to know me yet!' he would exclaim in moments of enthusiasm, as he thought of those who once shared his father's banquets, and who now passed him unnoticed. 'They shall be glad to know me yet—and then—' His swelling heart was full, and the sentence remained unfinished. Unfortunately, like most young authors, he was too impatient to appear in print. He commenced a work which he fondly hoped would transmit his name to posterity. The midnight lamp and the first streak of the morning light, found him bending over his task. He now felt the want of knowledge. He had much to learn, and but little time for learning. The intense application to which he subjected himself, greatly impaired his health, but the mind sustained him, when the body without such support would have sunk exhausted.

"When the poem was at last completed, a difficulty arose which he had never before thought of. Where should he obtain a publisher? Many declined the risk, and he was about giving up the hope of finding one, when he accidentally became acquainted with a man whom his father had greatly benefited. The person had not forgotten the obligation, and though he suspected it would be against his interest, he undertook the publication.

"If you have ever felt your all hanging upon one point, and that

point about to be decided, you can judge what were Edwin's feelings during the time that his work was in the press. At one moment his spirits rose to the highest pitch of excitement, and the next sunk to the lowest ebb of despondency. 'To-morrow your work will be delivered to the trade,' said the printer to him one day. 'To-morrow,' exclaimed the enthusiastic Edwin, as he threw himself that night upon his humble couch—'To-morrow I shall be immortal!'

"The work came out. It was a volume of miscellaneous poems. It contained many passages of great originality; but it was evidently the production of one who had been self-taught. There were many faults, and these the critics attacked as vigorously as if their salvation depended upon prostrating the luckless author.

"Need I mention the effect of this upon a mind constituted like Edwin's? It was terrible. His health, already greatly injured by his exertions, suffered from the revulsion of his feelings. The struggle for life has been long and fearful. He is now considerably better; but there is much reason to fear if something does not occur to rouse him from his despondency, that he will soon sink into the grave."

Soon after my companion had concluded, we arrived at the place of our destination. "We shall probably see Edwin alone," said he, as he unceremoniously opened the street door. We ascended a flight of stairs, when he opened another door—entered—turned—placed his finger on his lips and beckoned me to follow. I obeyed, and found myself in a small room, plainly, but neatly furnished. A few chairs and a deal table constituted the whole of the furniture. A young man, apparently in the last stage of consumption, was seated at the table. A sheet of paper and an inkstand lay before him. He did not appear to observe us when we entered. The elbow of his left arm rested upon the table, and the wasted and fleshless fingers embraced his temples. The right arm fell carelessly over his outstretched leg, and a pen, which had evidently been allowed to drop unconsciously from his hand, lay upon the floor beneath it. He appeared to be engaged in deep and engrossing thought; for ever and anon his brow would contract as if some unpleasant reminiscences were passing before him. We had stood gazing at him some time when he turned with a heavy sigh. The color rushed for a moment to his face, when his eye rested upon us, and then faded away again, leaving it as pale and bloodless as before.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, with a slight inclination of the body, after he had with considerable difficulty risen, "I did not perceive you before."

After the introduction and attendant compliments were over, "I become weaker and weaker every day," he replied to a question after his health. "It cannot last much longer; the hand of death is already upon me. I feel a presentiment that I have but a few days to live."

"These are gloomy forebodings, Edwin," said my friend.

"Call them not gloomy! Oh! if you had outlived hope, and felt the agony of a mind preying upon itself, you would look upon the grave as I do, and hail it as a place of rest. Why should I wish to live? There is not a tie to bind me to the world—no! not one! All before me is darkness and despair. Thought swells to madness, and health flies the mental struggle. Oh! there is no pain so acute—no agony so intense as that which the mind inflicts. Its blighting influence spreads over all things, and withers what it touches. Life becomes a blank, whose scenes of utter despondency and hopeless misery are insupportable."

"Nay, Edwin, it is wrong—worse than wrong—it is criminal to indulge in feelings such as these. They sap the foundation of moral energy, and occasion you much needless suffering. You have gazed so long at the dark side of the picture, that at last your jaundiced eye gives everything the color of your fevered imagination. What have you suffered more than thousands who have gone before you—than thousands who are now around you? They have had to struggle with want, and sorrow, and disease, they have been afflicted and bereaved—"

"But they never felt the possession of talents that may not be developed," exclaimed Edwin, impatiently interrupting him. "They never knew what it was to have powers and feelings that have been crushed and blighted. What is poverty? What is disease, compared to the emotions awakened by wounded self-love? by self-confidence destroyed? What can equal the anguish of learning that we are unworthy of filling those offices which our proud ambition has aspired to? of knowing that we are objects of scorn and contempt; that we are looked upon as a blot, a foul blot in the creation? To be cast down from the height where we had placed ourselves, as the lords of the earth, the talented, the mighty, before whom all meaner spirits must bow in homage; to be cast down from thence, and taught that we are nothing. O it is madness! madness!" He rose from his seat, and his eye flashed with a fearful brightness, as he paced the

room with rapid strides. Weakness seemed to have fled from his body at the voice of passion. Suddenly he stopped and resumed, though in a milder tone, "What has my life been but a tissue of evils? My bark of happiness has been falsely guided, and it is wrecked. Who would continue willingly to live without an aim, without a hope? I would rather die!"

"Come, come, Edwin; what though the spring of your life has been clouded, may not its summer be more bright and glorious, yielding a deeper enjoyment from the contrast? You are yet young, and a thousand sources of gratification are open before you. Pleasures of which you now know nothing will arise to cheer and lighten the path of life. Some fair divinity will court you to love, and teach you that one earthly, is worth the whole nine celestial goddesses."

I thought by the convulsive heaving of his frame that he was weeping, but when he again looked up his eyes were dry, but wild and glistening with unnatural fire.

We left him with his disappointed hopes, and although I had on parting with him endeavored to convince him that he was destined to much future happiness in this world; yet, even in the midst of my consolation, I knew he would die. It is a strange feeling, at once awful and sublime, with which we stand face to face by one whose mortal hours are numbered. We listen to the voice performing its miraculous functions for nearly the last time. We see the glassy eyes of a soul, through which streams the light, about to quit us and the world forever. We see the white hands and skeleton fingers, the withered lips, the skinny temples, and reflect that a few more suns and they will be buried in darkness, and the worm will prey on them. That pale forehead, beneath which the wonderful mind is going on with all its innumerable operations, will lose its instinct, and be as the dust; and that conscious spirit, which now feels our touch, and answers our salutation, will have gone; and the motionless bosom will not feel, nor the mouldering lips respond; and the grass will grow greenly over the faded and forgotten relics; and the sweet summer air will blow around; and they will be seen and heard and known no more upon the stage of the great busy world; and this is death; death that embraces all things; that must embrace us. So as we will, laugh, dance, sing, and play the sovereign of our little circle, we are thus doomed, and driven like sheep to the slaughter-house; and all must fall. Pause, careless, and peradventure, happy reader. It may be thou art young and pure and lovely. Perhaps one gaze in thy face would conjure up in me a thousand soft and pleasant feelings, and fill my mind with agreeable images. And thy fancy is almost ignorant of death, and thy bosom is full of far tenderer anticipations than the loathsome grave presents. I have seen such, and nearly doubted that they could die—vain and idle dreamer! Many a mournful lesson is written for me in the church-yard. I never more doubt that death will strike the young and the enchanting, but my confidence is changed to fear and pity; and after the glow with which I look upon the face of a fair woman, comes ever a trembling sense of sadness and horror. That such soft and endearing beauty must feed so insatiate and awful a monster, and be crushed with thrilling anguish, and be at length forgotten.

When I quitted the miserable boy, all my sympathies were vividly awakened. What to the reader may appear dull and common-place, was conveyed directly to my heart by the fine melancholy eyes, and the sweet tremulous voice of the unhappy young poet. I found in him a grace that interested me strangely. My friend assured me that the volume published contained pieces of very unusual merit, and his praise of it was so enthusiastic that I was induced to purchase and give it an attentive perusal. The result was a very strong feeling of astonishment and indignation that it should have been publicly assailed by persons calling themselves critics. It was evident to me that either they had not read the book, or that they did not understand it, for although the excellence of the style was materially marred by trivial errors, generally incidental to the attempts of youthful writers, I was forcibly struck with the great tenderness and eloquence of many passages, whose merit evinced talents both of brilliancy and depth. What rendered the poems more extraordinary as well as more acceptable to me was the fact, that they were original as well as beautiful in their composition, and entirely clear of those mannerisms which, however racy in superior authors, become contemptible when retailed by second-hand dealers, by imitators, and imitators of imitators. In short, the work was full of the true essence of poetry; and, instead of being ridiculed, should have been received with distinguished praise. It was, undoubtedly, to the failure of the volume that the rapidly increasing malady of the youth was to be ascribed. It had struck him to the earth, on which he now lay groveling, and from which even if he could arise, he would not. He had neglected exercise, taken his meals irregularly, become totally careless of his health, rambled, reckless of the weather, at late hours of the night, until the fatal effects began to display them-

selves in the form of consumption. I was sincerely interested in the event of his illness; and not being altogether without the means to serve him, either in pecuniary affairs, or among those severe censors of the public press who had inflicted upon him an injury at once so harsh and so unjust, I inquired their names, and found I knew them all intimately. Of the two least powerful one was a bigot and the other a voluptuary; the third was a young editor of promise, but still young, very young.

The occurrence led my mind to some curious observations and reflections. The public would be shocked if they could behold in a palpable form the vast proportion of criticisms appearing in the journals of this country, which are influenced by private feelings. He who from personal friendship praises a book or a composition undeservedly is, in fact, committing a falsehood, and cheating his readers; but what shall we say of him who sits in the obscure safety of his chamber, and gratifies a malignant enmity against an author, by villifying his works? This course is pursued in the United States to an extent most disgraceful, if not alarming. The truth is, no criticism should have weight unless well supported by argument; and a reviewer who asserts that a publication is bad, without bringing ample proofs of it, is not entitled to credit. For example, we read in some journal, not conducted by any responsible person, that Mr. B. has just issued his history or his poem. "It is a mere tissue of nonsense," adds the critic; "a miserable failure, full of errors and stupidity." And this is called *criticism*! But who is he who writes this? No one knows. He may be ignorant, vulgar, malicious; he may have a work himself in the course of publication on the same subject; or he may be, with the spirit of a cowardly assassin, stabbing thus in the dark at the reputation of a noble foe. We have known men, otherwise very good fellows, guilty of this. We say *guilty*, because to many their fame is what they solely depend on for a livelihood, and to destroy it by unfair means, from vicious motives, is as base as the act of a robber who demands your money with a pistol, or rather of a thief who steals it while you sleep. Of those critics who had written against the publication of my young friend, I found only one who appeared to have carefully read it. It was his criticism which had first appeared, and from which the others had taken their general impressions concerning it. I put the volume one afternoon in my pocket, and went round to visit this person. He was a sickly, unhappy-looking creature, with a face almost livid from bodily sufferings. His back was bent, his chest narrow, his fingers long, white, and bony, and a gleam of unnatural light shone from his eyes, prepossessing the observer against him, and at once betraying physical debility and moral disease. I knew him for a bigot and a wretch, and an involuntary feeling of disgust and hatred crept into my heart as I reflected that a hypochondriac and a bigot stood thus behind an engine of such power as a public press must generally be, controlling its operations and directing its force against the enemies of ignorance, superstition, and malice. I nearly turned away from the threshold in despair of accomplishing my purpose with one so bent out of the beauty and erectness of nature and virtue. I proceeded, however, partly from hope and partly from curiosity, and after having saluted him kindly, I brought forth the poems, requesting to know whether he would permit me to offer him a communication on the subject. He replied with an abrupt negative, "He had read the stuff, and did not like it."

"But, my dear sir," I replied, "I have read it also, and I do like it very much; and, although I do not profess my opinions to be better than yours, I imagine them as good. This young author's very bread depends upon this question, and it ought to be fairly discussed."

Our debate grew warm. I challenged him to prove his assertions out of the book itself. He could not. I taxed him with a violation of his duty as an editor, and his courtesy as a gentleman. He grew enraged, was thrown off his guard, and at length came out roundly with the secret cause of his severity.

"I hate that young man," he said, "and I hate his family. When I was a poor friendless adventurer his father pursued me. I became indebted to him, and he cast me into jail. Curse him and his for it; but I have gradually emerged from my obscure wretchedness into daylight and power. They who once scorned me, now fear me, and shall feel me; and I take delight in crushing the impotent shoots of those weeds and brambles which once opposed my progress."

I left him with a strong conviction of the important duties of editors. How necessary it is that they should be pure in their motives, clear in their minds, and with hearts true and gentle. How necessary that there should be ever present to them a benevolent wish to wound no feeling wantonly, to utter no opinion rashly. A careless stroke of their pen may inflict a wound that even they themselves shall be unable to heal.

I visited one other. He had done from carelessness what the first had perpetrated from malice, but he was young and ingenious, and ever open to conviction. I called him aside, and read him a few passages which I had previously marked. He was delighted. They were charming—beautiful. He would suppose them Moore's—but then—he had never seen them before. Where was the volume? Who was the writer? He should be impatient till he had made his readers acquainted with him. I handed him the work. He started, colored, and looked ashamed. (The writer of this is advanced in years, and felt privileged to address the young critic freely.)

"Yes, my friend," I said, "this timid and gifted young poet is ruined, and you have been among his destroyers. But how is this? You appear ignorant of what you have condemned."

"I am shocked at myself," he answered. "I looked hastily

through it, but founded my opinion of it from that of a contemporary print."

I related the circumstance which had just occurred between myself and the editor of that journal, and so worked upon the conscience of my companion, that the very next day he publicly acknowledged his mistake, and gave the name of Edwin Delisle to the world as a writer of much more than ordinary promise.

I took the paper containing the article, and with a feeling of light-heartedness almost boyish, started for the quiet and darkened room of the disappointed student. Quiet it was, indeed, and dark. One or two members of the family in which he had resided, were gathered around the low couch, and gazing on a stiff, motionless form outstretched in death. It was the lonely enthusiast, in his last sleep, where "nothing can touch him further."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

FROM THE COMIC OFFERING.

MISS BELL.

How oft by punsters have been teased
Poor girls, who thus are christen'd,
Obliged to seem most highly pleased,
Although they've scarcely listen'd!

If at a novel e'er we look,
We surely will be blamed;
For when we're seen to open a book,
We're *blue bells* quickly named!
From church on Sunday if we stay,
We hear from high and low,
"The church affairs must be astray,
The church bells did not go!"

If you with peevish folks agree,
'Tis said, with sick'ning grin,
"Whatever is advanced, you see,
Bell's certain to chime in!"

Some city beau, whom Ma desires
To ring the parlour bell,
Handing a ring to Miss, inquires,
"Will that not do as well?"

And if you e'er an orange eat,
Smart wit you're forced to feel;
For some, no doubt, your ears will greet
With "*Bell*, d'y'e like a peel?"

If out of town on Christmas-day,
You'll feel the bumpkin's wit,
Who says, all *Bells* a toll must pay,
And so you must submit!

Or if you get into a rage,
This rude affair to settle,
The wretch exclaims, "I will engage
You're made o' rare *Bell-metal*!"

Then at the letter-sending time
Of foolish Valentine,
Who is it that can't find a rhyme
To such a name as mine?

Thus, "Dear Miss Bell, I love you well;
Oh, more than tongue can tell!
A long farewell—a soothing spell!"—
All these will rhyme with *Bell*!

"Within my cot in yonder dell,
Oh, come with me and dwell!
There sweetbrier yields its fragrant smell!"—
All these will rhyme with *Bell*!

"I suffer disappointment fell,
Death's aim I can't repel;
Soon will be heard my funeral knell—
And you'll be my *death-Bell*!"

There's nonpareil, and parallel,
Compel, expel, and sell,
Rebel, and smell, impel, and yell—
And more that rhyme with *Bell*!

Whene'er friends come to visit us,
If I should say a word,
My aunt observes, (quite in a fuss),
"*Bell's tongue* too loud is heard!"

Quite angry, I then silent sit,
Nor let them hear a tone,
Then some one says, with teasing wit,
"You're quite a *dumb-bell* grown!"

If 'twere not wrong to hang oneself,
I'd try *Bell-ropes*, I vow;
But then they'd say, "That silly elf
A *Bell-hanger* is now!"

I hope the coachman, when I die,
To church will hurry well,
A final pun, the folks may cry,
"*There's Canterbury Bell*!"

To ring the changes on my name,
I fear is rather bold;
So now I stop my tongue through shame,
Though more I might have told!

FROM WHITTAKER'S MAGAZINE.

LOVE AND THE MYRTLE-LEAF.

From the French.

Upon a myrtle-leaf I swore—
When hearts and myrtles were in bloom—
My gentle Laura to adore,
And love her "to the crack of doom."
But mark the moral of my lay,
That proves love light as any feather;
An envious zephyr blew away
The myrtle-leaf and vow together!

A BYSTANDER'S POWER OF REGULATING DREAMS.

Dreams can be produced by whispering into the ears when a person is asleep. One of the most curious, as well as authentic examples of this kind has been referred to by several writers: I find the particulars in a paper by Dr. Gregory, and they were related to him by a gentleman who witnessed them. The subject of it was an officer in the expedition to Louisburg, in 1758, who had this peculiarity in so remarkable a degree, that his companions in the transport were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. They could produce in him any kind of dream, by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend with whose voice he was familiar. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and, when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker, or bunker, in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life. He instantly did so, with such force as to throw himself entirely from the locker upon the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened of course. After the landing of the army at Louisburg, his friends found him asleep in his tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading. They then made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but, at the same time, increased his fears by imitating the groans of the wounded and the dying; and when he asked, as he often did, who was down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next himself in the line had fallen, when he instantly sprang from his bed, rushed out of the tent, and was roused from his danger and his dream together by falling over the tent ropes. A remarkable circumstance in this case was that, after these experiments, he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue; and used to tell his friend that he was sure that he was playing some trick upon him. A case entirely similar is related in Smellie's Natural History, the subject of which was a medical student at the University of Edinburgh.

A singular fact has often been observed in dreams which are excited by a noise, namely, that the same sound awakens the person, and produces a dream, which appears to him to occupy a considerable time. The following example of this has been related to me: A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and, at last, led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had both produced the dream and awakened him. The same want of the notion of time is observed in dreams from other causes. Dr. Gregory mentions a gentleman who, after sleeping in a damp place, was for a long time liable to a feeling of suffocation whenever he slept in a lying posture, and this was always accompanied by a dream of a skeleton, which grasped him violently by the throat. He could sleep in a sitting posture without any uneasy feeling; and, after trying various experiments, he at last had a sentinel placed beside him, with orders to awake him whenever he sunk down. On one occasion he was attacked by the skeleton, and a severe and long struggle ensued before he awoke. On finding fault with his attendant for allowing him to lie so long in such a state of suffering, he was assured that he had not lain an instant, but had been awakened the moment he began to sink. The gentleman, after a considerable time, recovered from the affection. Dr. Abercrombie.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

A SINGULAR DEVICE.—A singular circumstance, exhibiting in a remarkable degree the reflecting faculties of a wolf, is related as having taken place at Signy le Petit, a small town on the borders of Champagne. A farmer, one day, looking through the hedge of his garden, observed a wolf walking round about his mule, but unable to get at him, on account of the mule's constantly kicking with his hind legs. As the farmer perceived that his beast was so well able to defend itself, he considered it unnecessary to render him any assistance. After the attack and defence had lasted fully a quarter of an hour, the wolf ran off to a neighboring ditch, where he several times plunged into the water. The farmer imagined he did this to refresh himself after the fatigue he had sustained, and had no doubt that his mule had gained a complete victory; but in a few minutes the wolf returned to the charge, and approaching as near as he could to the head of the mule, shook himself, and spurted a quantity of water into the mule's eyes, which caused him immediately to shut them. That moment the wolf leaped upon him, and killed the poor mule before the farmer could come to his assistance.

OLD SPARROWS ARE NOT CAUGHT WITH STRAWS.—A cat, belonging to an elderly lady in Bath, was so attached to her mistress, that she would pass the night in her bed-chamber, which was four stories high. Outside the window was the parapet wall on which the lady often strewed crumbs for the sparrows that came to partake of them. The lady always sleeping with her window open, the cat would pounce upon the birds and kill them. One morning, giving a "longing, lingering look" at the top of the wall, and seeing it free from crumbs, she was at a loss for an expedient to decoy the feathered tribe, when reconnoitering, she discovered a small bunch of wheat suspended in the air, which she sprang at and succeeded in getting down. She then carried it to the favorite resort of the sparrows,

and actually threshed the corn out by beating it on the wall, then hiding herself. After a while the birds came, and she resumed her favorite sport of killing the dupes of her sagacity.

THE SPARROW PROTECTED.—M. Hecart, of Valenciennes, procured the kitten of a wild cat, which he so effectually tamed, that she became the friend and protector of a domesticated sparrow. M. Hecart always allowed the sparrow to fly about at perfect liberty. One day, a cat belonging to a neighboring house, had seized upon this sparrow, and was making off with it; but this wild cat, observing her at the very moment, flew at puss, and made her quit the bird, which she brought bleeding and half dead, to her master. She seemed, from her manner, really to sympathize very sincerely with the situation of the poor sparrow, and rejoiced when it recovered from the injury, and was again able to amuse itself with this wild grimalkin.

SURE INDICATORS OF EARTHQUAKES.—The following extraordinary anecdote of the sensibility of cats to approaching danger from earthquakes is well authenticated. In the year 1783, two cats belonging to a merchant of Messina, in Sicily, announced to him the approach of an earthquake. Before the first shock was felt, these two animals seemed anxious to work their way through the door of a room in which they were. Their master, observing their fruitless efforts, opened the door for them. At a second and third door, which they likewise found shut, they repeated their efforts, and on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street, and out of the gate of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct of the cats, followed them into the fields, where he again saw them scratching and burrowing in the earth. Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses of the city fell down, of which number the merchant's was one; so that he was indebted for his life to the singular foresight of his cats.

INSTINCT OF A SHEEP.—The following anecdote is really worthy of being told by the Ettrick Shepherd, or the poet of the lakes, and we therefore regret that the incident did not happen in the vicinity of "still St. Mary's Loch," or on the pastoral braes of Westmoreland. A gentleman of Inverness, on a recent journey in the Highlands, while passing through a lonely and unfrequented district, observed a sheep hurrying towards the road before him, as if to interrupt his progress, and at the same time bleating most piteously. On approaching nearer, the animal redoubled its cries, and looking significantly in the face of the traveller, seemed to implore some favor or assistance at his hands. Touched with a sight so unusual, the gentleman alighted, and leaving his gig, followed the sheep to a field in the direction whence it came. There, in a solitary cairn, at a considerable distance from the road, the sheep halted, and the traveler found a lamb completely wedged in betwixt two large stones of the cairn, and struggling feebly, with its legs uppermost. The gentleman instantly extricated the little innocent sufferer, and placed it safely on the neighboring green sward, while its overjoyed mother poured forth her thanks in a long-continued and grateful, if not a musical strain. Cyclopædia Americana.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVEL OF EUGENE ARAM.

Selected for the New-York Mirror.

ANGLING FOR TROUT.—Walter arrived at the banks of the little brooklet, and was awakened from his reverie by the sound of his own name. He started, and saw the old corporal seated on the stump of a tree, and busily employed in fixing to his line the mimic likeness of what anglers, and, for aught we know, the rest of the world, call the "violet fly."

"Ha! master—at my day's work, you see—fit for nothing else now. When a musket's half worn out, schoolboys buy it—pop it at sparrows. I be like the musket: but never mind—have not seen the world for nothing. We get reconciled to all things: that's my way—ugh! Now, sir, you shall watch me catch the finest trout you have seen this summer: know where he lies—under the bush yonder. Whi—sh, sir! whi—sh!"

The corporal now gave his warrior soul up to the due guidance of the violet-fly; now he whipped it lightly on the wave; now he slid it coquettishly along the surface; now it floated, like an unconscious beauty, carelessly with the tide; and now, like an artful prude, it affected to loiter by the way, or to steal into designing obscurity under the shade of some overhanging rock. But none of these manœuvres captivated the wary old trout, on whose acquisition the corporal had set his heart; and what was especially provoking, the angler could see distinctly the dark outline of the intended victim, as it lay at the bottom—like some well-regulated bachelor, who eyes from afar the charms he has discreetly resolved to neglect.

The corporal waited till he could no longer blind himself to the displeasing fact that the violet-fly was wholly inefficacious; he then drew up his line, and replaced the condemned beauty of the violet-fly with the novel attraction of the yellow-dun.

"Now, sir," whispered he, lifting up his finger, and nodding sagaciously to Walter. Softly dropped the yellow-dun upon the water, and swiftly did it glide before the gaze of the latent trout; and now the trout seemed aroused from his apathy: behold, he moved forward, balancing himself on his fins; now he slowly ascended towards the surface; you might see all the speckles of his coat—the corporal's heart stood still—he is now at a convenient distance from the yellow-dun; lo, he surveys it steadfastly; he ponders, he sees himself to and fro. The yellow-dun sails away in affected indifference, that indifference whets the appetite of the hesitating gazer, he darts forward; he is opposite the yellow-dun—he pushes his nose against it with an eager rudeness—he—no, he dares not bite, he recoils, he gazes again with surprise and suspicion on the

little charmer; he fades back slowly into the deeper water, and then suddenly turning his tail towards the disappointed bait, he makes off as fast as he can—yonder, yonder, and disappears! No, that's he leaping yonder from the wave; Jupiter! what a noble fellow! What leaps he at?—a real fly—"D—his eyes!" growled the corporal.

"You might have caught him with a minnow," said Walter, speaking for the first time.

"Minnow!" repeated the corporal gruffly, "ask your honor's pardon. Minnow!—I have fished with the yellow-dun these twenty years, and never knew it fail before. Minnow!—baugh! But ask pardon; your honor is very welcome to fish with a minnow if you please it."

"Thank you, Bunting. And pray what sport have you had to-day?"

"Oh—good, good sir," quoth the corporal, snatching up his basket and closing the cover, lest the young squire should pry into it. No man is more tenacious of his secrets than your true angler. "Sent the best home two hours ago: one weighed three pounds, on the faith of a man; indeed, I'm satisfied now; time to give up;" and the corporal began to disjoint his rod.

It has been observed, and there is a world of homely, ay, and of legislative knowledge in the observation, that wherever you see a flower in a cottage-garden, or a birdcage at the window, you may feel sure that the cottagers are better and wiser than their neighbors.

What is civilization but an increase of human disparities? The more the luxury of the few, the more startling the wants and the more galling the sense of poverty. Even the dreams of the philanthropist only tend towards equality; and where is equality to be found but in the state of the savage!

How poor, even in this beautiful world, with the warm sun and fresh air about us, that alone are sufficient to make us glad, would be life, if we could not make the happiness of others!

Youth, beauty, pomp, what are these, in point of attraction, to a woman's heart, when compared to eloquence?—the magic of the tongue is the most dangerous of all spells.

Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little.

I never see the impetuous and yearning spirit of youth without a certain and, it may be, a painful interest. How feeble is the chance that its hopes will be fulfilled! Enough, if it lose not all its loftier aspirations, as well as its brighter expectations.

There is something in those bitter feelings which are the offspring of disappointed love, something in the intolerable anguish of well-founded jealousy, that when the first shock is over, often hardens, and perhaps elevates the character. The sterner powers that we arouse within us to combat a passion that can no longer be worthily indulged, are never afterwards wholly allayed. Like the allies which a nation summons to its bosom to defend it from its foes, they expel the enemy only to find a settlement for themselves. The mind of every man who conquers an unfortunate attachment becomes stronger than before; it may be for evil, it may be for good, but the capacities for either are more vigorous and collected.

I incline to believe that the more persons advance in years, the more, even if of staid and sober temper themselves, they love gaiety and elasticity in youth. I have often pleased myself by observing in some happy family circle embracing all ages, that it is the liveliest and wildest child that charms the grandsire the most. And, after all, it is, perhaps, with characters as with books, the grave and thoughtful may be more admired than the light and cheerful, but they are less liked.

In the pure heart of a girl loving for the first time, love is far more ecstatic than in man, inasmuch as it is unfettered by desire—love then and there makes the only state of human existence which is at once capable of calmness and transport!

Words at best are but a poor vent for a wronged and burning heart.

It is better to sow a good heart with kindness than a field with corn, for the heart's harvest is perpetual.

There are seasons, often in the most dark or turbulent periods of our life, when, why we know not, we are suddenly called from ourselves, by the remembrances of early childhood: something touches the electric chain, and, lo! a host of shadowy and sweet recollections steal upon us. The wheel rests—the oar is suspended, we are snatched from the labor and travail of present life; we are born again, and live anew. As the secret page in which the characters once written seem for ever effaced, but which, if breathed upon, gives them again into view, so the memory can revive the images invisible for years; but while we gaze, the breath recedes from the surface, and all one moment so vivid, with the next moment has become once more a blank.

The doubt and the fear—the caprice and the change which agitate the surface, swell also the tides of passion. Woman, too, whose love is so much the creature of her imagination, always asks something of mystery and conjecture in the object of her affection. It is a luxury to her to perplex herself with a thousand apprehensions; and the more restlessly her lover occupies her mind, the more deeply he enthralled it.

No man forgets respect to another who knows the value of respect to himself.

OCCUPATION AND DURATION OF LIFE.

Amongst men of genius, or those who have distinguished themselves in science or literature, life is, at least in modern times, of rather a short duration. Mr. D'Israeli, in his estimate of the literary character, mentions the excitement which all eminent men are accustomed to feel, and which, by acting physically on the brain, tends naturally to abridge life amongst such persons. But the late Niebuhr, the Roman historian, we remember, observes in one of his philosophical chapters, that nothing tends more to longevity than the contemplation of projects, which one has one's self conceived, in their progress to a successful development. Hence, generals, who have retired from the field, after having attained the objects of their warfare according to their wishes, are long-lived—and the historian adduces as an example of what he says, the case of Camillus. We can ourselves quote many modern instances to confirm this opinion. Marlborough, one of the most fortunate leaders that ever commanded an army, lived rather too long for his own reputation. We sincerely hope that our posterity will not have to repeat the same thing of the Marlborough who succeeded him, and who, under the name of Wellington, carried the glory of the British arms to the ends of the earth. Perhaps it is for a contrary reason that we see so few British statesmen live long in office. Those who lead a party, and are unsuccessful in their plans, die almost always prematurely. Witness Pitt, Fox, Canning, &c. But the great Bacon died in his sixty-fourth year; Newton at eighty-four; Harvey, (the discoverer of the circulation,) at eighty-eight; Linnæus, at seventy-one; Leibnitz, at seventy; Galileo, at seventy. On the contrary, Bichat, a modern, died in his thirty-fourth year; and Davy before he reached sixty. Amongst one thousand seven hundred cases of persons in all classes of society, who have reached the age of a hundred, only one literary man was to be found, and that was Fontenelle. We have before us a list of nearly three hundred persons, men and women, in all parts of the United Kingdom, who had attained to a great age (in no instance less than one hundred) during the term of years beginning with 1807, and ending in 1823, both included, and we cannot discover throughout the whole catalogue a single name that has linked itself with an expression or a deed worthy of being remembered for an hour. So true is it, as an illustrious man has profoundly said, and as the only rival of that man's splendid fame which the modern world could produce, has repeated, "The duties of life are more than life." Rather a curious confirmation of Niebuhr's doctrine just mentioned, is to be found in the ages of all the successful painters. The Italian artists, with very few exceptions, lived long:—Titian was ninety-six; Spennello was nearly one hundred; Carlo Cignani, ninety-one; Michael Angelo, ninety; Leonardo da Vinci, seventy-five; Calabresi, eighty-six; Claude Lorraine, eighty-two; Carlo Maratta, eighty-eight; Tentoretti, eighty-two; Sebastian Ricci, seventy-eight; Francesco Albano, eighty-eight; Guido, sixty-eight; Guercino, seventy-six; John Baptist Crespi, seventy-six; Giuseppe Crespi, eighty-two; Carlo Dolce, seventy; Andrew Sacchi, seventy-four; Zucharelli, eighty-six; Vernet, seventy-seven; and Schiden, seventy-six. Monthly Review.

A MISTAKE OF COURTSHIP.

Personal resemblances are no doubt very frequently so strong as to be confounded easily. I knew an instance of a person paying his addresses to one sister, and offering to the other by mistake, was accepted and married; and he did not discover the blunder until he found his spouse cared not for the charms of music, an accomplishment which the original object of his affections possessed. I also knew of an instance in which a person ran away with a young lady, where he thought he had made a sudden conquest; but it turned out that she mistook him for his brother. Since, however, the ancients personated love as blind, such little mistakes are not to be wondered at, although, to the cool observant eye of the naturalist, perhaps, the trifling discrepancies overlooked occasionally will always be manifest. Metropolitan.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

PARK.—A series of operas have been represented to fair houses. A splendid new drama, entitled "Victorine, or I'll sleep on it," has been quite successful, and will have a run. Mr. Barnes's benefit was well attended. The new opera of the "Maid of Judah," will be produced immediately, and another, touching which a great deal of expectation prevails among the amateurs, is in preparation, under the direction of one whose brilliant success in Cinderella has won for him the implicit confidence of the public. A word to the managers by the way:—A little more attention to the stage business is desirable. The servants, for instance, should be in *li-beries*, not in an ordinary street-dress, by no ways extraordinary for neatness. A stricter discipline should also be adopted respecting the entrances of the *dramatis personæ*. There is an awkward carelessness in this respect, which is an imposition on the patience of the most good-natured audience in the world. From certain of the ladies and gentlemen, and especially the chorus singers, less laughing and talking would, perhaps, be as well. If the latter could make it convenient to postpone some of those little confidential communications of a general nature, which they occasionally indulge in with the gentlemen of the orchestra, it would be more agreeable.

RICHMOND-HILL.—Mr. Russel, we understand, is about laying out his strength upon the production of the "Forty Thieves." It will probably insure a succession of good houses.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER SEVEN.

Joachim Lelewel—Palais Royal—Pere la Chaise—Versailles, etc.

I MET at a breakfast party to-day Joachim Lelewel, the celebrated scholar and patriot of Poland. Having fallen in with a great deal of revolutionary and emigrant society since I have been in Paris, I have often heard his name, and looked forward to meeting him with high pleasure and curiosity. His writings are passionately admired by his countrymen. He was the principal of the university, idolized by that effective part of the population, the students of Poland; and the fearless and lofty tone of his patriotic principles is said to have given the first and strongest momentum to the ill-fated struggle just over. Lelewel impressed me very strongly. Unlike most of the Poles, who are erect, athletic, and florid, he is thin, bent, and pale, and were it not for the fire and decision of his eye, his uncertain gait and sensitive address would convey an expression almost of timidity. His form, features, and manners are very like those of Percival, the American poet, though their countenances are marked with the respective difference of their habits of mind. Lelewel looks like a naturally modest, shrinking man, worked up to the calm resolution of a martyr. The strong stamp of his face is devoted enthusiasm. His eye is excessively bright, but quiet and habitually downcast—his lips are set firmly, but without effort, together—and his voice is almost sepulchral, it is so low and calm. He never breaks through his melancholy, though his refugee countrymen, except when Poland is alluded to, have all the vivacity of French manners, and seem easily to forget their misfortunes. He was silent, except when particularly addressed, and had the air of a man who thought himself unobserved, and had shrunk into his own mind. I felt that he was winning upon my heart every moment. I never saw a man in my life whose whole air and character were so free from self-consciousness or pretension—never one who looked to me so capable of the calm, lofty, unconquerable heroism of a martyr.

"Paris is the centre of the world," if centripetal tendency is any proof of it. Every thing struck off from the other parts of the universe flies straight to the *Palais Royal*. You may meet in its thronged galleries, in the course of an hour, representatives of every creed, rank, nation, and system under heaven. Hussein Pasha and Don Pedro pace daily the same *pavé*, the one brooding on a kingdom lost, the other on the throne he hopes to win—the Polish general and the proscribed Spaniard, the exiled Italian conspirator, the contemptuous Turk, the well-dressed negro from Hayti, and the silk-robed Persian, revolve by the hour together round the same *jet d'eau*—and costumes of every cut and color, moustaches and beards of every degree of ferocity and oddity, press so fast and thick upon the eye that one forgets to be astonished. There are no such things as "lions" in Paris. The extraordinary persons outnumber the ordinary. Every other man you meet would keep a small town in a ferment for a month.

I spent yesterday at *Pere la Chaise*, and to-day at *Versailles*. The two places are in opposite environs, and of very opposite characters—one certainly making you in love with life, the other almost as certainly with death. One could wander forever in the wilderness of art at Versailles, and it must be a restless ghost that could not content itself with *Pere la Chaise* for its elysium.

This beautiful cemetery is built upon the broad ascent of a hill, commanding the whole of Paris at a glance. It is a wood of small trees, laid out in alleys and crowded with tombs and monuments of every possible description. You will scarce get through it without being surprised into a tear; but if affection and fantasticalness in such a place do not more grieve than amuse you, you will much oftener smile. The whole thing is a melancholy mock of life. Its distinctions are all kept up. There are the fashionable avenues, lined with costly chapels and monuments, with the names of the exclusive tenants in golden letters upon the doors, iron railings set forbiddingly about the shrubs, and the blessing-scrap writ ambitiously in Latin. The tablets record the long family titles, and the offices and honors, perhaps the numberless virtues of the dead. They read like chapters of heraldry more than like epitaphs. It is a relief to get into the outer alleys, and see how poverty and simple feeling express what should be the same thing. It is usually some brief sentence, common enough, but often exquisitely beautiful in this prettiest of languages, and expressing always the *kind* of sorrow felt by the mourner. You can tell, for instance, by the sentiment simply, without looking at the record below, whether the deceased was young or much loved, or mourned by husband, or parent, or brother, or a circle of all. I noticed one, however, the humblest and simplest monument perhaps in the whole cemetery, which left the story beautifully untold. It was a slab of common marl, inscribed "*Pauvre Marie!*" nothing more. I have thought of it, and speculated upon it a great deal since. What was she? and who wrote her epitaph? why was she *pauvre Marie*?

Before almost all the poorer monuments is a miniature garden with a low wooden fence, and either the initials of the dead sown in flowers, or rose-trees, carefully cultivated, trained to hang over the stone. I was surprised to find in a public cemetery in December roses in full bloom and valuable exotics at almost every grave. It speaks both for the sentiment and delicate principle of the people. Few of the more costly monuments were either interesting or pretty. One struck my fancy—a small open chapel,

large enough to contain four chairs, with the slab facing the door, and a crucifix, encircled with fresh flowers on a simple shrine above. It is a place where the survivors in a family might come and sit any time, no where more pleasantly. From the chapel I speak of, you may look out and see all Paris, and I can imagine how it would lessen the feeling of desertion and forgetfulness that makes the anticipation of death so dreadful to be certain that your friends would come, as they may here, and talk cheerfully and enjoy themselves near you, so to speak. The cemetery in summer must be one of the sweetest places in the world. It would be a sufficient inducement of itself to bring me to Paris from almost any distance in another season.

Versailles is a royal summer chateau, about twelve miles from Paris, with a demesne of twenty miles in circumference. Take that for the scale, and imagine a palace completed in proportion in all its details of grounds, ornament, and architecture. It cost, says the guide book, two hundred and fifty millions of dollars! and, leaving your fancy to expend that trifling over a residence, which (remember) is but one out of some half-dozen occupied during the year by a single family, I commend the republican moral to your consideration, and proceed with the more particular description of my visit.

My friend, Dr. Howe, was my companion. We drove up the grand avenue on one of the loveliest mornings that ever surprised December with a bright sun and a warm south wind. Before us, at the distance of a mile, lay a vast mass of architecture, with the centre falling back between the two projecting wings, the whole crowning a long and gradual ascent of which the tri-colored flag waving against the sky from the central turrets was the highest point. As we approached, we noticed an occasional flash in the sun, and a stir of bright colors through the broad, deep court between the wings, which, as we advanced nearer, proved to be a body of about two or three thousand lancers and troops of the line under review. The effect was indescribably fine. The gay uniforms, the hundreds of tall lances, each with its red flag flying in the wind, the imposing crescent of architecture in which the array was embraced, the ringing echo of the grand military music from the towers, and all this intoxication for the positive senses, fused with the historical atmosphere of the place, the recollection of the king and queen, whose favorite residence it had been, (the unfortunate Louis and Marie Antoinette) of the celebrated women who had lived in their separate palaces within its grounds, of the genius and chivalry of court after court that had made it, in turn, the scene of their brilliant follies, and, over all, Napoleon, who must have rode through its gilded gates with the thought of pride that he was its imperial master by the royalty of his great nature alone, it was, in truth, enough, the real and the ideal, to dazzle the eyes of a simple republican.

After gazing at the fascinating show an hour, we took a guide and entered the palace. We were walked through suite after suite of cold apartments, desolately splendid with gold and marble, and crowded with costly pictures, till I was sick and weary of magnificence. The guide went before, saying over his rapid rigmarole of names and dates, giving us about three minutes to a room in which there were some twenty pictures, perhaps, of which he presumed he had told us all that was necessary to know. I fell behind, after a while, and as a considerable English party had overtaken and joined us, I succeeded in keeping one room in the rear, and enjoying the remainder in my own way.

The little marble palace, called "*Petit Trianon*," built for Madame Pompadour in the garden grounds, is a beautiful affair, full of what somebody calls "affectionate-looking rooms;" and "*Grand Trianon*," built also on the grounds at the distance of half a mile, for Madame Maintenon, is a very lovely spot, made more interesting by the preference given to it over all other places by Marie Antoinette. Here she amused herself with her Swiss village. The cottages and artificial "mountains," (ten feet high, perhaps,) are exceedingly pretty models in miniature, and probably illustrate very fairly the ideas of a palace-bred fancy upon natural scenery. There are glens and grottos, and rocky beds for brooks, that run at will, ("*les rivières à volonte*," the guide called them,) and trees set out upon the crags at most uncomfortable angles, and every contrivance to make a lovely lawn as inconveniently like nature as possible. The Swiss families, however, must have been very amusing. Brought fresh from their wild country, and set down in these pretty mock cottages, with orders to live just as they did in their own mountains, they must have been charmingly puzzled. In the midst of the village stands an exquisite little Corinthian temple; and our guide informed us that the cottage which the queen occupied at her Swiss tea-parties was furnished at an expense of sixty thousand francs—two not very Switzer-like circumstances.

It was in the little palace of *Trianon* that Napoleon signed his divorce from Josephine. The guide showed us the room, and the table on which he wrote. I have seen nothing that brought me so near Napoleon. There is no place in France that could have for me a greater interest. It is a little *boudoir*, adjoining the state sleeping-room, simply furnished, and made for familiar retirement, not for show. The single sofa, the small round table, the enclosing, tent-like curtains, the modest, unobtrusive elegance of ornaments and furniture, give it rather the look of a retreat fashioned by the tenderness and taste of private life than any apartment in a royal palace. I felt unwilling to leave it. My thoughts were too busy. What was the motive of that great man in this most affecting and disputed action of his life? That he loved Josephine with his whole power of loving, no one can doubt. That he was

above making such a sacrifice to his ambition merely, I equally believe. There is but one other principle into which it can be resolved—one that has not been sufficiently weighed by those who have written upon his character, but which, as a spring of action, is second only to the ruling passion in the bosoms of men—the desire for offspring. I can conceive Napoleon's sacrifice of that glorious woman on no other ground, and, ascribing it to this, it more proves than discredits the tenderness of his great nature.

After having been threaded through the palaces, we had a few moments left for the grounds. They are magnificent beyond description. We know very little of this thing in America as an art; but it is one, I have come to think, that in its requisition of genius, is scarce inferior to architecture. Certainly, the three palaces of Versailles together, did not impress me so much as the single view from the upper terrace of the gardens. It stretches clear over the horizon. You stand on a natural eminence that commands the whole country, and the plan seems to you like some work of the Titans. The long sweep of the avenue, with a breadth of descent that at the first glance takes away your breath, stretching its two lines of gigantic statues and vases to the water level; the wide slumbering canal at its foot, carrying on the eye to the horizon like a river of an even flood lying straight through the bosom of the landscape; the side avenues almost as extensive; the palaces in the distant grounds, and the strange union altogether to an American, of as much extent as the eye can reach, cultivated equally with the trim elegance of a garden—all these, combining together, form a spectacle which nothing but nature's royalty of genius could design, and (to descend ungracefully from the climax,) which only the exactions of an unnatural royalty could pay for.

I think the most forcible lesson one learns at Paris is the value of time and money. I have always been told erroneously that it was a place to waste both. You could do so much with another hour, if you had it, and buy so much with another dollar, if you could afford it, that the reflected economy upon what you can command, is inevitable. As to the worth of time, for instance, there are some twelve or fourteen *gratuitous* lectures every day at the *Sorbonne*, the *school of medicine* and the *college of France*, by men like Cuvier, Say, Spurzheim, and others, each in his professed pursuit, the most eminent perhaps in the world; and there are the Louvre, and the Royal Library, and the Mazarin Library, and similar public institutions, all open to gratuitous use, with obsequious attendants, warm rooms, materials for writing, and perfect seclusion; to say nothing of the thousand interesting but less useful resorts with which Paris abounds, such as exhibitions of flowers, porcelains, mosaics, and curious handiwork of every description, and (more amusing and time-killing still) the never-ending changes of sights in the public places, from distinguished foreigners down to miracles of educated monkeys. Life seems most provokingly short as you look at it. Then, for money, you are more puzzled how to spend a poor pitiful franc in Paris (it will buy so many things you want) than you would be in America with the outlay of a month's income. Be as idle and extravagant as you will, your idle hours look you in the face as they pass, to know whether, in spite of the increase of their value, you really mean to waste them; and the money that slipped through your pocket, you know not how at home, sticks embarrassed to your fingers, from the mere multiplicity of the demands made for it. There are shops all over Paris called the "*Vingt-cinq-sous*," where every article is fixed at that price—*twenty-five cents*! They contain every thing you want, except a wife and fire-wood—the only two things difficult to be got in France. (The latter, with or without a pun, is much the *dearer* of the two.) I wonder that they are not bought out, and sent over to America on speculation. There is scarce an article in them that would not be held cheap with us at five times its purchase. There are bronze standishes for ink, sand, and wafers, pearl paper-cutters, spice-lamps, decanters, essence-bottles, sets of china, table-bells of all devices, mantle ornaments, vases of artificial flowers, kitchen utensils, dog-collars, canes, guard-chains, chess-men, whips, hammers, brushes, and every thing that is either convenient or pretty. You might freight a ship with them, and all good and well finished, at twenty-five cents the set or article! You would think the man was joking, to walk through his shop.

LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

Intercepted for the New-York Mirror.

THE LAST NUMBER.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9.—You ask me how I like —. I will confess it, — is a favorite with me; I say *confess* it, for I am aware that the admission will affect my own character as a man of sense with many people who read what he writes, are amused with it, and then lay it down with the ungracious remark, that "there is nothing in it—he is not sound." What do these *sound* people ever do? I hate sound people; I never was called sound myself. Stupid rascals, yet somehow they always get along. I recollect one in college, a very sound fellow, (I don't believe he had three ideas.) I have construed his Latin for him fifty times. Well, he became a doctor, as all sound people should, and wearing spectacles, and having a solemn, self-satisfied manner, got into business; and after a few years married a fair silly little girl with fifty thousand dollars. I met him last summer at the Springs, where I drank Congress water, and foreswore wine and trout dinners, being a little out of health and a good deal out of pocket. There he was, in all the importance of recent paternity, with his little wife, and his little cab, and his little child—all his—and a new suit

of black and a pair of golden spectacles. He recognized me—hoped I was well—had seldom met me—what had I been about? and at dinner he sent me his bottle and drank wine with me. All this was with a patronizing air and a superiority meant to be modestly veiled, but not concealed, which said more plainly than his words: "Ah! is that you? Come, I won't cut you. You were a genius in college, but I think I have rather got the start of you in life—You can't have been in the first society, or I should have seen more of you—poor fellow! I suppose you haven't got along very well in the world—(you see me! my wife, my cab, my child, my new clothes, and my golden spectacles)—you can't afford to drink wine, eh! you shall have some of mine. I'll drink with you. Your health, sir." These attentions were received by me with the greatest deference: it was amusing; but it was not very amusing neither, for it is but a poor joke which a man has all to himself. I succeeded, however, in convincing the fellow that I coincided with him in the opinion that he was much the greater man of the two; and I heard him whisper, in reply to some interrogatory of a friend, that I "had talents—talents unquestionably—but," and then he shrugged his right shoulder, and shook his head; which pantomimic exhibition I interpreted, "he is not one of us—he is not sound." Again, I say, the deuce take all sound people!

But — Let him not mind his critics. He is read, he is admired, and he is talked about: what more does he want? He is in Europe now, writing sketches; and very delightful sketches they are. His enemies are most magnanimous—and who shall dispute their *bravery*? Do they not attack him four thousand miles off?

The long speeches here (in your ear, Tom,) are rather tiresome affairs. What with the heat, and the crowd, and standing from breakfast to dinner, I think that I fairly earn all I hear. I prefer a brisk little debate.

The senate-chamber is not so large that you cannot in it form a perfect idea of the faces and personal appearance of the senators. You soon learn who they all are, at least all whom you wish to know. The shape of the room is semi-circular, and it is equally divided by a passage leading from the principal entrance to the president's chair. On each side of this passage are arranged the seats and desks of the members in three rows; the first row, or the row nearest to the president, containing six seats, the second eight, and the third ten, making on each side twenty-four, and altogether forty-eight seats, being the precise number of senators. With some exceptions, the southern and anti-tariff members are on the right, and the northern tariff members on the left of the president.

On the third row, near the extreme right, sits Mr. Benton, of Missouri, well known for long speeches and other matters not worth mentioning just now. He is a fat fair man, apparently some years under fifty, with very small hands, and a large and rather handsome face, with a peculiarly self-satisfied expression. As a speaker he is fluent, his voice clear and sweet, and his manner coaxing and conciliating; that is, when not excited: how he talks when he has worked himself into a fury, I have yet had no opportunity of judging. Near Mr. Benton is the still more noted Governor Troup, whose messages some years since used to set all the editors in the Union in commotion, and by whose dread name the Cherokee nurses were wont to still the cries of their Indian babies. He is a stern blue-beard looking sort of man: the expression of his face never changes, he never moves from his seat or position, never talks, and appears day after day in the same brown tight-bodied coat. He is just the thing to be the mystery of a watering-place. Next to Mr. Benton sits Mr. Kane, who is, I believe, the youngest man in the senate. He was elected, as I have been informed, as soon as eligible, that is, at the age of thirty, and is now, this being his second term, thirty-seven or thirty-eight. Next to Mr. Kane is Mr. Tyler, of Virginia, an honest-looking man; then Mr. Grundy, of Tennessee; and then Mr. Hayne, the orator of the south. Two or three seats further, and directly on your left, as you enter the senate-chamber, sits a remarkably handsome old gentleman, with a frank intelligent expression of countenance, large projecting eyes, and thick curling gray hair falling down behind. He appears rather infirm, and is careless, slovenly perhaps, in his dress. You like him instantly; you cannot doubt that he is an honorable (and withal companionable) person and an open and bold and independent politician. This is Mr. Tazewell; and for once, I believe, physiognomy is not at fault.

About the centre of the right you will observe Mr. Forsyth, of Georgia; handsome, rather well-dressed, with uncommonly white and regular teeth, which, in consequence of a habit of elevating his upper lip, are seldom many seconds invisible. He is a perfect contrast to his colleague, Governor Troup, in one respect, being very restless and uneasy in his seat, and continually talking to the members near him. Not far from Mr. Forsyth, in the third row, is General Smith, of Maryland; these two gentlemen, I believe, are leaders in the senate for the administration. General Smith appears to be for his age, which is near eighty, a hale vigorous man. On one side of him is Mr. White, a respectable old gentleman from Tennessee; and on the other Mr. Silsbee, a Salem merchant, with a remarkably long nose, and a man of sense. All these gentlemen sit on the right of the vice-president.

Mr. Clay's seat on the left corresponds, or nearly so, with that of Mr. Benton's on the right; and they are about as opposite in opinions as in position. Near Mr. Clay is Mr. Dallas, the newly-elected senator from Pennsylvania; and at some little distance Mr. Wilkins from the same state, a brother-in-law, and a rival can-

didate for the vice-presidency. Wilkins is, I should suppose, by some ten years the elder man, Dallas being (or looking) two or three and fifty. Not far from Mr. Dallas is another candidate for the vice-presidency, Dickerson, of New-Jersey.

Not far, if I recollect right, from Mr. Webster, or from each other, are your two New-York senators, Messrs. Dudley and Marcy. Mr. Dudley is a very large and remarkably handsome man. Nearly opposite to Mr. Tazewell is Mr. Holmes, of Maine; of whom I shall say nothing, unless that near him sits Mr. Isaac Hill.

Mr. Calhoun is not handsome, (though the ladies call him so,) nor has he what is termed a striking face. He has nothing of the "Southerner," (or Southron,) in voice or manner.

You had once, I think, and may have yet, a theatrical mania. Forrest has been acting *Metamora* with great success. Clara Fisher was here for two nights; a delightful little creature she is. I half fell in love with her for the third time.

I have been tempted to visit Charleston with an old friend, whom I have accidentally met. I have not yet made up my mind. Wherever I may be, you shall hear from me. Write more frequently, you rascal. Yours, &c. V.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE FLY-MARKET LOAFER.

CHAPTER FIVE.

"Allow not nature more than nature needs—
Man's life is cheap as beasts."—LEAR.

THE exsiccative morning sun had evaporated the exsanguineous dew from the objects exposed in the irregular streets of our late umbrageous metropolis; the fatigued and uncolloquial queen of night had strided down hill to her western home, and the spherical and prismatic orbs which gem the cerulean and empyrean firmament, had retired with a well-bred deference to the immortal, magnificent, and hue-bestowing emperor of universal day. The orient vaporizations seemed metamorphosed into a general empyrosis; the female domiciliary assistants of the yet sleeping families had sallied out before their mansions with besoms, or brooms, in order to prevent the unwelcome accumulation of adventitious materials unfriendly to the reign of Hygeia. The soft and tuneful milkmen exercised their vocal abilities from various quarters, while the voice of those who from the simple flour, with other nutritious and heterogeneous substances, compound those manifold perpetuators of human existence, appellated loaves of bread, came clearly on the breeze, mingled with the momentarily augmenting hubbub. Now did the underlings of shopkeepers briskly prepare for their diarian exacerbations; faithful watchmen, now fairly awake, re-assumed their ordinary duties, and every circumambient object emitted unquestionable symptoms of metropolitan bustle.

The peruser of this insignificant but veracious history will, doubtless, be able to conjure up in the dim vistas of memory, a portion of *terra firma* in the southern angle of the city, denominated the Battery, separated by ancestral sagacity from the rest of the town, and, at present, deliciously devoted to love, beauty, and pleasure. And here let me pause for an evanescent period, to afford vent to that grateful stream of ravishing reminiscences (or, as our hero, with that winning simplicity and grace so characteristic of his class, was wont to pronounce them *rumandessences*) which now pour along my almost superannuated imagination, at the mention of that spot. Happy the historian who, in the course of his too frequently unappreciated peregrinations, pops upon a place of such a paradisaical quality. Thrice happy he to whom it is allotted by the favoring fates to beguile the slowly passing time in those shadowy and fragrant walks. Here are wont to resort hundreds of the inhabitants of this splendid city, arrayed in vestments varying with their pecuniary means. Here the pretty nurses bring their charge of children, to sport with them on the tender grass; here do lovers hie to unfold their timid thoughts, and poets to manufacture their extemporaneous verses; and here, when the soft moonlight falls, and raises in every bosom emotions of amorous rapture, we from our dull labors do ever and anon rove, to indulge in virtuous meditations, and, peradventure, partake of a grateful ice-cream, which may be had in the neighborhood for sixpence a glass.

On the present morning, as the day began to emit its effulgent coruscations in the east, though, perhaps, the world could scarcely have presented a scene of more enchanting, heart-inspiring, soul-melting loveliness, the good inhabitants were not yet awakened from their slumberous refreshments to enjoy it. An almost absolute solitude reigned on the spot, so deep, that the air itself appeared afraid to break it, but left the magnificent bay in mirrorstillness. A few sloops lay on its shining bosom, softened by the silvery morning haze. The dew hung in trembling drops on the branches of the trees and the blades of grass, and the picturesqueness of the prospect was considerably enhanced and magnified by the figure of an individual who might have formed a valuable subject for a Raphael or a Dominichino. It bore the appearance of a man extended on the verdant turf, firmly locked in the embraces of "tired nature's, sweet restorer." He was evidently a philosopher of the stoical sect, as his apparel clearly betrayed a Spartan love of severe economy and unassisted nature. Whether he had ever dwelt with enamored fancy upon the line of the poet—

"Beauty when unadorned, adorned the most,"

we shall not take it upon us to decide; but it was clearly evident that he acted upon the same principle. Envy itself could not accuse him of the remotest attempt at personal decoration. That

noble disregard with which genius ever overlooks particulars, was visible in every part of his habilimentary system. His dilapidated pea-jacket had been intimately acquainted with the revolutionary vicissitudes of an incalculable number of summers and winters. That part of his shirt-collar which the insatiate hand of time had left, was washed only by the gentle showers of heaven, and nothing interfered with the gravity of his garb, except the fact that his linsey-woolsey trowsers had been at various periods patched, (probably by the fingers of the object of his affections) with pieces of various hues and shapes, affording a specimen of fanciful ornament inconsistent with the character of the illustrious individual by whom they were worn. His hair hung in matted masses about his temples. We need not add, that one who looked with an eye of pensive sadness upon the irresistible advances which luxury was accomplishing among the inhabitants of his beloved country, had never stooped to the effeminate use of a comb, that idle instrument by which women and vain men break up the majesty of nature. We would describe his hat, if he had possessed one to describe; but, alas! we blush to be so continually compelled to exhibit the unfeeling selfishness of human nature—some unworthy member of our race, had, while he slept, purloined that faithful companion of half his life, and would, doubtless, have stolen something else only that there was nothing else to steal.

Although jolly Phœbus, with all his might and main, was climbing up the acclivity of heaven, like some lusty brick-carrier ascending the ladder of a yet unfinished house; and, notwithstanding that the seclusion of his elysian place of retreat began to be intruded upon by the cold and heartless crowd, yet the mysterious stranger slept. He slept, careless of the world; peace and innocence reigned in his bosom. Alas! that peace was soon to be broken; that innocence to be betrayed. He was marked out by the unpropitious gods for woe. Scarcely had he turned, and kicking out his left leg to rescue himself from the fangs of a relentless mosquito, which had entered the aperture at the bottom of his shoe, and was taking breakfast upon his defenceless foot; scarcely, we say, had he turned, and with a snore louder than any of its periodical predecessors, and an expression of unguarded impatience, not uncommon among individuals of his high rank and education, exposed his features to the balmy morning air, when it was discovered (or, if any one had been there to examine, it might have been discovered) that he was no other than the Loafer himself; who, partly because he possessed that chivalric and Richard-the-lion-hearted species of taste, and partly because he had no other place to sleep, had selected this spot as the scene of his repose. His physiognomy presented an aspect calculated to strike terror and respect into every sensitive bosom. A person might have instantly seen, or to use a stronger and more elegant expression, "might have seen with half an eye," that he was recently from some of those martial exercises and warlike affrays, in which true sons of glory and choice spirits have in every age delighted to indulge. His nose was considerably swollen, and betrayed several consanguineous testimonials of having been brought forcibly in contact with some other object, (probably a human fist, strengthened in the excitement of pugnacious inspiration,) four of his front teeth were missing from their ranks, and one of his eyes presented that unnatural though not unusual phenomenon, expressed among the best writers by the phrase "banged-up."

The Loafer rose in a sitting position, and looked around, and then, by one of those powerful efforts of memory observed in great intellects on certain occasions, he seemed crossed by a vague and dreary recollection that there had once been a time when a hat had formed an item in the slender catalogue of his personal wardrobe. He cast his eyes (or rather, his eye, for only one possessed the power of beholding objects by visual perception) around him. It was no where to be seen. He inquired for it aloud, and in the tone of one accustomed to command. He was only answered by the rustle of the rising zephyr among the leaves, and the chirp of a bird which sang as if in mockery of his unhappy bereavement. Great minds are known by their actions in situations of this critical kind. A mere worldling might have hastened to search for the lost article—a woman would have wept—a passionate man would have sworn—a rich man would have gone and purchased another. How different from the Loafer! He wasted no time in futile meditations, but gradually closing his right optical organ—for his left, as the reader will have the goodness to remember, was closed already—he laid himself out composedly in a line of extension horizontal to the earth, and in another moment was in the land of Nod.

But what avails philosophy in a world like this? He had scarcely commenced a tender dream and murmured the name of his Polly, (or had time to do so, which is the same thing) when fate, who looked with an unfriendly eye upon his stoical indifference to her decrees, prepared a new trouble.

The elected fathers of this incomparable town, who take care to see that the streets are never cleaned and only half lighted, and who have an unconquerable antipathy to pigs and loafers, have always had in their employ an officer of high repute to guard this lovely promenade from their intrusion. The despot, who for many years had occupied this station, had now dispatched his breakfast and taken his horn, and with an efficient hickory stick in his dexter hand, approached the scene of action. Majesty shone in his features, especially his nose, which glowed like the firmament with "living sapphires." Shutting one eye, in order to assist him in seeing whatever was to be seen, he forthwith espied our hero, lulled by softest visions in innocent slumber. We shall not attempt to paint his wrath. Callous to every gentle feeling, he rushed towards the Loafer, who was at that very moment sitting

down to an imaginary breakfast on tripe, prepared by her who, next to tripe, was dearest to his soul, when a pedestrial visitation put all his pleasant images to flight, and awakened him to a sense of his painful reality.

Perhaps the reader now expects a battle. True, the Loafer had a high sense of honor, but then the Battery-man had a long hickory stick, and was, moreover, invested with certain legal advantages of which experience had taught the Loafer to beware. He debated a moment whether he should follow the generous impulses of valor or the dignified dictates of reason. But an additional exercise of pedal power inclined him in favor of the latter, and casting from his remaining eye a glance expressive of a variety of conflicting emotions, he slowly went forth into Whitehall, and wended his way along the docks.

THE UGLY MAN.

I have the misfortune to be *ugly*. The length of my face, from some blunder, is horizontal; my nose is lowest where it should be highest, and in a thick-soled pair of boots I stand some inches short of five feet. To look upon me, one would think that nature had formed me in some frolicsome mood, to be the laughing-stock of her favorites. If so, she was never more successful. If I could divest myself of all selfish feelings, I should be happy; for, wherever I go, I see smiling faces, and my company is a source of never-failing pleasure. My entrance into a room has often dissipated clouds of the most threatening aspect, or removed at once those barriers of ceremony, which shut out all social enjoyment. Before I have completed the operation of opening my mouth, a simper has gone round the circle; and if I but say, "Good evening," it produces as much laughter as if I had made one of the wittiest speeches in the world. As to making a bow, I have given that up ever since an unsuccessful attempt, the winter before last, threw a most decorous old lady into such a paroxysm of laughter, that it was thought lucky that a month's illness was all she paid for twenty minute's mirth. In short I am such, that if I had lived in the time of Heraclitus, I doubt not that he would have given up his philosophy, burned his papers, and laughed out in utter despair.

But what is *pleasure* to others is *death* to me. I have often wished that I were hideous; that my features might terrify all beholders. "Any thing but contempt," I have said to myself—"hatred were far preferable." What renders the affronts that I receive doubly vexatious is, that they are of such a nature that I can take no notice of them. Once, indeed, driven to fury by half-a-dozen pretty-faced grinning coxcombs, I turned fiercely upon one of them, and, calling him an "impertinent puppy," told him, "that I should expect the satisfaction of a gentleman." But several of my friends persuaded me that it was so silly, and at the same time so boorish, to take offence at a good-natured laugh, that the least I could do was to make an apology; and an apology I made.

Perhaps the reader will say, that whatever may be my outward appearance, I may at least deserve and command respect by my virtues. No, sir; I believe that if I were possessed of but an ordinary share of either sense or virtue, I might lead a life of comparative ease; but my virtues are continually dragging me into notice. Nature, not in kindness but in cruelty, has given me a feeling heart and a lively imagination. It may appear vanity in me to speak thus; but so far am I from being vain of these qualities, that I have often wished (though I have despised myself for it) that I was one of the empty-headed, insipid, *handsome men*, whose face and form gave him such a superiority over me. I will give one instance, to convince you that my virtues serve but to render me still more ridiculous. The Poles, you may remember, were some time ago objects of interest, real or affected, to nearly all, and the continual topic of fashionable conversation. At this time I vindicated them warmly, in a full company, against a gentleman present; and said, "that for my own part, I should rejoice at nothing so much as, if it were in my power, to venture my life in their cause; and that I should be proud of every drop of blood that was spent in the cause of Poland and of Liberty." Whether it was the effect of my voice, look, or gestures I know not, but this speech was followed by an universal roar of laughter. I thought that it would never end, and could, with sincerity have exclaimed, with the fair Rosamond,

"Open, oh earth, and swallow me!"

I have one more incident to relate, which may, at the same time, explain the reason of your being troubled with this communication.

Among my female acquaintance is a young lady, who, though witty, and of a gay disposition, has never joined with her companions, in ridiculing and laughing at me. This evidence of good sense and good feeling gained my gratitude and esteem; and in the advances which I have made towards a better acquaintance, she treated me with kindness, and even seemed to receive pleasure from my conversation. Not to waste words, I fell in love with her; and, ugly as I am, I flattered myself that she perceived, and approved of my attachment, though, as yet, I had not mustered courage to declare it. It was some evenings since, that we were sitting together; the sun had just set—I hate descriptions; but the place, time, and every thing were as favorable as could be, for a *sentimental* conversation. "I suppose, Mr. B.," said my beloved, "that I need not ask you whether you are a sceptic in love; one of those who think, with the unfortunate Edwin, that love is but a name?" "Ma'am—I, ma'am," said I, not being prepared for such a question. "For my own part," continued she, "I have ever believed that love, true love, is the most virtuous feeling of the heart, and the most conducive to human happiness. Pray, Mr. B. have you ever been in love?" The most bashful

men have some assurance; the most modest have some vanity. This hint encouraged me: I forgot my ugliness, and almost fancied myself one of those heroes of whom I used to delight to read. I was on the point of kneeling, when I heard a smothered laugh. I burn while I write—and, starting back in dismay, I perceived two or three young ladies, whom the false girl had concealed behind the sofa. It all flashed upon me at once—I had been made a fool of from beginning to end.

I will not describe my feelings when I returned home. I determined to leave the city, for I can never appear in it again after such a mortification.

It is for the sake of others, who are in the same situation as myself, that I have written this; and pray do you, Messrs. Editors, assure the fair sex, in whom, at least, such conduct as I have described can only arise from levity, that to laugh at a person does not prove superiority, and that an ugly man can feel!

BASIL HALL'S ACCOUNT OF THE AMERICAN DRURY.

Found among some of his loose papers.

The Park theatre has long been the admiration of every one who has never seen any other, and has invariably met the warm approbation of those who understand not a word about the matter. It is one of the principal buildings of New-York, standing very near the brick meeting-house, with St. Paul's church almost in front, and a house belonging to the Bible society immediately in the rear. It is well known to the world, that it was somewhat damaged by fire, and I cannot but sincerely regret the loss of the graceful brick pyramid which, I am told, used to stand on its top to the very great ornament of the whole street. But as that has long since tumbled into ruins, the managers have endeavored to improve it in a different manner. The beauty of the outside is a matter of serious astonishment, consisting of the best quality of colored plaster variegated by straight lines, which are ingeniously intended to imitate cracks. This gives it an appearance of venerable grandeur, calculated to strike the beholder with silent awe. Indeed, the munificence of its owners has spared neither plaster nor brown paint to impart to it a sombre cast, and anxious for improvement, they have changed it from its former color, which was yellow, here and there blackened with smoke, to one of becoming and unvaried brown. Mounting three most magnificent wooden steps, corresponding in richness to the whole of the exterior, you enter the outer lobby, at the right of which is a box-office. You purchase your ticket through a little hole in the door, and in a large crowd you must stand your chance with other adventurers of getting your arm broken. If successful in buying your ticket, you pursue your way, end your walk in the boxes, and find yourself in a large room with a flat ceiling. The seats are covered with beautiful red baize, and great care is taken in lighting the room to supply the audience with an equal degree of light and smoke. The orchestra is divided from the pit by a board partition, on the top of which, I understand, there used to be a row of iron points. These have been removed, but whether from an apprehension that they might injure the audience, or that the audience might injure them, I have been unable to discover. Several years ago, I also learn, the boxes were ornamented with paintings, which were much admired. No foolish attempts at illustrations from Shakspeare—no heads of eminent actors, &c., but beautiful pictures of ideal things which were never seen, heard, nor thought of but here. They used to be ornamented with little naked cupids, who appeared to be eating bread and butter, and rolling head over heels on brown roses and little cornucopie: but the present symbols are entirely above my comprehension, consisting of divers strange and astonishing flourishes which, were the secret but known, would doubtless be very beautiful. Over the stage is a lofty dome intended to convey to the audience the voices of the actors, who are incapable of doing it themselves. This dome is supported by four magnificent wooden columns, for the particular benefit of persons in the managers' boxes.

The scenery of this astonishing exhibition is admirable in the extreme. The same street answers for New-York, London, Paris, or Madrid—the most distant part of Russia, or ancient Greece. Often we see Monsieur Tonson's cottage snugly situated in Rome, and are delighted to behold Brutus haranguing the greasy citizens in a street like Broadway—iron railings, three story brick houses, lamp-posts, and all. I have been much pleased to witness the manner in which they manage to free themselves from the impertinent company of that sober prosing old dame, called common sense, and how sometimes they have rid themselves of her entirely. I have seen a large rock shake at the touch of a careless actor, and beheld trees which stood unmoved during all the horrors of a dramatic storm, tremble if any one perchance laid a hand upon them. I have known days, nights, and years to pass away while the musicians were playing yankee doodle; and once I remember to have been sadly puzzled upon beholding a charming girl make her appearance, who gave me to understand she was the same person I had half an hour ago beheld carried out in a bundle not much larger than my hat. The thunder and lightning, too, cannot be too much praised. The thunder is much superior to that of the heavens, which, in my opinion, is very rude, crashing and cracking as if it would break a body's bones: and the lightning is as crooked as can be, but here the thunder vents its fire in a few taps, somewhat resembling a drum, and the lightning is as soft and pretty as the flashing of a common train of powder.

I was not long since looking over the papers, when I saw Mr. Booth's benefit announced for that evening, and as I have often admired this gentleman, I determined to attend. The play, which was the *Bride of Abydos*, was supported to the pleasing astonishment of all parties. In the pirate's cave, when the chief discovers

and embraces his son Selim, the delighted father turned to his turbaned associates with a most dignified air, pointed to him, and in a loud tone of voice, as if he intended to produce great effect, bid them behold that he knew and owned his son. Selim marched before them with surprising dignity, expecting, doubtless, to be received with transports, but the soldiers stood mute and motionless, and gaped around until somebody from behind the scenes whispered aloud, "why the devil don't you bow?" The head soldier upon hearing this, put his thumb and fore finger to his turban, thinking it was a Corjes hat. After he had finished, he told the next one what to do, and he the next, and so on until they had all made obeisance to the young chief, who, by the by, had now turned his back to them all and walked majestically to the back part of the stage. This being done, the play proceeded.

I was also much edified by the banquet scene, where Selim fires his two pistols, each of which killed its man. The scene changed, but as one of the bodies in the agonies of death had fallen too far out, it was knocked by the half of a handsome palace, which was just then making its appearance. The poor dead man, seeing no one near to take him away, concluded he had best do it himself, and actually jumped up with great agility, and scrambled out on all fours, upon which the audience were manifestly delighted, and gave him three rounds of applause, accompanied with many gratified smiles in token of their pleasure at his unexpected recovery. Numerous other beauties claim my attention, but as I must not too much encroach on the leisure of my reader, I will conclude with the consolation that he had better have not enough of my writings than too much.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER.

You talk very seriously and pathetically about your afflictions, but the truth is, that you know nothing of the matter. Your distresses are but atoms to mine! Don't laugh at this assertion, for it is a mighty truth. Compared with me, you ought to be—nay, you *are*, a happy and enviable man. What are your griefs? Let me run over the black list, which you contemplate with such rueful solemnity, and discover, if I can, the dreadful intensity of its aggregate. You are not so young as you have been—your mistress is, and is likely to be for some time, absent—your favorite horse has fallen irrecoverably lame—your tenants are dilatory in their payments; and an inexorable doctor has laid an embargo upon your daily bottle. My dear fellow, I tell you again, you know nothing of misery; your lot in life is sunshine itself, contrasted with the stygian gloom of mine. Jack, were you ever dunned? Did you ever detect yourself without a dollar in your pocket, or the means of getting one in your imagination? Were you ever hopelessly in debt? Have you, in short, the slightest practical idea of the necessity of money, derived from a personal familiarity with that heaviest of all mortal curses, an absolute, *bona fide*, and unmitigated want of money?—not you. You are rich, Jack, and being rich, you are above the reach of real calamity. Of all your griefs, there is but one that I admit to be even unpleasant—of course I mean that devilish matter of the years. Yes, age, coming age, is an evil—a nuisance. The thought that death must come, is horrible—its sensible approach, appalling. I do not profess to be worse than the average of my fellow creatures, or to have cause to look forward upon the termination of my career with greater dread than many who profess indifference upon the subject.

Setting the question of age aside, therefore, I assert that you have nothing to complain of. There is nothing but your own laziness and want of energy, to prevent you from joining the adorable, were she even at the uttermost end of the earth, instead of a paltry intervening distance of five hundred miles. *Mine* is a million times more absolutely out of my reach, for she has a rich father, in whose eyes nothing but acres or bank stock may hope to find favor; and I am too much a man of honor to run away with her—to her and my certain exclusion from all participation in his goods and chattels. The misfortune of your horse is, indeed, unpleasant, particularly as far as you are personally attached to the animal; but you have others as good as he; or if you have not, you have money—money—money, wherewith you might buy many horses; and the acquisition of a new attachment is but the work of a fortnight. I have neither horse nor money. Your tenants are troublesome rascals—but I have no tenants at all; and, bad as they are, there is something pleasant in the sight of them about quarter-day, although even a part of the shekels be not forthcoming. Heavens! that I might once in my life be in the receipt of rents! Why, man, there is glory in the very sound. My tenants! rents! leases! Can you think over these things, Jack, and not feel your spirit bound within you, as at the sound of a trumpet?

Yes, my dear fellow, I confess, nay, I avow it, I deem poverty the greatest of all evils. It is the incubus that sits on the bosom, and puts to flight all the fair dreams of life. It is *winter* to the soul. It is chains to the limbs. It is disease. It is a dungeon. In it are concentrated every thing terrible and repulsive. From it is excluded every thing generous and inspiring, and happy. I am degraded by the same influence which renders me wretched. I would fling away years of my existence to gain wealth for the remainder. But, stop, Jack, I fear you misunderstand me. There are two observations you wish to make. I know you so perfectly well, dear Jack, with your gentle smile, and that cheerful way you have when you get into the sentimental and the philosophical. "But Fred," you would say, "believe me, you are mistaken. I am rich, yet I am not happy, or if I ever am happy, it is not from my riches. And again, there is a moral grandeur of character to be attained by experience and meditation, and doing one's duty, (your great word, Jack) which should sustain him through all possible trouble."

Well, Jack, to your first remark, I have only to say that I do not speak from the desire of wealth, but from the fear of poverty. I am timid, Jack, of all humiliation, and shrink from the rudeness, or the ill opinion even of a vulgar man, with the mute horror of a sensitive plant. Debt is my fiend, that breaks in upon all my pleasures, hopes, affections, and avocations; and as for your *moral grandeur*, dear, dear Jack, with a mournful sense of degradation I acknowledge that I have it not. I have relieved myself from the importunity of a dun by a promise which I *knew* I could not perform. Heaven knows, I am naturally sincere and frank. I have, (overlook my egotism,) I am *sure* I have noble impulses, and proud, nay, lofty aspirations; yes, and I have a cheerful and even a merry heart and affections that *ought* to unfold themselves beautifully and abundantly with the lavish fragrance of the best buds of June, had not they been ever withered and frozen in the cold bleak shadow that this same dreary, dreadful, pestilential poverty you speak so lightly of, has cast upon them.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOVE AND POLITICS—A POET'S BIRTHDAY MEDITATION.

"*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni.*"

ANOTHER year! alas, how swift,
Medora, these years flit by,
Like shadows thrown by clouds that drift
In flakes along a wintry sky.
Another year! another leaf
Is turned within life's volume brief,
And yet not one bright page appears
Of mine within that book of years.

There are some moments when I feel
As if it should not yet be so;
As if the years that from me steal
Had not a right alike to go,
And lose themselves in Time's dark sea,
Unbuoyed up by aught from me;
Aught that the Future yet might claim
To rescue from their wreck a name.

But it was love that taught me rhyme,
And it was thou that taught me love;
And if I in this idle chime
Of words a useless sluggard prove,
It was thine eyes the habit nursed,
And in their light I learnt it first.
It is thine eyes which, day by day,
Consume my time and heart away.

And often bitter thoughts arise
Of what I've lost in loving thee,—
And in my breast my spirit dies,
The gloomy crowd around to see
Of baffled hopes, and ruined powers
Of mind, and miserable hours
Of self-upbraiding, and despair
Of heart, too strong and fierce to bear.

"Why, what a peasant slave am I,"
To bow my mind and bend my knee
To woman in idolatry,
Who takes no thought of mine or me.
Oh God! that I could breathe my life
On battle plain in charging strife—
In one mad impulse pour my soul
Far beyond passion's base control.

Thus do my jarring thoughts revolve
Their gather'd causes of offence,
Until I in my heart resolve
To dash thine angel image thence;
When some bright look, some accent kind,
Comes freshly in my heated mind,
And scares, like newly-flushing day,
These brooding thoughts like owls away.

And then for hours and hours I muse
On things that might, yet will not be,
Till one by one my feelings lose
Their passionate intensity,
And steal away in visions soft,
Which on wild wing those feelings waft
Far, far beyond the drear domain
Of Reason and her freezing reign.

And now again from their gay track
I call as I despondent sit,
Once more these truant fancies back,
Which round my brain so idly flit;
And some I treasure, some I blush
To own—and these I try to crush—
And some too wild for reason's rein
I loose in idle rhyme again.

And even thus my moments fly,
And even thus my hours decay,
And even thus my years slip by,
My life itself is wiled away;
But distant still the mounting hope,
The burning wish with men to cope
In aught that minds of iron mould
May do or dare for fame or gold.

Another year! another year,
Medora, it shall not be so;
Both love and lays forswear I here,
As I've forsworn thee long ago,
That name which thou wouldst never share,
Proudly shall fame emblazon where
On pumps and corners posters stick it,
The highest on the Jackson ticket.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1852.

Editors' study.—A young lady of fashion complained to us the other evening that she had "nothing to read." We were somewhat startled at this, as there was a spacious and well-filled book-case in the apartment, and we fell into a silence of several minutes, during which, as the rest of the company were lively, and our fair companion seemed disposed to join them, we stole a sly glance at the ample library. Among other authors we noticed Swift, Sterne, Goldsmith, Shakspeare, Scott, Wordsworth, Irving, Paulding, and Bryant. There were also the "Spectator," the "Rambler," Pope, Dryden, and Milton; besides a large number of others, with the best histories and books of travel, some of which we had never yet found time to peruse. At first we were rather startled at being so far surpassed by a girl in the study of English literature, and felt our estimation considerably heightened for one who, amid the allurements of city pleasure, had possessed herself of all the knowledge which she must have derived from the perusal of such a noble collection of works. The conversation of one, so learned we thought, must be edifying indeed, and we seized the earliest opportunity of renewing our interview. Imagine our surprise on finding that she was totally uninformed as to the value of the works in question. She had endeavored, she said, once or twice to read Oasian and Milton, but without success; the Spectator was dull, and of all things she hated histories and travels. It was only the other day, she added, that she suffered from low spirits all the morning from not being able to get anything new with which to beguile the time.

Of the few females whom it is our good fortune to know, nearly all are fond of reading; and we have no reason to doubt that the same taste is general among our fair fellow-citizens. It often happens that our opinion is asked by them of a new work, or we are begged to bring them one. Both of these matters could be easily settled if we were well acquainted with all the different shades and passions of their minds; but these are so various, and sometimes so opposite to our previous conjectures, that we not unfrequently commit strange errors. We gave the "Life of Sir Isaac Newton" to a giddy creature, who, we afterwards discovered, expected to find it similar to "Sir Charles Grandison," and handed the "Dutchman's Fireside" to a lady whose jaded taste and unhealthy imagination could not be goaded into excitement by a stimulus less powerful than the "Monk," the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or the "Three Spaniards." We have given "Locke on the Human Understanding" to a coquet, and "Moore's Poems" to a prude, and were so soundly rated one day by the maiden aunt of a warm hearted and enthusiastic girl to whom we had innocently recommended "Thomson's Seasons," that we began to find, what we at first esteemed an agreeable privilege, gradually metamorphosed into a service attended with vexation, if not with danger. But our experience has not always been uninteresting. We love to hear people's off-hand, unguarded opinions of books. It is by far a better standard of character and talent than physiognomy. Let us know what you read, fair lady, and your real thoughts of what you read, and a year's common acquaintance would be nothing to it. We remember having once read a passage of the "Sketch Book" to a wild young girl, whose high spirits were excited by a merry scene. It was an experiment to see whether a page of perfectly sweet eloquence and tenderness would have any effect upon her, and what, in the midst of her seemingly irrepressible merriment, and so we watched to behold the change which her features underwent; how her attention was gradually arrested, fastened, and aroused—how gently she yielded to the mastery of the writer, whose thoughts met answering thoughts in her bosom, sleeping there with a kindred beauty, and awakened suddenly by his tender art. We do reverence involuntarily a clear spirit, when we find it thus susceptible to all the noble impressions which greater minds produce. We love to send the fine thought like an arrow to the heart, and to feel that it is quivering there as it did in our own.

One of the particular conditions imposed upon us by borrowers of a book is that it must be new, or at least some romance which they have never seen. To find new and interesting novels for a whole circle of industrious readers, is rather more than our presses, although themselves very industrious, enable us to do, and we therefore suggest a plan, which we sincerely hope will be considered a satisfactory substitute. Instead of a sickly thirst for lack-a-daisical novels, suppose our fair friends should endeavor to cultivate a healthy appetite for compositions more nutritious and substantial, which must enlarge their minds, improve their hearts, and extend, to an incalculable degree, their sources of enjoyment. We propose that, instead of being so over anxious to study the fashionable authors of the present day, they shall learn a little of those who have gone before. If they think they have no taste for Addison, Johnson, and Goldsmith, they, in most cases, mistake themselves; although it may be true that their taste has never been properly cultivated. But what then? Because sixteen or even thirty precious irrevocable years have vanished without their discovering wherein consists the true value and beauty of reading, shall they still close their eyes to it? We would not make young girls critics and philosophers, but it would add wonderfully to their characters and happiness if they were competent to form just opinions of books; and were sufficiently intimate with the general principles of natural philosophy to derive gratification from the perusal of rational knowledge, and to look abroad upon the

universe with intelligent eyes, the better to appreciate it and its Creator. The reader will remember Addison's humorous list, in the thirty-seventh number of the Spectator, of Leonora's library, in which he found "the classic authors in wood," and by their side "Clelia: which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower." Dare we express a fear that the taste of Leonora is not yet extinct, and that many a capable mind at the present day suffers itself to be narrowed down by the perpetual contemplation of trifles? Our Humes and Miltons do not *open of themselves*. There is also a strange idea prevalent concerning literary women; and we have heard very honest fellows "pray to be delivered from them," as if they were something odd and troublesome. It is true, there have been females whose zeal for literature outran their discretion; but these are no more specimens of well-read women than the miser who saved his candle and died in the dark, is a fair representative of prudent and economical men. It is not to be expected that every young lady will be well read; other avocations may employ too much of her time. But when she does read, we would suggest higher themes than can be found in their exclusive partiality for most modern novels. It may be difficult to change the taste immediately; for, in a mind already enervated with marvellous fiction and sickly sentiment, the finest and simplest treatise on natural philosophy or history, will not immediately produce an excitement. But persevere, and to an intellect of ordinary intelligence, the great truths of time and nature will soon begin to unfold themselves with a powerful interest. We cannot conceive why a young girl, who is delighted with Pelham, should not be yet more delighted with Plutarch. There is more romantic incident, more displays of attractive character, more variety and good writing in the latter. A servant maid, without exactly knowing what she is reading, will be fascinated with the noble old historian; and so, as the story goes, was the mistress, till she found out that his lives were true. Indeed she who languishes for the next novel with such a mine of unexplored eloquence and wit about her, resembles a youth pining to death for the love of a statue, though wooed, on every side, by the most brilliant of living beauties.

Causici's Bust of Clinton.—This piece of marble statuary is now exhibited for public inspection at the New-York Institution, in the rear of the City-hall, in the room adjoining the surrogate's office, between the hours of twelve and three o'clock. Viewed with reference to the peculiar circumstances under which it was executed, it is certainly an extraordinary production, as the artist never had but one brief and cursory opportunity of studying the original. It is truly a matter of wonder how he has effected so striking a likeness. Unlike many other efforts at chiseling the features of distinguished individuals, it conveys at once to the spectator's mind the idea of intrinsic grandeur. Not only are the lineaments of the countenance correctly preserved, but the character of the man is seen at a single glance. The impress is prominent and decisive. Superior intellect, with its thousand magical associations, sits enthroned upon the brow, giving a corresponding expression to every feature.

Excellence in sculpture is admitted to be of difficult attainment. It is the eldest (possibly, with one exception) of the sister arts; and among its modern votaries, few have risen so high as Signior Causici. Without reverting to the ancients, Canova, of our own day, is one of the few who has won for himself an immortality of fame. His Advent was that of genius, led by untiring perseverance, too seldom its friend and guide. In all his works there is visible the result of refined and cultivated taste. He rarely attempted sublimity, while manifesting the capability of attaining to it; seeming perfectly contented with the pervading grace which characterized his efforts. Thorswalden commenced a career which promises to close, as it has advanced, in brilliancy. Chantry, a contemporary, is highly and justly regarded, and the effort which graces Boston, has met with warm and just eulogiums. Willingly assenting to its merits, we may challenge a comparison between that production and Causici's Clinton, under the conviction that the decision, if uninfluenced by prejudice, will assign to the latter the palm of excellence. Causici was a pupil of Canova, and it is admitted that he has done no little credit to his master.

We have in other departments of this journal hitherto alluded to the great estimation in which our distinguished young countryman, Greenough, is at present held in Paris. We could not properly omit the mention of his name in an enumeration of the sculptors of the present day.

We cheerfully comply with the request of a correspondent, and insert the following sonnet from the New-York American.

SONNET,

Written in St. Mark's Church-yard, New-York.

(St. Mark's Church-yard is situated in a beautiful and retired place, formerly about three miles distant from New-York; but the city, so rapid in its growth, has already nearly reached it, and will undoubtedly, in a few years, entirely surround it.)

Ye dead, a gentle feeling pure I deem,
Prompted the wish, when life's short day was past,
Calmly to sleep in this sweet place at last—
Courtied by wild flowers and the pale moon's gleam!
Where pensive meditation loves to dream.
O thou, too frail to bear life's chilling blast,
For whom on earth a bitter lot was cast—
Who dropt into oblivion's sunless stream,
Like a green leaf, snapt from a summer bough!
Ah! soon no more shall silence round thee reign,
(No more the wild birds trill sweet notes for thee!)
But soulless sound, and reverie profane—
Yea, list! comes rolling onward even now,
The multitudinous city, like a sea!

* Once a dear young friend of the writer's.

WHO ARE THE FREE?

FROM POLISH MELODIES—THE POETRY AND MUSIC BY J. A. WADE.

With proud defiance.

Who are the free? Who are the free? Slaves be-neath their
chains may be; The thun-der's sound is strong-ly bound Be-fore it bursts to li-ber-ty!
Free-dom's a pas-sion of the mind, 'Tis not to earth or air con-fined; 'Twill
strug-gle more the more you bind. Who are the free? Who are the free?

SECOND VERSE.

WHERE are the free?
WHERE are the free?
On hill, in glen, or desert sea?
Perhaps they sleep
In dungeons deep—

But still their dream is liberty!
A battle-plain may be a slave's—
A prison-ship may ride the waves—
There are two places—HEARTS AND GRAVES!
Where ARE the free!
Where ARE the free!

THIRD VERSE.

Then WE'RE the free,
WE ARE the free;—
For, though in chains or liberty,
Our hearts and souls
Have no controls,

But scorners to the last will be!—
We may be robb'd of freedom's right—
We may be slain in freedom's fight—
But still, against the despot's might,
We are the free!
We are the free!

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

THE TEMPEST.

THE scene of Shakspeare's play of the Tempest is laid in one of the Bermuda islands, which an old writer declares "were of all nations, said and supposed to be *enchanted and inhabited with witches and devils.*" It is supposed to have been the first written of all his plays, and is certainly among the most extraordinary for the wonderful oppositeness of its characters, and their difference, not only from each other, but from all that had been ever previously delineated. I could, however, never account for the harshness of Prospero to Ariel. There is something in his threats to so yielding and beautiful a creature, and one so careful to do his "spiriting gently," which jars upon the feelings. He is a thorough-bred bully in his manner towards him, for example, when he tells him, "Thou liest, malignant thing!" and threatens to rend an oak, and confine him in its "knotty entrails" till he has "howled away twelve winters."

PHILOSOPHICAL DISCREPANCIES.

The celebrated philosopher Locke, declares that personal identity consists in consciousness alone. There is a degree of truth in his meaning, as, for example; in a future existence we are totally forgetful of everything connected with this life; we are, in fact different beings, inasmuch as all the thoughts, feelings, habits and peculiarities of every kind which identified us here, being taken away, our identity is also taken away. But in examining into this doctrine, in his "Essay on the Intellectual Powers," Dr. Reid contradicts it in the following amusing manner:

"Suppose a brave officer to have been flogged, when a boy at school, for robbing an orchard, to have taken a standard from the enemy in his first campaign, and to have been made a general in advanced life; suppose, also, which must be admitted to be possible, that when he took the standard, he was conscious of his having been flogged at school; and that when made a general, he

was conscious of his taking the standard, but had absolutely lost the consciousness of his flogging.

"These things being supposed, it follows from Mr. Locke's doctrine that he who was flogged at school, is the same person who took the standard; and that he who took the standard is the same person who was made a general. Whence it follows, if there be any truth in logic, that the general is the same person with him who was flogged at school. But the general's consciousness does not reach so far back as his flogging, therefore, according to Mr. Locke's doctrine, he is not the person who was flogged. Therefore the general is, and at the same time, is not, the same person who was flogged at school."

TALKERS.

What is the reason that women have the reputation of being greater talkers than men? I am inclined to believe, from the experience of a long and busy life, that the idea is tolerably true, but I do not think it is any thing derogatory to the character of the fair. They are finer and more delicate creatures than men; more easily acted on by passing events; quicker to perceive, and with a natural desire to make others participators in their feelings, and a rapid facility in expressing all the innumerable changes always going on in their minds and hearts. They bear about the same relation to men that air does to water. Who can peruse the affecting account of the pippin woman's last moments without acknowledging the sex possessed of powers peculiar to themselves.

"The crackling crystal yields—she sinks—she dies;
Her head chapt off, from her lost shoulders dies;
Pippins she cried, but death her voice confounds,
And pip—pip—pip along the ice resounds."

TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

One of the surest evidences of friendship that an individual can display to another, is telling him gently of a fault. If any other can excel it, it is listening to such a disclosure with gratitude, and amending the error.

MODESTY OF NEWTON.

It is a singular fact, that the modesty of Newton would have prevented his publishing the results of his researches. Not one of his mathematical writings were voluntarily communicated to the world!

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Public meeting.—An assemblage of a few hundred persons to express the opinion of two hundred and fifty thousand: so each individual present pledges himself for the sentiments of six thousand of his friends. There is, however, a mystery about the proceeding. A great city in this manner will utter the most terrible signs of indignation against a man or a measure to day, of which, yesterday, they spoke in terms of the highest praise. Either the public do not know their own mind, or there must be wonderful misprints in the papers. But the simplicity and ease with which this useful custom is managed, cannot be too much praised. A whole country by its means, without the slightest expense or trouble, may be made to issue their opinion even upon subjects which they never heard of.

Broker.—A person who sells the use of money, of which he never has any himself, but has always to get from a friend.

Pawnbrokers' shops.—Vortexes, scattered over the surface of society, which suck down the poor and friendless.

The last night of an actor's appearance.—The last night, till the next time.

Want.—A monster that grows more hungry with feeding.

Manuscript tragedy.—A nuisance.

Umbrella.—An article which gentlemen consider themselves privileged to steal.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,

To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscriptions received for a less term than one year. New subscribers can be supplied with the Mirror from the twenty-seventh number of the present volume, which was issued on the seventh of January.

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No. 35.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, ESQ.

BY THE LATE JOSEPH R. DRAKE, M.D.

"You damn me with faint praise."

Yes, faint was my applause and cold my praise,
Though soul was glowing in each polished line;
But nobler subjects claim the poet's lays—
A brighter glory waits a muse like thine;
Let amorous fools in love-sick measure pine,
Let Strangford whimper on in fancied pain,
And leave to Moore the hacknied rose and vine;
Be thine the task a higher crown to gain—
The envied wreath that decks the patriot's holy strain!

Yet not in proud triumphal song alone,
Or martial ode, or sad sepulchral dirge;
There needs no lay to make our glories known!
There needs no song the warrior's soul to urge
To tread the bounds of danger's stormy verge;
Columbia still shall win the battle's prize!
But be it thine to bid her mind emerge;
To strike her harp until its soul arise
From the neglected shade where low in dust it lies!

Are there no scenes to touch the poet's soul?
No deeds of arms to wake the lordly strain?
Shall Hudson's billows unregarded roll?
Has Warren fought, Montgomery died, in vain?
Shame! that while every mountain, stream, and plain
Hath theme for truth's proud voice or fancy's wand,
No native bard the patriot harp hath ta'en,
But left to minstrel of a foreign strand
To sing the beautiful scenes of nature's loveliest land!

Oh! for a seat on Appalacha's brow,
That I might scan the glorious prospect round!
Wild waving woods and rolling floods below,
Smooth level glades and fields with grain embrown'd;
High heaving hills with tufted forests crown'd,
Rearing their proud tops to the heaven's blue dome!
And emerald isles like banners green unwound,
Seen floating o'er the lake, while round them roam
Blue billowy helms and dancing plumes of foam.

'Tis true, no fairies haunt our "verdant meads,"
No grinning imps deform our blazing hearth;
Beneath the kelpies' fangs no traveler bleeds,
No gory vampyres taint our holy earth,
No spectres stalk to frighten harmless mirth,
Nor tortured demon howls amid the gale;
Fair reason checks these monsters in their birth;
Yet have we lay of love and horrid tale,
Would dim the manliest eye and make the bravest pale!

Where is the sterile eye that hath not shed,
Compassion's dew-drops o'er the sweet M'Crea?
Through midnight wilds by savage bandit led;
"Her heart is sad—her love is far away;"
Elate that lover waits the promised day,
When he shall clasp his blooming bride again!
Shine on, sweet visions! dreams of rapture play!
Soon the cold corpse of her he loved in vain
Shall blight his withering heart and fire his frenzied brain!

Romantic Wyoming! could not be found,
Of all that roam thy Eden-bowers among,
To wake a native harp's untutored sound,
And give thy tale of woe the voice of song?
Oh! if description's cold and nerveless tongue
From stranger harp such hallowed strains could call,
How doubly sweet the descendant wild had rung,
From one who lingering o'er "thy ruin'd wall,"
Had pluck'd thy mourning flowers and wept thy timeless fall!

The Huron chief escaped from foemen nigh,
His frail bark lanches on Niagara's tides;
"Pride in his port! defiance in his eye!"
Singing his song of death the warrior glides:
In vain they yell along the river's sides;
In vain the arrow from its sheaf is torn;
Calm to his doom the willing victim rides,
And till adown the roaring torrent borne,
Mocks them with gestures proud, and laughs their rage to scorn!

Arouse! my friend!—let vivid fancy soar;
Look with creative eye on nature's face—
Bid "goblin's damn'd" in wild Niagara roar,
And view in every field a fairy race!
Spur thy good pacolet to speed apace,
And spread a train of nymphs on every shore!
Or if thy muse would woo a ruder grace,
The Indian's evil manito's explore,
And rear the wondrous tale of legendary lore.

Away! to Susquehanna's utmost springs
Where throned in mountain mist Arouski reigns,
Shrouding in lurid clouds his plumbeous wings,
And sternly sorrowing o'er his tribe's remains!
His was the arm, like comet ere it wanes,

That tore the streamy lightning from the skies,
And smote the mammoth of the southern plains!
Wild with dismay the Creek affrighted flies,
While in triumphant pride Kencava's eagles rise.

Or westward far where dark Miami wends,
Seek that fair spot as yet to fame unknown,
Where when the vesper dew of heaven descends,
Soft music breathes in many a melting tone;
At times so sadly sweet it seems the moan
Of some poor Ariel penanced in the rock—
Anon a louder burst—a scream! a groan!
And now amid the tempest's reeling shock,
Gibber, and shriek, and wail, and fiendish laugh, and mock.

Or climb the palisado's lofty brows,
Where dark Omanas waged the war of hell,
'Till roused to wrath the mighty spirit rose
And pent the demons in their prison cell:
Full on their heads the uprooted mountain fell,
Enclosing all within its horrid womb!
Straight from the teeming earth the waters swell,
And pillar'd rocks arise in cheerless gloom,
Around the drear abode, their last, eternal tomb.

Be these your lofty themes! but ne'er resign
The soul of song to laud your lady's eyes;
Go kneel a worshipper at nature's shrine!
For you her rivers flow, her hills arise;
For you her fields are green and fair her skies;
And will you scorn them all to pour your tame
And heartless lays of forced or fancied sighs?
Still will you wrong the muse, nor blush for shame,
To cast away renown and hide your head from fame?

Come! shake your trammels off! let fools rehearse
Their loves and raptures in unmeaning chime;
Cram close their crude conceits in mawkish verse,
And torture hacknied thoughts in timeless rhyme:
But thou shalt soar in glorious verse sublime!
With heavenly voice of music, strength, and fire,
Waft wide the wonders of thy native clime;
With patriot pride each patriot heart inspire,
Till Europe's bards are mute before Columbia's lyre.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

FRONTING this page, we present our readers with an accurate likeness of WASHINGTON IRVING; and we do so with pride and pleasure, as a just tribute to one of the most successful writers, not only of the country, but of the age. The few brief observations with which we shall introduce the engraving, can scarcely aspire to the name of biography. We can give only a brief outline of what the world has been frequently told already. His life has been marked by no extraordinary events, and is destitute of romantic interest, unless such as some prolific fancy may conjure up from the fact that one so highly gifted with the power of describing the tender and amiable in others, should have himself preferred the secluded path of celibacy. It is indeed a subject which affords us but a slender hope of adding any striking interest, as every particular proper to be brought before the public has long furnished materials for innumerable admiring pens, while from near shades of character, and anecdotes of private friendship, delicacy would forbid our withdrawing the veil.

Mr. Irving was born in this city, in 1782, and is now, therefore about fifty years of age. He received a classical education, and was a student of Columbia college. In 1805 he embarked for Bordeaux, on a tour through France and Italy, instigated partly by the love of travel natural to youth, and partly by the hope of restoring the vigor of a constitution somewhat impaired, it is said, by the intemperance of previous literary application. In 1807 he returned to New-York, completely restored to health, after having visited Rome, Florence, Naples, Switzerland, Flanders, Holland and England.

He remained in this country until 1815, engaged in various literary works which rapidly advanced his reputation, and afterwards proceeded to London, his present residence. He has, however, since that period, occasionally resumed his travels, and report speaks of the marked distinction with which, in the city of Dresden, in 1822, he was treated by the king and queen of Saxony and their court.

We are not surprised to learn that a mind so naturally fertile commenced at an early age to pour out its treasures in some of the public presses, those channels through which thought flows far and wide. A number of essays, written by him at the age of seventeen, appeared in the "Morning Chronicle," under the title of "Letters of Jonathan Old Style." The reader will remember that these have since been very unceremoniously republished in

a pamphlet form, and without the consent of the author, by some uncourteous speculator on other men's talent. They present, however, to the admirer of Mr. Irving's later productions, many features prettily characteristic of his future peculiarities, and form an amusing display of those budding graces whose full-blown beauties have attracted such universal attention.

Salmagundi was commenced in 1807, in conjunction with a circle of highly gifted gentlemen, (among the most conspicuous was the author of the "Dutchman's Fireside") some of whom have since won their way to literary eminence, and some to political or professional distinction, while many have been swept away by death. This amusing little work received such unequivocal marks of popular favor, that we may well suppose that the principal contributor surveyed the prospect of a future literary career with eyes not wholly undazzled. Accordingly, he appears to have braced himself up to it, if not with considerable assiduity, at least with increased confidence. In 1810 he published "Knickerbocker's History of New-York," a work, combining the forcible humor of Cervantes, Butler, and Fielding, with the elegant, although playful, grace of Addison and Goldsmith. It is nearly superfluous to descant upon the spirit and character of this composition. It is a rich satire upon certain events and characters, as well as numerous of our national peculiarities. No one ever possessed a keener perception of the ludicrous, as well as the graceful and the tender, than our author; and although, in the veracious history under consideration, but few attempts are made at the latter requisite, there are certain passages and pages of unusual eloquence, and struck off with a curious facility, that effect the mind like the easy elegance of some natural object—a flower opening under a June sun, or a vine laying forth its tendrils, through which gleam the mantling bunches of the purple grapes—nothing can be at once more unpremeditated and unartificial than the flowing and melodious sentences of Mr. Irving, when warmed with his subject. The success of Knickerbocker exceeded the anticipations of even the most sanguine among those who immediately perceived its great excellence. In the same year, 1810, the reputation of the writer was advanced by an unusually fine biographical sketch of Campbell, prefixed to an edition of that charming poet's works. This trifle was praised by the critics as a specimen of elegant composition, scarcely surpassed in the language. To these were soon afterwards added brief narratives of the lives of the most distinguished among our naval officers during the late war. They were published in the *Analectic Magazine*, at the earnest solicitations of the proprietors of which, it is said, they were written. The "Sketch Book" and its sequel, "Bracebridge Hall," were the next and more important undertakings of our author. Few literary productions have been received with more eager and universal curiosity and admiration. They have been translated into a variety of languages. Every body has read them, and they will always be considered an indispensable ornament in the library of every lover of eloquence, wit, and sentiment. On the year following the publication of *Bracebridge Hall*, which appeared in 1823, he completed and sent forth the "Tales of a Traveler." These seem hasty compositions; but although less generally eulogized than their predecessors, are frequently enlivened by strokes of lurking humor, and gleamings of elegant fancy, and resemble those loose sketches in the portfolio of a fine painter, which, however careless the outline, or common-place the subject, betray, nevertheless, evident touches of the master hand.

With his more recent contributions to the literature of his country, the first of which is the invaluable *Life of Columbus*, our readers are of course acquainted. Respecting the superior excellence of this composition, there seems to be but one opinion throughout the learned circles. It fills a vacancy in English history, and no one living could have succeeded better. The golden materials for the *History of Columbus* could not have been committed to any more appropriate individual, for he stands nearly in the same relation to our literary, as his immortal subject does to our natural hemisphere, both having in their own departments steered boldly out into regions unexplored, and produced their discoveries to the astonishment of the eastern continent.

His works vary, perhaps, more in character than those of any other living writer. Others have all been distinguished in some peculiar department. Mr. Irving, with the easy confidence of genius, has struck into several of the most opposite description, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to decide in which he has manifested the most power. The perfect beauty of his sentimental pieces—their touching pathos, and tender refinement, claim for them the palm of superiority. There is a trifle of his, a brief story of common life, called the "Wife," which strongly tempts us to such a conclusion. If he had not sought any other walk, he must have acquired fame in this. Yes—*this* is his forte. But then his humor, of which he is a perfect master—the broad and irresistible burlesque of Knickerbocker, fraught with sly drol-

lery and good natured satire; the ludicrous drawings interspersed though the Sketch Book; the fine wit in Salmagundi, and the rich vein opened in Bracebridge Hall—yes, there can be no doubt of it—he is happiest in the humorous. It is on delineations of this nature that he must rest his claims to superiority. By the way, there is yet another field opening upon our view—history. His later works, not found only on the toilette of beauty and fashion—in the hands of the young alone, or of the old and grave in their lighter moments; but on the table of the learned and the wise—in the library of the thoughtful statesman—the severe scholar. There is something dignified in writing a history, and this Mr. Irving has done admirably. He has advanced fearlessly and successfully to a higher grade of literature and fame; and as he addresses a grave circle of readers, and on a more important theme, there is visible in his manner an appropriate change, strongly characteristic of the good sense of the author. He has relaxed the studied elegance of his style for pure perspicuity and manly strength. We miss the smoothness and polish, but recognize the graceful shape and fine material. The sweet melody of the Sketch Book would become tiresome in an extended history. He has therefore properly modified it for the occasion, and has commenced a most romantic and powerfully interesting series of events in a form attractive to every reader; and we suspect this will carry his name farther into future time than even the fascinating offerings of his earlier years, and more excited fancy.

We conclude this cursory view of the life of Washington Irving with our sincere congratulations to our readers on their prospect of soon welcoming him again, at least for a brief period, to these his native shores. Yet his visit here will form a new era in his quiet and happy life, and will it not be a delightful event to us, old and young, his friends and readers? We cannot refrain from drawing a thousand pretty pictures of these things. How forcibly—with what a mixture of melancholy and joy, and merriment and regret, must they strike such a mind as his? He must write another Sketch Book, that's certain. We have pored, with a delightful fancy, over the voyage of the youthful enthusiast from his native plain country, with the mighty world, broad and brilliant, before him. Now let us read the wanderer's homeward thoughts, and hopes, and fears, and recollections. Time—time has been busy with him, and with all around him. There will be shadow on the forehead, and shadowy thoughts beneath it, and the ghosts of a thousand buried hopes and wishes will flit across his imagination, as he hangs, on his return, over the same ever restless waves, and muses on the haunts of Dolph Hyleger, and the misty blue hills of "Sleepy Hollow," and the old angles and narrow lanes, and prim steep-roofed Dutch houses, and all the surrounding scenery, and all the merry inhabitants of the "good city of Manahatta." How we should love to tread with him through the labyrinths of this changed and growing metropolis, and to follow him in all his meetings with old faces; to see him recognize the wild and lovely girl, whom he left romping in exuberant youth, now appearing to his eyes, chastened down into the sweet mother, with a group of glowing and miniature likenesses, gazing up at the author of the Sketch Book; and then to watch with him the stately man whom he left erect in the vigor of health, now converted into a dim and faded resemblance of his former self, with bent shoulders, a seamed forehead, and trembling hands.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW METHOD OF PREVENTING STEAM EXPLOSION.

PERHAPS there is no subject of more general interest at this day than the fatal accidents which have attended steam navigation. So many lives have been lost, to say nothing of the destruction of property, that he who invents a method of remedying the evil, and securely guarding against future danger, may be justly termed a public benefactor. For a long time this has been a desideratum among the learned, all of whom, we believe, have hitherto failed, or whatever may be the efficacy of their theories, have not succeeded in putting them actually in practice; but we met with a paragraph in a late number of the Albany Daily Advertiser, which indicates a probability of divesting the steam engine of its dangerous character. The plan was communicated by Richard Varick De Witt, Esq. of the Albany Institute, in an essay on the means of preventing the explosion of steam boilers. He recommends what he terms a "hydrostatic safety-pipe, being a tube of a diameter proportional to the size of the boiler, and extending from a few inches below the surface of the water to a height of two feet to every pound of steam pressure that may be required. For instance, if the usual pressure at which an engine is worked be fifteen pounds, the pipe would be thirty feet high; as soon as the steam acquires this force, the pipe would necessarily be filled with water, and any increase would drive the water out of it, until its lower orifice was uncovered, when it would afford a ready passage to the steam; it would also give immediate notice, if, from neglect, or otherwise, the water should happen to get below the point, at which it ought to be kept." He remarked "that his plan is not liable to any of the objections which other means for the purpose were; a safety valve might be overloaded by accident, or intentionally; if it were under lock and key, it might become fixed in its place by rust; fusible plugs might not melt soon enough, but no possible danger could arise when the plan he suggested was adopted, except through wantonness in closing the pipe. A drawing was exhibited of the apparatus, as applied to a boiler."

We cordially unite with the editor of the Albany Advertiser in commending this plan to the notice of scientific men.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

NAMES.

"WHAT'S in a name?" Much more than you, without great reflection, would be apt to suppose. I confess it may appear a very small matter whether a man is called George Washington Clark, or Lafayette Clark, or Benjamin Franklin Clark; for the mere circumstance of having the names of such celebrated men cannot make a child grow up to be a statesman or a philosopher; but, kind reader, that it is not so small a matter, I will presently demonstrate. How supremely ridiculous, as a general thing, are the cognomens of the small fry of this nation, and more especially of those non-descript inhabitants of the western wilds, whose astonishing increase defies all the calculations of Malthus!

When in my younger days I played the pedagogue, I asked a little scamp of a boy his name. "Hannibal Lafayette Wilcox." Only think of it—the Carthaginian general and the hero of three revolutions conjointly to designate a blockhead, aged ten! I was in a court of justice, and the magistrate was about to pass sentence on some prisoners. The first one called was a woman of the lowest grade; her face was bloated and red, her eyes so swollen that they seemed ready to start from their sockets, and her name was Virginia. The classical vagabond! It is a notable fact, that every second black female you meet is either a Venus or a Diana.

Luther Calvin Smith, who, in the very beginning, to prevent all gossiping and surmising, I inform you is my hero, was a native of Connecticut. His parents were good, pious people, who thought that by giving their son the names of two such exemplary Christians, he himself would be a Christian; and, as a faithful chronicler, I am bound to say that their fondest hopes seemed to be realized. Luther came home with great regularity every Saturday as soon as the half holiday commenced, and learned the given number of verses before he even thought of play. He was never known to loiter on the village green after sunset. On Sabbath morning he was remarkable for his stillness; never letting so much as a whistle escape, save once, which sad accident happened on seeing all the inhabitants of the sty rioting in his garden; then he did whistle, to call the dog. His conduct in church was most exemplary, and might safely be recommended to the young city lads, who pride themselves on disturbing the whole congregation; yet, with all his apparent attention, there would a little mischief display itself, such as putting a bent pin on the seat, so that his brother might sit thereon; and he once found the wrong hymn for his mother, who, good lady, persisted in singing in her pew, and would not join the choir; she sang out most melodiously, to the great astonishment of the said choir, for they were singing long and she short metre. And he was even suspected of playing off his pranks on the good parson Wheeler, though I know he was never discovered in any such affair; but I forget, I did not mean to write the biography of Luther Calvin Smith, but only so much thereof as is necessarily connected with the story.

He subsequently went—where many a wild young man has been before—to college. While there, he was distinguished for deeds rather opposite to those which gave his namesakes their celebrity. He was college bully, college wit, and college mischief-maker. Nevertheless, there were some things which, in the eyes of the learned, redeemed his character: he was decidedly the best debater, the best poet in the institution, and—one more trait, and I have done describing L. C. Smith's character—his frequently replenished purse constituted him a happy antithesis to the gentleman in Thomas Hayne's Bailey's song, who mournfully observes,

"Oh! were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me."

We were classmates, and our friendship commenced somewhat in the following manner:—I received by the post a letter directed to Luther C. Smith, which was the appellation my friends had bestowed upon me, so that I might have a name somewhat different from the thousand and one Smiths—by the way, the C. stands for Cæsar. After having perused and re-perused the letter, I was as much at a loss as I was after the first reading to know from whom it came; it alluded to scrapes; and, heaven knows, I was never engaged in one in my life; scenes and people, of whom I had never heard. I put it in my pocket and came to the sage conclusion, that before I took another letter from the office, and paid eighteen and three-quarter cents postage, I would see if it looked like a hoax. I was at the eleven o'clock recitation, and the tutor of our division said, "Luther Smith will declaim." Up started myself and another fine-looking young man. "Why," said the tutor, "I called for Luther C. Smith."

"I am here," said I.

"And so am I," rejoined the other.

And here the class all laughed.

"Pray, sir," said the tutor to me, "what is your name?"

"Luther Cæsar Smith," I answered in a full, sonorous voice.

"And yours, sir?"

"Luther Calvin Smith," said Dromio of Connecticut.

I lived in New-York, and the matter was adjusted. As I was the younger, I waived my right to Luther, and was merely L. Cæsar Smith. I then handed him his letter, and we were friends. Strange as it may appear, and much as I fear that some ungenerous persons will doubt my veracity, still it is true that we favored each other so much that we could scarcely be distinguished.

A few years after having left college, I met with the following adventure. I was walking very leisurely in one of the parks, when a man caught my cloak, and inquired,

"Is your name Smith?"

"Yes, sir."

"Luther C. Smith?" looking at a paper he had in his hand.

This for a moment posed me, and I inwardly cursed my tailor, who, I supposed, had sent a constable to demand his bill. However, gathering up my cloak, I replied firmly,

"It is, sir; if you have any business with me, please be brief, for my presence is actually required elsewhere."

"I am well aware of it," he replied. "But we must be cautious. Follow me. She is waiting."

"She? who the deuce is she?"

He answered not, and I hesitated; but, knowing that at any time I should be able to retrace my steps, we entered a snug brick house, which I recognized as the domicile of Parson Tucker. A girl came toward me, muffled in a hood and cloak, and said, "My dear Luther, Mr. Tucker says he had rather not see our faces, for then his conscience could not permit him to perform the ceremony, after having been peremptorily forbidden so to do."

"Why," thought I, "this is romance in real life, with a vengeance; but I relish a good joke, so I took her delicate hand in mine, and pressed it to my lips."

They were just prepared to commence the ceremony, when a man, accoutred like myself, entered.

"Virginia," he exclaimed, "what does this mean? I have been waiting for the messenger this half-hour."

Here was a discovery; and I found, that by being where my fellow Luther should have been, I was called in to marry the charming Virginia Munson, whose sweet face I had often gazed upon, but for whose hand I had been too modest to make proposals. The mistake was soon discovered, and instead of being groom, I descended into the inferior capacity of groom's-man, with a pretty bride's-maid, whom I believe in my soul I should have fallen in love with and married, had I not found out that her name was Loretta, which, as these matters seemed to go so much by opposites, I concluded a very suspicious circumstance, and therefore remain to this day a steady and contented bachelor. LUTHER CÆSAR SMITH.

NEWSPAPERS.

Foreigners laugh at the Americans for being fond of news. There is something delightful in a newspaper, with a quiet breakfast, even to him who, dwelling in the city, must necessarily soon learn from other sources whatever may have occurred of uncommon interest. To rise from your slumbers refreshed—to have a spare hour before you plunge again into the clash and whirl of business—to unfold the damp sheet before a cheerful fire, while the fragrant coffee is sipped at leisure, and to know that busy men have been on the watch all night while you slept—that swift boats have been ploughing the dark deep—that the mails have been urged unceasingly almost with winged speed, and all to let you know, most accurately and immediately, every thing that can amuse or surprise or interest you,—it is pleasant, gentle reader, is it not? It furnishes a constant theme for reflection—it is the great arena of the world, reduced by a wonderful process into a miniature picture—as the landscape of an extended country is thrown in, with living beauty and precision, upon the narrow plate of a camera obscura, and you have waves washing, vessels sailing, trees waving, clouds melting and floating, and all the innumerable goings on of nature, produced on a space no larger than your table. But if you wish to really enjoy the luxury of a newspaper, you must live awhile in the country, after having mingled in the city din. If you can get into some remote, obscure, tedious village, so much the better. You should pine a week or two to know what people can be doing in your familiar places; and then, when some attentive friend, knowing your eager anxieties, encloses you a journal—one for instance, "for the country," with three sides covered with precious items—there's a luxury better than eating, drinking, or sleeping. With what a tremulous curiosity, on such delectable occasions, you hang over the prolific columns! How you swallow the little bits of paragraphs commencing "we understand that," and "we are requested to state;" the "new discoveries," the "interesting trials," the "singular rumors,"—with what an insatiable appetite they are all devoured. Even the "dreadful murders," the "melancholy accidents," the "distressing fires," things which at home you do not read at all, are all magnified into an unnatural importance. I have, at such times, waded even through the "ship news," the "New-York markets," and the "commercial" head. I have even experienced a tender regret that there had been "nothing doing in ashes during the past week," and stroked my chin with self-satisfaction on learning that "a parcel of Cuba white bees' wax had been disposed of at thirty-eight cents, short price." I read the "passengers" in the ships, the "auction sales," the "court calendars," and all the heterogeneous medley to be met with in a briskly conducted gazette; and once I trudged through six columns of congressional proceedings—I did, upon my word—speeches and all; but then it was raining, and I was tremendously at a loss for something to do.

Newspapers! dear newspapers! friends to liberty—to man! many a delightful surprise I owe to you! many a hearty laugh—many a soft regret—as, for instance, it was but the other day, in casually casting my eyes over one of you, they pounced upon the stunning item, uninteresting to all the world—to me, alas, how eloquent—how sad! "On Thursday evening last, by the Reverend A.B. Mr. John Grimmer to Miss Henrietta L." the very being I had selected for myself, and intended to take as soon as I got a little settled in business! Then, Mr. John Grimmer—who was Mr. John Grimmer? How dim all the surrounding matter appeared to those two magic lines. They shone out like a star in a midnight sky. This, I confess, is an objection to newspapers. They are so cold hearted: under the very words that nipped my

budding passion so unceremoniously, it told me that United States bank stock was one hundred and twenty-five, and that the schooner Porpoise, Captain Herring, was in, thirty-five days from Malaga. What did I care for the schooner Porpoise? what did I care for the United States bank stock? I, who loved, and was treated in such a shameful style.

Yes; newspapers are like men of the world. They march steadily on through misery and joy, without turning to the right or left, or if ever they do grieve, ten chances to one it is for some event that no one cares a farthing for in reality. They tell you your mistress is married—your friend is dead, and recommend you to go to the theatre without fail, and hear the splendid new opera. They describe the fall of a nation in a tone that would make you believe they would end their existence from mere grief and indignation, and you stumble out of a scene of awful oppression and gory massacre into a merry drinking party or a smart repartee. One the other day really aroused my feelings on a subject of a religious nature, and just as my imagination was elevated and inspired, and a thrilling sense of devotion was spreading itself through all my veins, it assured me that a capital shaving soap might be obtained within a few doors of its office.

As for me, I am one of those persons who, having no business of their own, employ themselves as much as possible about that of other people. Not that I am what is called 'a busy-body'; or, if the term be applied to me, it must be understood in a more extended and honorable sense than is usual, as indicating one who meddles not with the private affairs of private individuals, but those matters which are more generally interesting to the public. The theatre, the circus, courts of justice, debates of the corporation, elections, charitable institutions, &c. all receive a share of my attention. You will not wonder, such being my character, that I am a constant reader of newspapers; and you must know that I have often lamented the manner in which these oracles are managed. The editors seem to think the public in great desire of information with respect to their private characters and affairs, and accordingly their columns are chiefly filled with their own petty squabbles. But I should never end, if I should detail all my causes of complaint: what I would now remark upon is the *style* in which our newspapers are written; or rather instead of making remarks, I will give examples. I am in the habit of selecting and copying passages distinguished by any beauty or defect, which I sometimes accompany with explanatory or illustrative notes. In about two years, during which this has been my practice, I have filled a large trunk with these papers. Thinking that it might not be unacceptable, I resolved to send you a specimen for publication in the *Mirror*. I drew forth a paper, without looking what it was, in order that I might send a fair sample. The one upon which I hit, an old number, has, I believe, about the average number of faults and beauties. I had copied many more passages, but I have culled those which I considered the most striking. It may likewise be stated, that there were altogether but about two columns of original matter.

1. The proposition on the first blush was opposed—
Very pretty—very pretty, indeed, but—*nonsense*.

2. To move down the government with all the heads of the department, *paper, books, furniture, &c.*

Here is an exemplification of the truth of Addison's opinion, that *disorder often produces sublimity*. Observe, also, how the editor has followed the advice of Cicero in placing the weakest circumstances in the middle and in the latter part of the sentence. The *paper*, which one would suppose that it would be the least trouble and expense to move, is situated exactly in the middle.

3. It was *broadly* insinuated—

This puts me in mind of a story. At the late celebration of our national birthday, I heard two men very *independently* disputing. 'Sir,' said one, 'that is a lie.' 'Sir,' replied the other, looking at him very fiercely, 'what do you mean to *insinuate*?' This, I presume, the editor would term a *broad insinuation*.

4. The invitation *has gone up*.

Let ladies who give large parties save themselves hereafter the trouble of *sending* round their notes—it has been discovered that an invitation *will go of itself*.

5. From the *conscious path* of honor.

Tune—High-diddle-diddle.

6. Their doors will be *smacked* in their faces.

Elegant familiarity! quite Addisonian.

7. Pay dear for the whistle, as *Dr. Franklin* calls it.

What does the writer call a whistle?

8. Make use of the Patriot, *like* the monkey *did* the cat.

The allusion beautiful, language chaste, and grammar without a fault.

9. They have a new *gag* to operate with—

Gag—Something put into the mouth to hinder speech, or eating. *Johnson's Dictionary*. Horrible! it appears, then, that the persons of whom Mr. Editor is speaking, have formed a plot to prevent him and his adherents from eating and drinking!

10. The Baltimore Chronicle gives the following hint, which *we* have long thought necessary and proper.

What? before it was made?

11. It appears that some young rogues meddle with the *grates* over our coal-vents, 'which they not only carry off and sell, but *expose* people to the danger of breaking their legs.

Truly, a great aggravation! The acuteness of the sentence proves that the editor had not taken his license in vain; we would recommend a difference in the punishment of those who have only "carried off the grates," and of those who, besides this, "have exposed people to the danger of breaking their legs."

The journal from which these paragraphs are taken may, perhaps, inform the public, that it had long thought this article excessively improper, and condemned it wholly at the first blush. It may, perhaps, in the plenitude of its wisdom, broadly insinuate, that I do not act upon my own responsibility, but that some other persons make use of me like the monkey did the cat, as Dr. Johnson calls it. I scorn the answer, and smile contemptuously at the insinuation. Not, though all rich men's doors should be smacked in my face; not even though a challenge should come up to me, will I wander from the conscious path of duty—I will eat and drink, let the editor operate with what gag he pleases.

Besides the elegance of the style, comes the immense importance of the paragraphs which are sometimes served up for the astonishment of the world. I have also made a list of some of these, culled indiscriminately from various papers, and hasten to give them to the public.

"We take great pleasure in informing our readers that Mr. Jacob Brown reached this city yesterday morning on his way to Connecticut, Mr. Brown's private affairs demanding his presence in that section of our great and growing country. Connecticut was the scene of several interesting events during the revolution. Mr. Brown is well, as also are Mrs. Brown and little Peter. It is said that in consequence of a scarcity of sausages in the market he was compelled to breakfast on eggs and bread and butter. Rumors are afloat that he could have been abundantly supplied with buckwheat cakes, but his extraordinary and well-known repugnance to that article prevented the possibility of setting them before him. We trust the appearance of our city will strike Mr. Brown in a favorable point of view, as after having transacted his business in Connecticut, he will immediately set off on his journey to Mobile, where his opinion of us will be much regarded. We are delighted in being able to contradict the assertion made in one of our leading contemporaries, that he had hit his nose against a pump handle on returning from his visit to the court-house. On hearing the report, we instantly dispatched a courier extraordinary to ascertain the truth, who assures us that it is altogether fabulous, the nose of our illustrious countryman being in a state of perfect preservation. We shall resume this subject to-morrow, as want of space must be our apology to an impatient public for not dwelling upon it at this time."—*Independent Watchman*.

"As a young lady, daughter to Colonel Flap, of the militia, was going out yesterday morning to purchase some blue sewing silk, and some other little articles, which at present we do not feel ourselves at liberty to disclose, she was startled by an ill-looking dog, who placed himself directly in her way at the south-west corner of Gooseberry-lane and Madison-street. Fortunately the dog went away immediately without any other consequences than an alarm to Miss F., who, with a presence of mind which cannot be too highly praised, proceeded on her errand and made the intended purchases in perfect composure and safety."—*North American Messenger*.

"The conduct of the Russians to the Poles we consider disreputable to the former as men. A distinguished gentleman, and one well known to the public, yesterday observed in our presence that he considered it 'worthy of a barbarous nation in a gothic age.'"—*Brad's Daily Reporter*.

THE TRANSPLANTED ROSE.

A FABLE.

In a beautiful recess, formed by the interwreathed branches of a thick wood, there once bloomed together a company of flowers. Although they were of several kinds, they lived in great friendship with each other, and, as they had burst forth in their sylvan retreat, in the early spring, they were promised by the aged trees around, a long and most happy existence. Nothing could be more delightful than the summer days and nights which they spent in each other's society. There was no envy, no jealousy, no pride—those dreadful plagues of the fair flowers of the human race—and they were luckily ignorant of any degrading luxury and wasting dissipation to sap their young strength, steal the fine hues from their fresh and tender leaves, or to bend them out of that exquisite ease and graceful simplicity which they inherited from nature. The loveliest belle, while she envied their wonderful beauty, might have more justly envied their quiet repose and cheerfulness. The breeze came to them with an equal love, and stirred them gently; the dew fell silently from heaven, and freshened their opening bloom; the sun kissed them and ripened every charming feature, and the golden bee hummed around them in the mellow afternoons; and when the rain and storm arose they remained sheltered by the strong arms of a giant vine, which they had long cheered with their radiant glances, and which, in return, bent over, and guarded them to the full extent of his power.

There is a glory about flowers which always touches me. They are types of girlish innocence. Every one who looks at them feels that, if they have any consciousness, they must be happy. They bear upon them such an unequivocal impress of supernatural care and love. They are so clearly nature's pride—her favorites: the freshest—the sweetest—the most perfect of her creations. Who that knows the world—its dark and awful tempests—its gloomy calms—its fierceness—its hatreds—its anguish—its disease,—who would not be a flower—ignorant of these things, to open and breathe a grateful joy under the glory of a summer sky?

One day there came a lord, and he paused as he gazed on them. He admired all, but most he admired a tall and superb rose, that spread out its half uncurling leaves with a simple feeling of delight. "I will have that flower," he said, "for myself. It shall be

forthwith transplanted. It will be the surprise and delight of the great and the lovely. It will excel every other." And so he went away for his gardener.

The tall rose had listened with new feelings. Strange thoughts of tumultuous pleasures thronged upon her. She nodded her beautiful head, and rejoiced.

"Dear rose," said a little blue violet that peeped out beneath, "you had better be where you are, in my mind. I never heard of any good coming from transplanting such tender creatures as you from their natural homes."

"Saucy and dull violet," replied the queen of all the flowers, "thou mayest remain, but I am inspired with a new existence. I wonder I never before knew what it was to be admired, or how much I excelled all of you. It is a delicious sensation—I am the happiest of flowers."

She was interrupted by the gardener, who dug away the earth around her, and carried her to the palace of his master.

For a few hours she was intoxicated with delight. Every body praised her. She wondered that she had been so long ignorant of her merits, and how gratifying it is to be praised; but in a little time she was neglected—her color faded—her fresh leaves grew dry and withered—she hung her head—all her charms disappeared. The lord took her and cast her into the road, and, as she was about leaving her brief residence, she met the gardener with another rose all dripping with dew, and blushing with pleasure.

"Alas," she said, as she was dying, "alas, for my sweet and simple home. May all lovely flowers take warning by me, and shrink from the hand that would drag them from their happy seclusion to exhibit their beauties in the glare of public notice, and leave them, like me, afterwards to perish unprized." L.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF JOSEPH BROWN LADD.

A VOLUME bearing this title has lately appeared, published by H. C. Sleight. It comprises a number of effusions, mostly poetical, from the pen of one not distinguished among American poets. The collection was edited by a sister of the writer, and is prefaced by a well written sketch of his life. We gather from this all that we know concerning him. His days were passed with a scholar-like evenness, furnishing no extraordinary adventures for lovers of the marvellous, nothing brilliant or impressive, nothing to excite awe or wonder. It is merely a brief account of an amiable and intelligent young man, invested with good sense rather than striking genius, and raising the mind of the reader to a quiet approbation of a life well spent, refined by natural taste, and elevated by generous and gentle feelings. He was a native of Newport, Rhode Island, and died nearly fifty years ago. His parents possessed but limited means of promoting his education. He consequently was unable to receive the benefits of any school instruction after the age of ten years, and previously only attended an ordinary academy at different periods. Yet, even in that early boyhood, his rhyming propensity discovered itself.

He was by turns a farmer, a printer, and a physician. While pursuing the study of the latter profession, his biographer states that his application was so intense as to endanger his health, and his kind preceptor "found it necessary to deprive him of light after a certain hour at night, and when the moon shone brightly, even to take away his books."

To this excessive industry we must ascribe the fact that, notwithstanding his strong literary bias, the duties of his profession were performed so strictly as to insure him a very extensive practice. In his poetry we find a certain agreeable smoothness and good sense, which, perhaps, might have been nearly as well preserved in simple prose. His effusions to "Amanda" are tolerably well written, but (as is indeed the case with nearly all his original pieces) are quite inferior to his versifications of Ossian, with one of which we should certainly present the reader did our limits permit.

The volume contains a number of miscellaneous prose pieces, and among them two essays termed "Critical remarks on the writings of the late Dr. Johnson," from which we presume by far the greater portion of its readers will dissent entirely. The whole work is, however, creditable to the author, and much more so when we remember the time in which he wrote. His taste in poetry is more chaste and correct than that of many of his successors, who have acquired greater popularity, and, considering the age at which he fell, (we are sorry to say in a *duel*,) having scarcely reached his twenty-second year, we must acknowledge his talents to have been far above mediocrity, and his character estimable in an eminent degree. His subsequent career would most probably have been high and useful if not brilliant, and, as one of the earliest of the American writers, we deem this tribute but justice to his memory.

THE FORSAKEN: A NOVEL, BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

We are pleased to welcome the appearance of another novel by an American writer, of a description so excellent as this. Mr. Smith has exhibited a decided talent in several departments. His play of Caius Marius we have already noticed in a previous number, and we are glad to find that the reputation he obtained by that effort will be increased by this story. The hour at which we perused the work renders it impossible for us to do it justice in this impression; but we shall hereafter give it a less cursory examination, and in the meantime solicit for it the attention of our readers.

MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

The brothers Harper have just issued this work, from the pen of John S. Mames, LL.D. It is a volume of unusual interest.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER EIGHT.

Dr. Bowring—American artists—Brutal amusement, &c.

I HAVE met Dr. Bowring in Paris, and called upon him to-day with Mr. Morse, by appointment. The translator of the "Ode to the Deity," (from the Russian of Dizzhavin,) could not by any accident be an ordinary man, and I anticipated great pleasure in his society. He received us at his lodgings in the *Place Vendôme*. I was every way pleased with him. His knowledge of our country and its literature surprised me, and I could not but be gratified with the unprejudiced and well-informed interest with which he discoursed on our government and institutions. He expressed great pleasure at having seen his ode in one of our school-books, (Pierpont's Reader, I think,) and assured us that the promise to himself of a visit to America was one of his brightest anticipations. This is not at all an uncommon feeling, by the way, among the men of talent in Paris; and I am pleasantly surprised, every where, with the enthusiastic hopes expressed for the success of our experiment in liberal principles. Dr. Bowring is a slender man, a little above the middle height, with a keen, inquisitive expression of countenance, and a good forehead, from which the hair is combed straight back all round, in the style of the Cameronians. His manner is all life, and his motion and gesture nervously sudden and angular. He talks rapidly, but clearly, and uses beautiful language; concise, and full of select expressions and vivid figures. His conversation in this particular was a constant surprise. He gave us a great deal of information, and when we parted, inquired my route of travel, and offered me letters to his friends, with a cordiality very unusual on this side the Atlantic.

It is a cold but common rule with travelers in Europe to avoid the society of their own countrymen. In a city like Paris, where time and money are both so valuable, every additional acquaintance, pursued either for etiquette or intimacy is felt, and one very soon learns to prefer his advantage to any tendency of his sympathies. The infractions upon the rule, however, are very delightful, and at the general *re-union* at our ambassador's on Wednesday evening, or an occasional one at Lafayette's, the look of pleasure and relief at beholding familiar faces, and hearing a familiar language once more, is universal. I have enjoyed this morning the double happiness of meeting an American circle, around an American breakfast. Mr. Cooper had invited us, (Morse the artist, Dr. Howe, a gentleman of the navy, and myself). Mr. C. lives with great hospitality, and in all the comfort of American habits; and to find him, as he is always found, with his large family about him, is to get quite back to the atmosphere of our country. The two or three hours we passed at his table were, of course, delightful. It should endear Mr. Cooper to the hearts of his countrymen, that he devotes all his influence, and no inconsiderable portion of his large income, to the encouragement of American artists. It would be natural enough, after being so long abroad, to feel or affect a preference for the works of foreigners, but in this, as in his political opinions, most decidedly, he is eminently patriotic. We feel this in Europe, where we discern more clearly by comparison the poverty of our country in the arts, and meet, at the same time, American artists of the first talent, without a single commission from home for original works, copying constantly for support. One of Mr. Cooper's purchases, the "Cherubs," by Greenough, has been sent to the United States, and its merit was at once acknowledged. It was done, however, (the artist, who is here, informs me,) under every disadvantage of feeling and circumstances; and, from what I have seen and am told by others of Mr. Greenough, it is, I am confident, however beautiful, any thing but a fair specimen of his powers. His peculiar taste lies in a bolder range, and he needs only a commission from government to execute a work which will begin the art of sculpture nobly in our country.

My curiosity led me into a strange scene to-day. I had observed for some time among the *affichés* upon the walls an advertisement of an exhibition of "fighting animals," at the *Barrière du Combat*. I am disposed to see almost any sight *once*, particularly where it is, like this, a regular establishment, and, of course, an exponent of the popular taste. The place of the "*Combats des Animaux*," is in one of the most obscure suburbs, outside the walls, and I found it with some difficulty. After wandering about in dirty lanes for an hour or two, inquiring for it in vain, the cries of the animals directed me to a walled place, separated from the other houses of the suburb, at the gate of which a man was blowing a trumpet. I purchased a ticket of an old woman, who sat shivering in the porter's lodge; and, finding I was an hour too early for the fights, I made interest with a savage-looking fellow, who was carrying in tainted meat, to see the interior of the establishment. I followed him through a side gate, and we passed into a narrow alley, lined with stone kennels, to each of which was confined a powerful dog, with just length of chain enough to prevent him from reaching the tenant of the opposite hole. There were several of these alleys, containing, I should think, two hundred dogs in all. They were of every breed of strength and ferocity, and all of them perfectly frantic with rage or hunger, with the exception of a pair of noble-looking black dogs, who stood calmly at the mouths of their kennels: the rest struggled and howled incessantly, straining every muscle to reach us, and resuming their fierceness towards each other when we had passed by. They all bore, more

or less, the marks of severe battles; one or two with their noses split open, and still unhealed; several with their necks bleeding and raw, and galled constantly with the iron collar, and many with broken legs, but all apparently so excited as to be insensible to suffering. After following my guide very unwillingly through the several alleys, deafened with the barking and howling of the savage occupants, I was taken to the department of wild animals. Here were all the tenants of the menagerie, kept in dens, opening by iron doors upon the pit, in which they fought. Like the dogs, they were terribly wounded; one of the bears especially, whose mouth was torn all off from his jaws, leaving his teeth perfectly exposed, and red with the continually exuding blood. In one of the dens lay a beautiful deer, with one of his haunches severely mangled, who, the man told me, had been hunted round the pit by the dogs but a day or two before. He looked up at us, with his large soft eye, as we passed, and lying on the damp stone floor, with his undressed wounds festering in the chilly atmosphere of mid-winter: he presented a picture of suffering which made me ashamed to the soul of my idle curiosity.

The spectators began to collect, and the pit was cleared. Two-thirds of those in the amphitheatre were Englishmen, most of whom were amateurs, who had brought dogs of their own to pit against the regular mastiffs of the establishment. These were despatched first. A strange dog was brought in by the collar, and loosed in the arena, and a trained dog let in upon him. It was a cruel business. The sleek, well-fed, good-natured animal was no match for the exasperated hungry savage he was compelled to encounter. One minute, in all the joy of a release from his chain, bounding about the pit, and fawning upon his master, and the next attacked by a furious mastiff, who was taught to fasten on him at the first onset in a way that deprived him at once of his strength; it was but a murderous exhibition of cruelty. The combats between two of the trained dogs, however, were more equal. These succeeded to the private contests, and were much more severe and bloody. There was a small terrier among them, who disabled several dogs successively, by catching at their fore-legs, and breaking them instantly with a powerful jerk of his body. I was very much interested in one of the private dogs, a large yellow animal, of a noble expression of countenance, who fought several times very unwillingly, but always gallantly and victoriously. There was a majesty about him, which seemed to awe his antagonists. He was carried off in his master's arms, bleeding and exhausted, after severely punishing the best dogs of the establishment.

The baiting of the wild animals succeeded the canine combats. Several dogs, (Irish, I was told,) of a size and ferocity such as I had never before seen, were brought in, and held in the leash opposite the den of the bear whose head was so dreadfully mangled.

The door was then opened by the keeper, but poor bruin shrunk from the contest. The dogs became unmanageable at the sight of him, however, and fastening a chain to his collar, they drew him out by main force, and immediately closed the grating. He fought gallantly, and gave more wounds than he received, for his shaggy coat protected his body effectually. The keepers rushed in and beat off the dogs, when they had nearly finished peeling the remaining flesh from his head; and the poor creature, perfectly blind and mad with pain, was dragged into his den again, to await another day of *amusement*!

I will not disgust you with more of these details. They fought several foxes and wolves afterwards, and last of all, one of the small donkeys of the country, a creature not so large as some of the dogs, was led in, and the mastiffs loosed upon her. The pity and indignation I felt at first at the cruelty of baiting so unwarlike an animal I soon found was quite unnecessary. She was the severest opponent the dogs had yet found. She went round the arena at full gallop, with a dozen savage animals springing at her throat, but she struck right and left with her fore-legs, and at every kick with her heels threw one of them clear across the pit. One or two were left motionless on the field, and others carried off with their ribs kicked in, and their legs broken, while their inglorious antagonist escaped almost unhurt. One of the mastiffs fastened on her ear and threw her down, in the beginning of the chase, but she apparently received no other injury.

I had remained till the close of the exhibition with some violence to my feelings, and I was very glad to get away. Nothing would tempt me to expose myself to a similar disgust again. How the intelligent and gentlemanly Englishmen whom I saw there, and whom I have since met in the most refined society of Paris, can make themselves familiar, as they evidently were, with a scene so brutal, I cannot very well conceive.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

SKETCHES BY A BRIEFLESS LAWYER.

I HAVE often wondered how it happens that among the different professions and pursuits of life, some of them involving too the deepest mysteries of science, so much should have been sought out and discovered calculated to amuse and instruct the general reader, while the law, which may be aptly termed the grand reservoir of them all, should have been, by common consent, left so wholly untouched. None who are conversant with the literature of the present day, can be ignorant of the mingled pleasure and instruction to be derived from the "confessions" of poets and of players, which, within the last few years, have inundated the field of light literature, and presented livingly, as it were, to the imaginations of their readers, the *arcana* of their various and diversified professions. Who can have forgotten the thrilling inter-

est which the recent "Sketches from the Diary of a Physician" so vividly imparted to the unlettered, no less than to the learned reader? How comes it then, I repeat, that the only profession which unites all others—which presents human nature in all its shades, and concentrates within itself every variety of character, motive and action, should have been allowed to stand alone, enveloped in the dust of ages with which it is so invariably associated—a sealed book to all but those who are induced by interest, or compelled by misfortune, to pursue it? Is it that it is a barren field, whose culture is unworthy the pains?—Surely not. Is it that no one has been, as yet, found competent to the task of gleaming amusement from its abundant resources? To admit it would be a gross libel upon the intelligence of that most learned profession. Or is it that there are none among its ranks whose leisure will permit them to devote an occasional hour to so useful and laudable an undertaking? I cannot permit myself to believe it. The leisure with which it is my good fortune to be so amply blessed, is a possession which I fear I must be contented to enjoy in common with others, who, like myself, are not annoyed by the untimely visits of anxious, and, in some instances, disappointed clients. Why then does no one step forward in a path hitherto untrodden, and which presents so much adapted to attract and rivet the attention? I am sure I hazard nothing in saying that the incidents in the life of a lawyer are more varied than are known to any other intercourse, whether social or professional. The bright, no less than the dark side of human nature, constantly presents itself to him; prosperity and adversity, joy and grief, happiness and misery, pass in review before him; and he is enabled in his varied intercourse with his species, to draw living lessons from the book of nature, which, to the philosopher and the student, are wholly unknown, unless, as they are derived from the deceptive sophistry of the schools. The divine, by habit and education, as well as by duty, regards his fellow-creature not as a member of society, or as mixing with the passions, the desires, and the prejudices with which society invests him, but tests him by a higher standard, and regards him as he is fitted or otherwise for a higher and purer state of existence. The intercourse of the physician is confined, for the most part, to circumstances which do not develop the character of the individual as he lives and moves among his fellow men. His constitution broken, and his mind enfeebled by disease, he presents a compound of feelings and passions, foreign to his nature, and the picture becomes overwrought, because it is unnatural. But in the way of the lawyer no such obstacles are placed. His profession brings him in contact with every class of society, in the ordinary avocations of life, with the accumulated advantage of furnishing him with a key to motives which to others appear concealed. No superficial observer can be a great lawyer. His concern is not with actions but with motives, and the discriminating acumen of his profession teaches him to regard the former as nothing, unless they tend to illustrate and develop the latter. And in applying this test in every case, from the daily pursuits of life to the most momentous investigations affecting even life itself, it would be indeed strange if any man could pass through a legal career without acquiring a most thorough and practical knowledge of human nature. We often hear such a man praised beyond description for his tact as a cross-examiner. Is it because he browbeats a witness, and by dint of mere bullying confuses and trips him? Is it because he artfully takes advantage of the weakness, timidity, or ignorance of an individual who may be subjected to his scrutiny; and thus, in defiance of justice, gives to truth the appearance of falsehood, and at the expense of conscience and integrity, succeeds in carrying his point? Surely it will be admitted that such a man would rather degrade an honorable profession, and that although he might with some receive credit for ingenuity, with all he ought to be condemned for his want of principle. No, the reason is, that by a close observance of human nature, by a keen scrutiny of motives, he is enabled at once to condemn falsehood from its own mouth, and tear from it the mask with which it intended to deceive. It is because, by a close analysis of the mind, every thing is brought down to the standard of motive, and is credited or not as it adheres to or departs from the infallible criterion of probability. Many a time have I seen the talent of counsel triumph over the most complicated and deeply contrived schemes of deception. Many a time have I been thrilled by the eloquence of the bar, when bearing down upon contrivance and artifice, and eliciting conviction from a cloud of doubt; and while I have been lost in admiration of the great powers of the advocate, the beautiful language of Hooker has vividly glanced across my mind:—"Of law," says he, "no less can be acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power."

The title of these sketches has already anticipated me in saying, that my own experience has not supplied me very copiously with illustrations of the remarks I have made. Such as it is, however, it has at least induced me to be a close observer; and if in being compelled by stern necessity to lounge unfeared around the bar, I should not be able to put myself forward as my hero, it must not be supposed that in the sketches which follow I have been blind to the excellence of a profession of which it has hitherto been my lot to be an humble and obscure member. G.

A great portion of human beings go through their existence without being conscious of the finest pleasure, or the acutest pains of life, and without dreaming of the physical beauties of the world they inhabit.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

PASTORAL poetry is a strange anomaly in literature. It is the most natural in its object, and yet the most artificial in its character, of any kind of poetry. True, indeed,

"The love of nature and the scenes she draws,
Is nature's dictate,"

but we may doubt whether the taste which "babbles of green fields" be not always artificial, and very often affected. We never hear of pastoral poetry in pastoral ages. The idyls of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus are far posterior to Arcadian simplicity; and Virgil wrote his *Bucolics* at the court of Augustus. It seems, in truth, as though it were but a flimsy copy of primitive purity, by which men sought to hide the loss of the original; an attempt to persuade themselves and others, that in the bosom of sickly refinement and rank corruption, they yet appreciate the homely joys and rude content of the shepherd's life.

But our business at present is not with pastoral poetry in general, but with a single specimen of it. And that is such a one as might almost disarm our critical severity, and make us recant all that we have said of the dulness, the forced and unnatural character of this kind of composition. It would, indeed, be treason to every feeling of taste to utter these words in the same breath with the name of the Faithful Shepherdess! If any thing could wipe away the charges so justly made against the class of writings to which it belongs, it would be this work; a work from which Milton did not disdain to borrow half of the beauties of his *Comus*, and which with *Comus* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* forms a trio unrivalled in the annals of fanciful and imaginative poetry.

Did our limits permit, we certainly could not consent to forego the present opportunity of saying a few words as to the character of Beaumont and Fletcher. The two names will go down to posterity only together, and their individual fame is completely merged in this singular kind of joint immortality. They form the most curious literary partnership ever known. Their minds were most diametrically opposite in character and cultivation. Beaumont was a man of fashion and figure, of wit and gaiety. Fletcher too had a rich vein of humor—but it was fortified by deep and solid learning, and chastened by tragic, contemplative melancholy.—So different were their characters—yet their writings blend together so happily that no one can point out the junction—so skillfully is the tapestry wrought, that we cannot tell where or how Beaumont's brilliant dyes are interwoven with the more sober richness of Fletcher's "sable stole." To quote the familiar, but always beautiful lines,

"Thus they grew,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
An union in partition."

The picture of two such minds laboring together in unison—two voices of such compass and power joining to produce a richer and more various harmony, is a striking and a noble one. Indeed, when we go back to the earlier ages of our literature, and the giants who were upon the earth in those days, we see but little of the angry bickerings and selfish jealousies which disgrace their degenerate progeny. Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, were not strangers and enemies, but brethren, as it were, of the same mystery. And when that knot of choice spirits assembled at the Mermaid, no animosities, no professional rivalry, no pride of authorship chilled the genial current of their souls, or restrained the free overflowings of mirth and friendship. And how brilliant the banquet that was lit up by such suns and stars of genius, contending only who should blaze the brightest. Well might Beaumont say to Jonson,

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest."

What jests and jibes! what flashes of merriment were "wont to set the table in a roar!" banquets rivalled only by the *noctes canaque dum* of Horace and Virgil, or those later festivities where Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and Reynolds renewed with the talents and the fame, the kindly feelings and close friendships of the age of Elizabeth.

We have said that critics are divided in opinion as to the authorship of most of Beaumont and Fletcher's joint productions. But the "Faithful Shepherdess" is undoubtedly Fletcher's alone. Were we disposed to draw invidious comparisons, this might be enough to entitle him to the palm of superior merit. But let us not attempt to parcel out to either that fame they earned in common, or needlessly try to sever after death those who in life were never divided in talent, in pursuits, in friendship, or in fame.

The Faithful Shepherdess is almost as striking an instance of the caprice of taste, or rather the stupidity of the world, as "Paradise Lost" itself. It was damned on its first representation, and languished for a long time unknown in spite of the efforts of Charles I. to revive it, and the free use made of it by Milton in his *Comus*, and the liberal eulogies bestowed by him on its author. It lay thus neglected till within little more than a century, when the false imported taste of Charles the Second's time gave way to sounder judgment. Then when the treasures of our old English authors were cleansed from the dust which had been suffered to gather round them, this gem of pure and living lustre was recognized as a rich jewel in the poetic crown of the country. We have said that this play was damned at its first representation. The avowed reason was that it had none of those vicious and indelicate scenes which, in compliance with the taste of the age, were then sprinkled

through every play. So we find it stated by Ben Jonson in a poem addressed to Fletcher on this occasion, and which is conceived in so fine a strain of honest liberal admiration and generous sympathy, so worthy both of author and subject, that we need offer no apology for inserting it:

"The wise and many-headed bench that sits
Upon the life and death of plays and wits,
(Composed of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,
Lady or Pucelle that wears mask or fan,
Velvet or taffeta cap, ranked in the dark
By the shop's foreman, or some such brave spark
That may judge for his siren's sake) had before
They saw it half, damned thy whole play—and more
Their motives were, since it had nought to do
With vices that they looked for, and came to.
I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the muses' blood were spilt
In such a martyrdom, to vex thine eyes,
Do crown thy murdered poem, which shall rise
A glorified work to time, while fire
And moths shall eat what all these fools admire."

And here it may not be out of place to make a few remarks on the serious charge of grossness and indecency so often urged against our authors. Of the fact there is no doubt. But let us remember in their excuse that much which our fastidious delicacy would shudder at, was unscrupulously received by their homely auditors; and that in all their gross obscenities they only followed the universal taste of their age. And we may be surprised to hear that these authors were in their day praised for the very opposite quality. A reverend prelate praised Fletcher for his "wit untainted by obscenity," and calls his works

"More pure, more chaste, moresainted than are plays."

We may question, indeed, whether we do not magnify their guilt beyond its true proportions. We are very apt to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Any young lady may languish with perfect impunity over the glowing pictures of a licentious novel; she may swallow the most loathsome profligacy, if it be only slightly veiled or showily adorned, while she must recoil with horror from the plain-speaking of Beaumont and Fletcher, and cannot read Shakspeare, except in a "family edition." We do not offer these remarks in defence of our authors; we know that

"Immodest words admit of no defence,"

but we trust in their case they may admit of some excuse.

It is conceived to be the duty of every critic to present an analysis of the work he reviews, and we shall therefore attempt to sketch the outline of the Faithful Shepherdess; not that we can hope to give thereby any idea of the poem itself. As well might we try to give an idea of the play of colors in the human face, or of the "shape and gesture proudly eminent" of the human form, from the exhibition of a skeleton. The materials which genius employs, what have they to do with the genius exercised upon them? If authors, and above all, poets, are to be measured by this standard, Ariosto and Shakspeare must be condemned, and the frigid regularities of the French school alone admired. The plot of *Comus* may be comprised in three lines; and so, strictly speaking, may that of the Faithful Shepherdess. The story of both is only that of chastity and constancy, sorely tried yet triumphant, and the end of both only to show that virtue, in whatever extremity, is never without a glistering guardian,

"To keep its life and honor unassailed."

The only way we can give any idea of its beauties is by going through the play, and remarking on them as we go along; and so thickly are they strewn in our path, that all cannot escape us, however hurried our examination.

The play opens with a soliloquy of Clorin, the holy shepherdess, who, in consequence of the death of her lover, resolves to live a life of solitude, and devote herself only to deeds of charity. In this scene enters the satyr, the prototype, we may remark, of the attendant spirit in *Comus*, and seeing the holy maiden, in whose face

"Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality,"

he offers her a rustic present of fruits and flowers, and tenders her worship and obedience. The soliloquy Clorin makes when he leaves her we shall extract entire:

"And all my fears go with thee.
What greatness, or what private hidden power
Is there in me, to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? Sure I am mortal,
The daughter of a shepherd, he was mortal,
And she that bore me, mortal: prick my hand
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The selfsame wind that makes the young lamb shrink,
Makes me a-cold; my fear says I am mortal.
Yet I have heard—my mother told it me,
And now I do believe it—if I keep
My virgin flower uncorrupt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, woodgod, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyre, or other power that haunts the groves
Can hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires;
Or voices calling me in dead of night
To make me follow, and to tole me on
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin.
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself, and more misshapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a power
In that great name of virgin that binds fast
All rude, uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines; then, strong chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard."

We need hardly tell our hearers where to look for a parallel passage. There are two different scenes in *Comus*, whose beauties are a close transcript of this:

"Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meager hag, or stubborn unkind ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew-time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity."

And again, the soliloquy of the Lady in the Wood:

"A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses."

These two last passages are familiar and dear to the memory of every one, yet how many of those who prize their exquisite fanciful beauty most highly, are ignorant of its source and fountain-head, and scarcely know the Faithful Shepherdess by name!

But to proceed. In the same act, Amoret, the faithful shepherdess, and her lover Perigot, agree to meet at night in a spot sacred to rural loves, by the side of a holy well:

"A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality.
By this fair fount has many a shepherd sworn
And given away his freedom—many a troth
Been plighted, which neither envy nor old Time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given
In hope of coming happiness.
By this fresh fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crowned the head of her long-loved shepherd
With gaudy flowers, while he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity."

The remainder of the act is taken up with the unsuccessful suit of Amaryllis to Perigot, and the wanton fires of Clorin and her lovers. In the second and third acts, Amaryllis, under the influence of jealous rage and hate, prevails on the sullen shepherds to dip her body in the well, by whose magic virtue she is changed into the shape of Amoret. In this guise she meets Perigot at his tryst, who mistaking her for Amoret, and shocked at the loose advances she makes him, attacks her, when she flies and resumes her own shape. The true Amoret enters, whom Perigot, under the influence of his error, wounds and deserts. The sullen shepherd, finding the body, throws it in the well. The god of the river rises with the body in his arms, and restores it to life. We dare not venture, however strong the temptation, to transcribe this scene; could we do so, we could show that the "virgin daughter of Loocrine," who "still retains her maiden gentleness," the pure drops she sprinkles to aid the cure, and the tribute of thanks offered by the grateful spirit, are closely copied from it, varied only as Milton has substituted for Fletcher's lively and simple beauty, the "long majestic march" of his lofty diction, and the "energy divine" of his imagination. In the fourth act Amaryllis, smitten with remorse, protests to Perigot the innocence of his love, and engages, to convince him, to meet him in the shape of Amoret, in an hour. But in her place he meets the true Amoret, and mistaking her for the disguised shepherdess, in his rage and despair again wounds her. The satyr re-entering, describes the approach of morning in the following lines, which we extract, as a fair specimen of that freshness and liveliness which peculiarly distinguish Fletcher's poetry—

"See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps to get him nuts and fruit.
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay."

Finding the body, he bears it to the bower of Clorin, to be cured by her skill. In the fifth act, the wound of Amoret is healed, and she and her lover are reconciled. Alexis, a wanton lover, is cured of the wound received from a rival; the bad passions of the wanton and malicious are purified, and the honest affections of the virtuous crowned with happiness, and the piece concludes with the following lines, addressed by the satyr to his mistress, the holy Clorin—lines, whose fine poetic spirit and chaste yet fanciful beauty, will bear a comparison even with the fairy graces of Titania, or the delicate spiriting of Ariel.

"Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed,
Like Apollo, tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
Into the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch the wanton fawns or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colors? get thee fruit,
Or steal from heaven old Orpheus's lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more
To do her service all these woods adore."

The preceding, we are aware, is but an imperfect analysis. There are many characters and incidents in the piece we have passed over entirely. But our limits do not admit of a fuller examination, and we prefer devoting what little time remains to us to a few remarks on the character of the author, rather than the story of the piece.

Burns has asked,

"In this braw age o' wit and lair,
Will nane the shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace,
And wi' the far-famed Grecian share
A rival place?"

To this we answer, that the author of the Faithful Shepherdess deserves a place by the side even of Theocritus; and by this we mean to pay the highest compliment to a pastoral poet because we

look on Theocritus's as almost the only true pastorals the world ever saw. The artificial prettinesses of Virgil and Pope bear about the same resemblance to his simple beauties that the square-cut groves and formal alleys of Versailles do to the native glories of an American forest. The pastorals of the Italians are equally insipid, though sanctioned by so great a name as that of Tasso—and the few attempts of this kind made by the French have a double share of the formal dulness of

"Their country's creaking lyre,
That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in voice."

Neither Shakspeare nor Burns ever fairly entered on this tempting but dangerous field. They were content to celebrate nature as nature taught them—in songs, the echoes of her own harmony, in descriptions, living copies of her own beauties, without offering her the strained and affected compliments of a regular pastoral. Fletcher and Theocritus alone remain, and these two must divide the crown of pastoral poetry.

We have already repeatedly remarked that Milton borrowed much from Fletcher, and have alluded to one or two of these points of resemblance. But we have not time to trace out the similarity any farther, or to collate more passages of each. The general difference between Comus and the Faithful Shepherdess may be briefly stated. Each is the perfection of a different kind of beauty. In Comus all the splendors of learning, fancy, eloquence, history, and fiction are heaped up and poured forth together; it reminds us of the enchanted caverns in the eastern tale, where all the riches of the world were amassed in a prodigal, dazzling, bewildering confusion of magnificence. The lustre of the Faithful Shepherdess is that of the dew-drops which, in its author's words,

"Kiss
Every little flower that is,
Hanging on their velvet heads
Like a rosy of crystal beads."

Not that Fletcher wanted for learning—he was a profound and accomplished scholar; but in this poem he left art to follow nature, or rather retained only that perfection of art which consists in its concealment. Milton's learned pomp and classical splendor, on the other hand, never forsake him. He drank so deeply and so delightfully at the fountains of ancient genius, that he was completely imbued with their spirit. His readers, in fact, do not always remark how unbounded were the riches of his mind, and how freely they are poured forth in every line of his poetry. The whole gorgeous array of classical mythology is sometimes collected in a dozen sounding lines, and at others come sweeping by the long train of heroes and demigods, ghosts and goblins, and other denizens of the world of fancy—

"As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams."

How simple, how naked the mere plot of Comus—yet in what a rich and massy drapery it is shrouded! what wealth of learning—what pride, pomp, and circumstance of imagination are piled up, as it were, around it! In the Faithful Shepherdess there is none of this splendid pageantry—this profuse prodigality of thought and diction. It is curious indeed, and highly characteristic to see how Milton prolongs, adorns, and amplifies some simple natural beauty of Fletcher's—how he transforms his rustic grace into courtly elegance and regal state. Much as Milton loved nature, he loved not to look on her in her prison of earth and her garments of clay—he sought to clothe her in the "pure ambrosial weeds" of spiritual life, and to make her look "up to th' enthroned gods on sainted seats." He was a visionary, and sought to express in all his characters and poems that ideal good, that exalted standard of perfection, ever present to his thoughts. Fletcher's beauties are less grand and majestic, but more fresh and simple. While Milton's flight is far up into the empyrean, he skims along the ground and hovers about the homes and haunts of men. Milton's is the "deep majestic melody" of the pealing organ, Fletcher's the natural touching note of her he describes so poetically as

"The nightingale among the thick leaved spring
That sits alone in sorrow—"

or, to borrow an image from another of the old worthies of the English drama, the strife between them is like that mentioned by Ford between the musician and the nightingale, where even Philomela's native wealth of song is surpassed by the consummate skill of her antagonist, and where "nature's best skilled musician" cannot compete with him whose art poured forth and redoubled

"Concord and discord, lines of different measure
Meeting in one full centre of delight,"

and surely, after comparing Comus and the Faithful Shepherdess, we may pronounce it, in like manner,

"The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That ever art and nature were at strife in."

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

Messrs. Editors—Because for once in my life I venture to write something for a public print, you must not set me down for a person tainted in any way with literary propensities. I abhor, as well as despise them, and being a plain man, I am satisfied with the simple pleasure of living and breathing the fresh air, and looking around me. Your book-worms I hate, although sometimes I can scarcely avoid laughing at them. It is odd enough, to be sure, that a work written in rhyme should drive some people out of their sober senses. What wonderful fascination there can be found in listening to words of the same termination arranged at equal distances after each other, I cannot conceive. *High, fly—go, flow—who, through*—what is there so charming in all this? It is astonishing how silly some folks are, but take the most execrable sentiment, and one which, if uttered in ordinary prose, would be almost

shuddered at, if it is only ushered in with the *high, fly, go, flow*, it is read with rapture, and recited and sung by the most moral and delicate of young misses. Take, for instance, Moore's famous song, "Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer," and let me ask what is the meaning of the two last lines:

"I know not, I care not what guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

That is, the fair girl who murmurs over this precious piece of morality at the piano, does not care what a disreputable puppy she may have for a lover—whether he got his fortune by robbing a bank or swindling his creditors—nor how many other wives he may have about town—these things are perfectly immaterial, and the two chiming words, *heart, art*, with which this little specimen of poetical principle terminates, have it all hollow against both law and gospel. As for me, gentlemen, I am not a man to trouble myself much concerning small matters; but I confess I have found "our rapidly increasing literature," as they call it, such an annoyance to me as to induce this present writing in the way of complaint. I have the misfortune to be the guardian of a good-for-nothing idle nephew, who has caught the rage for poetry, and as the fellow has been through college, and has naturally an oily tongue, he no sooner hears me attempting any remonstrance than he talks me out of countenance. I am endeavoring to bring him up to a decent mercantile business, but the dunce is so stuffed with old rhymes and couplets, with sentiments and sentences, and adages, and all that, that I despair of ever making anything of him. It was only the other day that I found a memorandum in his hand of goods consigned to us. "Printed quiltings—Turkey-red table covers—super Devonshire kerseys—best cambric power-loom full chintz prints—why should I blush to own I love." He

does not know that I have seen this business minute, but I hope when he reads your Mirror, which he does every week, he will behold his own image reflected in it, and desist from giving me further trouble. I wish to complain to you also on another theme. As I have been industrious all my life, and carefully eschewed poetry and music, and such expensive and absurd things, I have done pretty well in business, and laid up a penny for a rainy day. My good-natured friends have not failed to discover my prosperity, and I am continually pestered with applications to subscribe to books, and to buy engravings, and to patronize "our rapidly increasing literature." Indeed, I heartily wish "our rapidly increasing literature" in Egypt. I look upon the wonderful improvement which every thing around us is undergoing with a very suspicious eye. I am not naturally, by any means, avaricious, and have not firmness to say no to applications which my reason condemns. I have, therefore, been the victim of literature, although I detest it, and am half ruined with music without being able to find anything in Cinderella half so sweet to my taste as yankee doodle, the only tune, indeed, which I either know or admire. My table is sometimes covered with engravings which I never look at. I have a quarto dictionary and twelve volumes of an encyclopædia, some books of poetry, novels, and essays—and on looking over my accounts I find that I have within the last twelve months been swindled out of one or two hundred dollars in the way of theatricals for a pretty large family, although I do not care a farthing for either play or opera. It would not be civil, gentlemen, while thus addressing myself to you, for me to say anything against your paper, which I suppose, from what I hear, is a decent sort of an affair, but I will not deny that I subscribed to it at the instigation of my family, who declared that I ought to do something for the periodical literature of the country, which it was every honest man's duty to promote by all the means in his power. It may be so; but if I go on much longer doing my duty in this fashion, instead of my supporting the literature of my country, I shall want somebody to support me. There is one paper only which I take voluntarily and read with interest. I mean "Canfield's Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and New-York Price Current," an entertaining and useful weekly miscellany, exactly to my taste. Please to print this, and oblige your obedient servant, RUFUS RANDILL,

Of the firm of Batch, Randill, & Co.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

We shall not venture any minute observations on the new opera of the Maid of Judah until we have further opportunities of judging of its merits. The story is founded on Ivanhoe, and the music by Rossini. Miss Hughes performs the principal female part, much to the satisfaction of the audience. She had previously opened her present engagement in Cinderella, the music of which she sang delightfully. The *finale* was enthusiastically encored. Mr. Thorne took for his benefit the Tempest and Der Freischütz, in which he sustained Caliban and Caspar. We have before complimented this gentleman on his excellent delineation of these two characters. The critics of the day pronounce his Caliban the best we have had on this stage. He heightened the terrors of the abhorred monster by the use of a remarkable voice, of striking depth and strength, and his whole conception of the part was chaste and impressive. As Caspar, also, he displayed the effect of being brought forward in business adapted to his powers, and demonstrated the injustice of compelling him into a department not in his line. He is clearly a useful performer, and merited the respectable audience which assembled on the occasion. Mrs. Austin, as Ariel and Linda, was charming as usual.

At the Richmond-hill they are improving rapidly. Mrs. Duff is a strong attraction. Report speaks of arrangements which will give this establishment increased interest.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1832.

The present number.—Again we issue a finely executed steel plate, and an entire sheet of original matter. Our readers may depend upon the accuracy of the likeness, as it is copied with great fidelity from an admirable engraving, recently published in England, and pronounced by the British critics "the very man." It may not be considered inappropriate to add, that the mere engraving of this picture cost us three hundred dollars. We trust our persevering endeavors to deserve our large and increasing patronage will afford satisfaction.

Editors' study.—A poem from Dr. Drake, never before published! We opened the paper containing the fine, glowing verses on the first page of the present impression, with the feeling of an epicure, who pours out his glass of rare, choice, old wine, and pauses ere he drinks, to watch the crimson light, reddening and burning through its ruddy depths. We obtained the lines through the unsolicited kindness of one of the author's intimate friends, to whom we gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness, and we present them to the reader, as a choice relic of a bard, than whom America has produced none more amiable and gifted. As we imagined ourselves familiar with Dr. Drake's printed and manuscript works, we were rather surprised to have entirely overlooked these; but our accomplished correspondent informs us they were composed some fifteen years since, and will be new to most of the author's many admirers.

After the poetical department was filled with the offering referred to above, our pleasure was renewed by receiving the poem which we give below from Mr. Sprague, another able contributor to American prose literature, and who, everybody knows, has soared into the regions of poetry with a bold and successful wing. It will be perceived that the verses owe their existence to the sight of a picture. The name of the author, without further comment, will be sufficient to recommend them to universal notice.

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE."

O, it is life! departed days
Fling back their brightness while I gaze:
'Tis Emma's self—this brow so fair,
Half-curtained in this glossy hair,
These eyes, the very home of love,
These dark twin-arches traced above,
These red-ripe lips that almost speak,
The fainter blush of this pure cheek,
The rose and lily's beauteous strife—
It is! ah, no—'tis all but life.

'Tis all but life—art could not save
Thy graces, Emma, from the grave:
Thy cheek is pale, thy smile is past,
Thy love-lit eyes have looked their last;
Mouldering beneath the coffin's lid,
All we adored of thee is hid;
Thy heart, where goodness loved to dwell,
Is throbless in the narrow cell;
Thy gentle voice shall charm no more,
Its last, last joyful note is o'er.

Of, of, indeed, it hath been sung,
The requiem of the fair and young;
The theme is old, alas! how old,
Of grief that will not be controlled,
Of sighs that speak a father's woe,
Of pangs that none but mothers know,
Of friendship with its bursting heart,
Doomed from the Idol-one to part—
Still its sad debt must feeling pay,
Till feeling, too, shall pass away.

O say, why age and grief and pain
Shall long to go, but long in vain,
Why vice is left to mock at time,
And, gray in years, grow gray in crime;
While youth, that every eye makes glad,
And beauty, all in radiance clad,
And goodness, cheering every heart,
Come, but come only to depart;
Sunbeams, to cheer life's wintry day,
Sunbeams, to flash, then fade away.

'Tis darkness all! black banners wave
Round the cold borders of the grave;
There, when in agony we bend
O'er the fresh sod that hides a friend,
One only comfort then we know—
We, too, shall quit this world of woe;
We, too, shall find a quiet place,
With the dear lost ones of our race;
Our crumbling bones with theirs shall blend,
And life's sad story find an end.

And is this all? this mournful doom?
Beams no glad light beyond the tomb?
Mark where yon clouds in darkness ride;
They do not quench the orb they hide;
Still there it wheels—the tempest o'er,
In a bright sky to burn once more:
So, far above the clouds of time,
Faith can behold a world sublime;
There, when the storms of life are past,
The Light beyond shall break at last!

We are also under an obligation to a polite friend for the liberty of publishing the annexed extract from a letter of Mr. Greenough, the sculptor. It is addressed to Mr. Rembrandt Peale, and will be

found interesting to a large class of the community, who regard as important the spirit of taste and improvement rapidly passing into several departments of the fine arts on this side the Atlantic:

Paris, November 8, 1831.

"MY DEAR SIR—I am taking my breath for the first time since I parted with you. I have heard of you indirectly through the papers several times, though I am not sure whither to direct this, or whether it will ever reach you. Yet I feel it a pleasing duty to inform you of my operations, and I hope you will favor me with a few words on your own prospects of benefiting the country. I arrived in this truly magnificent city on the sixth of September, and commenced modelling almost immediately. I have remodeled Cooper's head; made a bust of General Lafayette; one of the Princess Belgioioso, a Milanese lady; one of another Italian lady, and one of a Mr. Brisbane, of the state of New-York. When I tell you that circumstances required that I should be on the alert for more than a fortnight, seize each pitiful quarter of an hour afforded by the pressure of General Lafayette's affairs, you will sympathize with me, for you know what it is to come into contact with great political notables. I have, however, finished it, and they say it is like him; thanks to Cooper, who pinned the old gentleman to his chair one morning for two whole hours with stories and *bon mots*. I believe that was the saving of my bust, for I had become out of humor with it, and you know how fatal that often proves.

"I hear that you have been publishing, and that your book is doing good. We are all obliged to you. You can take, in consequence of your experience and your acquaintance with European art, a higher tone in instructing our countryman than perhaps any other living artist. Pray, sir, convince them that one American work is of more value to the United States than three foreign ones, even of superior merit. If they mean that all their pictures shall be painted by strangers, they are in the wrong, both as regards economy and praiseworthiness. If they do not, then let them employ us manfully, and not tell us to learn to swim before we venture into the water. I have not seen your book; I doubt if it be here.

"A friend told me this morning that you talked of returning to Europe. This grieved me, in spite of the pleasure I promise myself in your company, should you return to Florence, because I fear you are not satisfied with the state of the public feeling on art; and I had been hoping that we had made some progress since I left America.

"Cooper's new book, the *Bravo*, is taking wonderfully here. If you could transfuse a little of that man's love of country and national pride into the leading members of our high society, I think it would leaven them all, and leave them quite as good men, and surely much better patrons. Mr. Peale, the scholars of America have looked so much abroad for salvation in letters, arts, and manners, that they have not only overlooked home, but have unfitted all under their influence for judging impartially of anything American. They have carted sand upon a fine soil, and nothing but a flood of satire can remove it, and bring to light the fertile bottom which they have encumbered. How does Angelo? Let him draw, draw, draw, and model, if possible; for in painting I think he has more than his share of readiness. I remain, my dear sir, yours with respect,

HORATIO GREENOUGH."

From among the numerous articles furnished by our friendly and attentive correspondents, we regret that we shall be able, in addition, to enrich the present number with only the subjoined lines from the public's old and favorite acquaintance, Mr. Palmer.

TO DEATH.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.—*Hor.*

All! thou rememb'rest all
Earth's breathing forms of every name and lot;
Bearing the sable pall
And shroud alike to palace and to cot,
Where sits the monarch on his pampered throne,
Or the lean beggar housed with want alone.

O! vain the eagle's plume
That cleaves the cloud and sunward bears his form
Above the deep'ning gloom,
And flashing terrors of the coming storm—
Vain, vain, O death, that proud free pinion's might,
To pass the range of thy dark arrow's flight.

O'er th' appalling hush
Of polar wilds where desolation lowers—
O'er the unfading blush
That fills with sweetness beauty's southern bowers—
Yea, o'er each span of every spreading zone
Where beats life's busy pulse, thou'rt king alone.

Empires of far renown,
Like giant spectres, all have passed away—
The Macedonian's crown,
And the world-grasping Gaul's imperial sway
Have but the breathless being of a name,
Yet thou dost bear thy sceptre still the same.

The thunder's awful tone
Tells of the mustering tempest's waking wrath;
And earthquake's smothered groan
Proclaims the ruin that shall mark its path
Beneath the city's pomp—but thou, dark power!
Thou hast no herald for thy coming hour.

None may thy advent tell,
So feared, so shunned by all of mortal birth—
None may uplift the veil

That hides thy nameless mysteries from earth;
Though oft the future's spectral kingdom lies
In shadowy scope before prophetic eyes.

Where the bright wine is quaffed,
And dance and song love's festal moments crown,
Thou bear'st thy secret shaft,
Assassin-like to strike thy victim down,
Haply some maid betrothed, or blushing bride,
Or youthful hero in his glory's pride.

While bending o'er his lyre
In the deep hush of night's inspiring reign,
Flushed with unearthly fire,
The homeless minstrel wakes its stirring strain,
Thy hand relentless at the purposed ill,
Touches life's silver chord—and all is still.

The babe, unknown to grief,
The hoary hermit of the waste, time-bowed,
The battle's laureled chief,
The homeless sea-boy on the dizzy shroud,
And he that shrieks to hear the simoom's breath
Moan o'er the desert, bow to thee, O death!

Where guilt with innocence,
And pomp with squalid misery jostling meets,
Robbed with the pestilence,
Unseen thou glidest through the shuddering streets,
Till all is hushed where crowds were wont to tread,
Save the lone hearseman's call, "bring forth your dead!"

And ah! not those alone
Whose mortal transit from the haunts of men
Would wake no human moan,
No sigh to call their spirits back again
To their loved haunts beneath th' all-cheering sun,
Can stay thy fated curse, destroying one.

Thou mak'st the dark cold grave
Thy chosen casket for the gems of earth—
The hallowed and the brave,
The fair, the loved—yea, all of proven worth—
Thou snatchest from affection's scanty store,
And to its longing eyes return'st them never more.

Yet to the pure in heart,
Who through temptation's bright and siren sea,
Have steered by virtue's chart,
On, and still nobly on, unfalteringly;
Thou like a pilot welcome'st dost come
To bring life's failing bark to its last haven home!

A writer in a number of the Monthly Magazine, declares that *thinking* is extinct at the present age—that at least only one or two literary men possess the power, and he designates as one, David Ricardo, (the very gentleman so highly complimented by Mr. Verplanck, in the recent lecture which we had the pleasure of giving in these columns.) We are constrained to contradict him broadly, as will every conductor of a periodical. If thinking is extinct, by what appellation shall we name those mental workings to which we are weekly doomed, before we can make our appearance in your presence, fair lady and gentlemen readers? You forget through how many heads and hands has passed this sheet over which now, Mr. Lounger, your hypercritical glance falls carelessly. You forget how many brains have been racked; how many eyes, and hands, and feet wearied—from him who taxes his fancy for thy amusement, to him who hour after hour works the massive press, or ranges the cold streets to beguile thee of a momentary weariness—to call a passing gleam over thy face. It is curious to look beneath the surface of society and understand the vast and interminable machinery—the hidden engines, the innumerable wheels within wheels, which keep alive the impulses of the great busy world, on the mere smooth outside of which only, so many look. It has struck us sometimes, that a minute and accurate journal, or private history of a single number of any paper, from its incipient state to the moment of its publication, would be amusing; and, indeed, an observation also of its subsequent career would, we imagine, repay curiosity. What a world of subjects such a treatise would involve! The disappointed contributor whose piece has been rejected; and he whose favor has been corrected, or rather mutilated, (they always call correcting *mutilating*.) You would not believe how the plumage of a scarce fledged scribbler is ruffled by the substitution of a *the* for an *a*, or any such important matter. They "make it a principle" never to publish any thing but their own! We wish some one would take this point up, and discuss it coolly. It is among the unsettled interrogatories of the age, this editorial prerogative of *mutilating*, and ranks above the Junius question, or the Iron Mask, or the authorship of Gil Blas or Homer, or the O.P.Q. writer in the London Chronicle—but we digress. After these comes the author whose book has been reviewed. One of the most dramatic situations we were ever placed in was meeting accidentally a worthy fellow whose octavo we had just rather freely dissected. There was a half checked stage start from both parties on our being introduced, and such a deliberate tragedy dignity—such artificial courtesies—such awkward ease—such feverish indifference! But we are wrong—there was *one* crisis in our editorial existence, more striking and picturesque, although, from the same cause. We can always, if the worst must come, stand the glance of a *man* with some show of coolness and composure. If he is impertinent, of course embarrassment is at an end. If he is argumentative, we can reason and explain; if distant, we can be stately; if importunate, we can "rant" as well as he; and, if he meets us with a frank and graceful cordiality, and a noble forgetfulness of the past, we have our own way of putting things to rights; but we are not so confident by half of navigating among the shoals and quicksands of female prejudices. They do not understand business—at least they do not comprehend the imperative force which business considerations exert upon the minds of men. They feel, more than reason, and have different standards of es-

timating objects and events. To them, home is the centre of the world, and domestic avocations are paramount to all other matters. They are deaf and blind to the positive necessity sometimes existing for sacrificing private and personal wishes to the public good. The happiness of a dear circle around an evening hearth, is infinitely more valuable in their eyes than the remote general interests of literature or science, or even of justice. The wife looks on the judge as a tyrant who refuses to petition for the pardon of her guilty and condemned husband. The unhappy girl attached to André, thought Washington a monster for persisting in one of the most *Roman* acts that has graced modern times. The same principle of female character descends into the minute circumstances of life; and in the incident which we have alluded to, we were unhappily the instrument of illustrating it. An anonymous correspondent sent us a volume of poems, charmingly printed, with uncut leaves, and damp from the press. It was accompanied by a few lines on blue paper, and in a flowing neat female hand, that had never been roughened and deepened by the hacknied drudgeries of business. Then it was folded so carefully, and sealed with a wax sprinkled over with gold, and, in the prettiest sentence we ever read, solicited our favorable attention to the poetry. On examining the book we found it bad—commonplace—full of plagiarisms. The author was a gentleman of talent, but the volume was shameful. We said so—and yielding to a temptation sometimes too strong for our principles of duty, we heightened the censure with several attempts at satire, thus making ourselves merry at the author's expense. Several months after we met him with some lively friends. He was a generous and very sensible fellow, (we beg our readers, for our own sake, to believe that a man may occasionally write a simple affair, and yet be both,) careless and good-humored, and it would take a heavy *critique*, we soon discovered, to break a sleep of his; but there was a fair and queenly-looking girl hanging on his arm (we spare you the description) and on the mention of our name (she was his sister) there came over her face, for a moment, a slight crimson, and a half veiled flash from her fine eyes, and an expression of indescribable scorn about the lips, that made us say to ourself "Mr. Editor, you are a fool, at least this fair maiden thinks so, and that's just as well for the present. That same hand hanging so familiarly on your friend's shoulder, traced the lines on the 'blue paper,' which, rash man, you so admired, and so rudely neglected." She was for some time all smiles and gaiety, but half an hour after, while we were busily conversing with another, we accidentally beheld her seated in the shadow of a half-open door, her look expressive of the deepest seriousness, and her large eyes resting full on our face, with a displeasure not wholly unmingled with contempt. It came over us like a north-easter on turning a corner suddenly. It was evident we had offended her; and although we profess a stoical indifference to worldly opinion in the abstract, yet we cannot deny it, there is, when thus put to the test, something exceedingly disagreeable in the conviction that you are despised—despised by any one, and more especially by a woman—young, pure, accomplished, and beautiful. We inwardly foreswore criticism from that moment; but we suspect Jove laughs at editors' vows as well as at lovers'.

Careless readers would not believe the vexations we are thus put to, and how many things we are forced to consider besides the main thing. We shall open a communication with the knowing ones about town, by way of aiding us in these matters. It is getting to be a serious affair, for we were nearly shot the other day, (thank the statute against duelling for our escape,) in consequence of having reviewed a book severely, the author of which was much troubled with the liver complaint. We must, therefore, endeavor to find out whether the writers of books are afflicted with any serious disorders, or have pretty sisters, before we shall hereafter presume to offer any opinion as to their merits.

These would form fair items in the diary of an editor, and they might be multiplied to an almost infinite extent.

The new method of orthography, introduced by Mr. Webster, has been much commented on, and praised and adopted by many leading journals and eminent men, a list of whom we gave in a notice of his work. As we deem the inconsistencies which the English language everywhere betrays in this respect, to be at once glaring and yet not beyond the reach of remedy, we have endeavored to conform ourselves, as far as possible, to the rules which the American lexicographer introduced. It is an important subject, and not easily handled. We shall, one of these days, strive to furnish our views of it in a connected form, and, in the mean time, publish the communication signed A, as conveying some information.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

In a late paper, you have mentioned the subject of *orthography*. It may be well to remark that the late Mr. Barnes, of the high school, whose unfortunate death all so much lament, published what is called "The Red Book," in which he estimated the discrepancies in English orthography at nearly *four thousand*; but he goes back too far, and, probably, the number now is much less; still there may be *two thousand* differences in the spelling of words in our best authors. Webster, in his *Dictionaries and Spelling Book*, recently published, has been attempting a reformation of this evil, and, by repeated revisions of the copies, has nearly accomplished the object. His rules, if followed, would reduce the orthography of English words to nearly the same uniformity as that of the French, Spanish, and Italian. This is the first attempt; but it is hoped it may succeed, and in time remove what may be considered no inconsiderable evil. A.

THOUGH 'TIS LOVELY TO SEE THE YEAR WAKING.

AN ORIGINAL SONG.—WORDS BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE—MUSIC BY TAYLOR.—INTRODUCED IN THE TRAGEDY OF OSWALI OF ATHENS.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Andantino.

Though 'tis love-ly to see the year wak-ing From its sleep in the sea-son of snows, When its blos-soms of white and of pur-ple A-round us the al-mond tree throws, A-round us the al-mond tree throws, In morn-ing's beau-ty, Who for-gets the beau-ty of the sun that sets? In morn-ing's beau-ty, Who for-gets the beau-ty of the sun that sets? the beau-ty of the sun that sets?

2d v.—How lovely the maize, now its tresses
The frolicsome zephyrs unfold;
And the fire-fly by night as it wantons,
Tips the vine-leaves with sparkles of gold.

Whilst Dian through the olive grove,
Lights the glowing steps of love.
3d v.—And though, with his air-darkening myriads,
The stork seeks a kindlier sky,

We shrink not from leaves which turn yellow,
And, whirl'd on the cold breezes, die.
For Ceres hath a smile to bring
O'er winter's cheek the bloom of spring.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

THE MERIDIAN OF LIFE.

THE sparkling joys that bubbled on the stream
Of early days, have vanished as a dream.
The laughing boy, and ardent youth, give place
Full soon to sober manhood's thoughtful face:
The life, that seemed one joyous day of spring,
With buoyant spirits, ever on the wing,
From idle flights has been compelled to bow—
The flowers that strew'd youth's path are faded now.
Thus let them die, that we may sooner soar
To hopes above this earth, not sought before.
Now, while the noon of life may give us time,
Ere evening's shadows on our path decline;
That when our sun has set, and life is o'er,
An endless morn may rise, and vain regrets no more.

PRIDE.

There is no virtue in the pride which fills even the pious and the good with a bitter contempt for the guilty, especially those in misfortune, and, perhaps, paying the penalty of their crimes. I have always recollected an observation I met with in the "Confessions of an Opium Eater," expressive of my meaning.

"At no time of my life," says the writer of that admirable treatise, "have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape: on the contrary, from my very earliest youth, it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Societate*, with all human beings—man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way, a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher."

LOVE LETTERS.

A volume of love letters would make an amusing book, although there are many chances in favor of its being ridiculous. I saw these two affecting lines the other day in an old paper. Like nearly all poets, the author has liberally availed himself, in his climax, of the license extended to that class of writers.

When'er I see those lovely eyes,
I rave—I burn—I dote—I die.

PUNS.

A sensible pun is not always to be met with. I like them not generally, because they are too often forced and affected, but the following is good:

A parishioner asked his pastor the meaning of this line of scripture, "He was clothed with curses as with a garment." "It signifies," replied the divine, "that the individual had a *habit* of swearing."

LOGIC.

It is very gratifying to come to a conclusion logically: as, for instance, that of an old writer:—"B says all Britons are liars. Now, he was himself a Briton, therefore he was a liar, therefore the Britons are not liars, therefore B has not lied—therefore the Britons are liars."

BEAUTY.

Writers generally think personal beauty a positive requisite for the heroine of a story. It requires a first-rate genius to make the unthinking reader satisfied with moral beauty as a substitute.

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Challenge—A polite written request from some one of your obedient servants to give him an opportunity of shooting you through the heart.

Duelling pistol—A little instrument used by gentlemen in killing each other.

Creditor—A sensible fellow who often takes his debtor because he thinks he cannot pay, and puts him where he knows he cannot.

Tight lacing—A species of fashionable female suicide.

Flatterer—A beverage of such a tempting flavor, that the highest stoops to sip it from the hands of the meanest.

Manner—A word difficult to describe. It has been called an *exhalation from the soul*.

Shrew—(from Pythagoras)—the soul of a wild cat in the body of a woman.

Dun—A two legged devil with a piece of paper in his hand—a terrible animal—a monster.

Beauty—An optical delusion.

Epigram on a gentleman named Hedly.
In reading his name it may truly be said,
You will make the man *dy* if you cut off his *Hed*.

EPIGRAMS.

Notwithstanding all the thousand epitaphs, spurious and authentic, which are so frequently served up for the amusement of the public, in newspapers, the subject is not yet exhausted: and in the course of my tolerably widely-extended peregrinations, I have met with numerous ones, quite new: here and there one may have since crept into the prints, but most have never been published.

Cut off was honest Nicholas Low,
By death the mighty mower;
His body, here it lies full low,
His soul it lies much lower.

Under this stone lie two children dear,
One lies here, and the other in Gloucestershire.

A curious record of an accident by the downfall of ice is to be found in an epitaph on the son of their parish clerk, at Hampton, in Devonshire. The unfortunate young man was killed by an icicle, which, falling on his head, fractured his skull. It is singularly striking to find the little conceits of ordinary wit and humor mingling with the solemnities of death, and that the parted spirit is dismissed, on its long flight through eternity, with a *bon mot*; but so it is. The lines are as follows:

Bless my i,
Here I lies
In a sad pickle,
Killed by an icicle.

(The note is particularly deep.)
In the year of *Anno Domini* 1776!

The annexed is said to have been lately erased from a stone in Cheltenham churchyard, England, by a sapient M. D. who imagined that he detected in it a sarcastic reflection on his respectable fraternity—

Here lies the body of Molly Dickie,
The wife of Hal Dickie, Taylor.
Two great Fizeshians first
My loving husband tried
To cure my pain,
In vain;
At last he got a third,
And then—I died.

E. F. Relyx.
S. Bugington.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

TOO FAST AND TOO SLOW:

OR, CHANCE AND CALCULATION.

FRANK HAIRBRAIN and Moses Meeker were schoolmates and contemporaries, but not friends. They were the opposites of each other in everything, and mutually despised their different habits, tempers, tastes, inclinations, and pursuits. Moses never opened his lips, or put one foot before the other, without pausing to consider what he was about—while Frank, on the contrary, relied altogether on impulse and the spur of the moment. He went headlong to work, and trusted to Providence for the result.

"What a thoughtless fool is Frank Hairbrain," would Moses mutter to himself. "He'll one of these days break his neck coming down stairs for want of counting the steps."

"What a dull, slow-motioned fellow is Moses Meeker," would Frank say; "he loses more time in thinking about an affair before-hand than it would take me to do it ten times over."

One night they were both descending the stairs in the dark, and Frank, in his haste, tumbled from top to bottom.

"There," cried Moses, "I told you what would come of your not calculating beforehand."

Moses proceeded after him very carefully. He had previously counted the steps, but unluckily missed one; the consequence was he fell on his nose, and sustained a severe contusion.

"There," cried Frank, laughing, "I knew how it would be. See what all your forethought comes to!"

Each blamed the other, and drew from these accidents an argument in favor of his own habits and disposition.

From school they went to college together, and entered in the same class. Moses was determined to do nothing without reflection, and often considered so long that he was behindhand in his studies. Frank, on the contrary, never thought of his lessons until it was absolutely necessary to learn them, and the last moment was frequently too short for his purpose. When the examination came on, the professors were puzzled which to place above the other: but at length decided in favor of Moses, because he was the steadier of the two. Frank wondered how such a slow-motioned snail as Moses should get above him, and Moses was astonished to find such a thoughtless dunce as Frank should be next him in the class. They left college together, Frank with the reputation of a lad who had a fine genius, but no application; and Moses had the credit of being an industrious plodding fellow, who supplied his want of capacity by perseverance.

It was now necessary for them to choose a profession, and Frank, without a moment's hesitation, decided for the sea. Moses, on the contrary, calculated on the advantages and disadvantages, the facilities and obstacles, until his father began to be rather impatient.

"Moses," said he, one day, "have you chosen a profession yet?"

"I am considering about it," said Moses.

"Well, I wish you would conclude soon. Time is precious, and you are losing it every day."

"It is a matter of too much consequence to be settled in a minute."

"Very well—I don't want to hurry you—but recollect that those who are always thinking, will never come to a decision."

"I will consider of it, sir."

In the meantime Frank had made a voyage, and came back heartily tired. He was out of all patience with a calm—a storm was still more disagreeable—the captain was little better than a tyrant—the society of the sailors uninteresting—the monotony of the ship intolerable—and to see nothing but dolphins and flying fish for a month, was enough to give a man the blue-devils.

"You should have thought of this before," said Moses.

"Pshaw!" replied Frank. "But what have you done all this time?"

"I have almost resolved to become a merchant."

"Almost! You have, have you?" cried Frank, laughing. "Well then, we have just arrived at the same point—I have tried one profession and am now going to try another, and you have just determined to commence one. Let us start fair, and see who wins the race at last."

"Why, I am not exactly settled; I wish to look about me on all sides, inside and out, and pause before I come to a final decision. But what are you going to undertake next?" asked Moses contemptuously.

"The law."

"You'd better consider."

"Not I—I am resolved to attack Coke upon Littleton, Blackstone, and Barlamaqui tooth and nail, and take my chance for becoming a great lawyer."

"Have you calculated the pros and cons, the whys and the wherefores?"

"Not I—for see what your pros and cons have come to—you have lost half a year already in choosing a profession."

"Well, and you have lost half a year in a profession you have abandoned."

"But I have seen the world and gained experience, while you have stood biting your nails and perplexing yourself for nothing."

"Yes—you have learned to swear, drink grog, and smoke cigars."

"And you have learned nothing."

They separated.

"What a thoughtless ninny-hammer is Frank Hairbrain," quoth Moses. "He'll never rise for want of consideration."

"What a thoughtful blockhead is Moses Meeker," quoth Frank. "He'll never come to any good for want of promptness and decision."

Frank entered the office of a distinguished lawyer, who resided in a country town and boarded and lectured a limited number of students—that is to say, as many as he could get. His method was to converse with the young men on the subject of their studies, which answered all the purposes of familiar lectures. In the course of these, he one day gave a definition of law.

"It is the perfection of reason," said he; "it is a rule of action for the government of mankind." And he desired Frank to impress this upon his memory, assuring him a definition was half the battle, and sometimes supplied the want of every other species of knowledge.

Part of the occupation of the students consisted in transcribing various legal instruments for the purpose of giving them a practical insight into the forms of judicial proceedings. The first job put upon Frank was copying a declaration with sixteen counts. After reading it over, it occurred to him it was all nonsense to be writing the same thing sixteen times—so he omitted all but the first and last counts. When the lawyer returned to the office, after having by his ingenuity and learning procured the acquittal of a fellow that deserved the gallows, solely on the ground of a mistake of an "and" for a "but" in the indictment, he asked how the declaration came on.

"All finished, sir," said Frank.

"The deuce! what, already?" and he thought he had got a treasure of a student.

Perceiving the enormous hiatus, he turned to Frank, rather sharply, saying—

"Why zounds, sir—you've left out body and soul—there is an omission of fourteen counts."

"Why, sir," replied Frank, "they were all exactly alike, and I thought it a waste of time to repeat over the same thing so often."

"You did, did you?"

"Yes, sir; and then there was such a waste of words. I counted the whereases, and they amounted to three hundred. I don't see the use of such a mass of unnecessary words."

"Indeed."

"Nor of charging a man who it appears only shook his finger at another, with beating him half to death with fists, sticks, staves, knives, swords, bludgeons, corn-stalks, and all that sort of thing."

"Pooh; these are nothing but fictions of the law."

"But I don't see the use of fictions in the law, sir."

"You don't?" cried the lawyer, in a rage. "Not see the use of law fictions—then, d—e, sir, let me tell you you'll never be a lawyer if you study till doomsday."

"I believe so too," replied Frank, in despair. "I think I'd better go and study divinity—there are no fictions there."

"Do so, it's all you're good for," said the lawyer, walking about chafing and repeating, "Not see the use of repeating the same thing over again—nor of multiplying whereases—nor of law fictions—why the fellow would pull down the 'perfection of reason,' which can no more stand without these, than a stool without its three legs."

Poor Frank was walking home in rather a melancholy mood when he found Moses, standing at the corner of a street, uncertain whether he should turn down to the right-hand or the left. It was a nice point, and cost him a great deal of cogitation. Being roused by a slap on the shoulder, from Frank, he rubbed his eyes, and came to himself, as it were.

"What are you about?" asked Frank.

"I am considering," replied Moses.

"Ah, the old story."

"Well, how do you get on with the law?"

"I've just got off with the law."

"How so?"

"O—why I could not comprehend the fundamental principles, such as whereas, repetitions of the same thing, and, above all, law fictions, and so I gave up in despair."

"How much better it would have been," said Moses, with astonishing solemnity, "had you only calculated the this, that, and the other thing, like me. You see what time you have lost."

"O, I have not lost my time entirely."

"No—why what have you gained?"

"Why, a knowledge of the importance of whereas—repetitions of words—and law fictions—is that nothing? But what have you been about all this time?"

"Why, I have been considering what I shall do."

"O—but I suppose you have made up your mind now?"

"Umph—why—not—exactly; I like to take my time, and cast about me, and look before I leap, you know."

"Of course you have decided at last?"

"Why pretty nearly. But the truth is, I am so bewildered with the liberal professions and that of a merchant, that I have not exactly come to a conclusion yet."

Frank laughed aloud.

"Well, I see we have got to the same point once more. You have not made your choice, and I have chosen wrong. Let us try again. I am going to study divinity."

"You'd better consider."

"And you'd better decide."

And thus they parted, as usual, each thinking the other the prince of blockheads.

Frank, without a moment's hesitation, entered upon the study of divinity, and plunged deep into the fathers. One day he got hold of Tertullian, and was delighted with his eloquent declamations. The professor snatched the book out of his hands, or rather from before him, for it was a mighty folio in parchment.

"You must not meddle with that book," said he.

"Why not, sir?" asked Frank. "The style is beautiful—it is like ebony—dark and shining. St. Cyprian, I recollect, when he asked for his works used to say, '*da mihi magistrum*'—give me my master—and Latantius, that he was '*omni litterarum genere peritus*'—skilled in every kind of learning."

"All that may be true—but have you not read in St. Jerome, and others of the orthodox fathers, that he was more to be prized for his wit than his opinions? Sir, he was tainted with the devices of Montanus, and is therefore a dangerous companion for young students, who should never perplex themselves with false doctrines."

"Fictions, sir," thought Frank: "they will certainly be my ruin. But, sir, in what did the heresies of Montanus consist? I should wish to know that I may avoid them."

"Humph—why he was—a—heretic."

"In what, sir?"

"Young gentleman," replied the professor, hastily, "you'd better apply yourself to the study of orthodox writers, and let these mischievous propagators of error alone."

"But, sir," asked Frank, modestly, "how am I to establish my faith on a basis of truth unless by comparing it with what is false, and deciding according to reason?"

"Sir," answered the professor, impatiently, "you will never do for a student in divinity if you talk about reason. Reason, sir—reason is a false light—a jack-a-lantern—a firebrand snatched from the bottomless pit—a beacon to lure mankind upon the rocks and shoals of error. It was the great cause of the fall of Adam, and will be the ruin of his posterity to the latest generation."

"Alas! sir, I had thought it the most precious gift bestowed upon mankind—reason," says Lord Bacon, 'is—'

"A fiddlestick."

"The distinguishing mark which separates the human race from the beasts of the field—"

"The mark of Cain."

"The crowning gift of a beneficent being—"

"Silence, young man!" roared the professor; "silence, I say, and be good enough to prepare to return home immediately. You will never make any figure in your present profession, with your precious reason!" and he bounced out of the room.

"Mercy upon us!" thought Frank; "who would have thought that reason was so all-important in law, and so pernicious in gospel!"

The professor returned in a few minutes with a letter, which he desired Frank to carry to his father, giving him, at the same time to understand that he was not to return. The letter ran as follows:

"SIR—I can make nothing of your son. He is the most unreasonable person I ever met with, and is perpetually referring every thing to the test of reason. I have therefore sent him home that you may consign him to some other study, and would recommend that of medicine, where this same mischievous reasoning faculty may be of some use to him. Yours, &c."

"CYRILLUS FULGENTIUS PLUM."

The old gentleman scratched his head, and was confounded at these reflections upon honest reason, whom he had ever held in high respect.

"Why the deuce do they attempt to prove the truth of their doctrines by argument," thought he, "if reason is such a mischiev-

ous and mistaken umpire? I can't comprehend, not I, why reason should be indispensable in every thing but the most important affair of all."

Frank was determined to lose no time, and commenced the study of physic the very next day. On his way to the place, he met his old fellow-student, Moses Meeker, who was at that blessed moment calculating the shortest cut to a certain point of the city whither he had determined to go, which took up more time than was necessary to walk the whole distance by the longest route.

"Well, parson," said Moses, with a silly air of mockery, "when do you give us your first sermon?"

"I shall never preach in this world," replied Frank.

"No—why?"

"Because I have the misfortune to be a reasonable being."

Such was the conclusion drawn by Frank from the sweeping anathema of the over-zealous professor, who instead of mildly and firmly cautioning him against indulging the self-sufficient pride of human reason, in opposition to authorities sanctioned by time, by the belief of millions of men of all countries, and by the words of the Omnipotent himself, had denounced that great faculty which is indispensable to the comprehension of truth, as the agent and the source of falsehood and unbelief. But to return from an explanation which seemed necessary to correct any misconception of our meaning, which is not to ridicule the pious and honorable professors of divinity, but the excesses and abuses of a fanatical and fiery zeal, which "o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other side."

"The misfortune to be a reasonable being—what do you mean? I never heard you accused of that before."

Frank explained as well as he could, and announced his determination to become a physician.

"You'd better—"

"O, I know exactly what you are going to say. For my part, I'd rather take my chance, and go wrong fifty times than stand stock still doing nothing, like you. Have you hit upon a profession yet?"

"Why—no. I have consulted all my friends and acquaintance except six, and so soon as I get their opinions I shall decide irrevocably, once for all."

"Do they agree in opinion?"

"O, Lord, no! there are six of one, and a half-a-dozen of the other."

"You must be sadly puzzled."

"To death. I don't know what to do, or which way to turn myself. I've a great mind to ask your advice."

"Now don't—I've enough to do to steer my own barque clear of the breakers, let alone yours. Besides, I'm in a great hurry to begin the study of physic."

"Yes, you're always in haste. You plunge head foremost into the first noose that comes in your way, and lose your whole life in crawling out backwards. You'll never get along in this world—I've often told you so, Frank."

"Well, after all, Moses, I'm just where you are. Nay, I'm better off, for I have learned that a sailor's life is a dog's life—that law is the perfection of reason—and that what is an excellent thing in law is good for nothing in gospel. By the time I have tried every one of the liberal professions, I shall be qualified to make a choice, while you will be still at your calculations—and then I shall settle down quietly in—"

"In the grave," said Moses, interrupting him.

"Well, well, that settles all doubts, by relieving us from the necessity of choosing at all."

"But you'd better consider—"

"No—I mean to decide first, and trust the issue to chance."

"Remember, Frank, how you tumbled down stairs at school, and sprained your thumb for want of calculating the steps."

"And recollect, Moses, how you tumbled down the same stairs and broke your nose, for want of calculating the number of steps right."

They parted as formerly, each laughing at the other in his sleeve. The doctor with whom Frank was to pursue his studies, had several other students to whom he occasionally delivered lectures, on the principles of his profession, in the evening.

He began one of these as follows:

"According to the results of reason and experience, it must be evident—"

"My dear doctor," interrupted Frank, "reason is a mere will-o'-the-wisp, a decoy with which the pride of human nature deceives itself to its utter ruin—a firebrand snatched from the bottomless pit—a—"

"Pray, young gentleman," answered the doctor, pulling off his spectacles with great deliberation, and looking wistfully at Frank; "pray, young gentleman, where did you learn this extraordinary respect of reason?"

"Of the famous professor, Dr. Cyrillus Fulgentius Plum, sir."

"Very well, all I have to request is that you will unlearn it as fast as possible. Without reason and experience, assisted by the seven sciences, no man can be a physician."

"Impossible—quite impossible, sir—I can't think of jeopardizing my future happiness merely for the sake of a little worldly prosperity."

"Then, sir, you'll not do for a doctor—no, sir, not even a horse doctor, or a quack." And Frank was immediately dismissed with the following note.

"Sir—Your son is the most unreasonable and absurd young man I ever knew, for a reasonable being. He denounces reason as a will-o'-the-wisp, and heaven knows what besides. I have no doubt

he is mad, and recommend a strait-waistcoat as a precaution. Yours, &c. CELSUS ÆSCALAPIUS BOLUS."

The good parent was perplexed beyond measure with these two letters of Professor Plum and Professor Bolus, one of whom sent his son home for referring every thing to the decision of reason, and the other for reasoning upon nothing. But being a philosopher, he lighted his pipe, and suffered things go their own gait.

Without stopping to let himself be eaten up with chagrin at these provoking disqualifications which beset him at every new trial, Frank forthwith placed himself in the counting-house of an eminent merchant, who had grown rich by the mere force of the instinct of saving. One day the old gentleman was directing him to make an entry in his day-book of some sale or other.

"Is it according to reason and experience?" asked Frank, who was determined to be right this time. "Does it correspond with the seven sciences?"

"The seven devils," exclaimed the merchant, whom gout and money had made as testy as a young belle of a rainy day. "The seven sciences, and reason and experience! What the plague have these to do with the price of tobacco? I can tell you what, sir, no more of such nonsense, or you won't do for a counting-house."

"I think so too," said Frank, and sliding from his high three-legged stool, quietly put on his hat, and was walking home, meditating on what he should turn his attention to next, when he was attracted by one of the most spruce, trim, neat, fashionable, frisky little belles that ever set a man dreaming of impossibilities.

"Heavens! what an angel! I'll marry her before next Saturday, or my name is not Frank Hairbrain," said he, unconsciously aloud.

"You'd better consider," answered the veritable Moses Meeker, "before you take such a desperate step."

"No—I am resolved to marry that girl off-hand, and take my chance for the rest."

"Well, I begin to think of looking out for a wife too. But I shall go quite a different way to work, and do nothing in a hurry. I mean to study her character, and take every body's advice before I commit myself."

"Very well, every one to his notion, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow. But I'm for a *coup de main*—I am determined to be married by next Saturday."

"You'll repent—mind what I say—you'll repent—I don't like the cut of her eye."

"Tis the eye of an angel."

"It looks rather Tartarish. You'd better calculate the matter a little."

"No, no—I tell you it's all settled in my own mind."

"What a simpleton," thought Moses.

"What a shilly-shally fool," thought Frank.

The young lady was not given much to calculating like honest Moses Meeker, except in the way of marrying as soon as might be convenient. Her father being on the eve of bankruptcy, had hinted the prudence of disposing of herself if possible before the explosion of his affairs had frightened away all the beaux, as the explosion of a gun does all the little birds. Frank offered himself at the third interview—was accepted—and on Saturday was married according to his wise determination.

The fathers of the two young men died not long afterwards, and circumstances threw them apart, so that they did not meet again for many years.

One pleasant, mild, yet melancholy summer twilight, as Frank was sitting on a bench on the Battery, taking care of the children, while Mrs. Hairbrain was walking a few dozen turns arm-in-arm with Count Muschkin Puschkin, a foreigner of distinction, a venerable-looking person, stooping mortally in the shoulders, and carrying a gold-headed cane, stopped deliberately before him, placed his stick deliberately on the flag-stones, leaned on it deliberately, and looking Frank deliberately in the face, accosted him with great deliberation,

"If I don't mistake in my calculations, you must be my quondam friend, Frank Hairbrain, though you look very old, considering the short time since I saw you."

It was not above twenty years since they last met. But twenty years, when we look back upon them, are a shadow, a dream, a span, nothing, or less than nothing.

"Right," answered Frank, rising with his usual celerity and grasping the hand of the deliberative gentleman; "and if I don't mistake in my calculation, you can be no other than my old friend, Moses Meeker. Are you married, and have you got a profession yet? How come on the pros and the cons, Moses?"

"Alas! no," replied Moses, shaking his locks, now mixed with lines of gray. "I'm not married yet, nor have I a profession. But I calculate—hem—you are married?"

"Yes," answered Frank, sighing and also shaking his locks, which too were now of the sable silver.

"Well, well, I don't envy you."

"There is no occasion."

"I hope you are comfortable—got a good wife?"

"Can't brag much on that score—I was a little too precipitate."

"Ah—yes—I remember I told you so. And yet, Frank, as old age approaches, I confess to you, I sometimes wish I had calculated less, and trusted a little more to chance."

"And I will confess," said Frank, casting his eye towards his wife—"I will confess I often catch myself wishing that I had trusted less to chance, and calculated a little more before I got married."

"I was too slow, and consequently did nothing right."

"And I was too fast, and consequently did every thing wrong."

"How much happier I should have been if I had only possessed a little of your off-hand determination."

"And how much happier I should have been if I had only possessed a little of your prudent calculation."

"If I only had it to do again!"

"And if I only had it to do again!"

Sighed the two old acquaintances as they shook hands and parted forever.

Alas! poor human nature! how happy we should be if we could only live our lives over three hundred and sixty-five times, and profit by the blunders of each!

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

SKETCHES BY A BRIEFLESS LAWYER.

LAW BOOKS.

AMONG the many reforms which the present emphatically reforming age has produced, none is more prominent than the introduction of the first branches of legal knowledge into our seminaries of learning. The time has been when it would as soon have been dreamt of introducing the *Koran* as of placing a law book into the hands of an academical student. The outbranches of other sciences, medicine and divinity, were always supposed to be essential to the formation of a perfect scholar; and, accordingly, were to be seen on every side, urchins of twelve or fourteen, gazing at stars, analyzing substances, and talking learnedly of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, while the incomprehensibility of the law seemed to form a wall around it, which the most venturesome innovator was unwilling to incur the risk of attacking. The attempt was, however, at length made. People were, at last, persuaded that a knowledge of the constitution by which their rights were secured, and of the principles which had been adopted for their effectual protection, was as essential as stargazing and chemistry had once been; and the vulgar prejudice which had formerly existed against the science of the law, in the course of time, yielded to the establishment of professorships without end. It was well reasoned, that no man could value his liberty unless he was acquainted with the tenure by which he held it; and that love of country, and the pride of national feeling, were mere names in the absence of a knowledge of the principles on which they were founded. Like all good things, this, at length, ran into an extreme; and, instead of a gradual and progressive instilment of those principles into the mind, the introduction of legal science was rendered ridiculous by the means resorted to for its promotion. Little two-penny catechisms, with blue paper covers, were placed in the hands of children, wherein were sundry incomprehensible expressions about *prerogatives*, *constitutions*, and such like matters; and boys, who had just cleverly cleared the alphabet, were found most gravely and eloquently talking about law as "a rule of action prescribed by a superior, and which the inferior was bound to obey." Nay, so far was the matter carried, that (as we are informed by a learned writer) in one of our sister states, the first branches of education prescribed in the public schools are reading, writing, and the *laws against capital offences*, which last provision was, no doubt, founded upon the no less true than trite maxim, that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and upon the sagacious reflection that taking care of the life was most appropriately placed before a refinement of the manners.

But, notwithstanding all this, with but few exceptions, law and law books are confined to the profession alone; and, with the single exception of Blackstone, perhaps, such a thing as a law book is not to be found, even in the most extensive private library. Nay, if you attempt to elicit a general conversation upon the subject, you are at once set down as a most intolerable bore. I once boarded at a house where, perhaps, the majority of my fellow-boarders were lawyers; the rest were merchants and tradesmen. The lawyers were, of course, the most loquacious, and in the selection of a subject upon which to dilate, hit upon that inexhaustible one which their never-failing profession furnished to their hands. One by one, our fellow-lodgers began to disappear, until, at last, our host, in an agony of despair, besought us either to leave his house *en masse*, or forever eschew our legal discussions during meals.

And yet, there is, in legal literature, much that is amusing—much that is entertaining—and much, if you please, that is even ludicrous. It will be at once perceived that I do not intend to apply this remark to the dry elementary works which crowd the shelves of the lawyer, and which hold out few charms, even to the learned jurist; but to the "dramatic structure of our reports" as it has been well termed, it is most fully applicable. They are, in many instances, dull and tedious, it is true, but then they are as frequently playful and witty. The sparkling humor with which the history of the bar abounds is, in many instances, preserved; and between the quaintness of the bench and the waggery of the reporter, a leisure hour may be almost as agreeably beguiled in turning over the pages of an old volume of reports, as among the jests and witticisms of our pleasant friend Joe Miller. Let the following cases, extracted almost indiscriminately from a volume of the Modern reports, be taken to show the correctness of these observations:

"*The Queen against Forby*.—A woman was convicted upon an indictment for being a *common scold*. MONTAGUE, in the Trinity term before, moved in arrest of judgment, that the indictment was that she was *communis calumniatrix*, which is not the Latin

word for a scold, but *rixatrix*; and, upon this exception, judgment was arrested this term. *NOTE*.—The punishment of a scold is ducking; and Holt, chief justice, when the exception was first made, said, that it was better ducking in a *Trinity* than in a *Mischaelmas* term."

"*Battersby against Marsh*.—The plaintiff in his bill declared, and called himself a *gentleman*: the defendant pleaded in abatement, that he was no *gentleman*, to which the plaintiff demurred. *PER CURIAM*. The plea is good, being confessed by the demurrer. But it being after *general imparlance*, they put him to answer over."

"*Mrs. Dennis against Dr. Lane*.—Mrs. Dennis was a widow, and had a daughter who was an heiress to eight hundred pounds a-year, to whom the doctor made love: the mother thereupon forbade him her house; yet he came at another day, and meeting the mother upon the stairs, notwithstanding she then again expressly forbade him to go forward, he pushed on to the young woman's chamber in a rude manner. This behavior frightened the daughter's mother so much, that she sent for friends to conduct her daughter to London; of which the doctor having intelligence, came, with three others, and followed the daughter, and came to the same inn, where they lodged at night, and took up the adjoining rooms to the mother and daughter, whereby they put the mother into fits for fear; and the next morning, as they were taking coach, the doctor assaulted the gentleman that put the lady into her coach, and pursued them again that day, and gave out that he would force the daughter from them, so that the mother was fain to hire men to guard the inn that night. This matter was transacted in March was twelvemonths.

"The doctor, at the last assizes at Hereford, meeting the gentleman who was the principal manager of the family, and helped to guard the daughter to London, he being a barrister at law, and a near relation to the young lady, in his gown, assaulted him, and beat him severely with a cane; whereupon the judge of assize bound him to appear the first day of this term in this court. And upon this matter being put together, and on oath by her, that she believed the assault upon her kinsman to be in pursuance of the design upon her daughter; and that she was informed he threatened her, and endeavored to corrupt her daughter's maid, to facilitate his stealing the daughter; *Per curiam*. The doctor's coming in that manner, in despite of the mother's prohibition, and against her will, was good cause to require the security of the peace; and so was the ensuing behaviour of the doctor upon the road. Secondly, This demand of the security of the peace ought to be fresh after the fray or cause of fear given; and therefore, if it had not been for the new assault upon the kinsman, the court would not bind him to the peace here; for the suffering considerable time to pass before the demand of security, is a great sign that the party was not afraid. But here, *there being* an old offence, which one ought to give security of peace for, and a fresh occasion given, which gives probable reason to believe the old grudge continued. The court ordered him to give security to keep the peace, and took his own recognizance in two hundred pounds, and that of two more in one hundred pounds each, but refused to bind him to his good behaviour, because of the length of time; though they declared, that if they had come when the matter was fresh, they would have bound him to his good behaviour, and in a much greater sum."

"*Cockroft against Smith*.—The defendant in a scuffle bit off the forefinger of an attorney's right hand. And in trespass, with a special *ac etiam* by a judge's warrant, the question was, whether the bail should not justify themselves to a sum suitable to the *ac etiam*? And *per curiam*, he was not held to that, he being very poor."

A more recent case, decided by the Supreme Court of this state, is thus amusingly reported by Mr. Wendell:

"The people, on the relation of J. Wilder, Sheriff of Genesee, *versus* C. C. Church.—Motion for an attachment. The defendant, an imprisoned debtor, on the limits of the jail of the county of Genesee, was possessed of a gold watch of the value of two hundred dollars, which he was exhibiting in the bar-room of an inn, in the village of Batavia, to a number of persons, boasting of its value; and, among others, urged it upon the attention of an attorney who was present, and who took it, and delivered it to a deputy sheriff, also present, in whose hands he had put an execution against the defendant for about one hundred and fifty dollars. The deputy advertised the watch for sale, and on the day of sale it was again exhibited, passing from hand to hand, when the defendant snatched it from the hands of a person in whose possession it was, and walked off with it. The sheriff, upon this state of facts, applied for an attachment, which was refused, inasmuch as he might, by virtue of his office, have commanded what force he wanted to prevent the carrying off of the watch."

These are but a few instances, taken at random, from among thousands of a no less entertaining character, with which our books abound. My object in presenting them to my readers is, that I may the more successfully urge upon them a suggestion, which has long been a favorite hobby of mine, and which I yet hope ere long to see fully realized; it is, that law books may cease to be considered in the light of a *noli me tangere*, and that in placing them in the hands of the general reader, a new, and not unfruitful vein, both of information and amusement, may be opened. Am I wrong when I say, that such would be the case even from the brief specimens I have already afforded? I would gladly pursue these ideas further, but the length of this article admonishes me to desist for the present. I shall, most probably, resume the subject in a future number. G.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

In every trade and profession there is room for good sense and genius to display themselves. Let no man, because his lot has not been cast in a high rank of life, therefore relax his exertions, despairing of fame. It is the greatest mistake in the world. Every body knows what a fortune *Contoit* has amassed, by giving a peculiar flavor to his ice-cream; and there is, or rather was, in the city a baker of pies, whose renown gained him the patronage and personal acquaintance of the most respectable circles of society. Who does not know *Cato*? The very town horses would turn up of themselves into the little road that wound around his thronged hotel. Who has not heard of *Benton* the boot-maker, and *Saunders* the barber? Let no one despair of being great, whatever may be his sphere. As an instance, we print the annexed old fragment, which, although itself much worn and soiled, as if by the thumb of some careful student, came to our hand, enclosed in a sheet of snowy white paper. What became of the writer, or him for whose edification it was composed, we are not able to say, the envelope being most provokingly laconic and mysterious in its hints upon the subject. We presume, however, both master and scholar have paid the great debt, and the precious scrap having accidentally fallen into the possession of one of those flippant, news-retailing, rough practitioners in which the city does at present abound, has been neglected and forwarded to us by some attentive friend for the benefit of the profession. We had some idea of declining its publication on the ground that it will not interest our fair readers, they not being able, by any possibility, to appreciate the immense importance of those delicate distinctions and precepts so judiciously laid down therein; but on more mature consideration, we waived the objection, as we have often presented communications for their use which we did not apprehend would touch the fancy of the gentlemen.—*Eds. N. Y. Mir.*

MY DEAR PETER—As I have followed the business of shaving the chins of my fellow-creatures for thirty years, and am now, I fear, about to leave the scene forever, I cannot, my dear boy, better repay your affectionate attachment to me than by a few hints which may be more valuable to your future life than gold. In the first place, my son, do not let any weak vanity touching your present avocation gain entrance into your bosom. Guard against it as a poison, and you may look down with pity upon the numbers who will pass beneath your fingers. This is the great secret of felicity, which so occupies the attention of all mankind. Remember, my son, that a barber has committed to him, although but for a few moments at a period, the happiness of a large number of individuals. Some people may smile at the idea of paying any especial attention to impart a tinge of comfort to so small a space of time; but life is made up only of moments, and he who neglects to improve them separately, will not find them pass lightly together. Take, therefore, the greatest pains to consult the feelings of every one of your customers even in the most trifling point, and you will not only insensibly become a general favorite, and thus, in the end, probably amass a decent competency, but you will feel that you have been well fulfilling one of the best duties of human life. You will easily discover several ways of accomplishing this end. In the first place, cleanliness is all important. Never overlook it in the smallest particular. When you have properly made your lather, (which in my dying moments I can conscientiously declare I have endeavored to teach you in the best manner,) take the most scrupulous care not to daub it all over the chops of the gentleman under consideration. I tremble to reflect how injudiciously some of our profession execute this part of their business. Lay it on so cautiously as not to cover the lips. Gentlemen do not care to eat soap-suds. One of the most important points, however, to be considered, is taking hold of the customer's nose. This is an operation of a most delicate nature. The nose is one of the most important parts of the human system. This may at first seem a little strange to you from the fact, that it is neither so good-looking nor apparently so useful as the other features, yet nevertheless, in that single article, it seems, is preserved the essence of a man's honor. There is something sacred about a nose. Never touch it even in shaving, unless absolutely necessary, and then with the greatest tenderness and care. Lay the fingers gently and affectionately, as it were, on the extreme tip. I have seen ordinary barbers take hold of it as if it were a crowbar. You may depend upon it, although the person so treated may say nothing, yet he experiences an inward feeling of dissatisfaction, and secretly resolves that you shall never shave him again. **

MESSENGERS. EDITORS—I am one of the best fellows in the world, but have been ruined by my unfortunate dislike to one word, viz. *immediately*. I hate it. It has been my fiend through life. I might have married a rich heiress—every body told me so—I had made a deep impression. My friends urged me to address her *immediately*; but there it is, I never will—I never can do any thing *immediately*. I postponed it till I should bring a promising speculation to a close. The time arrived, and I went to my charmer, but she had just gone to a ball with a gentleman to whom she had been but recently introduced, and when, a few evenings after I made the tender avowal, she told me she was extremely sorry, but she was just engaged.

At another time, a rich merchant informed me that if I had funds he could turn them to a most profitable account, if I would call at his office the next day and unite with him in the business. I had funds then, and intended to call, but I had commenced an

interesting book, and I thought when the hour fixed upon for our appointment arrived, that it was no matter about going *immediately*—it would be time enough the next morning. The next morning I went, but the affair had been committed to another, who made two hundred per cent. on his investment. He had been sent for, on my failure to come; he was one of that sort of fellows who do things *immediately*, and so he reaped the harvest. The truth is, *immediately* is a word full of command and despotism. It comes like a master with a whip in his hand, and I cannot bear the idea of being driven. I remember, even at school, it always used to bring the blood up to my temples. "Do it, dear Charles," and I always did it—that is, within a reasonable time; but the "Do it, sir, *immediately*" of my old master, brought all my mule's spirit up at once. I have been fined for non-attendance as a juror. I have lost my passage many a time in steam-boats and stages. I have lost my money. I have lost my character. I have lost all hope of getting any employment, from my enmity to that fatal word. My object in addressing you, gentleman of the Mirror, is to ask whether you can recommend me to any business which is not so pressing and imperative—so—that is—which need not be attended to *immediately*, by so doing you will oblige me greatly, and I will subscribe to your paper forthwith. Your obedient servant, CHARLES LOUNGER.

We cannot accommodate Mr. Lounger. We do not, to say the truth, exactly trust him. We fear for the inducement which he holds out so ingeniously in his laconic epistle. His failing has a direct bearing on it. We are quite tenacious on one point with our well wishers. If they intend to honor us as he hints, we expect them to do so *immediately*.—*Eds. N. Y. Mir.*

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE consider the Mirror especially favored in being selected by Mr. Næck for the publication of his effusions. We present one below. It is a translation from Berenger. By the way, in printing the fine verses, several weeks since, entitled "Recollections of the People," the line "imitated from the French," was accidentally omitted. This is perhaps a matter of little moment to the reader, yet, knowing how unwilling our young friend is to appropriate the thoughts of others to his own use, we crave his indulgence for making the correction here.—*Eds. N. Y. Mir.*

THE FIFTH OF MAY.

From the French.

BY JAMES NÆCK.

Of an heroic empire a forlorn
And humble relic, from the Indian strand
By Spaniards I am in their vessel borne;
Long have I sorrowed for my native land—
Ere now, five years of exile being told,
Far from the Cape I hail the southern skies.
Poor soldier as I am, I shall behold
Fair France again—a son shall close mine eyes.

"Behold St. Helena!" And is it there
The hero languishes in captive pains?
Good Spaniards! here your enmity forswear,
And curse with me his tyrants and his chains.
What can I do to burst his prison's fold?
The time is past for deeds of high emprise!
Poor soldier as I am, I shall behold
Fair France again—a son shall close mine eyes!

And sleeps the mighty thunderbolt, whose burst
Crashed twenty thrones at once? the hope how sweet
To see him rise majestic as at first,
To die with kingly heads beneath his feet!
Ah! from this rock the waves of hope are roll'd,
The eagle reads no more the secret skies.
Poor soldier as I am, I shall behold
Fair France again—a son shall close mine eyes!

He wearied victory, he pass'd her by;
She paused to rest, and never more was found.
Though twice betray'd, he yet disdains to die.
But ah! what serpents twine his path around!
All laurels in their essence poison hold,
The crown of death upon the conqueror lies.
Poor soldier as I am, I shall behold
Fair France again—a son shall close mine eyes!

When steals some furtive vessel o'er the main—
"Tis *He*!" the tyrants cry in weak alarms:
"And comes he to demand the world again?"
To arms, to arms—let millions rise in arms!"
While he, perhaps, by agony controll'd,
Breathes to his land beloved his parting sighs.
Poor soldier as I am, I shall behold
Fair France again—a son shall close mine eyes!

In soul, in genius, great, and great in worth,
What need of sceptres for his lordly hand?
Exalted far above all thrones of earth,
'Tis his on yonder rock sublime to stand,
And thence his glory in a flood is roll'd,
A beacon to all worlds beneath the skies.
Poor soldier as I am, I shall behold
Fair France again—a son shall close mine eyes!

Good Spaniard, say what yonder meets the eye?
A flag of black—oh God! are these my fears!
Oh widowed glory!—He, thy lord, to die!
His enemies around me are in tears;
Far from the rock our silent course we hold,
The orb of day forsakes the glooming skies.
Poor soldier as I am, I shall behold
Fair France again—a son shall close mine eyes!

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

SUPERSTITION.

Poor Maria was superstitious. In early childhood she fell into the hands of a nurse who used to enforce her commands by awakening her terrors both natural and supernatural. She abused her uninformed imagination with all sorts of hideous stories. Now the chimney-sweep was coming down after her—now the Indian with his scalping-knife was at the door, and would carry her off, unless she hushed in an instant; and when even physical pain—the tooth-ache—to which she was subject—drew from her lips screams of agony, she froze the blood in her veins by threats of leaving her alone in the dark cellar, where the ghosts would come from the grave-yards and catch her. For the love of humanity, let me digress a moment to entreat the attention of mothers and nurses to this point. I should almost rather behold the lovely innocent dead in reality, than to watch its young flesh made to crawl with these dreadful delusions, and see some detestable wretch—some vile hireling nurse—some reckless, heartless mother, pouring the poison of superstition into its innocent mind, and thus polluting and embittering the bright current of hope and joy. It is done frequently, and, to a great extent, by those who should know better. It is perpetrated—this massacre of youthful peace—to save trouble. What a murderess is that mother who, to procure a momentary quiet, would inflict on the heart of the helpless being she has brought into the world, a gash which must fester for years and years, and which in too many cases is borne unhealed to the grave. Poor Maria! In early life she had the misfortune to lose her mother, an event to her fraught with more than ordinary horror. Perhaps the very tenderness with which the lovely child had been educated, tended to prepare her for more awful sufferings subsequently. Until the death of that sacred guardian, life had been only a blush of summer light; but relentless fate soon ended the happy period. Long before Maria had attained the age of five years, her mind had been peopled by the cruel oppressions of her nurse with monstrous images, which weighed on her young steps whenever she was compelled to remain alone in the dark. In other respects her spirits were buoyant. From the fine glow of her face when she went forth with you into the sunny woods, when the cheerful blue sky, and the rolling clouds were over her head, and the green branches were stirring around, and all was illuminated, you would never dream of the disordered state of her fancy, and how a few hours could change her mirth into that shrinking, shuddering, curdling horror, which the poor victims of this feeling suffer to so painful a degree. Her cheek would turn pale to cross a lonely hall in the night. When sent into an unoccupied room sometimes on any trivial message, if the twilight had commenced to fall, she would hurry back without daring to look behind her. The rustling of her frock struck her with affright, and she flew to regain the circle which she had left with a fearful presentiment that, ere she reached it, she would feel a cold, dead hand on her shoulder, or behold a form gliding across her path in the linen vestments of the tomb, and with the rigid, ghastly features of a corpse. But when she retired at night to bed, her agonies were at their height. Then it was that every ordinary object grew hideous—deformed shapes glared around her—pale faces floated on the air—grisly demons watched her from the shadowy corners—mysterious forms moved on the floor, or sat in the chairs—or stood, horror of horrors! erect by the bed-side, and froze her soul with infernal terrors—or cold fingers touched her feet—and thus her prolific imagination teemed with

"Gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire."

As years passed on, Maria became more reasonable in her fears. Her enlightened mind rejected and smiled at the monsters to which before she had paid so much respect. She had detected one night, a ghost of unusual solemnity, as a mere imposter, lurking in the form of a white dress; and found herself, on another occasion, nearly congealed with fright at a high-backed chair with a hat and feathers on it. The Indians and the chimney sweeps ceased to make her tremble. She succeeded in dismissing nearly all her ordinary fears—nay, she even smiled as she thought how often she had rushed down a pair of stairs, at the imminent hazard of her neck, to avoid a passing breeze, or, peradventure, a disturbed cat, which, if the truth were known, had been more alarmed than herself. But the effects of such intense superstition was not so easily counteracted. Although she had learned to reason, and could, therefore, on nearly every occasion, force herself to go where she pleased, at any hour of the night, without the remotest belief that she should really be intruded upon by either chimney sweep or Indian, ghost or devil, yet could she not altogether overcome a certain secret disposition to shrink, which, however she might endeavor to laugh, to ridicule, to shame herself out of it, was, nevertheless, there. A certain nervous horror would sweep across her frame, and, like a night breeze upon the strings of an *Æolian*, awake a trembling and mournful idea of sadness. I have related these few preliminary incidents, in order to let the reader appreciate the strength of mind displayed in the following occurrence, which has been told me as a truth, and which I have no reason to disbelieve. To many others probably it might scarcely be deemed worth relating; but we must measure facts by their consequences, and rate efforts of individual character, not solely by what they have done, but by the proportion existing between what they have done, and the means they have to do it.

Among Maria's friends was Julia, dearer to her than life. Like herself, she was young, and lovely, and pure, and then, such an enthusiast! so timid in her thoughts, and yet so fervid; you pi-

ried while you loved her. As for me, I pity any enthusiasm; but in a woman, with her helplessness and frailty, what can it lead to in this dark and stormy world? Is it not a fairy bark lapsing along the bosom of a tide that leads down the cataract where ruin is sure? Is it not like a flower, springing too early, which even when it peeps its blue eyes from the ground, you know is destined to be cut off by the frost?

Among other strange conceptions in the mind of this charming girl, was an idea that she was doomed to an early death. A lofty melancholy in her disposition gave to this presentiment a certain soothing sweetness, which softened its mournful tendency. But it was accompanied by another of a description almost too dreadful for narration, and from which most imaginations would recoil with force, and easily find refuge in incredulity. This romantic girl had derived from some story an ineradicable fear that she should be buried alive. The first impression to which I have alluded is by no means uncommon, for I have found a large number of persons of a melancholic temperament who suffered themselves to fall into a similar state of secret despondency. Any bias the soul may have originally received from reading—any early disappointment—even the ordinary operations of a contemplative mind, are sufficient to account for this; and it is a sad thought indeed, how many probably among the most noble of our race bear life with a patient resignation only as a heavy burthen, for the painful exertion in carrying which, they are in a measure consoled by the certainty of its termination. Many of my readers will not credit this. There are others who know it too well.

As for Julia, her fears—if fears they might be termed—those gentle imaginations which whispered to her of the green swell in the summer church-yard, and her name inscribed there and read by tearful eyes—her fears, I say, touching her constitution, were not even to the most sceptical observer altogether without foundation. She was slender, and rather inclined to that nervous irritability which marks wavering health. Her beauty was heightened by transient gleamings that seemed shed from a soul which, never having wholly belonged to earth, was destined soon to quit it forever. Spots of hectic sometimes glowed on her cheek; her teeth were of that unnatural whiteness said to be indicative of a feeble habit, and besides all the charms of person, refinements of character, and graces of thought and feeling which she had inherited from her mother, she was not wrong in the conclusion that she was also heir to the consumption—the fatal malady to which that beloved mother had herself prematurely yielded—one of the loveliest beings that ever grief laid in the gloomy earth. "No, dear Maria," said this affectionate girl one day to her friend, "I do not wish to disturb my peaceful resignation with any anxious hope. In a little while I shall not be here. Remember me, dearest dearest girl; and when—" then she checked her words as the tears rose in the eyes of her companion, and kissed them away tenderly. No one can tell how they loved each other!

One summer afternoon the two girls were rambling together through a rich piece of scenery, that glowed before their eyes like a picture. Every thing of nature's loveliest seemed to be there, and over the whole the blush of the mellow afternoon light had shed that singular charm, too bright for shadow, too subdued for radiance, which touches a fine landscape sometimes, as if a spell were on it. There were hills in the faint distance, blue and soft like a dream, and rich forests of lavish verdure, and velvet meadows heaved up with undulations; and a narrow river wound in under an old bridge, with the long sweeping branches of willow drooping mournfully over its mirror breast; and a village was seen in the perspective; and a pretty road, skirted with the straggling fences; and cattle were resting in groups, here and there. Every thing was so beautiful, so fragrant, so still. Such hours are holy; they belong to earth in its primeval days, there is in them so little of the hurry and clash and fever of the present world. Was it chance, or was it the intention of either, which had now conducted the pensive steps of Maria and Julia to the little church-yard, where reposed the ashes of past beings; creatures who, like them, had once loved and mourned and roamed over the very grassy fields where now they trod? Whatever might have been the cause, there they stood, and then, after several unsuccessful efforts to disburthen her bosom of the load—the anguish of gloomy forebodings which weighed down her gentle soul, Julia confided to her companion the terror which had long since taken possession of her.

"I know it, I feel it," she said; "you will soon be here alone. You will recollect this hour, this moment. You will—"

"Julia—dear Julia—"

"Listen to me, Maria. I am going to tell you my awful thoughts. When I am dead—forgive me, my beloved friend, but I must go on—when I am dead you must watch over me till—"

They fell upon each other's necks, and wept. It was many days afterwards, that in a calmer moment Maria yielded a promise, that if her friend should die first, no matter what she might be engaged in, if possibility permitted, she would abandon every other occupation, and watch over her body night and day, or see that some other person should watch, until several days had elapsed after her decease.

It was the merriest ball—every body was there. The beauty and joy of the earth seemed concentrated in a single spot, and fairest among the fair was Maria, half bewildered with delight. It was several years after the occurrences just related. Her friend had been to the West Indies, in search of health, and was expected home immediately, and, report said, quite convalescent. In the

midst of the dance a gentleman, bearing the marks of haste and alarm on his person, entered the room; and on learning, in reply to his interrogation, which was Miss Maria, he addressed her hastily, and in a manner that accounted for the absence of the usual etiquette on one side, and caused it to be overlooked on the other.

"I am in too much fear and anxiety for the life of your friend Miss Julia—," he said, "to permit of time even to apologize for this intrusion; but she has just landed, after a long passage from Cuba, and is, I fear, dying at your father's house, whither she gave directions for her removal."

In a few moments the elegant girl, in all the splendors of a ball dress, was bending over the dying Julia, who, with a look of tenderness, uttered the words, "Remember your promise," and fell back lifeless on her pillow.

"Remember your promise. Yes," she thought, "while the very blood curdled in her veins, 'I will remember it, I will perform it.'"

It was daybreak when the father of Maria stole softly into the apartment where his daughter had insisted, from some unaccountable caprice, on watching by the dead all night and alone. On opening the door, he perceived her shrunk away into a corner, her eyes started from their sockets, her hands clasped together convulsively. It had been too much for her. She was dead—an awful lesson to those who surcharge youthful minds with imaginary horrors.

SEDLAY.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

THE LATE MRS. SARAH LOUISA P. SMITH.

WHEN gifted minds are taken from the world, the public sustain a loss; and it is but justice to ourselves to mourn that bereavement, and to recount their endowments in the sincere language of affection and truth. The papers have announced the premature death of Mrs. Sarah Louisa P. Smith, formerly Miss Hickman. She was born June thirtieth, 1811, and died February twelfth, 1832, in the twenty-first year of her age. Her maternal ancestors resided many years at Newton, near Boston, but Louisa was born at Detroit, while her grandfather, Major-general William Hull, was governor of that territory. She went to Massachusetts in her infancy with her good mother, and there received her education, under her watchful eye. She early attracted the attention of those who had the care of her as instructors; they loaded the extraordinary child with medals and tokens of approbation, as proofs of her proficiency. The ease with which she acquired information was not more remarkable than the modesty which accompanied her superiority. She was so affectionate towards all her schoolmates, that they readily gave up their pretensions to share in the rewards bestowed upon her talents and acquirements. She began, from the promptings of her imagination, to write almost in infancy; and these productions were redolent with Castalian dews. She had a quick perception, and a most wonderful memory, and she acquired knowledge without any apparent effort: still her mind was in constant activity. In looking over some of her early productions, we are surprised at their depth of thought, as well as the felicitous manner in which she clothes her ideas. Her mind seems to reflect the images of nature, as the pure and transparent waters of a lovely lake. She gathered, selected, and combined these images, and gave them voice and harmony, as the fabled sea-nymphs blended poesy and song in their coral cells. Her first productions were shown to her instructors and family friends, without the ambition of literary distinction. To gratify them she now and then ventured to send some of the pieces she wrote to the periodicals of the day, under various signatures; the publishers not conjecturing from whom they came. These were greatly admired, and often reprinted. Good judges spoke of these productions as beautiful specimens of descriptive and sentimental poetry; and, although it was impossible not to see the glow of youthful fancy about them, yet no one imagined that they came from a school-girl, who had just entered her teens. While yet her name was a secret to all but a few, she heard her effusions compared with those of Henry Kirke White, and of Mrs. Hemans, and others of that school; and when her friends would no longer suffer the concealment of her name, and it was announced that I. L. C., S. L., Ella, &c. &c. was a young lady of fifteen only, the public were not a little incredulous as to the fact; but were, after a while, perfectly convinced, for she was applied to by several of the publishers of the annuals, &c. for pieces for their volumes, which were furnished with a promptitude no less surprising than their excellence. Miss Hickman being now known, she became an object of attention. If she would not have been called beautiful by the crowd, there was something so deeply interesting in her countenance, something so prepossessing in her whole appearance, that the tasteful would at first sight have pronounced her no ordinary woman. Her countenance was full of the light of mind, and her head was of that peculiar form that would have thrown the phrenologist into ecstasy. Her complexion was fine, soft, and delicate, and her expression sweet and mutable. In the autumn of 1828, Miss Hickman was married to Mr. S. J. Smith, then the editor of a literary periodical in Providence. The next season they moved to Cincinnati, in Ohio. This union was short, but one of great affection. Before they left Providence, her husband published a volume of her poems, collecting some of those previously given to the public in the columns of literary papers, and others were written as the book was passing through the press. It is at all times a hazardous thing for a poet of maturity, and in full strength, to gather up his fugitive productions, and present them in a volume. R. T. Paine, Mrs.

Hemans, and even Moore, for a while lost fame by such a course. The mind is so constituted that it will not relish a profusion of sweet morsels at once so readily as if it met them accidentally; but Mrs. Smith did not share the common fate of authors in this respect, for many of the papers, from Georgia to Maine, noticed her volume; if not all with equal discrimination, they all abounded in a high measure of praise. While she resided in the west, she was ranked among the sweetest minstrels of that region: a land of charming scenery, and of minds of fresh and vigorous thought. She found the muse on the borders of the beautiful Ohio as fond to inspire their votary as they were on the banks of the Charles, where she first courted their smiles. To form a just estimate of her merit, we must take into view her age, and the circumstances under which she wrote. She indulged in no reveries of fame or profit, but took up her pen to pass a leisure hour, and to pour out her heart upon some theme that casually came across her imagination. She had no jealousy of rival poets, but read their works with the kindest feelings, and was at all times alive to their merits. With the elements of mind, taste, and feeling such as hers, religion—pure, warm, unaffected religion—was almost certainly to be found in the very fitness of things. Hers was the religion of belief with affection; the exercise of benevolence in word and deed, attended by the brightest visions of hope and immortality. No one can express their views of futurity better than herself:

"I would not have thee deem my heart
Unmindful of those higher joys,
Regardless of that better part
Which earthly passion ne'er alloys;
I would not have thee think I live
Within heaven's pure and blessed light,
Nor feeling nor affection give
To Him who makes my pathway bright.
I could not chain to mystic creeds
A spirit fetterless and free,
The beauteous path to heaven that leads,
Is dimm'd by earthly bigotry;
And yet for all that earth can give,
And all it e'er can take away,
I would not have that spirit rove
One moment from its heavenward way;
I would not that my heart were cold
And void of gratitude to Him
Who makes those blessings to unfold,
Which by our waywardness grow dim;
I would not lose the cherish'd trust
Of things within the world to come,
The thoughts that when their joys are dust
The weary have a peaceful home.
For I have left the dearly loved,
The home, the hopes of other years,
And early in its pathway proved
Life's rainbow hues were formed of tears;
I shall not meet them here again,
Those loved and lost and cherish'd ones,
Bright links in young affection's chain,
In memory's sky unsetting suns.
But perfect in the world above,
Through suffering and trial here,
Shall glow the undiminished love
Which clouds and distance fall'd to sear.
But I have lingered all too long,
Thy kind remembrance to engage,
And woven but a mournful song,
Wherewith to dim thy page!"

The mind of Mrs. Smith was not like that of one of those precocious beings who early reach the height of their powers, and after, having astonished their friends by the premature blossoms of spring, yield no summer fruit or autumnal harvest. What she might have done, if she had lived, can easily be inferred from what she was doing when taken from us; she was then reviewing her early partialities in letters, criticizing the justice of her own opinions, and reversing her judgments when convinced that they were wrong. These are the labors of a strong mind and an honest disposition, and when taken up with ardor and persevered in, seldom fail to end in greatness.

One of her last productions was a dirge, written at the request of a friend, who was engaged in a work upon some portions of the annals of Poland, and when he came to that affecting passage of history where Kosciusko fell, and was supposed by all Warsaw to have been dead, he wished to introduce a hymn, as sung on that night of grief by the holy sisters of the convent. The following lines were furnished a few days after the request was made; they are full of eloquent beauties:

DIRGE.

Through Warsaw there is weeping,
And a voice of sorrow now,
For the hero who is sleeping
With death upon his brow;
The trumpet-tone will waken
No more his martial tread,
Nor the battle-ground be shaken
When his banner is outspread!
Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moon-beams smile;
Sisters, let our solemn strain,
Breathe a blessing o'er the slain!
There's a voice of grief in Warsaw,
The mourning of the brave,
O'er the chieftain who is gather'd
Unto his honor'd grave;
Who now will face the foe-man?
Who break the tyrant's chain?
Their bravest one lies fallen
And sleeping with the slain.
Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moon-beams smile;
Sisters, let our dirge be said
Slowly o'er the sainted dead!
There's a voice of woman's weeping,
In Warsaw heard to-night,
And eyes close not in sleeping,
That late with joy were bright;
No festal torch is lighted,
No notes of music swell,
Their country's hope was blighted
When that son of freedom fell!

Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moon-beams smile:
Sisters, let our hymn arise
Safely to the midnight skies!
And a voice of love undying,
From the tomb of other years,
Like the west wind's summer sighing
It blends with manhood's tears;
It whispers not of glory,
Nor fame's unfading youth,
But lingers o'er a story
Of young affection's truth.
Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moon-beams smile:
Sisters, let our solemn strain
Breathe a blessing o'er the slain!

The prose writings of Mrs. Smith were as direct evidence of intellectual superiority as the best of her poetical productions. They are marked with that ease, grace, and enchanting sweetness that may be found in her happiest efforts in verse. If the term may be allowed—and what shall be condemned that fairly illustrates a truth—there is a sort of *eider-down of the soul* under all the nestlings of her creation, that gives them the softest repose that can be imagined. She attempted no eagle-flights—these were to be the efforts of riper years—all her thoughts were in the moonlight groves of the nightingale, or in the sunny vales, among the birds of paradise, whose delicate and fairy feathers upturned to the sun, drink, reflect, and untwist all the glorious rays of light that blaze in the Indian isles. The duty of the biographer is not ours; but we would not, we could not yield the dictates of our judgment to the overflowings of the sensitive eulogist, yet we cannot take our last look of this delightful vision that has so lately passed away, without thinking that she "was free among the dead" before she had fulfilled the ordinary years of her minority. If conjugal affection, maternal care, or the prayers of a host of devoted friends could have saved her, she would still have been living. She died at the same age of the youthful bard, to praise whom, in never-dying verse, Byron stopped from his strange wanderings, and to commemorate whom, Southey wrote a volume. Whose duty it may be to become the biographer of Mrs. Smith, time must determine. To be prepared for the task, he should possess taste, feeling, and genius. S. L. K.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

COOKERY.

We have not met a person, for many a day, more to our fancy than Miss Prudence Smith, the author of the subjoined unique and humorous treatise. She makes out her case to the great satisfaction of the reader, and deserves the friendly considerations of every lover of good cheer. No man who values a pudding, and knows how to appreciate excellence in the most solid of all the arts, can forego his praise. We remember to have once heard John Randolph, in the senate, ascribe the dyspepsia to our banking system, but that detracts nothing from the originality of Miss Prudence Smith's idea in following up the love of country to a partiality for certain dishes. The work to which this lively sketch is a preface, is entitled "Modern American Cookery," and has been just published by the Harpers.—*Eds. N. Y. Mir.*

I think it was the Edinburgh Review, which, some years ago, pronounced Madame de Stael the greatest woman of the present age,—a decision which could only have come from one of the most barren and uncivilized countries of the Old World, where they know nothing of the excellent art of cookery; otherwise, these abstemious reviewers would not have overlooked Mrs. Hannah Glass, who, in my humble opinion, hath done more for the happiness of mankind than all the blue-stockings of this and every other age. There is scarcely a civilized being who hath not benefited by her labors in the cause of human happiness; and it is one of the indications of a base, ungrateful world, that neither statute, nor monument, nay, not even a biography or a pudding, hath been consecrated to her memory! She hath shared the fate of the great Homer, whose birth-place remains to this day a matter of doubt and uncertainty. Certain hungry poets and writers talk of banqueting on the said Homer; but this is, doubtless, because they have never had an opportunity of tasting the fruits of Mrs. Glass's unparalleled genius, which as far outshines and overtops that of Mrs. Hemans, and other female vendors of empty poetry, as doth a white fricassee or a dish of buttered eggs exceed the frothy evaporations of a sickly and fantastic brain, moistened by the dews of Parnassus. There is nothing, indeed, which in my opinion, more strongly marks the retrograde course of the human mind, notwithstanding the boastings of the present age, than this, as it were, putting the cart before the horse, in giving the preference to mere works of beauty and ornament, such as literature and the fine arts, over those of utility and necessity. If we judge by the nature of the benefits conferred, what comparison can there be between the false sentiment and flimsy philosophy of Madame de Stael and the solid puddings of Mrs. Glass? If we are to test the matter by the extension of the benefits derived from the genius of these two illustrious rivals, may it not be said of a truth, that where one hath profited by the labors of the former, thousands, yea, tens of thousands, have tasted the manifold blessings of those of the latter? Lastly, if we compare the pleasures and advantages of these labors aforesaid, is there any comparison between the delight of discussing a rich and savoury dish, concocted after a sublime receipt of Mrs. Glass, and a tough, dry point in the politics or philosophy of Madame de Stael? Can any

one live on the productions of the latter, except, perhaps, a few booksellers and critics? And is there a single one of my countrymen who does not daily derive his sustenance from those of the former?

Since, then, these facts are undeniable, it follows, as a thing of course, that the Edinburgh reviewer, or whoever pronounced the dictum in favor of Madame de Stael, has been guilty of a base injustice, for which he merits to remain forever ignorant of the ineffable beauties of Mrs. Glass's productions, which, in the estimation of all persons of real unadulterated taste, are far superior to those of any other female that ever existed, and, indeed, I may say to those of any male, not excepting the illustrious Dr. Kitchiner.

To those who may be inclined, from a false and frivolous estimate of things, to undervalue the art of cookery, it will be sufficient to say, that it is the distinguishing trait which separates the man from the beast. In vain may philosophers confound themselves and their readers with definitions of reason and instinct, which run into each other like butter and sugar in a hot apple pie. I say in vain; for were it not for the art of cookery, it would forever remain impossible to give a just definition of man. He is emphatically a cooking animal, or he is nothing. Hence, in all countries which boast of a great degree of refinement, cooks are placed in the same rank with fiddlers and opera dancers; and the illustrious Signor Paganini is only to be equalled in the estimation of the refined people of Paris and London, by the illustrious Monsieur Ude. Nay, these professors of the art of all arts are not only great themselves, but they confer greatness on others; since not a few persons of high pretensions among the *beau monde* derive all their consequence and the attentions paid them from the fortunate circumstance of having an excellent cook. Again, the influence of cookery on domestic happiness must be evident to all those who have had experience of the toils and troubles of a married life. Plutarch (or, if not he, I know not who it was) informs us that the only way in which the divine philosopher Socrates could alleviate the acerbity of his wife Xantippe was, by a peace-offering of a cake sweetened with the honey of Mount Hymettus, which never failed to put her into a most dulcet humor. We learn, too, on the same high authority, that Diogenes, the greatest grumbler of all antiquity, could not resist the divinity of a savoury dish, and became one of the merriest creatures in existence at a plentiful feast. He counterfeited the coin of Athens to purchase a dish of peacocks' livers. In short, it cannot be denied, that all the moral qualities of mankind are disciplined, restrained, aggravated, and mollified by the nature of the food to which they are accustomed. A man who lives on solid beef, &c. will ever be found to be an overmatch for one who starves his energies upon sickly milk and vegetables. I never knew a crosspatch of a woman who was not fond of crabs and pickles; or a testy, dissatisfied grumbler who did not prefer soup made of snapping turtles, to all other food. Without doubt, eating, not manners, makes the man. The physical qualities, in like manner, depend on the nature of our food; and I have heard it asserted by an eminent physician, that he had no doubt the body might be kept in a state of perfect health by a proper adaptation of food to its various changes and aliments. Thus, for instance, the headache might be cured by a proper application of calves' head soup; the gout, by a timely administering of calves' foot jelly; the liver complaint, by a persevering diet of fried liver; and the most obstinate love-fit, by a regimen of ox heart stuffed with heart's ease, and served up with truffle-sauce, which vegetable, growing entirely under ground, is naturally cooling and consolatory. The learned Huet, the greatest scholar of his time, relates, that whenever he found himself getting melancholy he ordered a wild pigeon for supper, which he affirms to be a sovereign remedy for low spirits. Thus all mankind, in sickness and in health, are at the mercy of cookery, which hath achieved more revolutions in the world than all other causes put together. There is not one of these on record which may not be traced either remotely or immediately to the influence of hunger, which, originating in the scarcity of food, naturally produced a total annihilation of cookery and cooks, and thus led to a complete overthrow of the laws and constitution of every state where such an unfortunate attitude of things arose. It is not generally known, that the rejection of the reform bill in the British house of lords originated in an unlucky feud between two noble lords, (each holding twenty-five proxies,) one of whom had seduced the cook of the other, whose skill was unparalleled in the concoction of *coquille de turbot à l'Allemande*.

If, then, the mere mechanical art of compounding and cooking is held in such exalted estimation that it places its possessor in the rank of fiddlers, opera dancers and singers,* and sways the destinies of nations, what honors can be above the merits of those great public benefactors who invent, nay, create the most glorious dishes by the mere force of a sublime and original genius? Talk of an epic poem! Verily, gentle reader, it is little better than talking downright nonsense. There are the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Æneid,

* "A cook," says Livy, "is a great man; cookery is become an art—a noble science; cooks are gentlemen; and spits and stewpans are held in honor among us."

So too Seneca:—"There be many things wherein the wit of man doth magnify and exalt the good gifts of nature; but what is so noble as that divine science which teacheth to improve those gifts, adding, as it were, sweetness unto sweet, and favors more exquisite unto those which were already all but perfect!"

Confucius says, "He who finds a new pleasure is one of the most useful members of society." What does he deserve, then, whose inventive mind is so fortunate as to engender an improvement, or even a new combination, in cookery? It is the *res ædæ*; the perfection of human intellect—the divine art of promoting man's happiness—worthy the profoundest study of the philosopher, and the most glowing praises of the inspired poet. *Alquando bonus dormitat Homerus*.—The good Homer sometimes nodded, yet did he not spoil his poem; but who ever heard of a cook nodding without spoiling a dish?

the Pharsalia, the Argonauts, the Jerusalem Delivered, the Paradise Lost, the Henriade, and the Vision of Columbus;—but there is only one plum-pudding and one Mrs. Glass!

Respecting the comparison between the pleasures of sense and those of the intellect, a vast many sentimental and erudite people have belied their experience and consciences by asserting the superiority of the latter. But it is quite a sufficient answer to all such egregious nonsense (to call it no worse) to remind my readers, that, for the most part, all the exertions of the intellect are subservient to the gratification of the appetite. Why doth the poet steal verses, the historian invent history, the romance-writer compile romances, the critic retail all other opinions save his own, and the philosopher stultify himself and his readers with abstract speculations? Of a certainty for no other end than that they may be enabled to partake in the marvellous productions of the genius of Mrs. Glass, *videlicet*, that they may eat. Again, gentle reader! didst thou ever in all thy experience meet with a man who could perform any illustrious action, achieve any great intellectual triumph, or enjoy the charms of nature, or revel in the delights of sentiment, when he was bitterly an hungered? Verily, of a truth, to do any thing illustrious, to enjoy any good with a zest, to think, feel, or even exist, the one great thing necessary is—to eat. Without eating there would be no philosophy, no poetry, no fine arts, no creations of fancy, or productions of the intellect. Hence the maxim of the famous Latin poet, Persius, *Ingenii largitor venter*—the stomach is the giver of genius; meaning, doubtless, that the great stimulative to the exertions of the mind is the desire of eating. Eating may thus be pronounced the real *summum bonum* which so puzzled the philosophers of antiquity. It was from a remote perception of this sublime truth that one of these sages, whose name I have forgotten, laid it down as a maxim, that in order to be happy in this world, “we must live to eat, and not eat to live.”

Much hath been said and written on the comparative excellence and delight of eating and drinking; but, in my opinion, there can be no doubt of the superiority of the former. Drinking, with any other intent than to give a keener relish to the enjoyment of food, is a most swinish and demoralizing practice, inasmuch as it confounds the intellect, inflames the passions, and renders the legs, which may be justly likened to the understandings of mankind, incapable of supporting the superincumbent weight of the man-machine, or of proceeding in an upright and straight-forward course of life. It is, doubtless, for this reason that the societies for the encouragement of temperance confine their meritorious exertions to abstinence in drinking alone, justly considering, that what ignorant philosophers are pleased to call gluttony, produces nothing but gout, apoplexy, epilepsy, catalepsy, dyspepsia, and such like trifles, which neither interfere with the decorums of society, nor occasion any other immoralities than a little occasional grumbling, swearing, and ill-humor, which, being for the most part exhibited within doors, is only felt by the domestic circle, and is, therefore nobody's business, since the most accurate and logical moralists all agree that true virtue consists in a scrupulous regard to outward appearances, and that a man may be as wicked as he pleases within doors, provided he plays the hypocrite without, and sets a good example to his neighbors.

Another crying proof of the immense, yea, paramount importance of eating will be found in the examples of our young men of fashion and fortune, who go abroad, it would seem, to no other end than to purify and improve their taste in this noble science. I have observed, that with the exception of a competent outfit of whiskers, very few of them think it worth while to bring home any thing but a critical taste and profound knowledge in the flavor and concoction of certain savoury dishes, such as *potage à la reine*, *piéd de cochon à la Sainte Menchould*, *omelette aux trussés*, *brochet au bleu*, and the like, as conceitedly compounded by Delmonico and other marvellous professors of the sublime science, whom they daily visit for the purpose of displaying the improvements and advantages of travel in foreign parts. Many people of profound ignorance in these matters imagine they go abroad to improve their manners and morals, and gain a knowledge of mankind in various countries; but those who see the inside of things know very well that French cookery and the restaurateurs at Paris are at the bottom of the matter.

Lastly, to give a triumphant and convincing proof of the superiority of cookery, it will be sufficient to observe that what is commonly called patriotism, or love of country, may be traced to an attachment to certain national dishes. Would any man in his senses, except, perhaps, an Edinburgh reviewer, ever think of living in such a barren inhospitable country as Scotland, except from an inborn attachment to haggis and oatmeal cakes? In like manner, the devotion of Irishmen to Old Ireland is undoubtedly of potato origin; that of John Bull to a traditionary reverence for the roast beef of Old England, now extinct among the common people; that of the French to a morbid attachment to soups; of the Spaniards to a superstitious reverence for ollas and garlic; of the Germans for sour-kraut; of the Virginians for bacon and greens; of the universal Yankee nation for pork and molasses, cucumbers, and pumpkin pies; and of the Arabs for dates. In illustration of this, an Arab, as is said, once visited various portions of Europe, and, being asked his opinion on his return, horrified his hearers by telling them there was not a single date-tree to be seen. “What a country!” exclaimed they all; “what a country that has no dates! It is only fit for a Giaour.”

Impressed with a firm conviction of these solemn truths, from my greenest youth, when I used to play about and make dirt-pies

with my brothers and sisters, I had a stirring ambition to be useful in my generation; and it was ever my opinion, as long ago as I can remember, that nothing in the whole circle of female duties was so useful and becoming to a modest and virtuous woman as a practical knowledge of the mysteries of cookery. Without this knowledge I bethought myself that no woman could properly fulfil her destiny as the companion, the friend, and the solace of man, inasmuch as I have before proved that man is a cooking and an eating animal; and my good mother used ever to tell me that she did always allay the rage and discontent of my father with a smoking hasty-pudding. Hence it was, that from my earliest recollection I devoted myself to the reading of books treating of the science or art of cookery, inasmuch that I believe there hath not been a work on that subject published for the last hundred years that I have not actually devoured. That I might become profoundly versed in the matter, I studied Greek, Latin, and French under a learned Theban, who taught these languages in six lessons without understanding them himself, which was very remarkable, and who was happy in being remunerated by nine lusty apple-dumplings, which, he facetiously observed, was one for each of the muses. After this, I made a voyage to Havre, under the care of the excellent Captain Dibdill, to whom I did present a copper stewpan in acknowledgment of his great skill in navigating his vessel, and his polite attentions to me when I was seasick. From thence I proceeded to Paris, where I remained two years and three months, lacking two days, studying and practising under the most illustrious *artistes* of that famous city, such as *Hamel Freres*, of the Café Hardy, in the Boulevard des Italiens, No. 12, and the yet more famous *Corcellet*, No. 104 Palais Royale. It was at these places that all the Americans and English of distinction resorted, to perfect themselves in the great end of travel; and I may say without vanity, that the unequalled reputation which some of their dishes acquired was in a great measure owing to a certain person that shall be nameless. By these means my mind is, as it were, imbued with the spirit of cookery; and I never see any animal or vegetable whatever without thinking in my own mind whether it might, peradventure, be wrought into some savory dish. Indeed, I will candidly own that I have no other standard for estimating the utility of any thing than its capacity to administer to the sovereign propensity of man—to wit, eating. “Good to eat or good for nothing,” is my maxim.

Though arrived at the age of discretion, which, in my opinion, no woman attains under fifty, I have never been married. I spoiled my complexion by poring over the fire, studying the practical part of the sublime science, and, like all great cooks that I have ever heard of, grew fat, as it were, by broiling over the coals. Hence, the idle young fellows of my acquaintance paid me little attention; and I have been for many years past left to the unmolested enjoyment of my favorite pursuit, without any other solace than the proud consciousness that I was preparing myself to be useful to the great mass of mankind, instead of being subject to the caprices of one alone. For this purpose, it has been my practice for more than thirty years past to subject every receipt for cooking to the test of actual experiment; that is to say, I tried every one, and *tasted* the result. If it was marvellously excellent, and of a triumphant relish, I did forthwith record it in my receipt-book, like unto Mrs. Marianna Starke, with certain notes of admiration, the number of which indicated the degree of its perfection. In this manner did I collect many hundreds, yea, thousands of receipts, the most rare and valuable ever offered to the world in one single volume.

When I had completed sufficient materials for about twenty volumes, I consulted my brother, the parson, about publishing them. But he discouraged me sorely, saying, that after all there was nothing original in them except a new recipe for making apple-sauce; that it was a mere compilation, and only telling everybody what everybody knew before. I was not a little mortified, and somewhat angry at him for talking in this manner. However, finding me determined to publish my collection, he offered me twenty dollars for the whole, as I verily believe, that he might burn them up; for I suspect he was jealous. I rejected his offer, and told him I meant to take them to New-York myself, and get them published there. My reverend brother laughed at this, but I could see he was very much frightened lest I should go. He tried to coax me not to think of such a thing; but I was resolved, and accordingly came to New-York, under the care of Deacon Roger Goodfellow, as pious a man as ever split a shingle, though some of my neighbors tried to raise a scandal about my travelling with him alone in the steam-boat. I must say, I was received with great attention in New-York, and was what they call a lion, until I was cut out by a young lady in short petticoats from Paris.

But I was subjected to some little mortification, such being the lot of all mankind, on the score that the bookseller declined to publish my twenty volumes, and set me about selecting all those receipts which had six notes of admiration to them; by which means the cream of my twenty volumes was skimmed, as it were, into one milkpan. For my part, I don't see why I may not sell twenty volumes of cookery as well as my brother twenty of sermons. I am sure I know as much about cooking as he does about preaching. However, on the score of abridgment my publisher was resolute; and I was compelled to submit with as good a grace as I could muster, but told him plainly outright, that if people now-a-days published nothing but what was original, the press would stand as still as old Squire Doolittle's mill, which is built on Little Dry River, and has had no water to set it going for the last fifteen years. My brother was wroth at this, saying it was a re-

flection upon his twenty volumes of sermons, which he had published at divers times.

To conclude: to the man of taste my work cannot fail of proving a rich banquet; to the antiquary in savory sauces and erudite compositions, it offers food for the gratification of his favorite pursuit; to the lovers of good fare, it holds out a fair opportunity of attaining their great object; to the epicure, a treat by treating of the mysteries of the palate; to the scholar, it cannot fail of being a treasure invaluable by solacing him in his hours of relaxation from severer studies; to the man of science, it presents a mirror in which he may see the mysteries of his craft exemplified in the practical results of experience and skill; to the sage, it will afford matter of the most lofty and interesting contemplation; to the fool, a subject of easy digestion; to the aged, consolation; to the young, anticipation; to the married ladies, the means of establishing a firm and stable government in the domestic empire; and to the young, it comes in the shape of a Mentor to teach them a charm more potent than was ever contained in the cup of Circe, or circumscribed in the girdle of Venus. Let these last abandon mischievous novels, unseemly romances, and naughty poetry, and cultivate as well as enrich their minds by a constant perusal and practice of the precepts contained in my darling little book, which I now send forth into this wicked romance-ridden world with all the feelings of a fond mother parting from an only child. So may they in good time wed some rich husband who can afford to practise all my precepts, live in a three-story house with mahogany doors, red window-frames, and marble mantel-pieces, keep a French cook, and liquidate his debts at least once in his life by advertising his creditors that he has stopped payment. The public's well-wisher,

PRUDENCE SMITH.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

THE admirable poem of Dr. Drake, published in our last number, is generally admired, and, though we can hardly hope to enrich our columns with many such pieces thus snatched from oblivion, we have it in contemplation, at no distant day, to make up, in a succession of numbers, an American *Anthology*, which shall embrace, and fix the authorship of many poetic writings that we think the world “would willingly let live,” if properly brought before their notice. This, however, as a labor of some research, must not be prematurely hurried into. In the meantime, having observed that many of the lighter periodicals, which are starting into existence around us, find their account in serving up as a standing dish to their readers a *risfacciemento* of scribbles, of one kind or another, from the English magazines—and that without giving credit to the sources whence they derive these materials—it has occurred to us, as an object worthy of the Mirror, to arrest and preserve in its columns whatever, in this ephemeral kind of writing, *when of native origin*, tends to illustrate the tastes and manners of the day. In pursuance of this view, we commence this week, under the head of “*Humors of a young man about town*”—by which title the writings of the author were first known to us—a series of articles which appeared originally in the New-York American, under a variety of signatures. The first number will be found below. If the thing takes, we may follow it up, by ransacking old drawers and commonplace-books, until we can make up a museum of native curiosities, composed of writings, droll or grave, since the time of the revolution; without, however, trenching upon the room allowed to original matter.—*Eds. N. Y. Mir.*

HUMORS OF A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

THE THAW-KING'S VISIT TO NEW-YORK.

HE comes on the wings of the warm south-west,
In the saffron hues of the sunbeam drest,
And lingers awhile on the placid bay,
As the ice-cakes languidly steal away,
To drink these gems which the wave turns up,
Like Egyptian pearls in the Roman's cup.

Then hies to the wharves, where the hawser binds
The impatient ship from the wistful winds,
And slackens each rope till it hangs from on high,
Less firm pencil'd against the sky;
And sports in the stiffened canvas there
Till its folds float out in the wooing air;
Then leaves these quellers of ocean's pride
To swing from the pier on the lazy tide.

He reaches the Battery's grassy bed,
And the earth smokes out from beneath his tread;
And he turns him about to look wistfully back
On each charm that he leaves on his beautiful track;
Each islet of green which the bright waters fold,
Like emerald gems from their bosom rolled,
The sea just peering the headlands through,
Where the sky is lost in its deeper blue,
And the thousand barks which securely sweep
With silvery wings round the land-locked deep.

He loiters awhile on the springy ground,
To watch the children gambol around,
And thinks it hard that a touch from him
Cannot make the aged as lithe of limb;
That he has no power to melt the rime,
The stubborn frost that is made by time;
And sighing, he leaves the urchins to play,
And lanches at last on the world of Broadway.

There were faces and figures, of heavenly mould,
Of charms not yet by the poet told;
There were dancing plumes, there were mantles gay,
Flowers and ribbons flaunting there,

Such as of old on a festival day
 Th' Italian nymphs were wont to wear.
 And the Thaw-king felt his cheek flush high,
 And his pulses flutter in every limb,
 As he gazed on many a beaming eye,
 And many a form that fluted by,
 With twinkling foot and ankle trim.

And he practised many an idle freak,
 As he lounged the morning through;
 He sprung the frozen gutters aleak,
 For want of aught else to do;
 And left them black as a libeller's ink,
 To gurgle away to the sewer's sink.
 He sees a beggar gaunt and grim
 Arouse a miser's choler,
 And he laughs while he melts the soul of him
 To fling the wretch a dollar;
 And he thinks how small a heaven 'twould take,
 For a world of souls like his to make.

And now as the night falls chill and gray,
 Like a drizzling rain on a new-made tomb;
 And his father the Sun has slunk away,
 And left him alone to gas and gloom.
 The Thaw-king steals in a vapor thin,
 Through the lighted porch of a house, wherein
 Music and mirth were gayly mingled;
 And groups like hues in one bright flower,
 Dazzled the Thaw-king while he singled
 Some one whereon to try his power.

He enters first in a lady's eyes,
 And thrusts at a dandy's heart;
 But the vest that is made by Frost, defies
 The point of the Thaw-king's dart;
 And the baffled spirit pettishly flies
 On a pedant, to try his art;
 But his aim is equally foiled by the dust-
 y lore that envelopes the man of must.

And next he tries with a lover's sighs
 To melt the heart of a belle;
 But around her waist there's a stout arm placed,
 Which shields that lady well.
 And that waist! oh! that waist—it is one that you would
 Like to clasp in a waltz, or—wherever you could.

Her figure was fashioned tall and slim,
 But with rounded bust and shapely limb;
 And her queen-like step as she trod the floor,
 And her look as she bridled in beauty's pride,
 Was such as the Tyrian heroine wore
 When she blushed alone on the conscious shore,
 The wandering Dardan's unwedded bride.

And the Thaw-king gazed on that lady bright,
 With her form of love, and her looks of light,
 Till his spirits began to wane;
 And his wits were put to rout,
 And entering into a poet's brain,
 He thawed these verses out:

"They are mockery all—these skies, these skies—
 Their untroubled depths of blue—
 They are mockery all—those eyes, those eyes,
 Which seem so warm and true.
 Each tranquil star in the one that lies,
 Each meteor glance that at random flies
 The other's lashes through;
 They are mockery all, these flowers of spring,
 Which her airs so softly woo—
 And the love to which we would madly cling,
 Ay! it is mockery too;
 The winds are false which the perfume stir,
 And the looks deceive to which we sue,
 And love but leads to the sepulchre,
 Which flowers spring to strew."

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

THE Maid of Judah, at the Park theatre, continues to attract large audiences, and to elicit general, and we think increasing signs of gratification. No one can fully appreciate even a single piece of music at one hearing, far less a long opera. The mind is at first rather bewildered and dazzled. The actors, the interest of the plot, the scenery, the dresses, all divide the attention. It is only after one or two repetitions, when the excitement created by these in a measure subsides, that the beauty of the music begins to break upon you with a new power. This remark is peculiarly applicable to compositions like most of those in the present opera, which are of a high order, but occasionally too grave to strike an ordinary fancy at first, although the beauties of Rossini are frequently discernible. We are not inclined to rank the Maid of Judah with Cinderella as a piece. It wants the rapid succession of gay, soft, and tender melodies, the light and brilliant accompaniments, the splendid chorusses, which have given to its predecessor such an unprecedented popularity. Portions of it, although beautiful, are comparatively heavy, and the characters are not so well cast. For example, Mr. Richings had the part of Cedric, a glaring blunder in the management, we cannot term it at all a rare one, as a similar mistake in Masaniello has given the audience marked displeasure. Cedric should clearly have been awarded to Mr. Thorne. Whenever there is a part in which this gentleman's voice would tell, it seems fated that he is to be excluded, and he too often is thrust, doubtless as much against his own will as that of others, into *light tenor* business; why, unless to preclude the possibility of his appearing to advantage, we are totally at a loss to divine. We must, nevertheless, add, in justice to Mr. Richings, that he got through his music, considering its

excessive difficulty, with great *tact*, and added one other to the numerous evidences he had previously furnished, of his sterling merit and general utility. In saying that the *bass solos* and divisions, written for a first-rate singer, were not within his reach, we mean only to complain of the cast. The overture selected by Rophino Lacy for the Maid of Judah was that of Semiramide; and he has, after the custom of the day, introduced various parts of it into the melo-dramatic music. The overture played on the present occasion is not distinguished by any extraordinary merit. Why it was chosen we are unable to say, as we heard the overture to Semiramide, one of Rossini's best efforts, played admirably at this house a short time since. On the whole, however, the Maid of Judah strongly excites the audience, and will advance the reputation of this establishment for opera. As Rebecca, the high-minded and beautiful Jewish maiden, Miss Hughes, in several respects, surprised us very agreeably. She sustained it with a spirit and impassioned feeling, a warmth and vividness of conception, and a general grace and power, which we had not discovered in her previous efforts. All her dialogue with Bois Guilbert was beautifully given. We were not prepared to find her so charming an actress. Her singing was very sweet and effective. The slow movements in which the piece abounds were executed with a most pleasing ease and firmness, and fine intonation. The quintette and chorus in the fifth scene of the last act, are exquisite, perhaps equally so with any thing of the kind, our audience, as yet inexperienced in opera, have ever had an opportunity of hearing. We allude to

"Oh! cruel fate, with horror fraught,
 To tyrant rage I fall a prey.
 Condemned to die—oh fearful thought!
 My soul recoils with dread dismay."

The melting, the thrilling power and meaning imparted to these four simple lines are wonderful. They occur immediately after the condemnation of the beautiful and unhappy Jewess to be burnt at the stake. The parts are filled by Miss Hughes, Messrs. Jones, Thorne, and a young gentleman of pleasing address—Mr. Stanley. The tremulous and appealing tenderness and pathos which Miss Hughes here flings into her voice, will be observed by every hearer; and through all the parts there is a character of subdued despair, of deep anguish and horror—a moaning and a wailing of lamentation that perhaps expresses, as well as sound could do, the farewell to life, the dark thoughts of death, which youth, and innocence, and feeling, and love might breathe while trembling on the awful brink. We do not think it easy to overrate the beauty of this composition, nor to award too warm praise to those by whom it was sung.

Mr. Jones, with his fine rich tones, could scarcely fail to distinguish himself in *Ivanhoe*. Indeed, we thought several times we liked him better than ever. He has, however, one song which, although we hear it with pleasure, seems too light for his broad, and if we may so speak, *massive* voice. We mean "When the trumpet of fame." It is, however, an inspiring air, and was encored. "All by the shady greenwood tree," too is extremely light and animating. Barnes acted Wamba in good style, with one or two exceptions. Placide has nothing to do in Gurth to call forth his talents. The band, this season, have played well together, and they executed the music set before them in this opera to the letter. Nevertheless we cannot deny that the orchestral parts are defective. A *second tenor* is absolutely necessary, and the effect of the two *clarionets* playing leading parts, the one enacting *first hautboy*, the other *first clarinet*, with a second to neither, throws such preponderance into the leading melodies, the harmony being totally deserted, as to be destructive of the effect. Every musician, and to such we address this observation, will readily subscribe to its justice. The *trombone* also evidently played the *bass* of the stringed instruments, and not that which was intended for it. Now, having fulfilled our duties as critics, we have pleasure in repeating that the management has presented the public with a beautiful opera, and one worthy of universal patronage.

RICHMOND-HILL.—The new drama of Victorine, as nightly performed at this theatre, is well worth seeing. It would scarcely be possible to find a more effective representative of the bewildered sempstress than Mrs. Duff, and the whole piece is got up and cast in a judicious manner. Dimond's popular play of the "Doubtful Son, or the Secrets of a Palace," is in preparation, and will shortly be produced.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. PAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1832.

Removal of Washington's bones.—We congratulate our readers on the negative which the firmness of an individual has put on the question lately resumed in congress touching the remains of Washington. As far as we can ascertain, there is scarcely a person of intelligence in the city who did not regard the proposition to convey them to the capitol as absurd, if not sacrilegious. What could be more strikingly opposed to the character of this great, yet calm and retiring man, than an ostentatious procession—an empty pageant—a marble temple—an oration, perhaps? It would be a display for the vain, and a gratification for the curious, but a mockery to the reflecting, and an insult to the memory of him who can gain no more fame from the speeches of any man. Every body has heard of the tomb of Washington. Only a vulgar taste would wish to behold it tricked out with flimsy decoration. It needs no aid from monument. Even the most exquisite specimen

of art would only disturb our impressions, and degrade the moral grandeur of the place. Nothing is to us more noble and inspiring than the majesty of nature which marks the spot, and the deep, yet tranquil associations which it awakens. We love simplicity in all its forms. It enhances beauty, adds splendor to genius, and ennobles even virtue. We acknowledge the fine power of its presence whenever we meet it, even in the ordinary occurrences of life. It makes music and poetry charming. Science—nature itself we love for its sake. But as an expression of any extraordinary moral feeling or principle, it is indispensable. Go to the grave of one you love, and cover it with gold and silver—let there be spread around it every costly display of wealth as a tribute to the departed, how instinctively the soul would recoil! how infinitely it would prefer the plain green sod, and the drooping branches, and nature in her ordinary attire. But over the sleeping place of persons not known to fame, it is requisite to fix some distinguishing token, at least where the lost one is mouldering in a crowd of others. Yet this token should be plain, in our estimation. No carving, or gilding, or labored epitaph would we behold above those whom death has snatched from our eyes. If our impressions of one merely dear to our affections would be disturbed and lowered by an attempt at display, how much more inappropriate then would be such an effort in the scene where repose the ashes of Washington? Now he rests beneath a simple mound, which overlooks a magnificent river. The spot is overshadowed by trees, beneath which his venerable form has moved. Near is the mansion where he lived and died, and adjacent stands a broken summer-house, often consecrated by his presence. Every where around are inscribed the names of the thousand pilgrims who have been there amid the soft and pleasant summer shadows, elevated with grateful love and awe for the savior of their country; and the whole Eden is as far removed from the jar of human life as he himself was from its low thoughts and its selfish passions. Around are only the sounds and the charms of nature—the scented breeze—the bursting flowers—the lavish verdure, and the blue sky of a world which he rendered better and happier,—and the stranger who treads through these sacred solitudes feels all his soul absorbed in the most elevated meditations. Now, who wishes to break in upon this quiet and beautiful repose of nature—this silence fitting the dead, with the throng and pressure of eager steps, with the sound of drum and fife, and thus to pamper a vulgar appetite for national excitement, to violate the sanctity of the tomb, and drag out the sacred relics to the light of day?

Address of General Lewis.—We learn with pleasure that the corporation have solicited a copy of the address pronounced by our venerable fellow-citizen, General Morgan Lewis, on the late anniversary of the birth-day of Washington, and that it will be published, together with the odes written by Mr. Woodworth, and also an account of the general ceremonies of the occasion. It will form a neat pamphlet, and will be acceptable as a memento of the day.

New-York Traveller.—A large and very handsomely printed sheet, bearing the above title, has recently made its appearance among the weekly papers of this city. Its columns are well filled with interesting matter, much of it original. The editor and proprietor is Mr. Freeman Hunt, a gentleman, if we may judge from his former efforts, every way qualified to conduct it. If the succeeding numbers equal the first, we shall have no reason to retract the very favorable impression we have already received of the general utility and excellence of the work. It is more especially valuable to travellers, to whose service it is devoted; and that, in these days of steam-boats, rail-roads and omnibuses, means to the service of every body. We welcome Mr. Hunt to the editorial corps of the city, and wish him every success in his new and laudable undertaking.

New-England Magazine.—These numbers are, from their great merit, fully entitled to notice, as they successively appear. The work is gaining rapidly in public favor, and deservedly receives the most pointed eulogies from the press. We are gratified in being at length able to recommend a monthly magazine which is at once good, and bids fair to be permanent. Peabody & Co. are the agents for this city.

The Court and Camp of Buonaparte.—This is a neat volume, just from the press of the brothers Harper, and contains a full-length portrait of Talleyrand—very pretty indeed. It forms the twenty-ninth number of the Family Library.

Employment for Females.—Seven hundred females are employed at a lace establishment, in Newport, Rhode-Island. An eastern editor is in raptures about the matter, and declares it a pleasant sight to see so many ladies taking the veil!

Italian Politics.—The English papers state, on authority, that the Italians detest the very name of the French, and are looking anxiously for a coalition with Austria.

Charles X.—The Parisians are quarrelling about Charles the Tenth again, and in a manner which implies a strange state of feeling. The newspapers censure the chamber of peers for proposing to substitute the word "king" for "ex-king," in a proposition respecting the discarded monarch and his family. They accuse the peers of having made the suggestion in order to court popularity.

Cholera Morbus.—An American traveller in Europe hopes the authorities of this country will not be so unwise as to adopt quarantine regulations for guarding against the importation of this scourge, as those in Europe have been found totally inefficient for the purpose. His objection is, that they embarrass commerce!

THE FOUNTAIN OF MARRAH.

A SACRED SONG.—WRITTEN BY MRS. HEMANS—MUSIC BY O. SHAW.

Moderato.

Where is the tree the pro - phet

threw In to the bit-ter, bit-ter wave, Left it no set-on where it grew, The thirst-ing soul to save? Hath na-ture lost the

hid - den pow'r Its pre-cious fo - llage shed? Is there no dis-tant east - tern bow'r, With such sweet leaves o'er - spread?

With such sweet leaves o'er - spread?

Ad Lib.

Dim. Cres. Dim. *p*

SECOND VERSE.

Nay, wherefore ask, since gifts are ours,

Which may well im - bue,
Earth's many troubled founts with showers
Of heaven's own balmy dew;
Oh, mingled with the cup of grief,
Let faith's deep spirit be,
And every prayer shall win a leaf
From that blest healing tree.

Miscellany.

LOVE.

Love is a pain, love is a pleasure,
It is a burden, it is a treasure,
It is a pang, it is a bliss,
It is a hit, it is a miss.
Love makes us proud and makes us shabby,
It makes us sad and makes us crabby;
Oft makes us wise and full of wit,
But oft'ner fools, for bedlam fit.
Love's full of hope and full of fear,
Feels flatter'd there and slighted here;
Is selfish now, devoted then,
Loves all mankind and hates all men.
Love makes oft rich and often poor,
The miser's and the spendthrift's cure;
Makes ugly fair, and stupid bright,
Makes right be wrong and wrong be right.

A SPANISH PROVERB.

Tell me what friends your daily rambles share,
And I will tell you who and what you are.

REPARTÉE.

The faculty of replying suddenly and to the purpose, is to be acquired by mingling with the world. A student, if you give him time, will invent the most severe retorts; but the ready colloquist has learned to be rapid as well as witty. In the hands of a gentleman the power may become exceedingly useful in exposing presumption and repelling impertinence. I have seen somewhere the versification of a fine repartee by Lord Castlereagh:

"As t'other day Lord Castlereagh
Stopped to change horses on his way;
While at his ease reclining on his couch,
A N—h ragman ventured to approach;
His face distorted by malignant grin,
The index of the little soul within:
Rejoiced that he had hit upon a plan
To gain applause, and to insult his man.
He offered snuff, and, with a spiteful sneer,
Said, 'Irish blackguard,' to the noble peer.
His lordship, whose good genius never lags,
Quick answered thus the saucy man of rags:
'I seldom snuff, but, good sir, when I do,
I'll always think of blackguard and of you.'"

A RIDDLE.

A correspondent has sent us the annexed riddle as an original production. It may be so; we have no means of judging. The solution is *nothing*.

Before creating nature will'd
That atoms into forms should jar,
By me the mighty space was fill'd,
Of me was form'd the first made star.

For me a saint will break his word,
By the proud atheist I'm revered;
At me the coward draws his sword,
And by the hero I am feared.

Scorned by the meek and humble mind,
Yet by the vain, and poor possess'd;
Heard by the deaf, seen by the blind,
And to the troubled conscience rest.

Than sacred wisdom I am wiser,
Yet by every blockhead known;
I'm freely given by the miser,
Kept by the prodigal alone.

As vice deform'd, as virtue fair,
The courtier's loss, the patriot's gains,
The poet's purse, the coxcomb's care,
Read, you will have me for your pains.

AN ECLIPSE NOT MENTIONED IN ASTRONOMY.
Godlike in soul, his radiant brow he reared,
A seraph's peer mid Eden's bowers and balms,
Till at his side the lovely Eve appeared,
And veiled his beauty in superior charms.

Epitaphs.

ON A SLUGGARD.

Ho! passerby—come, sing or sigh,
Or laugh, as the humor takes thee;
Here, under ground, I sleep so sound,
The deuce himself can't wake me.

Here lies General Tully,
Aged one hundred and five years fully;
Nine of his wives beside him doth lie,
And also the others when they die.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1832.

No. 37.

ANTIQUITIES OF NEW-YORK.

THE WALTON MANSION-HOUSE.—PEARL-STREET.

Drawn by Davis.—Engraved by Mason.

WHAT citizen or stranger has ever passed through Franklin-square, in this city, without gazing with interest on an antiquated, large, three-story edifice, built in the English baronial style of the last century? It is called the "Walton-house," because it was erected by an aristocratical Englishman of that name, nearly a century ago, and has ever since remained in the family. The entrance-hall is in the centre of the building, with large, old-fashioned parlors and drawing-rooms on each side. The portal is in fine keeping with the style of architecture, which then distinguished the English patricians from the plebeians.

The portico is supported by two fluted columns, and surmounted with the armorial bearings of the Walton family, richly carved and ornamented; but, like all insignia of nobility on this side the Atlantic, somewhat the worse for wear. Were we conversant with the technics of heraldry, these arms should be described, but being totally ignorant of the mysteries of that profound science, we are not competent to the task. The pride of ancestry is a kind of pride of which we know nothing, although we have read much; and so long as we know that our grandfather did his duty in the revolutionary war, and received a certificate of approbation from Washington, we are not ashamed of him, and feel quite indifferent whether he inherited "the blood of all the Howards," or whether one of his remote progenitors actually turned the spit which sustained the goose which fed the queen when she heard the news of her foes' defeat on Shrove-Tuesday.

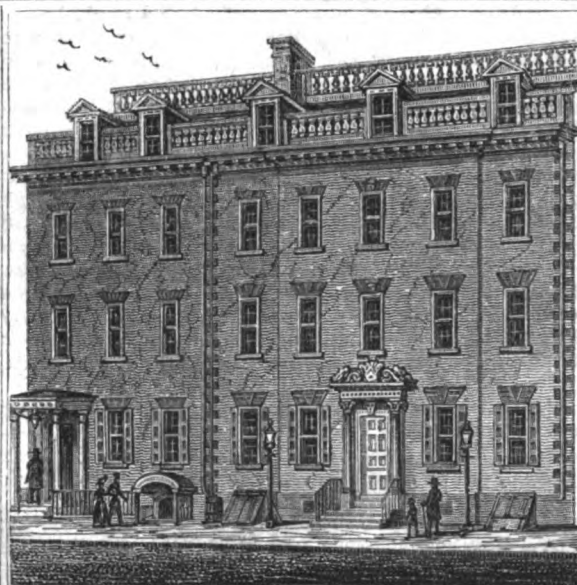
The Walton-house is now No. 326 Pearl-street, in the midst of a most dense population; but, when it was first erected, there was but one building on that side of the street, between Peck-slip and the commencement of Cherry-street. The diagonal junction of the latter with Pearl-street, then created an acute point of land, which now constitutes Franklin-square. At the period to which we allude, there were not half-a-dozen buildings in Pearl-street north of Franklin-square. For many years afterwards, that region, comprising at present the populous streets called Roosevelt, James, Oliver, Catharine, and Oak, together with Batavia-lane, was an impassable bog, denominated "Swamp Meadow," being almost wholly covered with stagnant water, holding communication with the Collect by a stream which crossed Chatham-street.

That section of the city which is still called the "Swamp," extending from Beekman to Frankfort-street, was then literally a swamp, being a wet, boggy waste, covered with trees and bushes, where wild birds built their nests and laid their eggs, as they fondly thought, far from the invasion of wicked school-boys, who learned their *a b, abs*, somewhere in Broad-street. Here, also, did sportsmen resort for game; here did whole herds of swine, not then employed as city scavengers, earn their own living by rooting up roots and ground-nuts; and here were luscious blackberries, far more plenty than satisfactory reasons for winding Pearl-street round the margin of this quagmire. The natural course of Pearl-street, from Peck-slip, is Cherry-street. But the whole city (modern improvements always excepted) is a labyrinth—a puzzle—a riddle—incomprehensible to philosophers of the present day.

With these introductory remarks we publish the following description of the Walton-house, politely furnished by Mr. Pintard.

This family dwelling-house was in its day—indeed, still is—a noble specimen of English architecture a century ago. It is a brick edifice, fifty feet in front, and three stories high, built with Holland bricks, relieved by brown stone water-tables, lintels, and jams, with walls as substantial as many modern churches, standing along the south side of Pearl-street, formerly called Queen-street. The superb staircase in its ample hall, with its mahogany handrails and bannisters, by age as dark as ebony, would not disgrace a nobleman's palace. It is the only relic of the kind that probably at this period remains in the city, the appearance of which affords an air of grandeur not to be seen in the lighter staircases of modern buildings.

This venerable mansion is one of the very few remaining in uninterrupted succession in the family of the original proprietor. It was erected in 1754, by William Walton, Esq., who lived and died a bachelor, and bequeathed by him to his nephew, the late Honorable William Walton, whose son, advanced in years, now occupies the premises. The family of Walton, of English ancestry, is one of the most respectable of this city; we know not whether allied to the Reverend Izaak Walton, of *angling* memory, whose delectable treatise on the subject will be read and esteemed by amateurs of the rod, line, and hook as long as waters flow and trout swim. The first William was distinguished by the appellation of *Boss Walton*, by way of pre-eminence. The title is



Dutch, and given even now by apprentices and subordinates to their principals and superiors.

Boss Walton was a merchant, and resided in Hanover-square. He acquired an ample fortune by an advantageous contract with some Spaniards of St. Augustine, which enabled him to build by far the most expensive, capacious, and elegant house at that period in New-York. When the foundation was laid, his fellow-citizens all wondered that he should choose a site so far out of town, it being then almost at the eastern extremity of the city, but at the present time it is considerably west of the centre, between the Battery and Corlaers-hook. This edifice was the pride and admiration of our forefathers of former days—and children, as the writer of this article well remembers, as an incentive to good behavior through the week, were treated with a walk on Saturday afternoon to see and admire Boss Walton's fine house.

Boss Walton was very hospitable, and gave, as he could well afford, the most sumptuous entertainments of any person in those plain, but bountiful days. At the termination of the old and last French war with this country, in 1759, (which was crowned by the conquest of Canada, whereby the British colonies in America, and especially the province of New-York, were relieved from the incursions and aggressions of the French, and the dreadful terrors and sufferings by the tomahawk and scalping-knife of their savage allies, the Indians,) every demonstration of joy was evinced by the good citizens of Albany and New-York. The British army, on its return from Canada, was hailed and treated with the most profuse prodigality. Among others, Boss Walton entertained the chief officers in a magnificent manner. His table was spread with the choicest viands, and a forest of decanters, sparkling with the most delicious wines. The sideboard groaned with the weight of brilliant, massive silver—none of your tinsel, superficial, plated ware that dazzles and mocks the eyes of modern times.

After the peace of 1763, the English parliament manifested its intention of taxing the colonies for the purpose of refunding the debt incurred by the recent war. The colonies had no objections to paying their liberal quota of the expenses, but wished to do it in their own way, through the medium of their own legislatures, which were best acquainted with the circumstances of the people, and remonstrated against "taxation without representation;" pleading, moreover, that the colonists, harassed by long and sanguinary wars, were poor and exhausted—which was the fact. The plea, however, was rebutted in parliament, by an appeal to the elegant entertainments given by the citizens of New-York to the officers of the British army, and the dazzling display of silver plate at their dinners, equal, if not superior, to any nobleman's, which hospitality and exhibitions were adduced as proofs of the wealth and prosperity of the colonies. But every colonist was not a Boss Walton—the generality of our merchants and citizens were humble, but not indigent. Remonstrances were vain—the ministry persisted—the stamp act, duties on teas, &c., were soon enacted, which led to discontents and riots—and opposition to the mother country ensued. The Boston portbill and reinforcement of British soldiers in that town followed, which led to the battles of Lexington and Bunker-hill, the declaration of independence, and a seven years' war, that ultimately terminated in its acknowledgment by the British king, and the emancipation of these United States from foreign thralldom and subjugation. Long may they exist, free from domestic strife, and in their present happy enjoyment of civil and religious liberty!

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE CRIME AND THE PUNISHMENT.

"Poor Charles! He is so sensitive—so enthusiastic—so delightful—so—so—every thing, I almost fear I shall soon love him in earnest."

"In earnest, Caroline—in earnest?" replied Mary, with unfeigned astonishment; "and do you not already love him in earnest?"

"Ridiculous, Mary. Do you think it? You talk like a little girl."

"If suspecting you of loving Charles B—, and expressing my suspicions—if this is talking like a girl, I confess—"

"But, Mary, who is Charles B—? a mere worthless—"

"Worthless!" exclaimed Mary, with increased emphasis and wonder.

"I mean worthless as to money, Mary; penniless, I mean. You know he has neither wealth, nor friends, nor influence, nor is he likely to have any of these all-important matters."

Mary looked down and bit her lip. Her eyes even grew slightly moist, and a new color passed over her cheek. She was thinking to herself how much dearer these very deficiencies, which her companion represented as insuperable objections to loving him, made Charles B— to her.

"No, Mary," continued Caroline, "I do not love him. I even spoke jestingly when I said I feared that I ever should. I never thought—never dreamt of such a thing."

"But, Caroline, your looks, your words—all, all your actions when he is present, contradict your assertions. And he looks on you with such a deep passion, that I am sure, although I am no great believer in heart-breakings either among men or women, yet I am sure what you have said would—"

"Fiddlestick! nonsense!" replied the beautiful but heartless girl, blushing with gratification. "That he loves me, I know well enough, but for my loving him, excuse me; oh, no! the man I marry must be a great, rich, and admired. He must be the glass of fashion, and the model of beauty; he must be the envy of the men, the adoration of the women; he must attract all eyes. He must have a house furnished like Aladdin's palace; pictures, books, music, splendid equipage, obsequious servants, admiring friends. In summer we will travel, in winter we will revel; life shall be all a gay, bright, magnificent dream."

"Poor, poor Charles, indeed," murmured the lips of Mary; "and he thinks you love him—"

"Well?"

"And you, Caroline, I fear—"

"Well, what do you fear, with such a pair of pitying blue eyes as these?"

"I fear, Caroline, you have led him on to think so."

"Why, ha, ha, ha! was ever such a joke? To be sure I have—I like him—just so far off. I delight to have him fix those melancholy black eyes of his directly on mine as if, the saucy fellow, he was dreaming of all sorts of tender things, and had the power of reading every thought of my mind, when, with all his penetration, he knows just as much about what is passing there as he does of the matters in the moon."

"And yet you say—"

"But, don't interrupt me; let me speak in my defence, will you? It is a superb gratification to feel that you have the love of such a being as he certainly is. He is so noble, and so sad; and he calls me *Miss Buckingham*, as if he were all the while wanting to say *dearest Caroline*; and he watches me so wherever I go—in the dance, when I am singing—even when he is behind me, I can feel his eyes."

"But, Caroline, are you not afraid that when he comes to know your real opinion of him—"

"What, that he will blow his brains out? Oh! that would certainly be delightful, now duelling is out of fashion, and against the law, (what stupid people they send to the legislatures!) the only real way a lover has of showing his sincerity to his mistress, is to shoot himself."

"And how do you mean to explain your intentions to Charles?"

"I don't mean to explain them; let him ask, let him offer. I declare I have not had an offer these three months. I don't see the use of being a belle, if one does not have offers."

The characters of the two young ladies, between whom this conversation occurred are tolerably well developed by it. The one was a coquet; lovely as she was cold-hearted; brilliant but superficial; the only talent which she really possessed was a faculty of making herself appear much better than she actually was. The other, a sweet modest girl, of a totally opposite description; not so striking in her appearance, but with a softer and a *dearer* face, and a more quiet grace, more enduring and winning beauties,

both of mind and person. She had beheld—for she could not avoid seeing—that Charles B— was strongly attached to her friend, and she had at first realized a kind of noble and disinterested happiness in the reflection that he would be happy. She was, therefore, as she well might have been, thunderstruck, at the little *éclaircissement* which had just taken place between her and Caroline. A strange throng of opposing and tumultuous thoughts crowded upon her. Why should she start with a secret joy at what she had heard, notwithstanding her indignation against the unfeeling conduct of Caroline, and her pity for the disappointment which awaited Charles? There could only be one reason—she had never permitted herself to search for it before. She hastened to her apartment alone; she buried her face in her handkerchief; burning tears gushed from her eyes; she could no longer conceal it from her own reason. She loved him herself—deeply, dearly. A gleam of rapture shot across her soul, and yet her love was unbidden; perhaps, nay, *certainly* unwished! Shame crimsoned her cheeks; again she buried her glowing cheeks. Oh! Cupid, Cupid! thou hast a world of cruelties to answer for.

Among the few friends really attached to Charles B— was young Lewellen, the heir of a noble and wealthy family in England. Two people of opposite characters may be, nevertheless, devoted to each other, and Charles and Lewellen were familiar and fond as Damon and Pythias. The one was gentle and sad, the other bold and merry. Charles was silent and reserved in company, while Lewellen displayed a thousand flashes of wit and humor. One laughed at the world, the other felt more inclined to weep.

They met one evening; the one with spirits so high as to be scarcely repressed, the other moody, and apparently miserable.

"I am the happiest fellow in the world," said Lewellen.

"And I am the most wretched," added Charles.

"I am inspired with love," said Lewellen.

"And I am racked with it," added Charles.

"The loveliest creature in the universe has made an Apollo of me," said Lewellen.

"And the loveliest creature in the universe has made a fool of me," added Charles.

They were confidants on all subjects, and Charles listened with a beating heart to a glowing account by his friend of a half-budding attachment just springing in his breast, for a being as pure and amiable as light ever shone on.

"And she loves you?" asked Charles.

"I have every reason to believe so."

"And you love her?"

"Dear Charles, I pause often before I give myself up to a woman, but I am just trembling on the brink, and I feel a touch, a breath could cast me down headlong."

"Happy fellow," replied Charles; "how different your fate is from mine. I too loved, and thought my love rewarded. Step by step I have been led on, until at length I find I have been trifled with by a detestable, heartless coquet, and am now cast off."

"But, dear Charles, are you sure the mistake has not been on your side?"

"Impossible! impossible! The idea that a sweet woman had given up her soul to me, is the last that I would admit into my mind. Nothing but a series of long and close observations could ever make me believe it; but then my diffidence has limits, and bating all the world of looks and *double entendres* with which, in this instance, I have been greeted, she has herself so nearly told me she loved, that, shame upon her and my own credulity, I no longer doubted, and accordingly offered her my hand."

"And she, I suppose, blushed and sighed, and turned away her head tremblingly, and lisped out 'no,' or she did 'not know what to say,' or she was 'totally unprepared,' or any other of the thousand capricious things with which women love to torment us, their tyrants, when for a brief moment we are in their power. You then, like a true swain, you withdrew from her presence, overwhelmed with confusion, and have come here to unbosom yourself to me; and she has hastened, 'on the wings of love,' to unbosom herself to some friend of hers, and—"

"Indeed, Lewellen," said Charles, reproachfully, "you wrong us both. She coolly answered that such a question from me was not unexpected, neither was it unwelcome, inasmuch as it afforded her an opportunity, without any violation of female propriety, to repress a feeling which she had long had cause to fear had arisen in my heart; a feeling, she added, as unbidden on her part as it was unwarranted, and, as it must be, hopeless on mine. Oh! who could have believed Caroline N— such a consummate hypocrite, such a finished coquet!"

"Caroline N—!" exclaimed Lewellen; "I am thunderstruck. Why, it is Caroline N— of whom I spoke; who loves me; whom I nearly loved—can there be two Caroline N—'s?"

"Yes, Lewellen, there are; but they are united in one person. Caroline N— the lovely, the amiable, the pure; and Caroline N— the vain, the heartless, the deceitful, the hateful."

A glow of crimson shot over the face of Lewellen. He reposed both in the judgment and veracity of Charles the most implicit confidence, and he loved as much as he respected him. They parted, and I will hasten to the end of my story. It was several months after the period just alluded to, Caroline and Lewellen appeared more intimate than ever. It was a match—every body said so. What a fine young couple they were? How many admiring eyes followed them, as they passed along the fashionable and crowded promenade. His tall, erect, and elegant form, so graceful and manly, and she hanging so affectionately and so confidently

on his arm; and then he was so rich. She was a fortunate girl; and she was so brilliantly beautiful. He was a happy dog.

One evening the two young men were together at the residence of Mary and Caroline. From more careful examination of the character and reputation of the latter, they had discovered her irresistible propensity to exercise her fascinations upon the men without any more serious intention than that of amusing herself with their struggles, and exposing her conquests.

There is no hate like love slighted, and confidence betrayed; and when the attachment of an honest man is trifled with, the time he takes in passing from one extreme to another is very short.

As for Charles, his feelings had taken a new turn. I will not descend to minutiae; but, at the time of which I speak, he was sitting in the embrasure of a large and heavily curtained window, in a very earnest, and, apparently, delightful conversation with Mary; and from the expression of perfect satisfaction which had settled upon her features as she felt the gaze of Charles B— lingering on them, the observer might draw what conclusion he pleased. It is wonderful what a spiritual beauty the consciousness of requited love sheds over a sweet woman's face. Earth has no gift to offer her like these moments. There are certain faces which light up, like the sky, in its richer colorings—faces which you have often looked at without discovering any thing extraordinary in them, and which others pass over without notice. Charles thought, as he gazed, it was very strange that he had never observed before how infinitely more graceful and charming every look of Mary's was than those of her cousin. He had been blind—deaf—stupid—under the influence of a silly passion; these, and similar thoughts, passed through his mind.

At the remote end of the opposite apartment opening into the one where they sat by means of two large folding doors, Lewellen also hung over the seat occupied by Caroline at the piano. There needed no ghost to come from the grave to convince any observer that they were, (as the expression is) *making love*. Yes, Caroline, the gay—the wild—the free—even she was caught at last. When such a creature does at length yield to the influence of passion, she is thrown off her guard. Lewellen, too, by his manner, betrayed the deepest devotion—she felt that her heart was full of happiness—she felt that her eyes no longer concealed the subtle and oppressive feelings of delight which had overpowered her bosom.

A conversation, which had been carried on through the breaks of the music, and sometimes mingling with it, in a low tone, at length appeared drawing to a crisis. He took her willing hand. She thought he would press it to his lips. She felt his face was over her, warm with looks of love, and lifted her eyes tremblingly to his. A strange sight met her. His noble features were, indeed, lighted up, but with a withering look of indignation and contempt. She was starting from him, but he held her hand, grasped in his, and spoke, in a low deep voice, every rich, mellow tone of which sank, like a dagger, into her soul.

"Miss N—, do not deceive yourself. I should *once* have loved you. I thought you fair and honest. I have found you false and cruel. She who could wantonly sport with the feelings of one man, can never be faithful to another."

He cast her hand from him sternly, and left the room. It was an impudent thing in him to use any lady so, good reader, I confess, but I really think she was rightly served.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS.

BY ROLEY M'PHERSON.

Endor. Transformed! did'st say?
Magus. Ay, in the body of a horse, his cabin'd soul,
Fretted beneath the bestial drudgery;
And murr'ring curses, with its hopeless prayers;
Did seek deliverance.—*The Pythagorean, a MS. tragedy.*

In a very thoughtful mood I was, during the last summer, strolling along the streets; it was a soft, dreamy day in June. The sun, half obscured by a hazy fleece of vapors, straggled like a loitering school-boy lazily upon its course. The passengers in the streets, "like wounded snakes," dragged their lengths along. The very spirit of dulness seemed to pervade all things, myself among the rest; a feeling quite uncommon with me, who am noted for a certain sprightliness of manner, quite at variance with the general appearance of things on the day to which I allude. Thus sauntering along, cogitating the while on the last novel, the late batch of aldermen, and other dull and sleepy subjects, I was suddenly awakened from my stupor by a violent trembling, that shook me from the soles of my feet to the extreme end of the longest hair on my head. I thought of Mount Atlas in an earthquake, and the tower of Babel in an ague-fit. I wondered at the cause; it seemed, too, as if I had grown six inches taller. There was something very odd in this, happening, too, upon a warm day in June, and upon a man who had witnessed six engagements and never trembled! I continued my walk, not, however, without the determination of inquiring of my physician the first symptoms of yellow fever. The next thing that surprised me was, to see a gentleman, whom I did not know nor recollect of ever having met before, take off his hat to me in the most civil way imaginable; accosting me, at the same time, with a "How d'ye do, Mr. Smith?" Now, as my name does not happen to be Mr. Smith, I wondered at the man's impudence; for I certainly looked upon it as such. Mistake it could not be. I was well assured of that, not only from a certain confidence in the fellow's look, but also from a firm conviction I have, and always have had, that I bear no resemblance whatever to any person with the every-day name of Smith. I looked back upon the stranger, but think-

ing it hardly worth while to ask an explanation, I moved on. I had not taken more than twenty steps, when a very well-dressed and rather rakish spark ran towards me, with both hands extended, in the manner of one who salutes an old friend, and seizing upon my ten digits, squeezed them heartily, while he exclaimed,

"Ah! Smith, my boy, how are you? Glad to see you. How's wife and the little Smiths?"

This was too much. "Sir," said I, with the most dignified air of surprise and resentment, "you, you are mistaken, my name is not Smith."

"Not Smith," cried he, with a most provoking laugh, "not Smith; come, that's a good one; ha! ha! one of Bob Raffer's old jokes, eh? Do very well with his creditors; sly fellow that Bob. But come, doff that sober phiz of yours, and tell us did you really lose on Betsey Baker, or was that all a take in?"

I was perfectly dumb with astonishment; but thinking this was carrying a joke rather too far, I at length found words to inform my facetious friend that I was as ignorant of Bob Raffer or Betsey Baker as he was of the manners of a gentleman. With this, accompanied by a look of contempt, I turned upon my heel, and had the satisfaction of hearing two or three loud "ha, ha's!" and a "that's a good one," from the fellow, as he scampered up the next street.

I had hardly got rid of this annoyance, when another and another person, neither of whom I had ever seen, passed me with an easy familiar nod of recognition, that completely astounded me. Was I asleep! in a trance! or actually in the possession of my senses! Had all these people conspired to trick me into the idea that I was not myself! I was absolutely bewildered; it was evident something was in the wind; but what the mystery was I could not unravel. But my troubles had only begun; for while I was in the midst of these feelings of astonishment, vexation, and bewilderment, one of those very civil gentlemen, known among "the fancy" under the cognomen of "barons," (*Anglici*) bailiffs, accosted me with a bow and a grin; the one as an apology for the other, and both as an apology for his business with me. After a "Good morning, Mr. Smith," this most obsequious of bum-baileys presented me with a writ, at the suit of one Thomas Selvage, tailor, against "Mr. Penruddock Smith, for the sum of four hundred and twenty-three dollars and fifty-seven cents," the same being "for divers articles of gentlemen's wear," purchased of the said Thomas Selvage at sundry times. After examining this document with the most perfect surprise, I turned to the interesting bearer of it, and informed him in as few words as possible that he was deceived in the person, that my name was not Smith. The wretch screwed his face into another horrible grin.

"Mayhap, I've saw Mr. Smith afore to-day, so no tricks upon travelers; if so be as how you have the ready, I'll not trouble you, but knowing your odd sort of ways, you see I'm not to be come over, so down with the dust, or you'll have to take up lodgings in the 'lock-up,' yonder."

"Lock up! villain! what do you mean?"

"Why, I mean as how you must settle that are bill, or change your lodgings, that's all."

I was certainly very angry. "Tell me instantly," said I, raising my cane, "who sent you with this paper, and lead me directly to your employer, or I'll pulverize you, you dog!"

"No use gettin' in a passion; if you mean, to settle with Mr. Selvage, why I'll go with you to the shop."

"About it, then," said I, seeing no use in talking to the fellow. I followed him to the shop of Mr. Thomas Selvage, "tailor and men's mercer," as a huge sign over a gaily dressed pair of windows, indicated. Behind a table, with shears in hand, and with sundry pieces of cut and uncut broadcloth, stood the "fraction" himself.

"Do you know," said I, "the meaning of this paper, and why I am arrested in the place of a person I never saw in my life?"

"Do I know the meaning of it?" repeated the ninepin, "ay, sir, and unless you settle that bill, or find bail in the course of two hours, by—(and the thing absolutely swore)—I will put that writ in force upon your body."

My cane was a second time raised, and in an instant the corporeal frame of this ninth part of a man would have been annihilated, had I not in the very act happened to cast my eye upon a looking-glass that stood near; the figure that I saw there reflected arrested my arm, and I stood a perfect statue, in an attitude that bore a particular resemblance to Ducrow's personation of Hercules in the act of striking the Nemean lion. If mortal man can be thunderstruck, without actually coming in contact with the bolt itself, I certainly experienced that deadening sensation, from a sight of the figure that was reflected back from the glass, and which, if I had any faith in the truth of the mirror, must be a likeness of myself. Yet it was not myself. Instead of the sleek, comely visage that it had ever been my pride to look upon, there gaped the perfect picture of a worn-out rake; two lack-lustre eyes looked out above a pair of haggard, cadaverous cheeks, between which jutted forth a fiery red nose, that absolutely seemed to illuminate the ghastly features of the countenance, like the deep light of a lamp shedding its halo upon the ghostly tenants of a sepulchre. I was petrified with amazement and horror at the spectacle. I rubbed my eyes, and looked again; the same abominable portrait rubbed its eyes, and gazed also. Suddenly a light broke in upon me! The philosophy of Pythagoras, the abominable doctrine of the transmigration of souls, passed like lightning before me! I saw it all—it was evident that my soul had taken to itself another body—that myself was not myself; and that, by the infernal machinations of some evil spirit, my own body of flesh and

blood was undoubtedly the habitation of the vile soul whose clay covering was now inhabited by my own. Despair seized me. I was mad with the most horrid fears, the most terrible anticipations; but, thank heaven, one moment of cool thought was given me in the midst of my frenzy. It decided me upon the course I was to pursue. It seemed to me that the tailor, the abominable anatomy that stood confronting me, was in league with the devil, to destroy me, and pick my pockets, by giving to me the image of one of his hopeless creditors; with this impression, I rushed upon the fraction, and with one blow made him bite the dust. I had hardly done this, when a tremendous stroke from the baron's club laid me prostrate; with the fall I awoke upon the floor of my room, upon which, it seems, I had tumbled from my bed, having, it appeared, all this while been dreaming! I had fallen asleep while reading of the origin and progress of the philosophy of Pythagoras the Samian. *Hæc mihi dormienti visa sunt.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

EUGENE ARAM

Is making a great sensation. As every body has either read it, or is going to read it, we deem that the few following observations, gleaned from a well written review in the London Atlas, will be found to contain at least a *dash* of truth:

"In all that relates to simplicity of structure, management of plot, dramatic effect, and the maintenance of individual interest, this novel is the most compact and complete Mr. Bulwer has yet produced. It is distinguished by his usual facility and elaborateness, his picturesque ruminations, and his prosodical *hauteur*; but it has less of his egotism, his fashion of speech and dress, and his violent self-will, than any of the others. We admire it as much for its freedom from those literary impertinencies, which would appear to be indigenous to the author's mind, as for the qualities of excellence it actually puts forth. Where the philosophy of character is concerned—and this is a work which especially aims at mental portraiture—the author is as wordy, and as lengthy, and as discursive as such a topic could well permit him to be: but the subject mastered his vanity, and in the endeavor to paint the lofty, and sublime, and inexplicable nature of Eugene Aram, he, fortunately for his readers, lost sight of himself. Now, if the descriptions of character, and the soliloquies of the hero, and the mystifications of the author were carefully weeded out, and the necessary links of reflection re-written by some man who could condense his thoughts into the essence of expression, instead of suffering them to be diluted into a watery flow of words, this novel would be that one, Pelham excepted, upon which, as a whole, Mr. Bulwer might rest for whatever future fame it might be his destiny to enjoy. But in a work that professedly dissects the heart, lays open the workings of the darker passions, and impersonates the remorse of guilt, the agonies of shame, and the struggles of a superior nature between the pangs of conscience, the love of purity, and the ambition of fame, all superabundant strokes of art, all declamatory expletives, reduce the value and fritter away the identity and intensity of the picture. Deep emotions are never noisy or capable of descriptive illustration. Habitual misanthropy or lacerated pride, that coils within the soul like a sleeping serpent, will not utter its trains of thoughts, or give vent to its tortures in long and painfully particular speeches. On the contrary, real passion and actual suffering are abrupt, and powerful in their brevity; and so foreign is description to them and their states of mind, that they even avoid the literal use of words, and fly to some hidden, but palpable analogy, that oversteps all intermediate points of delineation, and bounding at once to the extremity, brings the whole purpose instantly into view. Hence metaphor is the common language of strong feeling. Hence in every tongue the paramount affections, and desires, and passions, have resolved themselves into verbal images that convey in a breath a group of emotions, and a perfect reflection of a rushing throng of ideas, which volumes of description would fail to embody. And that habit of referring existing and acute emotions to familiar analogies, to save the pain of detailed delineation, is universal to all men under all circumstances. Agony may be said to distil the thoughts into words of power, that come singly but full of meaning, and strong to bitterness.

"The novel of Eugene Aram is less various than the genius of Mr. Bulwer led us to expect; but that is a meritorious sacrifice to the higher demands of the subject. It has but few characters, all of which are well discriminated and sustained. The author informs us that he originally intended to throw his materials into the dramatic form, and although he subsequently changed his intention, he has manifestly worked out his story in that spirit. The plot is single, and always before the reader. It is not distracted by a phantasmagoria of transparent personages fitting before the eyes. The interest of the narrative gradually increases to the end; and is not compromised even by the previous knowledge of the catastrophe, so skilfully has the author conducted the subsidiary plot that winds round the fortunes of the hero.

"Mr. Bulwer has, perhaps unintentionally, made Aram a morbid reasoner, and a moon-touched raver throughout. Occasionally, he gives him a good melo-dramatic attitude, makes him frown, and look as cold as ice; anon he throws back his curls, and shows his fine white forehead and intellectual head to the best advantage; but, instead of painting the fire within, restless for ever, and eternally seeking an escape outwards, he chooses to delineate him as one whose imagination is diseased, and whom a love of nature on the surface—stars, flowers, and running waters, has reduced to a mere mumbler of pretty passages—a babbling of

phantasies. There are portions of the tale where this dullness is overborne by flashes of the actual man—but they soon fade away into the primeval gloom of a false taste and an erroneous conception. Now, there is nothing of this kind in Godwin's character of Falkland. There the imagination from the first was diseased; but, nevertheless, there are no romantic concomitants in the person, or bearing, or speech of the slave of honor to give him an adventitious interest. Godwin makes Falkland a small man—an accomplished man, and a recluse. But he never for a single instant describes him after a fashion that recalls to your mind the picture of Satan Montgomery, with his blue eyes directed to the heavens, his throat bare, and his hair curled like Endymion."

CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.

This work, now in the course of publication by Carey and Lea, is gaining ground in the public opinion, and very justly. It is conducted on a plan which possesses real and peculiar advantages. Each volume contains a subject uninterrupted, accompanied by appropriate illustrations, and is perfect in itself. A subscriber may omit particular numbers, or discontinue at any time, without breaking the set. The essays contained in them are addressed to the general comprehension, and for the contributors Mr. Lardner boasts some of the most celebrated men of the age—Walter Scott is among the number. We really conceive this to be a great undertaking, and acquiesce in the opinion of a London paper, that it is "full of moral and intellectual excellence."

SONGS OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

It is not necessary to criticize the songs of this popular contributor to Blackwood. They have been collected in a volume, and just published in this city, by Mr. Stoddart.

MR. THEAL'S FRENCH GRAMMAR.

This is a small elementary work, just published by Peabody and Co. A rather peculiar and excellent mode of classification is introduced in it, and it is well adapted for the use of persons commencing the study of the French language.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE GAMBLER.

THERE WAS a mansion of the olden style,
High on an eminence that overlooked
The vine-hills, gardens, and the winding streams
And rivers, and the pleasant valleys green
Of sunny France. 'Twas fashioned to the taste
Of by-gone years, and still remained untouched
By time. It had been the abode of wealth
And grandeur, and within its antique walls
Old men had bowed their silver heads in death,
And children sprang to manhood, and so passed
Away with age as nature bids, all gave
Broad rich domains had numbered with their lords,
The bravest of the brave, whose cherished names
The minstrel wove in songs of valiant deeds,
With sword and lance in holy Palestine.
The sun arose above the fair blue hills,
Dispersing from their brows the light gray mists,
And opening the gay flowers, and kissing dew
From their fresh leaves, and drawing forth their sweets.
His bright beams through the lofty casement streamed
Into the wide and tapestried chamber, where
Eugene reclined upon a couch, like one
Fatigued by anxious watching. It was he—
That did possess this vast inheritance.
His downcast eyes, subdued and sad, were bent
Upon the carpet in a thoughtful gaze.
His dark locks fell upon his lofty brow,
Disturbed, not by the pillow, for unpressed
For two nights it had been. The long-drawn sigh
Betrayed the sorrow rankling in his heart;
And the wan cheek from which the rose had fled,
Perhaps for ever, and the drooping lid
Of those once brilliant eyes, too truly spoke
Of long hours spent in wretched wakefulness.
The well-curved lips no longer wore the bright
And pleasant smile that nature gave, 't express
So winningly the sweetness of his soul.
Their color too was gone; a livid hue
Like that implanted by the touch of death,
Was only left upon their quivering forms.

Beside him sat the jewel of his heart,
The object cherished from his youth, on whom
He had bestowed his wealth of love, and whom,
Above all earthly things, ay, fortune, fame,
He richly prized. Her fair arm softly leant
On his, and with a tenderness she gazed
Upon his troubled features, while she smoothed
The damp hair from his forehead with a hand
Of marble whiteness. She too was dismayed;
Her countenance betrayed a spirit grieved
And tortured by a throng of saddened thoughts.

There stood a child, light-hearted, lisping words
In mirthful innocence, and mingling them
In playfulness with names of those she loved;
And offering to her father a bouquet
(Of roses, violets, and myrtle buds,
Which she had culled while yet the morning dew
Beamed on the foliage, and together bound
Their stems; and as they were unnoticed all,
And she was greeted with no soft caress,
The pearly tears rolled down her damask cheek,
And on his face she looked complacently,
And in a tone of sorrow kindly spoke,
And placed the flowers upon his bosom; when,
As from a slumber roused, he raised his head,

And with an effort, looking on his child,
He smiled, and gently stroked her flaxen hair,
And would have spoken, but his gloomy thoughts
Returned to their dark channel ere a word
Had passed his trembling lips. He quickly drew
A silken purse, in which remained but one
Small solitary coin. 'Twas near the last
Of his once ample fortune, which the hope
Of gain, illusive as an April sky,
Had bid him venture in the play. His eye
Shone with its wonted lustre, while the toy
Was swinging in the air, and with a smile
That for a moment lighted up his cheek
He looked upon his wife, and mildly said:
"My love, behold, my fate has made me poor;
Nay, start not! we have gold remaining yet,
And I shall hie me to the game again,
When Fortune, fickle as the autumn winds,
Like a repentant lover will prove kind,
And bless the hazard. Yes, once more I go
With borrowed means—detain me not—I must
Away—'tis for thy good and for our child's—
We are but beggars now, I'll make you rich!"

The hour of midnight was at hand, when through
The chamber where the gathering was, the lamps,
Neglected and untrimmed, burned low and glared
Their sombre light upon the shadowy walls.
There was a table centered in the room,
On which lay cards and heaps of golden coin
Profusely scattered, while a splendid purse,
With undrawn strings, half buried with the wealth
It once contained, and costly pocket-books
Were thrown aside unclosed; and on each end
A richly fretted candlestick was placed
Whose wick sent high its spire of flame and smoke
From out the socket, and lit up the pale
And fiend-like features of the four that sat
Reclining forward with an earnestness,
And gazing on the cards with blood-shot eyes
Intently, and with skilful fingers dealt
To recommence the play, with thousands staked
Upon the issue. 'Twas the last for him,
The hated one of Fortune, who had seen
The waste of his inheritance, and still
Clung with a tiger's fierceness to the game
He knew not, while a ray of hope yet beamed
Upon his mind. His light and delicate frame,
Unused to tedious watchings, that had been
From childhood nursed in luxury and ease,
Exhausted, nerved itself anew. His cheek,
Death-like and hollow, gathered a new flush
Of fitful redness; and his sunken eye
Strained up its swollen lids, from whose fiery balls,
Deep-veined with blood, the dim lamp's ruddy light
Brought out a maniac stare unfixed and wild—
His dark hair loosely hung upon his wan
And beating temples, shadowing their white hue;
And as the current of his thoughts went on,
The workings of his brow, where stood the sweat,
Wringing out profusely by the spirit's toil,
Betrayed the struggle. Not a sound was heard
While the last game was pending, save the fall
Of cards upon the table, or perchance
The muttering of a curse by him who marked
His ruin, or a trembling sigh long drawn
With difficult breathing. Ever and anon
A savage glance would fiercely penetrate
The hellish group, as in his breast there lurked
Suspicion of a deep laid scheme of wrong.
Significant signs passed unobserved by him;
And every motion of the brow, and eye,
And lip had meaning in it; and the smiles,
Now many unsuppressed, evinced how sure
The golden victory was; yet not a word
Was whispered—hushed was every one, intent
Upon the play, awaiting anxiously
Its close!****

The moon was mounting in the sky, and stars,
Countless and brilliant, gemmed the blue expanse;
And zephyrs were abroad upon the hills,
And o'er the green and fragrant fields, with sweets
From dew-wet blossoms gathered on their wings.

High on a bank that beetled o'er the sea,
Lost Eugene stood, reclining 'gainst a rock,
Regarding first the waters that beneath
Rolled ever onward with a ceaseless roar;
Then stretching his uncovered arms abroad
Towards a sail that moved on ocean's breast,
And calling on the distant mariner,
And laughing till his o'erstrain'd voice grew hoarse.
The sea-birds were awakened by his shriek,
And from their nestling places in the crags
Flew wildly round with a shrill cry of fear.
Along the strand the dashing waves sent up
Their hollow moan, and he did answer them,
And fancied that he heard the call of those
He loved; and so he spoke familiarly,
And whispered words of love as to his wife
And little one.

Then came his reason back;
And as the stern sense of reality
Again possessed his heart, he slowly knelt
And breathed a prayer to heaven.

* * * * *
All—all was still;
The ocean-birds were slumbering; the green sea
Rolled its bright billows quietly, 'neath which,
Far down amid the caves and coral groves,
A beautiful proud face was floating dark—
And monsters of the deep were gliding by
The cold dead form of Eugene.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A CONTENTED MAN.

WRITTEN BY MYSELF.

I WAS so much pleased with the article in the last number of the Mirror, which appeared as the fragment of a letter from a barber, that I resolved, it being extremely laconic, to indulge my literary propensities so far as to send you a little biography of myself, interspersed with some remarks, the results of my long experience upon the subject of my profession. You must know, that being in early boyhood of a weak and sickly turn of body, and a rather contemplative character of mind, my father, a lusty New-England farmer, was at a loss what to do with me. Be a farmer I would not, and indeed I am convinced my talents pointed out a higher path. A sailor's life was very much against my inclinations, for I have always had an antipathy to salt-junk, and to being turned out of bed at nights. My motto has always been, 'enjoy the present, take comfort while you can get it; or, as my father used to say, 'make hay while the sun shines.' There was some talk of keeping me at school, and bringing me up to a profession.

"Thank you, my good folks," said I, "your kindness exceeds your figure." A profession, indeed! I laughed in my sleeve, and almost in my sleep, at this plan; which was, I have since had reason to believe, a freak of my poor, dear, foolish mother's. Good soul! she believed there was no one like Bob. I should certainly be a judge or a bishop; or, if the bent of my genius was warlike, who knew what might happen? General Bob Jenkins—Commodore Bob Jenkins. I have no doubt, bless and rest her soul, that if she had been much pressed, she would have been satisfied with a captaincy. As for me, I always had a dash of good sense in my composition. You have found such people, good reader, sometimes, have you not? Plain fellows, that see at a glance in a plain way what the most refined and sentimental minds, with all the grace of feeling and the advantage of education, fail to discover. Now I had three brothers, you must know, and as different from me as black is from white. Their names were Peter, Jack, and Obadiah. Peter, with a good deal of trouble, got into the navy; Jack went to teaching school, in a little village in Connecticut; and, at the same time, studied law. Obadiah staid on the farm, and worked like a horse. I remember one day we were all assembled in the old house, Peter, with his new uniform coat and flashy buttons, as proud as a peacock; Jack, bent half-double from close attention to his books, and already beginning to talk pieces of Latin and other nonsense; and Obadiah, in his linsey-woolsey trousers and short sleeves, with a great pair of hands hardened with honest labor, and a face bronzed with constant exercise and exposure. They all went on about their own business. The lawyer was going to make a tremendous noise, one of these days; the sailor thought it so noble to fight and die for one's country; the farmer intended, if ever he had any money, to buy the farm adjacent ours, to cultivate the grape, and supply the country with domestic wine.

"It's all in my eye, my good fellows," thought I. "I have made choice of a profession. None of your stuff about dying for your country, but a decent, easy, idle, honest calling, guarded from half the troubles of life, safe from the summer's heat and the winter's cold, safe from bodily and mental labor, safe from politics and danger, from envy, hatred, and malice. I don't care a farthing about the opinions of other people. I want to enjoy my life myself. Learning? fiddlesticks. Look at your students, your lawyers, your farmers, your doctors, and your soldier. Glory! Die for your country! Have your head shot off, to be put in the newspapers! I was extremely obliged, but had rather be excused." So I did forthwith reveal to my aspiring friends and relatives that I had discovered which way my genius lay.

My father looked at me, my mother's face brightened, the boys stared at each other, and winked.

"I guess a doctor," said my father.

"A clergyman," said my mother.

"A lawyer," said Jack.

"My friends," said I, with that sort of resolute composure, which one puts on when he knows what he has to say will rather kick up a bobbery, "you are wrong. I am going to New-York. I am going to be a—barber."

"A what?" burst from every lip. The boys laughed, my father looked surprised, my mother was petrified with horror; but my mind was made up, and so were my arrangements. I was then sixteen. Every body knows, or every body ought to know, how the Yankee families manage these matters. A host of sons grow up to be great, tall, gawky boys, and then disperse, to seek their fortunes. Some of them go to the south, clear forests, buy plantations without any money, and pay for them out of the profits, open stores and taverns, and all that. Some, by hook or by crook, heaven only knows how, go to the legislature, and get to be great men, and members of congress. Some turn peddlers, go to Louisiana, and pass themselves for colonels. Whole shoals float down to New-York, and teach school. That's regular Yankee. Set one of these raw farm-boys down in the midst of a strange city, and he goes to teaching school the first thing. If he does not know how, he learns. Some of the greatest men in the nation have sprung up so. I know one in particular; always shave him when he comes to town. He commenced by teaching little boys the multiplication table, and now—I should not wonder if he were president before he dies. So much for Yankee schoolmasters. They are odd, rough creatures at first, but fine men. Do you mind

that, my pretty city squash? Such an one may charge the jury yet in a suit in which you are defendant.

Well, as others did, so did we. Jack became a lawyer, Peter spent his youth tost about over every ocean, and Obadiah worked the farm after the old folks died. They happened to be all in my shop—office (as Jack called it) yesterday. I shaved them all round for nothing, and, in mine own opinion, they all thought sixpence saved was as good as a shilling gained; at least they talked so. Jack's law business did not agree with him much; he was not so successful as he might have been. He said the profession was excessively crooked; he could scarcely get along.

Peter had gained some credit abroad on board one of the United States ships, but then he had lost an arm in an encounter with a piratical vessel, and had received a gash over his face, which twisted his right optic down, like a wall-eyed horse. Honor is a capital fine thing, but then an arm! an eye! Only think of it. As for Obadiah, he was, I think, rather more fortunate than either of the others. To be sure, he had a world of trouble with the farm, and had a touch of fever and ague, which, being prevalent in the neighborhood, not only kept him sick, but prevented his selling the farm. He had, therefore, nothing to do but remain, ague or no ague, for he was too poor to let it at a loss; but then he had neither lost his eyes nor his limbs, and seemed, on the whole, tolerably satisfied. His aspirations had never been very brilliant. My own adventures were of a very different cast. I had roved about nearly all over the states. There is scarcely to be found a pretty town within a hundred miles that has not, for some time at least, been ornamented with my pole. I have shaved high and low, far and wide. I have had under my close inspection human faces till I am as learned in the art of physiognomy as Lavater himself; and as for happiness, believe me, if you want to find it, pass by your palaces and temples, keep away from courts and country-seats, follow not the wealthy, the wise, the great, poets, orators, nor authors, but come into my shop, and you have the man. I have heard cries from all quarters, that human nature is depraved, that the world is wretched. A fiddlestick for such stuff. I am a right merry walking contradiction; not but that I have met with reverses, but when they came I snapped my fingers at them, boxed my razors, pulled up my pole, and started off in search of some more auspicious abode. To say the truth, I have been driven to this very often. I have been ruined twenty times, but what is ruin to me? I have always laughed at it. I was expelled from one country village because I kept my shop open on Sunday morning, and from another because I kept it shut on Saturday. I have roamed and traveled, always light-hearted. I have shaved in steamboats and hotels, and as for this city, there is not a face of any note about town that I don't know as well as I do my own. Not only am I acquainted with a vast variety of faces, but I have studied the geography of each one with care, and know every line, mark, and wrinkle thereon, well enough to draw a chart of them. I flatter myself I am not altogether undistinguished in my profession. I appreciate fully the important duties I have so frequently to perform. When a man takes off his coat, and sits down to be shaved, I have noticed that he undergoes a singular revolution of character. He vows insensibly that for the time being he will disentangle himself from every care. It is something like a warm bath. He is about to enjoy a luxury. He is going to be waited on. He lulls himself with pleasant reveries. He does not care two farthings for any body in the world, except such as he can remember with satisfaction. He is a lord, an emperor. I have often had occasion to remark this species of transformation. I have sometimes shaved the merest vagabond, a fellow absolutely out at the elbows, with a beard an inch long, and like a shoe-brush, and the whole exterior of one who was a wretch, without being (as the man in the play says) proud of wretchedness, and who I knew, moreover, the moment he quitted my presence, would sneak off with the unequivocal humility of a dog flying from a broomstick-handle; yet, in my chair he would betray that lurking consciousness that rises secretly in the heart of the humblest individual undergoing the agreeable operation of shaving, which, under the direction of a good artist, I fearlessly assert is one of the most delightful to which an intelligent individual can be subjected. It furnishes an excitement without any consequent depression of spirits; and the languid inanimation into which every one falls while surrendering himself thus to the discretion and taste of the barber, is the best evidence thereof. Yet, gentle reader, there be people who look down on my virtuous, useful, and simple business with contempt. A lawyer, forsooth—and what is a lawyer? one whose trade it is to make right wrong, and wrong right; and a soldier? one who kills for pay; and all your host of great and proud men? What are they better than I? Nay, are they so good? Is there not in every other business a dash of temptation to do evil, which even the best inclined cannot always entirely resist? Not so in mine; for, while it is humble and honest, it is easy and free from care, and (in your ear) as for wealth, the profits of my last year exceeded the income of the chancellor of this state.

SKETCHES BY A BRIEFLESS LAWYER.

THE TRIAL OF A MURDERER.

THE first cause of any degree of importance in which I was ever concerned, was the defence of a murderer. It is now upwards of twenty years since. Like most of my brethren who have no adventitious introduction to business, I was compelled to loiter from day to day about the criminal courts, waiting the rare windfall of a retainer; or, what is of almost as much importance

in drawing one into notice—the honor of being assigned by the court as counsel for some one of the unfortunate wretches who are daily brought before those tribunals—whose defence might afford me an opportunity of displaying to advantage whatever talent I may have supposed myself to possess. I had had reason to flatter myself with the favorable notice of the presiding judge; and, in the plenitude of his good will, he had promised me the post of junior counsel in the first case which came before him, calculated to excite public interest, and thus afford me the long wished for opportunity of challenging a rank among my older and better established brethren of the bar.

This opportunity at length occurred. A murder had been committed in the populous town of —, which was characterized by circumstances of the greatest atrocity, and, at the same time, of the most impenetrable mystery. The victim had been a stranger in the place, without friends or connections, and almost without home. He had lodged at the hut of an obscure laborer, whose poverty was extreme, but whose integrity had never incurred even the breath of suspicion. At the time of the murder, no motive could be conceived to exist on the part of any one, and, least of all, on the part of the host, for the commission of the crime. The deceased had been apparently a man without resources, and from the inoffensiveness of his habits, was most unlikely to have subjected himself to the hatred of a single human being. He was discovered upon the highway, about a mile from the town, dreadfully mangled, and, to every appearance, but recently murdered. The intelligence was communicated through the town with the rapidity of lightning, and, in a moment, as it were, every one was in eager pursuit of some clew by which to solve the mystery that on all sides was admitted to hang over the dark transaction. Thousands of suspicions and surmises were afloat upon the subject, the most natural of which, as well as the most readily believed, seemed to be that the crime had been perpetrated by one of those midnight wretches who, at that time, infested the town, and who, it was at once supposed, had pursued his victim to the spot where he had been found, and there committed the bloody deed. An inquest was held upon the body. No information, however, was elicited calculated to dispel the doubt in which the whole affair was enveloped. The landlord testified that the deceased had gone out early on the evening of the day preceding that on which he was discovered, but professed himself ignorant of any thing further. A verdict was rendered "that he came to his death by bruises inflicted by an unknown person," and there the matter rested. Suspicions continued to be as vague as they had before been, and although the sensation naturally produced by the perpetration of so heinous an offence, could not be said to have entirely subsided, it began to settle down in the conviction that all efforts to discover the criminals would prove ineffectual.

The excitement of the moment, produced by an occurrence of absorbing interest, invariably blunts the perception, and takes from it that keenness of vision which examines and scrutinizes closely the motives of human conduct. The stormier passions, in cases of this description, generally take the lead, and it is not until they have ceased, and given way to the calculating coldness of reason, that the mind is enabled to connect together a chain of circumstances leading to a clear and palpable conclusion. It was so in relation to the crime to which I have referred. But as its novelty and atrocity began to wear away, various minutiae, which had before passed entirely unnoticed, stood out in bold relief, and fixed suspicion upon the humble laborer, who had acted in the relation of host to the unfortunate man. He was indicted, and arrested for the crime. He was, as I have already remarked, miserably poor. Wretchedness was deeply imprinted on every line of his countenance; and, from his utter inability, both from want of means and friends, to provide professional aid, it became the duty of the court to assign him counsel. This task was allotted to me, in conjunction with a barrister of greater experience and more extensive practice than myself; and I never shall forget the feelings with which I heard the announcement from the bench that I was appointed to take charge of the prisoner's case.

How much do they mistake the character of the legal profession who represent it as a mercenary band, accessible only through the medium of paltry gold, and deadened to the kindlier sensibilities of our nature! And how much more ignorant are they of the noble impulses of the soul, who regard the advocate, zealous and ardent in the defence even of guilt, as the dissembler of his own judgment, and as the cool and calculating hypocrite, forcing convictions upon others by which he himself, as an individual, would be ashamed to be governed! I will not deny that before I became identified with the feelings and motives of a lawyer, I was inclined to attach much importance to the popular error on this subject, and to wonder wherein consisted the magic charm in the relation of counsel and client, by which the former became identified with, and yielded his convictions to, the entire control and influence of the latter. I confess, I say, that when I heard counsel, not merely of the greatest talent, but of the most unquestionable integrity, urging conclusions the most fallacious, from premises which, to the uninitiated, must have seemed the most absurd—and that too with a force, a zeal, and a conclusiveness which forbade a doubt of their sincerity—I was at no trifling loss to divine the cause which could produce effects so strange and so unaccountable; but when even the limited practice of a professional life induced me to apply the test to my own feelings, the doubt vanished, and the difficulties which before seemed insurmountable, disappeared at once. We are creatures of sympathy—it is the bond which connects us together in every relation of life, from the least to the most extended, and may be truly said to constitute the charm of

our very existence. But when its ties are strengthened by the consciousness that we are relied on for protection—without closely scanning the motives of the being who has thrown himself upon us—we yield it at once, readily and cheerfully—from the same noble motive which prompted the Neapolitan fisherman to protect even his mortal enemy, for no other reason than that he had, although undeservedly, thrown himself upon his hospitality. I have heard the expression from one of the first lawyers who ever graced our bar—whose memory and whose virtues it is our delight to honor, and whose eloquence still rings in the ears even of the youngest of the profession—that on looking back upon a long and laborious professional life, he could not upbraid himself with advancing one argument which he did not conscientiously believe to be well-founded, or with having assumed the management of a single case in which he did not think he should have succeeded.

As respects the unfortunate individual whose fate was now in some measure in my hands, the new relation in which I was thus placed, excited these feelings most powerfully; and the doubts and suspicions which, in common with the rest of the community, I had entertained, now yielded to considerations of a more solemn and sacred character. I viewed every circumstance with an eagerness and an anxiety which none but those who have been similarly situated can appreciate. I scrutinized every minute fact with a closeness of which I can convey no idea—and although I was perhaps the only person concerned in the case (unless my associate) who entertained such an opinion, I soon satisfied myself that my client was innocent. His trial at length was appointed. The court was crowded with intent and eager spectators, and the prisoner was placed at the bar. Never shall I forget the ominous forebodings which passed through my mind as he entered the dock. I saw a human being whose situation could not but have attracted the pity of all—but which was immeasurably heightened to me by a deep sense of the heavy responsibility I had assumed—standing upon a spot which he was soon to exchange for the proud air of freedom, or for the awful solitude of the *grave*! How intensely did I watch every form, however unimportant, and with how many appalling associations is every incident of this solemn scene connected. The holding up of the right hand—the reading of the indictment—the arraignment—the tremulous answer of “not guilty” to the question of the clerk—the slow, solemn, and deliberate proclamation that the jurors who were to be called were to pass between the prisoner and his country *upon his life or death*—the oath to each juror, while he and the prisoner were, according to the form, charged to look upon each other—these were matters of form indeed, but they were the forms by which a human tribunal were slowly proceeding to the awful sacrifice of a human life!

I need not dwell upon the details of the trial. It was a long and painful one. The evidence, as is usual in such cases, was principally circumstantial, and after it was concluded, it became my duty to address the jury. If there is any situation more trying than another, it is that of a counsel who is placed, as it were, as a shield between the life and death of an individual—at the moment he rises to urge his case upon the consideration of a jury. For my own part, at least, I felt it peculiarly so. Every eye was upon me, every ear was intent; and I felt that a thousand hopes were concentrated upon my exertions, which the novelty and interest of my situation told me I would in vain attempt to realize. I could not shut my eyes to the fact, that I was contending against the convictions of my audience; and yet, so easy is it to awaken the better feelings of our nature, it was equally evident that their sympathies were strongly enlisted in favor of the prisoner. Indeed, throughout the whole of my experience and observation, I have uniformly remarked, let the evidence be ever so strong, that the acquittal of a prisoner draws after it from the audience the most unequivocal marks of approbation. The case was strongly pressed on the part of the prosecution; and, after the charge of the judge, who rather inclined against the accused, the jury retired to deliberate upon their verdict.

“Perhaps,” says a popular writer, “in the whole course of a criminal trial, there is no period more awful than that occupied by the deliberation of the jury.” And if this remark be true, as it respects the promiscuous assemblage whom curiosity has drawn together, how forcibly does it come home to those who feel themselves identified with the miserable wretch, whose destiny that deliberation is soon to determine. For my own part, this interval was the first in which I felt capable of realizing the scene around me. In the ardor of the conflict, remote consequences are entirely overlooked, and every other consideration becomes merged in the desperate struggle for victory; but, when that conflict is over, and the regular and solemn forms of a court have given place to the eager watchfulness, and the death-like hum of the anxious spectators, a feeling comes upon us very like that which pervades us in the chamber of death. We begin to reason and reflect, and as we turn our eyes towards the fated being who stands before us, an object of mingled sympathy and abhorrence, awaiting his doom, we seem almost to have overstepped the brink which separates us “from the unknown dark.”

After an absence of an hour, the bustle in the lobby, and the impetuous rush of the crowd outside into the court-room, gave token of the return of the jury. They immediately entered, preceded by the officer in whose custody they had been, with the brief but awful announcement, “jury’s agreed;” and, after being ushered to the bar, resumed their seats. The solemnity of the scene at this moment baffles description; every eye was fixed upon the criminal; and so silent was the crowd, that respiration itself seemed to have been suspended. The clerk at length rose, and after calling the names of the jurors, directed them and the

prisoner to rise. “Gentlemen of the jury,” said he, “look upon the prisoner; prisoner look upon the jury.” The dull and sunken eye of the criminal seemed to fall unconsciously upon his judges, and the clerk proceeded to inquire in the usual form whether the prisoner at the bar was guilty or not guilty. No one who has not witnessed it, can conceive the effect which the announcement of the verdict of *guilty* instantly produces. The prisoner alone of all the group seemed unmoved. His pale and death-like hue, and the vacant and wan expression of his eye, indicated an utter unconsciousness of his situation, which a careless observer might have construed into an indifference to his fate, but which was in reality the lethargy of a mind harrowed and goaded by the extremest suffering, and deadened by the most torturing anxiety.

The firmness proceeded to pronounce the awful sentence of the law, with firmness, but not without great feeling. A tear stood in every eye around; and even the stern officer who guarded the prisoner—a man whose very calling familiarized him with misery, was seen for once to yield. The last office of the judge was at length concluded. The death-like hum which had preceded the return of the jury, again was heard among the spectators, as they slowly withdrew, while the prisoner resumed his seat, reclining himself upon the front of the bar. I tried to speak to him, but could not—and my heart sickened, as his lustreless eye caught the expression of mine, while the officers of justice gathered around to remove him to his solitary and cheerless cell.

I never saw him but once afterwards. It was the day before his execution. The scene was so novel and affecting as entirely to overpower me. I knew not what to say. The circumstances around me were too solemn to admit of any thing like the gratification of mere curiosity, and I was too much overcome to attempt the language of consolation. After a few moments’ pause, I rose to depart. He followed me towards the door, as far as the chain by which he was bound to the floor would allow, and his voice faltered as he pressed me warmly by the hand, and implored me to receive the last blessing of a dying man.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

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HUMORS OF A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

NUMBER TWO.

AN ESSAY ON FLIRTATION.—BY A FINISHED FLIRT.

“O! brawling love! O! loving hate!
O! heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mishapen chaos of well-bearing forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still-waking sleep.”

I BELIEVE in love—in devoted, enduring, inextinguishable love: I believe in attachments which know no variation, except from hope to despondency: I believe in tenderness, unintermitted through years of trial—in truth, unbroken through years of temptation; I believe, in short, in affection which, though circumstance may diminish, time itself can never subdue! But, happily for human nature in general, such melancholy passions can exist in only a few, a very few minds. The mass of men are but little acted upon by those subtle influences which the philosophic Dane tells us,

“Lead the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures.”

While the exception to the general laws of mortality, those who

“Love in vain, strive against hope—
Yet, in this capacious and intemperate sieve
Do still pour in the waters of their love,
And lack not to lose still!”

the perverse fidelity of these gentlemen, I say, arises from a kind of constitutional constancy, an hereditary madness, which one inherits, as Cassius did, “the rash humor which his mother gave him.” Such love, and such lovers—uniform, tedious, and pertinacious—are to be excluded from polished society; they belong to lumbering quartos, and semi-barbarous ages; and are now as much out of place as would be Sir Philip Sidney’s Arcadia in a modern lady’s boudoir, or a man-at-arms of the fourteenth century dancing the German cotillion. But *flirtation*—delightful *flirtation*!—gay, buoyant, and versatile—*thou* art the cement and the soul of society, at once uniting the most incongruous characters with thy caprices, and inspiring the most sluggish natures with thy piquancy! Fresh from the mint of selfish vanity, thou art stamped with the impress of true feeling—and all may coin, and all may circulate thee, yet be not nearer “bankrupts of the heart.” Like the thoughts of genius, thou rovest unfettered through every realm of whim or fancy; and, with the bee, thou gatherest thy hoards of enjoyment alike from sweet or bitter sources—the gaiety of intoxicated vanity or the gloom of wounded pride! Sentiment and satire are equally tributaries to thine empire of sensation; and subtle wit and morbid feeling but minister to thy greatness! Thou art, in fine, the kingdom and the sceptre of woman’s authority; the vantage ground where man never intrudes but to become a captive; the bauble which he never attempts to play with without being subjected to its power.

Oh! how my woman’s pen could dilate upon this subject!—not to mention the thousand shades into which, like a changeable silk, it runs; how fondly could I dwell upon “the sentimental;” how gaily upon “the romping,” and how profoundly upon “the metaphysical flirtation!” But here I have not room for even the passages in illustration, which throng upon my memory. The twilight whispering by the open window of a summer evening, or the clearer, deeper tones upon an autumn walk by moonlight; the laugh, the glance, the restless motions in the ball-room, with the accidental and startling touch of ungloved hands; the —

“I’ll see no more!” Yes! a ball-room, though the least appreciated, is decidedly the best field of all others for a flirtation; not but that a drive in a gig, a winter’s work-table, or a rural walk, have each their peculiar advantages, and that, either, with particular individuals, might be preferable for the scene of action; but, in a chance affair, the gig may be dangerous, unless you are a good tactician, and know your enemy; the charm of the conflict, too, is in some measure destroyed by being thus forced into action. Again, by a winter’s fire-side, there is danger of interruption from mamma, or some uncouth brother who has the barbarity to ask you to mend his glove! In “the rural walk,” your gentleman may become too pastoral; or, indeed, you may really feel a little sentimental yourself, and let something escape from you it may be inconvenient to recollect afterwards! In a ball-room, now, one is not subjected to any of those disagreeable annoyances. You stand any where you please—no one looks at you—for all whom one cares about are similarly engaged. If your cavalier is not sufficiently alert in his feelings, you have only to pique them into vivacity, by praising his handsome friend, who he knows is engaged to you the next cotillion. If his sensibilities are too much excited, and his animation begins to aggravate into heroics, you can pass him on to your sentimental cousin, who keeps an album, and likes Byronism. In short, you have here every facility for your operations; and every resource in case of failure; for, even if the subject of them is stupid, inert, or otherwise impracticable, is there not some man who loves you to idolatry—some dark-haired, pale-faced Werter of a fellow—for these, as all women know, are the only lovers that really feel. Is there not, I say, one who loves you to distraction, watching the progress of your complaisance toward another the while; the seething of whose brain in “shaping fantasies” is delicious even in thought? The master of nature tells us that

“As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all;”

and what pleasure can be greater than overwhelming a man of sense with confusion and dismay, by tenting his feelings to the quick, and thus discovering to himself the extent of his weakness and your power? Do not think, beautiful reader, who lingerest upon these idle words a moment, do not think that I would libel our sex by acknowledging, even impliedly, the frivolity and heartlessness which men, austere or flippant themselves, would at times ascribe to us. I am speaking of woman in a state of warfare, as Byron calls a state of love; and why should I not dwell with rapture on her keenest triumphs, as well as on her lighter successes over the enemy? Why pause to lament the perverted powers of minds, which, however noble, must originally have been in some way radically wrong, to be unstrung by our coldness or levity—and this, too, when there may be none such among the many whose vanity is made to minister to ours? Why should men of sense claim greater consideration for their feelings than fops and fools, whose attentions contribute so much more to our amusements; especially when, while the latter evince their emotions with that delicacy and elegance which the weakest may acquire from continual contact with the best society; the former betray theirs sometimes as irksome appeals to sympathy, and again as irresistible provocatives to derision? If we regret that the other sex know so little of us, we have a right to feel indignant that they do not take pains to know more. But wherein is the great difference between us, that the world have been so long harping upon? Women do not, indeed, entertain a sentiment or an emotion of any kind as steadily as men do; for the vivacity of our natures will not admit of that; but our susceptibilities are quicker, and far more amiable in their complexion. I never saw a man in love in my life, who, however well-bred, was not morose; and, however good-tempered, sullen at times. Indeed Rochefoucault, whom we will allow to speak for his sex, though not for ours, says that love is nearly allied to hate; and any woman who has amused herself with observing a man struggling to subdue a misplaced attachment, must know that the peculiarities of his manner might be mistaken for the manifestation of either. Dear fellows, how they must fret in their fetters, when even the gallant and accomplished Raleigh is led to exclaim—

“If love be life, I long to die:
Love they that list for me;
And he that gains the most thereby,
A fool at least shall be.
But he that feels the sorest fits,
’Scapes with no less than loss of wits.”

But I have rambled from the fairy ground of flirtation to the wizard haunts of love, and the sombre dullness of these last passages must be attributed to the wayward genius that for a moment mastered this little crow-quill. But now I breathe again, like the forester in Der Freischütz, when emerging from the den of the wood demon. If such are the sullen influences in ideality of the fiend whose power men mock by painting him as an infant, how fortunate are we in living, when the reality is unknown. I declare I never can see those lines of that saucy Etheridge without shrinking with apprehension, though I will not believe that there is a word of truth in them.

“Ladies, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes its chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you,
With which he does the world subdue,
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.
Then rack not lovers with disdain,
Lest love on you revenge their pain:
You are not free because you’re fair—
The boy did not his mother spare—
Though beauty be a killing dart,
It is no armor for the heart.”

THE YOUNG DUKE OF BORDEAUX.

The Paris papers lose no opportunity of impressing upon the minds of the citizens the impolicy of putting their "trust in princes." It is true the "Carlists," the adherents of Charles X. occasionally circulate pleasant anecdotes, illustrative of the strong attachment which the batch of banished monarchs still entertain for their own beautiful France, and occasionally tell what fine things the young Duc de Bordeaux, Henry V., utters in behalf of his far away kingdom; but we suspect little benefit results from the gossip, if such articles have circulation in Paris as the following, which we translate from the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, into which it was copied from a Paris paper.—*U. S. Gazette*.

A SMART SAYING OF THE DUC DE BORDEAUX.

The *Quotodienne* tells a most affecting anecdote, with tenderness enough to draw tears from the eyes of every one of its subscribers.

The three kings, father, son, and grandson; support, as well as possible, the sorrows of their exile. The father goes a gunning, the son sits and twirls his thumbs, and the grandson reads *Telemachus*, in order to learn how to govern his absent people.

Madame Gontaut was going to give a ball at her house; Henry V., the king *in partibus*, with his sister, and several other children of their own age, expected to pass a pleasant evening. His little majesty had been promised some dances, cakes, and sugar-plums; but, unluckily, Madame Gontaut struck upon a new idea relative to the troubles in Lyons.

She called the little king. "Sire," said she to him, "if you will be very good now, you shall have the little hobby-horse that you asked me for yesterday."

Children have a curious idea, that to be a "good boy" means to deprive one's-self of pleasure. The king made some slight objections, tempered, however, with a hope of getting the hobby-horse. The little horse, it must be confessed, was a very beautiful affair; it was a dapple gray, with a long mane and a tail of real horse hair, with pretty brass castors to its feet; a leather bridle, red velvet saddle, and pretty stirrups.

"And besides that," said Madame Gontaut, "you shall have some sweetmeats with your supper."

The king smiled. "The hobby-horse and sweetmeats too?" said he.

"Yes, but then you must remember to be a good boy."

"Well, then, I suppose you are going to set me up in the great arm chair, and make me hear how they talk at court."

"No; there is nothing to be done but to retain a word or two at once, before the Duc de Guiche, and the other persons round your grandfather. I will announce to you that my ball must be put off, because of the misfortunes of France, consequent upon the troubles in Lyons."

"Ha, ha, ha."

"Your majesty is scarcely right. Then you will whisper to me, but loud enough for all the company to hear—'my dear nurse, and I am not allowed to be there.'"

"What is that for?"

"Because."

"I shall never be able to remember all that."

"Yes you will; repeat after me—'My dear nurse.'"

"My dear nurse."

"And I am not allowed to be there."

"And I am not allowed to be there."

"Admirable: Your majesty—"

"Admirable. Your—"

"You must not repeat that—but hush, here come the Duc de Guiche and the other courtiers."

And when all the company had entered, Madame Gontaut went up to the little legitimate monarch, and said, "Sire, France is suffering; we shall have no ball this evening."

The king put his mouth close to Madame Gontaut's ear, and said, "My dear nurse, I can't remember one word of it."

"O, son of Henry the Fourth. O noble scion of an immortal race. Happy people! Happy France! Would your grace believe, that his majesty has just said to me, with the most touching expression of tenderness, 'my dear nurse, and I am not allowed to be there.'"

"Happy France," they all exclaimed; "the young king groans for the sufferings of his people, and the tears of his country fall upon his heart."

"Dear nurse," said the king, "now give me the pretty hobby-horse, and don't forget the sweetmeats for supper."

A LITERARY BUTCHER.

The London police reports are sometimes more interesting than any fiction, and possess an additional value as pages torn from the book of actual reality. We met the following *morceau* in a late paper, and appropriate it as having claims to our attention from the literary elegance of the epistle of Mr. Woodward.

A little man, named Woodward, indicted a tall man, named Jack Goddard, for having assaulted him in the performance of his duty as a ticket-porter, the defendant not being one of the fraternity, and, therefore, not qualified to load a cart with beef in Newgate-market.

Evidence was called to prove that the defendant and other unprivileged persons were loading a cart with meat, while the prosecutor was unemployed. It was stated that when the prosecutor interfered, the defendant seized him, shook him violently, and pre-

vented him from performing the work to which his privilege entitled him.

Mr. Alley, for the defence, read the following letter, which the prosecutor had, he said, transmitted to the defendant's master, and which was calculated to show the *animus* with which the prosecution was undertaken, at the same time that it afforded a specimen of the literary powers of the butchers of Newgate-market.

"SIR—I shall esteem it as a very particular favor, if you would persuade your man (Goddard) not to persevere to insult me on the king's highway. It will save a deal of trouble and combustion with him; I want no altercations with him. It will be quite time enough next December sessions, when we'll have 'the tug of war.' I fear not, Sir, all the united efforts and conglomerations of the whole body of innholders. I will do now what I have never done before—I will expose to all the country people how and in what way their meat is detained and taxed by you innholders, to the ruin of the public in general. Yes, I will make it as clear as the sun in his meridian splendor. You innholders shall have such a rocket of truth against you, that shall shake the very foundation of all your Guy Fawkes sort of a secret plot and conspiracy. (Loud laughter.) My simple memorial defeated the innholders' memorial, which I proved to be an issue of gross and wicked falsehoods. Since 1819 I watched every dreadful movement; and my pen shall not cease until the public are in possession of all the facts involving the contention between you and me; and I possess those documents as shall paralyze your standing army against me. (Laughter.) If you are a freeman, recollect you have deliberately sworn in the chamber to support all the ancient customs and privileges of the city; and if any man will violate an oath when in a court of justice, what will he not do? But, however, you know as well as me, that there's a time when a man would do any thing for the love of money; but, believe me, single-handed industry shall give such a convulsive shock to the whole of this nefarious system that shall, like the 'baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.' (Great laughter.) The Guildhall—the Guildhall shall be my ground! Truth and Perseverance my seconds, Fortitude my bottle-holder, Patience my time-keeper, and justice the umpire. I am, sir, your undaunted

ROBERT WOODWARD,

"Ticket-porter, teacher of geography and astronomy, the use of the globes mathematically, and butcher." (Excessive laughter.)

The recorder asked Mr. Alley whether he wished the letter to be entered upon the record? It appeared to be well deserving of such a distinction.

Mr. Alley said that he would be content with an acquittal for his client. He had promised the document to the secretary of the British Museum.

Witnesses then stated that the dispute was commenced by the prosecutor and other ticket porters, and the defendant was acquitted.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE POISONED VALLEY.

A SINGULAR discovery has lately been made near Batten, in Java, of a poisoned valley. Mr. Alexander Loudon visited it last July, and we extract a paragraph from a communication on the subject, addressed by him to the Royal Geographical Society.

"It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley; and, following a path which had been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it with a couple of dogs and some fowls, for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the mountain, the party dismounted, and scrambled up the side of a hill, a distance of a quarter of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots.—When a few yards from the valley, a strong nauseous and suffocating smell was experienced; but on approaching the margin, this inconvenience was no longer found.—The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about thirty feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, boars, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley appeared to be a hard sandy substance, and no vapor was perceived. The sides were covered with vegetation. It was now proposed to enter it, and each of the party having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening nauseous smell was experienced, without any difficulty of breathing. A dog was now fastened at the end of a bamboo and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effects. At the expiration of fourteen seconds the dog fell off his legs, without moving or looking round, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the party and went to his companion; on reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a quarter, and another which was thrown after it, died in the space of a minute and a half. A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which, from the interesting nature of the experiments, was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited, lay a human skeleton, the head resting on the right arm. The effects of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. This was probably the remains of some wretched rebel hunted towards the valley and taking shelter there unconscious of its character."

While we are on the subject of discoveries, we must not omit the mention of a strange fossil forest, found near Rome by a pe-

destrian tourist, Dr. Weatherhead. An article in the January number of the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal of the Sciences represents it as being forty feet in thickness, and extending for several miles along the banks of the Tiber, close to Rome. The petrific matter is a calc-sinter, and from the layers of ligneous debris being freely intermixed with volcanic dust, the discoverer of this interesting circumstance thinks there can be little doubt but that this colossal phenomenon was occasioned by an earthquake, of which the memory is lost—probably long prior to the foundation of Rome. It is singular that so curious a fact in volcanic geology should have escaped observation for so many ages.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF A STUDENT AT LAW.

JANUARY 15, 1832.—I will write, I think, something for myself, that may please me, if I save it, and my life, twenty years hence. I think fast enough, but have been waiting for courage to turn away from a good fire. I wonder if I am honest?—No, not if—I wonder whether I am honest, or not? Wonder, do I?—I need not. This afternoon, Sunday, a man came to me to get some conveyancing done. I told him I would do it, so that he should have his papers at nine o'clock this evening. He wanted an assignment of a part of his property—goods in his store, and goods which he had consigned to an auctioneer—to two of his creditors, in which there should be an agreement that he should become the agent of his assignees to sell the goods. At it I go. On getting to the office, where I expected to find a bill in equity, which I had made a week or two before, and which contained a *regular*, a fair assignment of all the debtor's property, for the benefit of all his creditors who should become parties thereto in a certain time—the said bill in equity was not there; it was in court. What was to be done? In "Oliver's Conveyancing" I could find no form to suit my particular case. There was the form of "an assignment in trust for creditors, with various covenants, which were inserted, according to circumstances," which led me to guess there might have been just such assignments made as the one which I wanted to make. Accordingly, I drew up an indenture of two parts—the form says, "this indenture of three parts," tripartite—and put in a covenant about the debtor's becoming the agents of the assignees, and put on some seals! But what a wretched thing! how wretchedly I felt! I had led the man to suppose, by questions I put to him, that I knew all about assignments. A jackass knows as much. All that was covenanted in my assignment was, that *they* the two creditors, were to take the property as assignees, and the debtor was to become their agent, to sell the same to the best advantage for the assignees, and to devote the proceeds of such sale to the liquidation of his debt to them. Of course, though I know nothing about the circumstances of any of the parties, such a transaction is fraudulent—a partial, illegal assignment, and won't hold. I wish the d— I had them, as I have often done before—as I do every day. I lied to get out of the scrape. I did up my assignment of "two parties" and its fellow. I had somehow stumbled upon the fact, that all the parties to an instrument of the writ must have a copy of it, and wrote a note to the debtor man, telling him a downright lie—that when I agreed to do his business, I expected the assistance of a gentleman whom I could not find, and frankly owning that I did not know whether there was any thing legal about the assignment which I had made him, or not. This packet I left at my boarding-house, where he was to call at nine o'clock for his papers. You see I had not the courage to face him. Another lie I also told him in the note, viz. that I had been looking after him to explain the affair! This is what I mean by my "honesty." I am a liar and a coward; for I came back to my office, built a fire, locked the door, and have been here ever since. It is now nearly eleven. I had some thoughts of staying here all night, and sleeping on chairs. To-morrow, when the citizen comes for an explanation, I shall confirm all the lies I have told him, and, probably, tell him several more. It is a rainy, drizzly night. I have been sitting here, with strange thoughts, warming my feet. What is the use of trying to embody such thoughts?

Eleven o'clock.—I have concluded to remain here all night. I've put on some coal, and fastened my door, and shall be on three chairs in three minutes. God be with me through the watches of the night! How dare I call on him, whom I used to pray to in love and humbleness, on the wet pillow of my boyhood? How cold and hard my heart has grown! It was always an insincere one, and desperately wicked. That I knew—always knew—know it now. Why do I not mend it?—why not probe it?—What good is in knowing myself to be bad, unless I repent? Good—why, the more I know, the more have I to answer for. How people try to deceive themselves!—how we create mole-hills into mountains, and *vice versa*, to suit our inclinations, our vanity, our sinful desires! Do I believe the Bible? Do I believe the Christian religion? The delirious and divine desire to know, is always goading me on. My fire burns cheerfully—I should be afraid if it didn't; and I am weary. I suspect I shall go home to bed yet.

Next day.—I did remain here, and slept considerably, on three chairs, though not enough to prevent my keeping a brisk fire all night. It was a glorious night! I heard the storm scold without, with a delight I have not felt since I was a child, when I used to lie and listen for hours, in a cockloft, to the pattering of the rain. Delicious music it was! And I was so warm and comfortable in my snug room, reclining, as I said before, on three

chairs, with the cushion of one for a pillow—my feet towards a glowing Schuylkill fire. There is a good deal in keeping the feet warm, I do believe. It is delightful to feel the heat creeping along up to the very heart, and then making the glad blood follow it back again. Before I laid down, I felt an indefinable fear of something, being alone, in a large court-house, with a dozen rooms; but when the blood began to circulate freely, I never felt more tranquil and happy in my life. The "perilous stuff" left my bosom, and a kind presence filled it. I found the earth, when I turned over in the morning, covered with snow.

CONTENT AND PLEASURE.

A FABLE.

There was a soft flower. It bloomed in the midst of a wood. Nothing could exceed its delicacy, its brightness, its grace, and loveliness. The surrounding air was loaded with its breath. In its half closed leaves was a spell of such potency, that every other flower in its presence appeared dim. Its name was Pleasure.

Whoever passed by the beautiful acclivity where it grew, wanted to pluck it. Unfortunately, however, it was only to be found on a place difficult of access, and was surrounded with various kinds of briars and thorns. Still, however, it was the delight of every eye, and the wish of every heart.

On the road side, which wound along by the bank where Pleasure bloomed so brightly, there grew in some profusion a plant of a very inferior kind; at least so it appeared when any one looked on it, which happened very seldom; for it was so plain in its colors, so humble in its attitude, so lowly and unpresuming, that it was generally quite disregarded; or, if seen accidentally by those in pursuit of Pleasure, was trampled down as something worthless. Here and there might be found one passenger, who, after gazing a while on Pleasure, and on the violent exertions made by the crowd to procure it, shook his head, picked the little floweret at his feet, kissed it, and put it in his bosom. The name of this plant was Content.

But however inferior it might be to Pleasure in beauty, it certainly had one advantage over its brilliant rival. The former was rarely found in any quantity. The road to it was most frequently troublesome and dangerous, and its buds too, were often also almost beyond the reach, and so singularly small and fragile that the very airs of summer blew off the downy blossoms and wilted the delicate leaves. The latter, on the contrary, was a hardy plant, and burst up every where in a lavish abundance. The road was lined with it. Sometimes it shot forth with vigor even in the very path, peeping up from the hard trodden ground and between the stones scattered around. About the bases of rocks and the twisted roots of old trees it lay in masses, and away in under the shade of still summer places, where the traveler in his haste would scarcely ever dream of looking, it might be seen unfolding its cheerful buds, and pushing out fearlessly with a right fresh and merry aspect.

When storms arose, Pleasure always suffered. It shrunk up like a sensitive-plant; and when the wind and rain passed away, the green bank was sure to be scattered all over with fragments of blossoms and broken leaves. Poor Pleasure! If summer breezes disturbed and ruined it, how could it be expected to stand the fierce tempest, the scorching heat, the bitter cold, and all changes of season which come so suddenly and certainly over this world? Even in its calmest moments Pleasure drooped secretly with the thought that its beauty was brief, and its very life precarious. Every whisper among the leaves of the trees alarmed it—every rolling cloud in heaven struck a damp and a shadow upon its radiance.

But all this while Content was perfectly free and satisfied, and cared almost as little for the changes of the season as if it were immortal. There was about it an enduring hardihood, which defied the storm. The long hot droughts of summer, which burnt up the tender charms of Pleasure, had no material effect upon the leaves of Content, and when the frightful thunder-shower arose, and the large heavy drops came splashing and dashing down, and drenched nature in one universal flood, Content peeped out, as the deluge subsided, with a refreshed and gay beauty, which almost equalled that of Pleasure, in its best moments.

A youth came by one day, and as was the case with all who passed the spot, was struck with the sight of Pleasure, and resolved to obtain it. On so doing, he trod upon Content, but the voice of the crushed flower was unheard in his eagerness to advance. When men are hastening, with wild hope, in the pursuit of their desires, they are deaf to a thousand low sweet tones of nature, which, on their retreat, after disappointment and danger, and anguish, and, perhaps, despair, sound in their ears with an irresistible power. In a short time the youth came back, wearied, faint, and bleeding with wounds received from the briars. He was one of those wild, reckless children of passion, with which the world abounds, and who waste energies and courage in idle and pernicious enterprises, which, if applied to more noble purposes, would make them virtuous and happy.

He had plucked the flower, but it was broken and soiled; already its vivid tinges were fading away, and its luscious perfume grew fainter every moment. He soon discovered also, to his amazement and horror, that though it was so fair and lovely, his wounds smarted at its touch, and the scent which he had at first inhaled with a violent delight, took the strength from his limbs and the courage from his heart—made his eyes languid, his resolution weak, and his intellect dim and heavy. As he rested on a rude bank, far below the spot ornamented by the deceitful plant which had caused him so much trouble, the fine flower which had

still then escaped his observation, uncurled its scented leaves, and glowing with a beauty which grew more palpable the more closely it was examined, thus addressed the tired and despondent boy:

"I called to you, fair youth, as you were mounting yonder steep so hastily, and told you to beware, but you, like all your race, paid no attention to my warning. Indeed, I doubt whether you even heard it. I am, however, not very sorry for your sake that you have had a little experience, since it will induce you to rest a moment, and listen while I confide to you a secret which you do not appear to understand. You must know then, that the plant up yonder, specious as it is, has ruined more people here in my very sight, than there are leaves in that forest. It not only attacks them with pain, but it inflames them with guilty hopes and reckless passions. It is a poison. I am a medicine. If I cannot cure, I can impart strength, which will enable you to sustain all sorrow. I am to be found everywhere. Nature has given me to her children, with a liberal hand; if they choose but to seize me, instead of trampling me beneath their feet, in search of more gaudy, but more worthless objects. I am full of the spirit of goodness: though I am seldom cultivated in the gardens of the great, I spring up, unbidden, around the feet of the tired traveler, and by the threshold of the poor man's cottage, and it is their own fault if they do not discover my value."

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

MASANIELLO has been represented at the Park with a new cast—Miss Hughes, Elvira—Mrs. Hackett, Alphonso. They were both well received. Yet we doubt whether the change has produced an effect commensurate to the expectations of the public. As sincere friends to Miss Hughes, we regretted the introduction of a hacknied ballad by Lee as a substitute for the beautiful duet of Mercandanti. On the second night, however, a more classical song was sung in place of the ballad. The practice of foisting the pieces of inferior artists into the works of such masters as Rossini and Auber cannot be too highly deprecated. For the character of the establishment we wish, on such subjects, that a more judicious taste could be consulted. If it does not yet exist in the public it may be created. Expectation is greatly excited touching the forthcoming opera of "La Dame Blanche." We learn that it cannot fail to dazzle all lovers of opera. It is under the most competent direction.

RICHMOND-HILL.—Mrs. Duff, Mrs. Anderson, and several other attractive performers are at this house. Mr. Russell is multiplying his claims upon our attention. We would suggest that one or two of the subordinate actors should be dismissed and replaced by better ones. With a slight additional expense the best plays might be performed here in a manner to gratify any audience.

THEATRICAL ITEMS.—Mr. Sinclair has made a hit in Boston. It is said that a large and elegant theatre is to be erected in Broadway, north of Chambers-street. Persons desirous of information are referred to Mr. Russell, the manager of the Richmond-hill.

Eugene Aram has been dramatized by a gentleman of this city. Mr. Hackett is very successful in Charleston.

Mr. Forrest, Clara Fisher, and young Kean are delighting the lovers of good acting at the south.

The Bostonians appear astonished at Cinderella. They have filled the theatre every night of its representation, and on one occasion a crowd besieged the box-office for seats early in the morning.

The Bowery theatre will re-open on Monday next, and Mr. Hamblin pledges himself to produce "a company equal, if not superior to any in this country." He also promises a selection of Shakspeare's plays cast in the most efficient manner.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1832.

Lake Poetry.—A well written and very gentlemanly communication has been received respecting an article in the last number of the American Quarterly, on the subject of the Lake school of poetry. We regret that our views on this matter prevent its appearance. Criticism in this country is as yet, we fear, in its infancy. It does not act on any philosophical principle, but too often from caprice, ignorance, or personal enmity or friendship. It always goes too far, or not far enough. It is seldom dispassionate. It contains nothing of moderation. Its object is not to instruct authors—not to form public taste—but to manufacture articles—to make readers laugh or admire—to display the critics' own prowess, wit or learning. This is by no means always the case, but it is so too frequently. For our own part, we have been very quiet under numerous attacks from sources which we did not deem worthy of notice, because those attacks were clearly not written in the spirit of candor and justice, without which a critic is only a black-guard in print. On such occasions we are sure the public will decide properly.

A man in this country cannot be written down. Our able pens are employed upon nobler undertakings. The people are too universally enlightened. The critic himself would fall by the criticism of each individual reader. It is as base a slander for a reviewer to state that any writer is contemptible, without proving him to be so, as it is for a citizen to say his neighbour is a thief, without being able to adduce the proper evidence of the fact; and so the public will determine. Therefore, our correspondent is in-

formed, we decline making this paper the arena of any discussion or angry quarrel, which, from the character of our opponents could not have justice for its object, or be conducted according to the rules of common courtesy. Silence is the best reply. The writings, both of Mr. Bryant and Mr. Willis, can take care of themselves. The former gentleman, who is attacked in the Quarterly with a virulence savouring something of political malice, is present, and can take the measure of his antagonist whenever he pleases. Mr. Willis, who most likely is getting paid off now, for having in former times laid the lash on the shoulders of the critic, is luckily (or unluckily, we scarcely know which) absent. His compositions speak for themselves. The article on the Lake school of poetry could never have been written by the enlightened editor of the Quarterly, whom we respect sincerely; and the only wonder is, how it found its way into that excellent journal. We are told the critic is a disappointed brother poet. We believe it. He has that air, and writes as if smarting under some keenly unpleasant recollection which urges him on till his censure curdles into a rankling hate. The critic will learn that there is no surer method of awakening public feeling in favor of any man than a deliberate and palpable effort to oppress and trample him down.

Salmagundi.—In a late notice of Washington Irving, we stated that the papers for Salmagundi were written by a circle of literary gentlemen. It struck us that a closer inquiry into this subject would not be uninteresting; and we have, accordingly, ascertained precisely the authors of that popular publication, a point, by the way, which has been the subject of many contradictory opinions. All the poetry, and two of the prose articles, were from the hand of William Irving; the rest were furnished, in about equal parts, by Washington Irving and J. K. Paulding. A correspondent asserts that Dr. Peter Irving was a contributor. This idea has no foundation whatever in truth. We trust "Mustapha Rub-a-dub" will take this as a satisfactory reply to his interrogation.

Newark Daily Advertiser.—It is a singular fact, that scarcely any attempt has hitherto been made in the state of New-Jersey to establish a daily paper. This surprises us, considering the population of many of its cities and towns, and the importance of such an establishment. Newark is the largest town in New-Jersey, and the eighteenth in the United States, and contains about eleven thousand inhabitants. No American town with such a population should be without a daily journal; and we hope the time is not far distant when this will be the case. A small folio sheet, neatly printed, entitled the "Daily Advertiser," has been commenced in Newark, by George Bush & Co. which, no doubt, will be liberally supported.

England.—The population returns of Great Britain have been recently printed by order of parliament. "The whole population of England," says the report, "is thirteen millions twenty-nine thousand three hundred and eighty-eight." There is something rather precise about the eighty-eight.

Female politics.—A meeting has been called at Manchester, of independent free English women, to discuss the best means of uniting with the political union of the working classes, in furthering the objects of reform!

Unread books and communications.—We solicit the indulgence of publishers and authors for postponing the notice of several volumes, which we have not as yet had time to examine. A number of articles are also lying before us which we shall use our earliest leisure in perusing. One or two private letters from correspondents also, touching upon these points, we have read with some regret. Our friends must be aware that we cannot at once run through all the manuscripts—read all the books—attend all the theatres—examine all the paintings and exhibitions—do our own scribblings—pursue our own studies, &c. &c. without finding ourselves occasionally a little at a loss in what way to occupy our time most advantageously. To correspondents, even when we decline their pieces, we are always sincerely grateful, and we have no idea of offering them any neglect. One or two who have lately hinted civilly something that way, will oblige us by receiving these assurances as an apology for every apparent negligence on our part than which, we repeat, nothing could be farther from our intention.

Portrait of Washington Irving.—Application having been made for extra copies of this engraving, for framing, a number have been struck off on large paper, and may be had at this office.

Cholera Morbus.—Dr. Charles Mifflin, of Philadelphia, has written from abroad a treatise on the cholera, calculated to allay alarm respecting its progress to this country. A rumor has been in circulation, but is contradicted, that this scourge had appeared at Mobile.

Novel writers.—It is said that Carey and Lea pay Cooper five thousand dollars for each one of his novels.

Sociable.—A paper at Saco, Maine, mentions the following marriage: On Christmas Eve, the Rev. Wm. Jenkins married Theophilus, Richard, Thomas, Titus, Jonathan, Ebenezer, and John Hutcheson—to Misses Martha, Eliza, Sarah Ann, Mary, Judith, Virginia, and Peggy Wells. This is wedded bliss by wholesale!

Commissioner for Georgia.—The governor of Georgia has appointed Thomas Jefferson Smith, counsellor of this city, commissioner to take acknowledgment of deeds for the state of Georgia. Mr. Smith holds the same office for the state of Pennsylvania.

On examining our books, we find that a few subscribers are yet in arrears. The number, it is true, is small; but, nevertheless, may not be overlooked. To most, bills have been sent; and we respectfully request, that all indebted will be kind enough to cancel our very moderate claims, without further notice.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEE, MARY.

A BALLAD—SUNG BY MR. BROADHURST, IN THE FARCE OF JONATHAN IN ENGLAND, AT THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE—MUSIC BY G. B. HERBERT—WORDS BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Moderately slow.

Here's a health to thee, Ma-ry, here's a health to thee, My gay friends are gone, and I am a-lone, To think of home and thee, Ma-ry, to think of home and thee. There are some who may shine o'er thee, Ma-ry, And ma-ny as frank and free, And a few as fair; But the sum-mer air is not more sweet to me, Ma-ry, is not more sweet to me. I have, &c. [see below.]

2d verse.

I have thought of thy last low sigh, Ma-ry, and thy dimm'd and gen-tle eye: I've call'd on thy name when the night winds came, And heard my heart re- ply, Ma-ry, and heard my heart re- ply.

Second verse.

Be thou but true to me. Ma-ry, and I'll be true to thee, And at set of sun, when my task is done, Be sure that I'm e-ver with thee. Ma-ry, be sure that I'm e-ver with thee.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

MOODS OF THE MIND.

THERE are moments when misery and happiness seem to meet and change character: the latter becomes oppressive, the former welcome. There are times when hatred pauses to smile, and love to frown. There are periods when every valuable object on earth appears valueless, and all the soul's wishes are fixed on unimportant events. I often experience a stagnation of feeling, which the most sudden and striking accident can scarcely arouse me from. While again, a look goes through me like a dagger, and I start and wonder at common actions. I sometimes wish myself dead; while again, life rises to such a precious and unutterable value, that the thought of parting with it strikes a chill of awful horror and astonishment through all my veins. I would give worlds for the equanimity of some men—but it is all a matter of *nerve*.

THE TEETH.

Incipient disorders of the teeth are too generally neglected. Every parent should, as an imperative duty, submit his child's mouth to the inspection of a judicious dentist at least twice a year. The amount of trouble and agony suffered from this species of negligence would, doubtless, startle and appal any one who could behold it in the aggregate. Yet what shameful cowards most men are, in this respect. Day after day, month after month slips away, after they discover the inroads of decay, before they can muster resolution to seat themselves in the dentist's chair; and too many procrastinate, till driven by intense anguish to the crisis;

and then, instead of the slight operation that would have been originally necessary, are edified with the extraction of two or three, which earlier attention might have preserved.

STATISTICS.

Williams's Register for 1832 contains some interesting statements, from which we derive the following:—There are four millions five hundred thousand bushels of salt annually manufactured in the United States. There are two hundred and fifty-eight newspapers at present published in this state. The only counties without papers are Putnam and Rockland. There are sixty-four papers printed in this city, of which thirty-three are weekly and thirteen daily, making about ten millions six hundred and twenty-eight thousand six hundred sheets annually. The subscriptions of the city papers, exclusive of the advertisements, are estimated at about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

An elegant writer observes: "the coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed in what we ought to be."

What is lighter than a feather? Dust.—What is lighter than dust? Wind.—What lighter than the wind? A coxcomb.—What lighter than a coxcomb? Nothing.

AN HONEST EPITAPH.

Beneath this turf with wild-flowers clad,
A kindly heart reposes;
With many a virtue faults it had—
But "thorns are hid mid roses."

THINGS FOUNDED IN REASON.

The idea of superiority felt by a man in a big steamboat over another in a little steamboat.

The contempt a man who is going the whole route in a stage feels for one who gets in to ride only a few miles.

The dislike a person experiences against a stranger who wears his hat rather to please himself than any body else.

The pride of a gentleman in the boxes at the theatre over one in the pit.

The credit you award to a shopkeeper when he assures you, on his "honor," such an article cost him so much.

The belief of any thing because it has been in the newspapers.

MISTAKES IN PRINTING.

Wanted, a coachman to take care of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind.

Wanted, a hundred men to take charge of a small child.

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Fear.—The shadow of hope.

Rural felicity.—Potatoes and turnips.

Woman's love.—A rainbow melting in tears.

Moral rectitude.—Great care not to be found out.

Music.—The poetry of sound.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,
To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscriptions received for a less term than one year.

J. Stymour, printer, John-street.

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No. 38.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE MERCHANT AND THE SHEPHERDESS.

A TALE OF THE EAST.

THE discontent which runs through every rank and degree of life, has been deservedly condemned by the philosophers of all ages, as one of the bitterest reproaches to human nature, as well as the highest affront to the divine Author of us all. If, indeed, we look through the whole creation, and remark the progressive scale of beings as they rise into perfection, we shall perceive to our own shame and confusion, that every one seems satisfied with that share of life and pleasure which its Maker has appointed for it, man alone excepted, who is pleased with nothing his bounty imparts, unless blessed with every thing his power can bestow; perpetually repining at the decrees of Providence, and refusing to enjoy what he has, from a ridiculous and never-ceasing desire for what he has not.

The object which is at a distance from us is always the most inviting, and that possession the most valuable which we cannot acquire. With ideas of affluence and grandeur, we are apt to associate those of joy and pleasure, and because riches and power may conduce to our happiness, we hastily conclude that they must do so; that pomp, splendor, and magnificence, which attend the great, are visible to every eye, while the sorrows they feel, and the dangers to which they are obnoxious, escape observation.

Hence it is that almost every condition and circumstance of life is considered preferable to our own; that we often fall in love with ruin, and beg to be unhappy; in short, we weep when we ought to rejoice, and complain when we ought to be thankful.

The following narrative is, by tradition, attributed to Heli Ben Hamet, a moralist of Arabia, who delivered his precepts in public orations.

Dost thou ask for a torch to discover the light of the morning? Dost thou appeal to argument for proofs of divine perfection? Look down to the earth on which thou standest, and lift up thine eyes to the worlds which roll above thee. Thou beholdest splendor, abundance, and beauty. Is not he who produced them, mighty? Thou considerest; is not he who formed thy understanding, wise? Thou enjoyest; is not he who gratifies thy senses, good? Can aught have limited his bounty but his wisdom? or can defects in his prudence be discovered by thine? To Heli, the preacher of humility and resignation, let thine ear be attentive, thou whose heart has rebelled in secret, and whose wish has silently accused thy Maker.

I rose early in the morning to meditate, that I might without presumption be heard. I left my habitation, and turning from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way or regarding any object that passed, till the extreme heat of the sun, which now approached the meridian, compelled my attention. The weariness which I had insensibly contracted by the length of my walk, became insupportable; and looking round for shelter, I suddenly perceived that I was not far from the wood in which Rhedi, the hermit, investigates the secrets of nature and ascribes glory to God. The hope of improving my meditation by his wisdom gave me new vigor; I soon reached the wood—I was refreshed by the shade, and walked forward till I arrived at the cell. I entered, but Rhedi was absent. I had not, however, waited long before I discovered him among the trees at some distance, advancing towards me with a person whose appearance was, if possible, yet more venerable than his own, and whom before I had never seen.

When they came near I rose up, and laying my hand upon my lips, I bowed myself with reverence before them. Rhedi saluted me by name, and presented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myself to the ground. Having looked steadfastly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head and blessed me.

"Heli," said he, "those who desire knowledge that they may teach virtue, shall not be disappointed. Sit down. I will relate events which as yet thou knowest but in part, and disclose secrets of Providence, from which thou mayest derive instruction."

We sat down, and I listened as to the counsel of an angel.

Selima, the daughter of Sanbad the shepherd, was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had passed the desert arrived, and the driver of the camels alighted to give them drink. Those which came first to the wells belonged to Nouraddin, the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandise of great value from Egypt. Selima, when the caravan drew near, had covered herself with her veil, which the servant of Nouraddin, to gratify a brutal curiosity, attempted to withdraw.

Selima, provoked by the indignity, and encouraged by the presence of others, struck him with the staff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himself with the caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately

hastened to the well. The veil of Selima had fallen off in the struggle, and Nouraddin was captivated by her beauty. The lovely confusion of offended modesty that glowed upon her cheek, the disdain that swelled her bosom, and the resentment that sparkled in her eyes, expressed a consciousness of her sex, which warmed and animated her features. They were graces which he had never hitherto seen, and they produced a tumult in his breast which before he had never felt; for Nouraddin, though he had now great possessions, was yet a youth and a stranger to woman. The merchandise which he was transporting had been purchased by his father, whom the angel of death had interrupted in the journey; and this sudden accession of independence and wealth, did not dispose him to restrain the impetuosity of his nature. He therefore demanded Selima of her parents. His message was received with gratitude and joy; and Nouraddin, after a short stay, carried her with him to Egypt, having first provided for her family, besides punishing, with his own hand, the servant by whom she had been insulted at the well.

But he delayed the solemnities of marriage till the time of mourning for his father should expire; and an affection which he could not suppress, was without much difficulty endured, now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happiness which he believed to be secured, and supposed it would increase by expectation, like a treasure by usury, of which more is still possessed as possession is longer delayed.

During this interval Selima recovered from the tumultuous joy of sudden elevation; her ambition was at an end, and she became susceptible to love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obscurity of her birth, only because it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, labored incessantly to supply the defect. She received his instruction not only with gratitude, but with delight; while he spoke, she gazed upon him with esteem and reverence, and had no wish but to return the happiness which he was impatient to bestow.

At this time Osmin, the caliph, was upon the throne of Egypt. The passions of Osmin, thou knowest, were impetuous as the torrens of Marab, and fatal as the whirlwind of the desert. To excite and to gratify was at once the whole purpose of his mind; but his wish was still unsatisfied, and his life was wretched. His seraglio was filled with beauty, but the power of beauty was exhausted; he became outrageous to revive his spirits by a new union, which he demanded of Nardic, the eunuch, whom he had not only set over his women, but over the whole kingdom. He demanded this with menaces and execrations. The trembling slave, therefore, caused a proclamation to be made, that whosoever produced the most beautiful maiden within two days, should stand in the presence of the caliph, and be deemed the third in the kingdom.

Caled, the servant of Nouraddin, had returned with him into Egypt; the sullen ferocity of his temper was increased by the desire of revenge, and the gloom of discontent was deepened by despair; but, when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aspect, like lightning in the darkness of a storm; the offence which he had committed against Selima enabled him to revenge the punishment which it had produced; he knew that her marriage was near. He therefore hastened to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who, in the midst of magnificence and servility, the flattery of dependent ambition, and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was sitting pale and silent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breast throbbing with apprehension.

When Caled was brought into his presence, he fell prostrate before him.

"By the smile of my lord," said he, "let another be distinguished from the slaves who mingle in obscurity, and let his favor elevate another from the dust, but let my service be accepted, and let the desire of Osmin be satisfied with beauty. Selima will shortly be espoused by Nouraddin; but of Selima the sovereign of Egypt only is worthy. Haste, therefore, to demand her; she is now with him in the house to which I will conduct the messenger of thy will."

Nardic received this intelligence with transports of joy; a mandate was immediately written to Nouraddin; it was sealed with the royal signet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force sufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin for his father had expired; he had changed his apparel and perfumed his person; his features were brightened with the gladness of his heart; he had invited his friends to the festival of his marriage, and the evening was to accomplish his wishes. The evening was also expected by Selima, with a joy which she did not labor to suppress; and she was hiding her blushes in the breast of Nouraddin when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domestics were alarmed and terrified; and Nouraddin, being instantly acquainted with the event, rushed out of the apartment of Selima with disorder and trepidation. When he saw

Caled he was moved with anger and disdain; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and with looks of insolence and triumph presented the mandate; when Nouraddin saw the royal signet he knelt to receive it, and having gazed a moment at the superscription, pressed it upon his forehead in an agony of suspense and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him, enjoyed the anguish he suffered; and perceiving that he was faint, and had not fortitude to read the paper, he acquainted him with the contents: at the name of Selima he started as if he had felt the sting of a scorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his commission without remorse: he was not to be moved by swooning, expostulation, entreaty, or tears; but having conducted Selima to the seraglio, presented her to Nardic, with hope and exultation. Nardic, whose wish was satisfied by her stature and shape, lifted her veil with impatience, timidity and solicitude; but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts were at an end; he prostrated himself before her, as a person on whose pleasures his life would from that moment depend. She was conducted to the chamber of the women, and Caled was the same hour invested with his new dignity; an apartment was assigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

Nouraddin, when he recovered his senses, and found that Selima had been conducted to the seraglio, was seized by turns with distraction and stupidity; he passed the night in agitation; by which the powers of nature were exhausted, and in the morning he locked himself in the chamber of Selima, determined to admit no comforter, and to receive no sustenance.

While Nouraddin was thus abandoning himself to despair, Nardic's description of Selima had roused Osmin from his apathy. He commanded that she should be prepared to receive him, and soon after went into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, he could not behold Selima without emotion. He perceived, indeed, that she was in tears, and that his presence covered her with confusion; yet he believed that her sorrows could be easily removed, and that by kindness she might be soothed. But the moment he approached her, she threw herself at his feet, and intreated to be heard, with an importunity which he chose rather to indulge than resist; he, therefore, raised her from the ground, and supporting her in his arms, encouraged her to proceed.

"Let my lord," said she, "dismiss a wretch who is not worthy of his presence, and compassionate the distress which is not susceptible of delight. I am the daughter of a shepherd, and betrothed to the merchant Nouraddin, from whom I have been forced by the perfidy of a slave, and to whom I am united by indissoluble bonds. O! let not the terrors of thy frown be upon me. Shall the sovereign of Europe stoop to a reptile of the dust? Shall the judge of nations retain the worthless theft of treachery and revenge? Or shall he, for whom ten thousand languish, rejoice in the sufferings of one alienated mind?"

Osmin, whose breast had by turns been inflamed by love and indignation while he gazed upon the beauties of Selima, and listened to her voice, now suddenly threw her from him, and departed without reply.

When he was alone the feelings which eloquence had suppressed, soon became again predominant, and he commanded Selima to be told, that if within three hours she did consent to be his, he would cast the head of the slave for whom he had been rejected at her feet.

• The eunuch by whom this message was delivered, and the woman who had returned to Selima when the Caliph retired, were touched with pity at her distress, and trembled at her danger; the evils which they could scarce hope to prevent, they were yet solicitous to delay, and therefore advised her to request three days' preparation, that she might sufficiently recover the tranquillity of her mind to make a just estimate of her own happiness; and with this request, to send, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of sherbet, in which a pearl had been dissolved, and of which she had first drank herself.

To this advice she at length consented, and after some throes of desperation, prepared to put it in execution.

At the time when the resolution was taken, Nouraddin suddenly started from a restless slumber; he was again stung by an instantaneous reflection upon his own misery, and indulged the discontent of his mind in this exclamation:

"If wisdom and goodness do indeed preside over the works of Omnipotence, whence are oppression, injustice, and cruelty? As Nouraddin alone has a right to Selima, why is Selima in the power of Osmin? Oh! that now the justice of heaven would appear in my behalf! that from this hour Nouraddin was Osmin, and Osmin Nouraddin!"

The moment he had uttered this wish his chamber was darkened as with a thick cloud, which was at length dissipated with a

burst of thunder, and a being, whose appearance was more than human, stood before her.

"Nouraddin," said the vision, "I am of the region above thee; but my business is with the children of the earth. Thou hast wished to be Osmin, and as far as this wish is possible it shall be accomplished: thou shalt be enabled to assume his appearance, and to exercise his power. I know not yet whether I am permitted to conceal Osmin under the appearance of Nouraddin, but till tomorrow he shall not interrupt thee."

Nouraddin, who had been held motionless by astonishment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the presence of a friend, and was about to express his gratitude and joy, when the genius bound a talisman on his left arm and acquainted him with its power.

"As often as this bracelet," said he, "shall be applied to the region of thy heart, thou shalt be alternately changed from Nouraddin to Osmin, and from Osmin to Nouraddin."

The genius then suddenly disappeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover possession of Selima, instantly applied the bracelet to his breast, and the next moment found himself alone in an apartment in the seraglio.

During this interval the caliph, who was expecting the issue of his message to Selima, became restless and impatient; he quitted his apartments and went into the gardens, where he walked backward and forward with a violent but interrupted pace, and at length stood still, frowning and pensive, with his eyes fixed on the clear surface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitations of his mind continued, and at length broke out in the following soliloquy:

"What is my felicity, and where is my power? I am wretched, by the want of that which the caprice of a woman has bestowed on my slave; I can gratify my revenge, but not my love. I can withhold felicity from him, but cannot procure it to myself. Why have I not the power to assume the form in which I might gratify my wishes? I will at least enjoy them in thought. If I were Nouraddin, I should be clasped with transport to the bosom of Selima."

He then resigned himself to the power of imagination, and was silent; but the moment his wish was uttered, he became subject to the genius, who had just transported Nouraddin to his palace. This wish therefore was instantly fulfilled; and his eyes being still fixed on the water, he perceived, with sudden wonder and delight, that the mirror reflected another image, and that his figure had been changed. His fancy had been warmed by the ideal affection of Selima; the tumult of his mind had been increased by the prodigy; and the gratification of his love being the only object of his attention, he hastened instantly to the palace, without reflecting that as he would not be known, he would be refused admittance. At the door to which he advanced with eagerness and precipitation, he was stopped by a party of the guard, that was now commanded by Caled. A tumult ensued; and Caled being hastily called, believed that Nouraddin had scaled the walls of the gardens to recover Selima, and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge, instantly stabbed him with his poniard, but at the same time received that of the caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor; the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to support him in oppression, and the traitor by the fury of the passion which his perfidy had excited.

In the mean time the man who was believed to be slain, reposed in security upon a sofa; and Selima, by the direction of her women, prepared her message and the bowl. They were dispatched to the caliph, and received by Nouraddin. He understood by the message that Selima was yet inviolate; in the joy of his heart he took the bowl, and having emptied it, he returned it to the eunuch, with a command that she should be brought immediately into his presence.

In obedience to this command she was conducted by her women to the door—but she entered alone, pale and trembling; and though her lips were forced into a smile, the characters which grief, dread, and aversion had written on her countenance, were not effaced. Nouraddin, who beheld her disorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love, and springing forward, threw his arms about her in an ecstasy of tenderness and joy, which was still heightened when he perceived that in the character of Osmin these embraces were suffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardor. He therefore, retreating backward a few steps, applied the talisman again to his breast, and having recovered his own form, would have rushed again into her arms, but she started from him in confusion and terror. He smiled at the effect of the prodigy; and sustaining Selima on his bosom, repeated some tender incidents which were known to no other—told her by what means he had intercepted her message, and urged her immediately to escape, that they might possess all their desires in each other, and leave the incumbance of royalty to the wretch whose likeness he had been able to assume, and which he was now impatient to renounce. Selima gazed at him with a fixed attention till her suspicion and doubts were removed; then suddenly turning from him, tore her garments, and looking up to heaven, imprecated curses on her head, till her voice faltered, and she burst into tears.

Of this agony, which Nouraddin beheld with unutterable distress, the broken exclamations of Selima at length acquainted him with the cause.

"In the bowl," said she, "which thou hast intercepted, there was death. I wished, when I took it from my lips, that the draught which remained might be poison. A powder was immediately shaken into it by an invisible hand, and a voice whispered to me that him who drank the potion it would inevitably destroy."

Nouraddin, to whose heart the fatal malignity had now spread, perceived that his dissolution would be sudden: his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim; he stretched out his arms towards Selima, and his countenance was distorted by an ineffectual effort to speak: impenetrable darkness came upon him; he groaned, and fell backward. In his fall the talisman smote his breast, his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impressed on the features of Osmin. Selima, who ran to support him, when she perceived the last transformation, rushed out of the apartment with the wild impetuosity of distraction and despair. The seraglio was alarmed in a moment; the body was mistaken for that of Osmin, was examined by the physicians, and the effects of poison were evident. Selima was immediately suspected, and by the command of Shomar, who succeeded his father, she was put to death.

"Such," said the companion of Rhedi, "was the end of Nouraddin and Selima, of Osmin and Caled, from whose destiny I have withdrawn the veil. Let the world consider it and be wise; be thou still the messenger of instruction, and let increase of knowledge clothe thee with humility."

While mine eye was fixed upon the hoary sage who had thus vouchsafed me counsel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy, like unto a cloud; he rose like a vapor from the ground, and the next moment I saw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi the hermit, chilled with reverence and dumb with astonishment; but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm cheerfulness of superior virtue, and I perceived that the sanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence.

"Hamet," said he, "the voice which thou hast heard is the voice of Zachis, the genius by whose power the wonders which he has related were produced. It is the province of Zachis to punish impatience and presumption by fulfilling the desire of those who wish to interrupt the order of nature, and presume to direct the hand of Providence. Relate what thou hast heard, to preserve others from his power. Now, therefore, let virtue suffer with patience, and vice dread to incur the miseries she would inflict; for by him who repines at the will of heaven, his own portion of good is diminished; and he who presumptuously assumes the sword, will turn the point on his own bosom." W. W.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MOORE'S NEW POEMS.

Mr. Moore has struck off a new volume of poems at last; a mere trifle, but very pretty. It is entitled the "Summer Fete, a poem, with songs;" and seems to have been received with a satisfaction which this enthusiastic and delightful poet had scarcely a right to expect, after his past successes. There is nothing more difficult to be carried without injury than a very brilliant literary reputation. Mr. Moore, has, however, essayed again, and thereviewers give this a high rank among his other works. The songs interspersed through the light plot are set to melodies, and by the combined attractions of music and poetry, may well hope to win their way to the lips and the heart of every lover of these arts. Here is a gay carol sung by a young girl to her elder sister while engaged in the ceremonies of her toilet:

ARRAY THEE, LOVE.

Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee;
The sun's below, the moon's above,
And night and bliss obey thee.
Put on thee all that's bright and rare,
The zone, the wreath, the gem,
Not so much gracing charms so fair,
As borrowing grace from them.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all that's bright array thee;
The sun's below, the moon's above,
And night and bliss obey thee.
Put on the plumes thy lover gave,
The plumes that, proudly dancing,
Proclaim to all, where'er they wave,
Victorious eyes advancing.
Bring forth the robe whose hue of heaven
From thee derives such light,
That Iris would give all her seven,
To boast but one so bright.
Array thee love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee;
The sun's below, the moon's above,
And night and bliss obey thee.
Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through pleasing circles hie thee;
And hearts, wherein thy footsteps move,
Will beat when they come nigh thee.
Thy every word shall be a spell,
Thy every look a ray,
And tracks of wondering eyes shall tell
The glory of thy way!
Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through pleasing circles hie thee,
And hearts, wherein thy footsteps move,
Will beat when they come nigh thee.

Here is another song, extremely *Mooreish*:

THOU COM'ST NOT.

Oh, where art thou dreaming,
On land, or on sea?
In my lattice is gleaming
The watch-light for thee;
And this fond heart is glowing

To welcome thee home,
And the night is fast going,
But thou art not come.
Thou com'st not—no, thou com'st not!
'Tis the time when night-flowers
Should wake from their rest;
'Tis the hour of all hours,
When the lute murmurs best.
But the flowers are half sleeping
Till thy glances they see;
And the hush'd lute is keeping
Its music for thee.

Yet thou com'st not—no, thou com'st not!

After this there is an invitation to purchase in

VANITY FAIR.

Who'll buy? 'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?
We've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Beside our usual fools'-supply,
We've lots of playthings, too, for sages—
For reasoners here's a juggler's cup,
That fullest seems when nothing's in it;
And nine pins set, like systems, up,
To be knock'd down the following minute.
Who'll buy? 'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?
Gay caps we have of foolscap make,
For bards to wear in dog-day weather;
Or bards the bells alone may take,
And leave to wits the cap and feather.
Tetotums we've for patriots got,
Who court the mob with antics humble—
Alike their short and dizzy lot,
A glorious spin—and then—a tumble.
Who'll buy? 'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?
Here misers may their bones inter
In shrouds of neat post-obit paper:
While, for their heirs, we've quicksilver,
That fast as heart can wish will caper.
For aldermen we've dials true,
That tell no hour but that of dinner;
For courtly parsons sermons new,
That suit alike both saint and sinner.
Who'll buy? 'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?
No time we've now to name our terms,
But whatso'er the whims that seize you,
This eldest of all mortal firms,
Folly & Co., will try to please you:
Or, should you wish a darker hue
Of gods than we can recommend you,
Why then, as we with lawyers do,
To Knavery's shop next door we'll send you.
Who'll buy? 'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?

We have room for only one more extract:

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Some mortals there may be, so wise, or so fine,
As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see:
But, as I'm not particular—wit, love, and wine,
Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me.
Nay, humble and strange as my tastes may appear,
If driv'n to the worst, I could manage, thank heaven,
To put up with eyes such as beam round me here,
And with wine such as this, six days out of seven,
So pledge me a bumper—your sages profound
May be blest, if they will, on their own patent plan:
But as we are *not* sages—why send the cup round—
We must only be happy the best way we can.
A reward by some king was once offered, we're told,
To those who'd invent a new bliss for mankind:
But talk of *new* pleasures!—give me but the old,
And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they find.
Or should I, in quest of fresh realms of bliss,
Set sail in the pinnacle of Fancy some day,
Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this,
And such eyes as we've here be the stars of my way!
In the meantime, a bumper—your angels, on high,
May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span;
But, as we are *not* angels, why let the flask fly—
We must only be happy *all* ways that we can.

This volume will probably be republished here soon, when we shall notice it more at length.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Messrs. Harper have lately added to their library of select novels Miss Burney's "Evelina," one of the popular romances of the last century.

Carey and Lea are busy as usual. They have just issued two publications: an American octodecimo edition of Lord Mahon's "Life of Belisarius," a work highly praised by the British critics; and in a single octavo, of nearly seven hundred pages, a revised and greatly improved edition of Bourrienne's "Life of Napoleon;" a volume, the interest of which is already well established.

The oration delivered in the Middle Dutch Church, on the late centennial anniversary of Washington's birth-day, by Major-General Morgan Lewis, has been published by G. F. Hopkins and Son. Attached to the discourse is an account of the proceedings, printed by order of the common council. This forms a satisfactory record of a most interesting occasion, and the publishers have issued it in a style of typographical neatness which has, in a marked degree, distinguished their press.

Mr. Dunlap is about publishing a volume, entitled the "History of the American Theatre." The subject is rife with interest. Nearly every body is pleased with sketches of this kind. They are always full of wit and incident. Mr. Dunlap was for several years the manager of the Park, and has already compiled an amusing life of Cooke. The work promises well.

THE FINE ARTS.

PAINTING.

MR. DUNLAP'S HISTORICAL PAINTINGS.

THE panoramic exhibition in the great gallery of the National Academy at Clinton-hall, consists of four very large paintings: the Christ Rejected, the Bearing of the Cross, the Calvary, and the Death on the Pale Horse, so arranged, in a semicircular form, as to produce a panoramic series, displaying the rejection of the Savior, and his final triumph. This series of subjects from the Evangelists, occupies nearly one thousand square feet of canvas, displaying seven or eight hundred figures. The room is lighted in the centre, and in the evening by gas, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at which times the artist lectures on his own paintings, explaining them, as a painter and an historian. The whole is new, as a combination of pictorial effect, and literary and scientific exertion.

There are, in the gallery, several paintings, by old masters, and Mr. Dunlap's last historic composition, the Attack upon the Louvre.

We publish the following extract from the manuscript of the artist's lecture on his picture of the Christ Rejected, delivered before a large audience of ladies and gentlemen, among whom were several of the clergy of the city:

"This moment of intense interest having been chosen by the painter, let us take a rapid glance at the manner he has represented the principal characters who are actors or sufferers in the awful scene. Here stand the military satellites of the Roman power (that power which blindly prepared the world for the reception of light.) In front stands the centurion, as yet an indifferent spectator, a mere 'man having authority,' and obedient to those having higher command. His wife hangs upon him, looking with sympathy on the man of many sorrows. Pilate, the representative of the emperor, is seated, and although wishing to save him in whom he found no fault, is too conscious of his high office to rise, or otherwise than as a judge, to display his emotion. The Savior having answered him, turns partly from him, and from the furious Caiaphas. Bound by Annas, decorated, in derision, by Herod, with kingly ornaments, and bleeding from the wounds inflicted by the crown of thorns, he evinces, by his attitude and countenance, his superiority to his clamorous enemies, and resignation to the death he had chosen as testimony to his truth. Caiaphas, in all the pomp of his once high office, with violent action, cries—'Away with him! crucify him!' The elders and people are echoing the cry. Peter, who had in a few short hours, fought for, denied, and shrunk from the look of his master,—who had wept bitterly under the conviction of the fallacy of man's resolution and extreme weakness, now feels that indignant spirit revived which filled him when his teacher was seized as a criminal. Mary of Magdala, the representative of that sex ever first to pity, and ever first to relieve; the beautiful Mary Magdalen, those locks dishevelled with which she had wiped the feet of her benefactor, looks to him in an agony of unmitigated sorrow; while the mother, in the majesty of woe, subdued by knowledge of the future, stands erect, with her eyes turned to heaven, and so supported, upholds the drooping head of her young companion, the daughter of Cleophas. Others of the daughters of Jerusalem are overwhelmed with grief and consternation, while friends and enemies await the decision of the man on whose word life and death seem to hang.

"Such appears to have been the events which imagination had presented to the painter's eye, which, like the poet's, ought to glance from heaven to earth—from earth to heaven; but is too often chained by circumstances to a lot and thoughts very far below the exalted sphere to which he aspires. His ardent fancy shows him these scenes of interest and of glory; but he has to labor often in poverty, and disappointment, and neglect, while striving to fix them on his canvas."

MUSIC.

CINDERELLA IN BOSTON.

The extraordinary power of pleasing every body, which is the peculiar attribute of this opera, can only be fully appreciated by those who have witnessed its effect during its various peregrinations. It signifies not, whether it meet with cultivated musical taste, as in New-York; with partiality for music, without frequent opportunities of hearing it well executed, as in Philadelphia and Baltimore; or with an audience more familiar with every other branch of the drama than with opera, as at Boston—the same end is effected; every body goes to see Cinderella, and some to hear the music; but all are delighted. The managers had promised that no pains or expense should be spared in the production of the piece, and they redeemed their pledge to the very letter. The dresses were entirely new and very splendid. The scenery also was new and good. The best executed sketch was the fairy lake and landscape; the latter, however, although more dazzling, has not so much of poetry in the idea as that at the Park, and the fountain looked much too solid to pass for a fluid. Peacocks, and long-necked birds, of glittering appearance, were in abundance; and, on the first night, were of considerable annoyance to the musical portion of the audience, for sundry pleased and judicious spectators, totally unmindful of the fairy chorus, then chiming away in full harmony, manifested their delight at the expansion and compression of the bird's tails, by a loud clapping of hands. The change from the kitchen to a moonlight view of the Prince's palace, was equal, but

not superior, to that which you have witnessed. The last scene is better in New-York, but the dresses have not been equalled in any city of the Union. Before I quit the subject of scenery, I cannot help expressing my opinion that a false taste pervades most of the establishments which I have inspected; every thing is sacrificed to glitter. In lieu of natural foliage, judicious light and shade, and good perspective, we invariably find the extravagant and *outré* leaf of tropical climates introduced into every scene. Skies, burning with immense red suns, and nights, radiant with huge white moons; and, at every six inches, red, green, and white foil, introduced to give a gaudy appearance. Indeed, instead of fancying ourselves in the dominions of a prince of Salerno, we rather expect to see some Maroon robber—some three-fingered Jack, make his appearance; and, instead of a rattling chamois hunting chorus, like that in Cinderella, which commences "What wild sounds," we are sooner prepared to hear,

"Come let us dance and sing,
While Barbadoes bells do ring."

Now, although Mr. Jones partook of these faults in common with others of his brethren, I must do him the justice to say, that if he would keep Stanfield a little more in remembrance, he would be a most promising artist. The chorusses were got up under the direction of Mr. Comer, and were admirably drilled; the female was rather weak, in comparison to the male chorus, which was extremely effective. I cannot help adding, that an example might well be taken from Mr. Comer's management of this department in New-York. Five or six rehearsals were sufficient to produce this opera on the part of the band, for the chorus singers were completely perfect in their business, and sung as well at the first rehearsal as at the last. The band, on the whole, was good; the clarionets, flute, and bassoon admirable; but the violins were weak, there being but one second. They played however, well together, led by Milon. I now direct your attention to the *dramatis personæ*—and, as I have previously had occasion to mention Mr. Walton's performance of the Prince, I shall only say that on this occasion his acting was easy, and his singing decidedly improved. Mr. Comer's Dandini was excellent. Mr. Collingbourne, as Alidoro, was as correct as possible in the music, and Mr. Johnstone was entrusted with the part of the Baron. I cannot pass over this gentleman so lightly. The talents of Comer and Walton are familiar to your readers; but Mr. Johnstone is comparatively a stranger to you, although a native of this country, and I am happy to introduce him to your notice. With a *baritone* voice of excellent intonation and some power, Mr. Johnstone is endowed with a fine ear and great clearness of pronunciation. His execution of the dream-song was first-rate—and, when we consider that he can never have heard similar music, and that his conception of the part was entirely original, I am inclined to look forward to his rising high in the profession, if opportunity be afforded him. I do not affect to compare him with Placide. He has not had the same advantages; and, in my humble opinion, no actor can rise to perfection who has not studied in a good school. The late Mr. Bernard is the model on which Mr. Placide has moulded many of his characters, particularly that of Lord Ogleby, and the Baron has partaken of that study. In addition to this, the Italian and French companies have not been unobserved by Placide—and consequently he has had opportunities certainly not enjoyed by Mr. Johnstone. Yet, notwithstanding, this gentleman's personation of the Baron was marked by good sense, and was highly entertaining. Much has often been said about natural acting. I confess I am rather sceptical on this point. I do not deny that nature fits many persons peculiarly for the profession; but I am inclined to believe that the forcing and pruning hand of art is as necessary to insure thorough success as the gift of nature. How often is the above truth forced on the observation of those who remark the proceedings of the drama? How frequently do artists of both sexes land on these shores, studied in certain parts in which they produce an effect; and, after they have resided here a short time, they are excelled by the resident artists of the country? The reason is plain—they come moulded and shaped in those parts after the model of some person of ability; and, while they depend on such acquired habits, their popularity lasts—when left to their own conception, their true value becomes apparent. If, then, this mere imitative quality can serve persons not gifted highly with talent, how much must constant study in a school of good acting benefit those whose genius is above direct imitation? Craving pardon for this digression, I now have to notice the tallest and the funniest Pedro that I have yet met with. Mr. Barrett, in the absence of Mr. Andrews, who was indisposed, undertook the character—and most ably did he perform it. His length of limb, so well calculated to represent awkwardness, and the way in which he made up his face, were irresistibly ludicrous, and he had the audience in a convulsion of laughter from the moment of his appearance to the last scene. The change of dress has always been a failure in every city except Boston; even at the Park this business is entrusted to sundry strong and energetic agents, who are so determined to do their duty that they fasten a strong rope round the luckless actor, and if the garments will not quit his person, they drag person and all off the stage! How often have we witnessed Mr. Thomas Placide make his unwilling and forcible exit—*malgre* his struggles—by dint of such a rope. In talking of an exit by a rope we do not mean to be personal. Mr. Barrett contrived to strip his extensive figure most adroitly; his quondam garments disappeared in an instant through the stage, and a splendid *chapeau plume* descended from the roof of the theatre, and literally chased the amazed Pedro round the stage, until it

finally took possession of his cranium. I feel convinced that had the lately arrived pantomime projectors, including the four men monkies who are sojourning here, probably driven out of England by the real lions, had they witnessed this feat of legerdemain, they would have taken to their beds and died of chagrin. Mr. Barrett is likewise happy in other matters, for he nightly produces the fattest and most naughty looking live rat that ever graced a cage. On the first night, the animal contrived to extricate himself; at first he meditated a leap into the orchestra; but a terrible "*sacre bleu!*" from Mr. Milon, altered his intention, and he made for the side scenes, escaping the blow aimed at him by Pedro, and taking advantage of the drapery of Cinderella and the Fairy Queen, under which he skulked to cover his retreat. The extraordinary activity which Mrs. Austin and Miss McBride displayed when they saw the approach of this four-footed intruder, caused a scene of laughter and confusion that cannot be described. The two sisters were represented by Miss Eberle and Mrs. Smith. The former sang with spirit and acted with humor. The latter lady, although said to have ability in parts suited to her, appeared entirely out of her proper sphere in that of Thisbe. Miss McBride looked extremely well as the Fairy. In short, what with circumstances accidental and incidental to the opera, we never saw Cinderella represented with more *eclat*. The houses abound in numbers and respectability. B

ENGRAVING.

VIEWS OF NEW-YORK AND ITS ENVIRONS.

The fourth number of this work is published. The engravings are creditable to the artist; and, although open to criticism, are certainly quite pretty and accurate; and, considering the moderate price, have a strong claim to notice. They present to travellers and strangers cheap and well executed views of the most interesting portions of the city. Six more numbers will conclude the volume. The present contains a view of the Washington Institute and city reservoir. The former establishment, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Wickham, with the assistance of Mr. John Lutz, is well known as an excellent academy, two miles from the city-hall. The other three plates are, "Hudson River, from Hoboken;" "Coffee-house slip;" and the "Theatre, Park-row."

THE DRAMA.

NOTICES OF THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

At the Park theatre the benefit of Miss Hughes was attended by a full and fashionable audience, who evinced again their gratification at her attractions in the Maid of Judah. Mr. Woodhull receives applause as Isaac. Tom and Jerry has been re-produced. The new comedy, called Lords and Commons, will not succeed, we presume. A lively little piece, entitled the Quartette, was well received. Miss Hughes sings in it very sweetly. Mrs. Knight has an engagement. She has always been a favorite. Sinclair, as Masaniello, after a successful tour to Boston, was welcomed back with marked favor. This is the first character in which this gentleman, in spite of several defects, which we have already noticed, displayed his real and unquestionable powers as a vocalist. He sings the music of the bold fisherman with striking effect. It is a great pity that he did not make his *debut* in that character. There would then have been no difference of opinion respecting his powers.

The American theatre re-opened on Monday, with a company to which large and valuable additions have been recently made. There is something well calculated to arrest the attention and awaken the sincere good wishes of every lover of the legitimate drama in the resolution expressed by the manager to represent *Shakspeare's plays* properly. The attempt is a good one, and we trust it will be successful.

There has been a disturbance at the Richmond-hill about Anderson. This gentleman is certainly the greatest man in the United States. His "life" will be looked for eagerly by future ages. Sir Walter Scott—Mr. Moore—who is to be his biographer?

The theatrical article in our last was furnished by a friend. Neither of the editors of this journal were present at the theatre. As one of the morning papers has taken some exceptions to the remarks, we insert the following extract of a note, received too late to publish entire, from our correspondent on the subject:

"On the first and second representation of Masaniello, under the new change of characters, Miss Hughes, instead of retaining the beautiful duet of Mercandanti, which she and Mrs. Hackett would have sung charmingly, substituted a piece arranged either by Lee or Bishop, from the yager's chorus, in the opera of Guillaume Tell, and which had been sung to death at the Park theatre as the hunter's chorus in Cinderella. The melody and words of this song, ending with the usual *ti-ra-la-la*, were so inappropriate as to excite regret, notwithstanding it had an *encore* from those discriminating gentlemen who applaud any thing, and who are known as 'the friends of the house.' It was received very coldly on the second representation, and, in consequence, was entirely omitted on the third, and an air familiar to those who remember Malibran, was substituted, and sung with charming effect."

There—that is all we know of the matter. We certainly would not willingly do Miss Hughes an act of injustice.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The following pieces of music have recently been issued by Mr. Birch:—"Whilst I listen," arranged with symphonies and accompaniments; "The rose will cease to blow," as sung by Mr. Salmon; and "The breaking of the day," a favorite cavatina.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER NINE.

Malibran—Paris at midnight—a mob, &c.

Our beautiful and favorite MALIBRAN is playing in Paris this winter. I saw her last night in *Desdemona*. The other theatres are so attractive, between Taglioni, Robert le Diable, (the new opera) Leontine Fay, and the political pieces constantly coming out, that I had not before visited the Italian opera. Madame Malibran is every way changed. She sings, unquestionably, better than when in America. Her voice is firmer and more under control, but it has lost that gushing wildness, that brilliant daringness of execution, that made her singing upon our boards so indescribably exciting and delightful. Her person is perhaps still more changed. The round, graceful fullness of her limbs and features has yielded to a half-haggard look of care and exhaustion, and I could not but think that there was more than *Desdemona's* fictitious wretchedness in the expression of her face. Still, her forehead and eyes have a beauty that is not readily lost, and she will be a strikingly interesting, and even splendid creature, as long as she can play. Her acting was extremely impassioned; and in the more powerful passages of her part, she exceeded every thing I had conceived of the capacity of the human voice for pathos and melody. The house was crowded, and the applause was frequent and universal. ●

Madame Malibran, as you probably know, is divorced from the man whose name she bears, and has married a violinist of the Italian orchestra. She is just now in a state of health that will require immediate retirement from the stage, and, indeed, has played already too long. She came forward after the curtain dropped, in answer to the continual demand of the audience, leaning heavily on Rubini, and was evidently so exhausted as to be scarcely able to stand. She made a single gesture, and was led off immediately, with her head drooping on her breast, amid the most violent acclamations. She is a perfect passion with the French, and seems to have out-charmed their usual caprice.

It was a lovely night, and after the opera I walked home. I reside a long distance from the places of public amusement. Dr. Howe and myself had stopped at a *café* on the Italian Boulevards an hour, and it was very late. The streets were nearly deserted—here and there a solitary cabriolet with the driver asleep under his wooden apron, or the motionless figure of a municipal guards-man, dozing upon his horse, with his helmet and brazen armor glistening in the light of the lamps. Nothing has impressed me more, by the way, than a body of these men passing me in the night. I have once or twice met the king returning from the theatre with a guard, and I saw them once at midnight on an extraordinary patrol winding through the arch into the Place Carrousel. Their equipments are exceedingly warlike, (helmets of brass, and coats of mail) and with the gleam of the breast-plates through their horsemen's cloaks, the tramp of hoofs echoing through the deserted streets, and the silence and order of their march, it was quite a realization of the descriptions of chivalry.

We kept along the Boulevards to the Rue Richelieu. A carriage, with footmen in livery, had just driven up to Frascati's, and, as we passed, a young man of uncommon personal beauty jumped out and entered that palace of gamblers. By his dress he was just from a ball, and the necessity of excitement after a scene meant to be so gay, was an obvious, if not a fair satire on the happiness of the "gay" circle in which he evidently moved. We turned down the Paysage Panorama, perhaps the most crowded thoroughfare in all Paris, and traversed its long gallery without meeting a soul. The widely celebrated *patissier* of Felix, the first pastry-cook in the world, was the only shop open from one extremity to the other. The guard, in his gray capote, stood looking in at the window, and the girl, who had served the palates of half the fashion and rank of Paris since morning, sat nodding fast asleep behind the counter, paying the usual fatiguing penalty of notoriety. The clock struck two as we passed the *façade* of the Bourse. This beautiful and central square is, night and day, the grand rendezvous of public vice; and late as the hour was, its *pavé* was still thronged with flaunting and painted women of the lowest description, promenading without cloaks or bonnets, and addressing every passer-by.

The Palais Royal lay in our way, just below the Bourse, and we entered its magnificent court with an exclamation of new pleasure. Its thousand lamps were all burning brilliantly, the long avenues of trees were enveloped in a golden atmosphere created by the bright radiation of light through the mist, the Corinthian pillars and arches retreated on either side from the eye in distinct and yet mellow perspective, the fountain filled the whole palace with its rich murmur, and the broad marble-paved galleries, so thronged by day, were as silent and deserted as if the drowsy *gens d'armes* standing motionless on their posts were the only living beings that inhabited it. It was a scene really of indescribable impressiveness. No one who has not seen this splendid palace, enclosing with its vast colonnades so much that is magnificent, can have an idea of its effect upon the imagination. I had seen it hitherto only when crowded with the gay and noisy idlers of Paris, and the contrast of this with the utter solitude it now presented—not a single footfall to be heard on its floors, yet every lamp burning bright, and the statues and flowers and fountains all illuminated as if for a revel—was one of the most powerful and

captivating that I have ever witnessed. We loitered slowly down one of the long galleries, and it seemed to me more like some creation of enchantment than the public haunt it is of pleasure and merchandise. A single figure, wrapped in a cloak, passed hastily by us and entered the door to one of the celebrated "hells," in which the playing scarce commences till this hour—but we met no other human being.

We passed on from the grand court to the Galerie Nemours. This, as you may find in the descriptions, is a vast hall, standing between the east and west courts of the Palais Royal. It is sometimes called the "glass gallery." The roof is of glass, and the shops, with fronts entirely of window, are separated only by long mirrors, reaching in the shape of pillars from the roof to the floor. The pavement is tessellated, and at either end stand two columns completing its form, and dividing it from the other galleries into which it opens. The shops are among the costliest in Paris; and what with the vast proportions of the hall, its beautiful and glistening material, and the lightness and grace of its architecture, it is, even when deserted, one of the most fairy-like places in this fantastic city. It is the lounging place of military men particularly; and every evening, from six to midnight, it is thronged by every class of gaily dressed people, officers off duty, soldiers, Polytechnic scholars, ladies, and strangers of every costume and complexion, promenading to and fro in the light of the *cafés* and the dazzling shops, sheltered completely from the weather, and enjoying without expense or ceremony, a scene more brilliant than the most splendid ball-room in Paris. We lounged up and down the long, echoing pavement an hour. It was like some kingly "banquet-hall deserted." The lamps burned dazzlingly bright, the mirrors multiplied our figures into shadowy and silent attendants, and our voices echoed from the glittering roof in the utter stillness of the hour as if we had broken in, Thalaba-like, upon some magical palace of silence.

It is singular how much the differences of time and weather affects scenery. The first sunshine I saw in Paris, unsettled all my previous impressions completely. I had seen every place of interest through the dull heavy atmosphere of a week's rain, and it was in such leaden colors alone that the finer squares and palaces had become familiar to me. The effect of a clear sun upon them was wonderful. The sudden gilding of the dome of the Invalides by Napoleon must have been something like it. I took advantage of it to see every thing over again, and it seemed to me like another city. I never realized so forcibly the beauty of sunshine. Architecture, particularly, is nothing without it. Every thing looks heavy and flat. The tracery of the windows and reliefs, meant to be definite and airy, appears clumsy and confused, and the whole building flattens into a solid mass, without design or beauty.

I have spent the whole day in a Paris mob. The arrival of General Romarino and some of his companions from Warsaw, gave the malcontents a plausible opportunity of expressing their dislike to the measures of government; and, under cover of a public welcome to this distinguished Pole, they assembled in immense numbers at the Port St. Denis, and on the Boulevard Montmartre. It was very exciting altogether. The cavalry were out, and patrolled the streets in companies, charging upon the crowd wherever there was a stand; the troops of the line marched up and down the Boulevards, continually dividing the masses of people, and forbidding any one to stand still. The shops were all shut, in anticipation of an affray. The students endeavored to cluster, and resisted, as far as they dared, the orders of the soldiery; and from noon till night there was every prospect of a quarrel. The French are a fine people under excitement. Their handsome and ordinarily heartless faces become very expressive under the stronger emotions; and their picturesque dresses and violent gesticulation set off a popular tumult exceedingly. I have been highly amused all day, and have learned a great deal of what it is very difficult for a foreigner to acquire—the language of French passion. They express themselves very forcibly when angry. The constant irritation kept up by the intrusion of the cavalry upon the side-walks, and the rough manner of dispersing gentlemen by sabre-blows and kicks with the stirrup, gave me sufficient opportunity of judging. I was astonished, however, that their summary mode of proceeding was borne at all. It is difficult to mix in such a vast body, and not catch its spirit, and I found myself, without knowing why, or rather with a full conviction that the military measures were necessary and right, entering with all my heart into the rebellious movements of the students, and boiling with indignation at every dispersion by force. The students of Paris are probably the worst subjects the king has. They are mostly young men of from twenty to twenty-five, full of bodily vigor and enthusiasm, and excitable to the last degree. Many of them are Germans, and no small proportion Americans. They make a good *amalgam* for a mob, dress being the last consideration, apparently, with a medical or law student in Paris. I never saw such a collection of atrocious-looking fellows as are to be met at the lectures. The Polytechnic scholars, on the other hand, are the finest-looking body of young men I ever saw. Aside from their uniform, which is remarkably neat and beautiful, their figures and faces seem picked for spirit and manliness. They have always a distinguished air in a crowd, and it is easy, after seeing them, to imagine the part they played as leaders in the revolution of the three days.

Contrary to my expectation, night came on without any serious encounter. One or two individuals attempted to resist the authority of the troops, and were considerably bruised; and one young man,

a student, had three of his fingers cut off by the stroke of a dragon's sabre. Several were arrested, but by eight o'clock all was quiet, and the shops on the Boulevards once more exposed their tempting goods, and lit up their brilliant mirrors without fear. The people thronged to the theatres to see the political pieces, and evaporate their excitement in cheers at the liberal allusions; and so ends a tumult that threatened danger, but operated, perhaps, as a healthful event for the accumulating disorders of public opinion.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED WRITERS.

TOM BROWN.

I WAS sitting in my library the other evening, in that listless, state of feeling experienced when we want amusement, yet are not disposed to be easily pleased. My eye ranged fastidiously over the backs of the books around me, passing from one attractive title to another, but still unsatisfied, till it rose to the upper shelf of my book-case, whose neglected tenants had long since been given up to be the prey of the spider and the moth. An impulse was given at once to my laziness, and I was soon on the "ladder's topmost round," disturbing their quiet slumbers, and dislodging clouds of the venerable dust which shrouded them like their funeral pall. Most miscellaneous were the treasures I discovered. Here were tenth-rate poems, which had just struggled into life to drop at once into an early and undisturbed grave; school-books, torn, dirty, and scrawled over with my youthful hieroglyphics, yet still dear to my eyes, as memorials of times gone by; and bundles of musty pamphlets, those ephemera of literature, whose subject was now as forgotten as themselves. Here were other works, too, of more sounding title and imposing appearance; ponderous histories, now scarcely known by name, except to the plodding book-worm; and novels, which had formed the delight of another age, but now unread and unreadable. As I mused over these disappointed candidates for immortality, I could not help thinking that mine was a sort of "meditation among the tombs," for the piles of lumber around me were the monuments of genius, desire of fame, learning and wit, buried in oblivion. The first book I took up had evidently been costly in its day, though its abtike splendors were now tarnished and rusty—it was "The Letters of that celebrated wit, Monsieur Balzac." I knew he was the favorite, the idol of his times, but I was content to take his wit as I had done his celebrity, on trust, and carelessly tossed him aside. A huge pile of well-fed volumes next met my eye, on whose dusty backs I could just decipher "Sir Charles Grandison." The famous novelist fared no better than the "celebrated wit," and I passed by Sir Charles, with his dozen volumes of sorrows, to turn over my old Dilworth's Arithmetic. I took it up with a smile. I laid it down with almost a tear. It was blotted and defaced, to the very extent of a schoolboy's power to injure it; but its creases, its dog's-ears, its illegible scrawls, and the caricatures with which the graver matter of the multiplication-table was abundantly relieved, had to me the charm of association with years of pure feeling and innocent delight; they carried me back to the time, now far distant, when my step was free, my hope buoyant, and my heart light. So tender and sad were the "thick coming fancies" this humble duodecimo prompted, that I could not bear to indulge them; but I could not fling aside my time-worn companion of other days, so I returned it gently, almost reverently, to its place. I turned aside to a little volume, which lay in a dark corner, a complete wreck. It had lost both covers, and was half-devoured by rats; and an industrious spider had woven his nets around it undisturbed. I took it up carefully between my finger and thumb, and blowing off the accumulated dust of I know not how many years, found it was an odd volume of Tom Brown's works. Here was more food for thought. The scholar, the wit, the fine gentleman, the oracle of coffee-houses, the delight of clubs, the "*arbitrator elegantiarum*" of his day; had he, too, fallen into neglect? had his humor palled, his wit grown stale, his elegance been forgotten? As I looked on the shattered volume I mentally repeated Hamlet's apostrophe to Yorick's skull, "Where be your gibes now? your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that used to set the table in a roar?" Brown, too, was "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy;" and his fame stood at one time as high as that of any comic writer in our language. His talents were solid, too, as well as brilliant; he was a good scholar, and his learning is as conspicuous in his writings as his wit. It has not been able, however, to save him from the speedy forgetfulness of the world. The title-page of the volume I had picked up told me it was the *ninth edition* of his works, and yet how few, in this country at least, have ever even seen them! By some, indeed, he has been remembered: by plagiarists, who have borrowed from his works as audaciously as though they felt sure of never being detected in drawing from so obscure a source. The volume I had lighted on contained his "Letters from the Dead to the Living." I did not rise from the perusal till I had finished them, neither will any body else who can relish genuine native humor and keen satire. It he introduces all the famous and infamous of antiquity, writing from the infernal regions to kindred spirits of his own time, who send them appropriate answers. Antiochus compliments Louis the fourteenth, on having surpassed even him in pride and cruelty; the bloody Alva calls from his grave on the disciples of Loyola, not to pause in the career of persecution he commenced; the revengeful Philip instructs his successor in the wicked arts of tyranny; Juvenal complains to Boi-

leau of the decline of letters; and Pindar threatens Tom D'Urfe with his vengeance for daring to call his odes Pindaric. In biting satire it yields to few works but Swift's; yet Swift is a classic, and Brown unknown! The labored witticisms of Pelham are applauded to the skies; the stale jokes of Coleman and Reynolds never tire; yet "Tom Brown of facetious memory," as Addison himself christened him, is neglected! At the end of the volume was an appendix, containing "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, by Mr. Brown and his friends." Here were memorials of a race now extinct, the wits by profession, the critics in laced coats and full-bottomed perriwigs, who gave law to theatres and coffee-rooms, and sought to combine the graces of the man of fashion and the rake with those of the wit and the scholar. With all their vices and follies, how far superior were these men to their successors, the four-in-hand swell, or mincing exquisite, of the present day! There was, at least, grace in their profligacy, and courtly elegance in their affectation. They had often sense and learning, too, to give point to their wit; and we doubt much whether any of the fashionable clubs in London could produce any thing to match the Latin verses of Brown and his comrades. There are also many epigrams, which these self-constituted censors never failed to discharge against every new absurdity. That unfortunate poet who stands condemned to such an unenviable immortality in Martinus Scriblerus, seems to have been favorite game of theirs. Thus we have an "Epigram on Sir Richard Blackmore's poem of Job."

"Poor Job lost all the comforts of his life,
And hardly saved a potsherd and a wife;
Yet Job bless'd God—and Job again was blest;
His virtue was essayed, and bore the test.
But had heaven's wrath poured out its fiercest vial,
Had he been then burlesqued, without denial,
The pious man had yielded to that trial.
His pious spouse, with Blackmore on her side,
Must have prevailed, and Job had cursed and died."

Another, alluding to his profession of physician:

"I charge thee, knight, in great Apollo's name,
If thou'rt not dead to all remorse and shame,
Either thy rhymes or physic to disclaim,
Both are too much one feeble brain to rack;
Besides, the bard will soon outdo the quack:
Such shoals of readers thy stale fustian kills,
Thou'lt scarce leave one alive to take thy pills."

There are also poems of a different stamp; and there are few finer bacchanals in the language than the "Whet."

In all these writings, both prose and verse, there is much coarseness, much indecency. It was the fashion of the age; and the man who wished to be called a fine gentleman, would have thought his character incomplete without it. But we are so far improved in externals, at least, that much which was then innocent is now shocking. We are corrupt enough at heart, as the scores of profligate novels which pollute our press abundantly testify, but then their poison is wreathed with flowers; no matter what their principles, there is not a single coarse expression in them—a triumph of purity on which we cannot congratulate ourselves sufficiently. Brown had not made such advances in refinement; neither, in truth, had Addison, Steele, Pope, or Dryden; whether the influence of even the worst of their works is as bad as that of the fashionable light-reading of the present period, we for one have always doubted.

But the work which displays Tom Brown's genius in the most advantageous light is his "Laconics, or New Maxims of State and Conversation." They are not written in the misanthropical vein of a La Rochefoucauld, by one striving to show himself superior to his fellows by despising them, but in a manly, though observant and sarcastic spirit. Neither are they like the flat common-places of Lacon, which trust to be thought original, on the strength of an affected sententiousness, but in reality new and striking views of life and manners.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NANNIE.

"Et l'on revient toujours
A ses premiers amours."

STREAM never flowed more smoothly, flower never sprang more brightly, nor did bird ever sing more sweetly than in the romantic village of Royleigh. Nature there put on her sweetest face, and smiled like the maiden in her walk; the fleecy clouds seemed to forget to rain, but sent their refreshing damps upon the ready earth in morning and evening dews. As in all country towns, a road runs through the centre, distinctively called "the street;" from this others branch in different directions, over hill, dale, and shaw, and the wayward traveller can soon pass from the dull row of country-stores, fields, and houses, which are so methodically arranged on Royleigh street, to a pleasing variety of hill, dale, and stream; spreading groves of thick firs dip into the Royleigh lake, (a beautiful sheet of the clearest water) and clothe the rising hills with everdaring verdure. Standing on the top of Brastow hill, he could, in one coup d'œil grasp some of the most boasted scenery of Massachusetts. The lake lies tranquil below, bearing on its broad bosom two large and ragged islands, which, according to the village gossip, have seen dark deeds and light deeds, which "tongue mustn't tell on." To the north large mountains rise in wide undulations, covered with pines and gray rocks; this chain curls, as it were, around the lake, and, becoming more level on the south, forms the sight of the village; on the west, grove is piled above grove, and ravine opens upon ravine. The shores are beautifully indented in little bays and soundings, affording a rich harvest to the patient angler. Two brooks empty their waters in slight cascades after purling their sweetest music at the foot of Brastow hill. Besides this relish to the eye, the ear is greeted with

the merry song of birds, the murmuring of water, the dashing of the mill-wheels, the coarse chant of the villager, the halloos of the fisherman, and the crackling echo of the sportsman's gun. Peace seems happily united with motion. Near enough to Boston to hear without joining its clamor, Royleigh wears the same tidy aspect that it wore in pilgrim days; as the staid maiden becomes the staid matron. Its farmers are the same steady cider-drinking race—pious, industrious, sober; with the exception of now and then a black sheep to form a contrast to the white ones. Votings, trainings, and the like, were the seasons of their unvariegated life, at which the urchins rambled about the church green, the youth supported or carried arms, according to the mouth-word of their doughty captain, and the elders retired to their beer or cider in the shade of those magnificent elms which have flourished for years and years in front of Davie Fisher's well-known inn, "The Stag." In short, Royleigh possesses all the natural advantages among which a lover of nature, an intellectual man, one who could unite the good qualities of companion, sportsman, and reader would desire to pass his days.

When I had learned the difference between *si* and *non*, and was considered fit for the tutor's surveillance, I was posted off with the tears of my mother, the kisses of my sisters, and the advice of my father to Royleigh academy. Dear mass of hedge-row, stile, spire, and roof, how I loved thee! thy worn threshold, ivy-clothed belfry, tiled roof, and quaint windows! How many of my boyish sorrows were begotten and soothed in thy precincts! There, too, how many of my boyish joys, dreams, and hopes sprang and were crushed even in their birth! But those are passed, I have no sorrow now.

In the school I was called a "smart boy," on the play-ground a "clever fellow," in the village a "paragon." From these epithets you may judge I was a good scholar, a boon companion, and a gentleman. My leisure was employed in sports and rambles. At ten I was a promising sportsman, and have been known to wing a tame duck at the distance of two strides! At fourteen I could wing a wild one across the lake; knew the best haunts of the best fish; rode the straightest saddle in Royleigh; leaped highest, ran fastest, breathed longest of all the youth under and over my age in school and village.

I one day loitered adown the side of Brastow hill with my fishing rod in my hand and my pouch at my back, now picking wild-flowers and dissecting their tender petals, now cracking the sparkling stone, and pouring on its nice admixture of mica, quartz, and shorl; and now securing the flying insect to admire and reflect upon its gauzy wings and gorgeous colors. In this employment, moral and physical, I loitered along the windings of the little stream until it opened, with its murmuring cascade, upon the lake. Here, throwing my eye along the well-known shore, I fixed upon a site for angling. Not more than three hours had passed since the dawn, and the trees, hedges, and rocks were glittering with dew; a few boats were on the lake, the flocks were out of their folds, and had begun their daily browsing; the crow was heard in the woods, and the tawny land-gull was scaling across the lake.

After bobbing for a while, I let my rod float on the water, and fell into a reverie.

"Solitude! what a charming thing!" thought I; "one can think, feel, do as he pleases; no one to contradict, tease, or threaten. One can wander here or there, up or down, fish, sport, botanize all alone! Alone—alone!" this word sounded rather dolefully to my mind's ear, (for who will dispute that the mind has an ear to match the eye?) This changed my reverie, and my thoughts, like a turn-coat politician, immediately took a different range. "To wander with a choice companion, to delight his eye by pointing out to him the distant views, the choicest fishing-grounds, the brightest flowers; to scale with him the tallest tree to gather eggs or nuts; to tell him my secrets, and to hear his in return; to lay my head on his bosom and gaze on his bright eyes, and swear to love him more than myself, and to love till death; to lock my arm in his, to join his wanderings, to share his joys and sorrows, to stand by his side when attacked, and to be his solace if beaten—"

Just then a fairy creature ran down the bank a short distance from the spot where I sat, and paused upon a little rock which was nearly covered with the pure water of the lake. She was about twelve, perhaps thirteen; bright eyes, rosy cheeks of a brilliant color, which would put rouge itself to the blush. She had on a clean, short frock of blue and white check, which hung off her delicate shoulders, displaying the white linen of her dress; a coarse straw hat was jauntily thrown on one side of her head, and her whole insouciance exhibited a neatness that would have shamed the *negligé* of a city lady.

After pausing awhile, and inhaling the clear air of the wood and water, she shook off her stout leathern brogans, and put her pretty white feet into the water. Was there ever any thing more artless and lovely than her position and manner? Ovid himself would have adored her for a hamadryad, and even Narcissus would have raised his head?

I was on thorns. I would not have broken her reverie for a purse of eagles; and still, if ever eloquent words were boiling in my mouth, it was then. I raised my rod, and setting the cork in the water, fixed my eyes steadily on it, and uttered a loud "hem!" The fairy at first covered her pretty eyes with her hands; then peering through her fingers, appeared to take a survey of me. I nodded to her familiarly, and bade her "good morning."

"Good morning," was the soft reply.

"Truly, young lady," said I, "if you have the least pity on me, come and show your face to the fishes, and charm them into

this water, for I have not even had a nibble the whole morning."

"I do not think the fishes would come at my bidding," said she, "but if your flies want mending, I will do it with pleasure, for I am a glib hand at making flies."

"Well, it seems to me," (fumbling over my fishing-tackle,) "my flies are rather out of order, and if you will oblige me—"

"Oh, certainly," said she, as she tripped over rock after rock, and seated herself by my side. Meanwhile I had taken care to pull three or four of the little artificers to pieces, so that she might not have her walk for nothing.

"If you would but teach me," said I, "how to make them, I never should have occasion to trouble you again; my fingers are not as delicate as yours, and I always make a bungling piece of work." (This was a fib, for I had the credit of making the best flies in school.)

She readily consented, and began to exhibit the well-known mystery of fly-making; first, nicely laying the cotton on the hook, then adding a pair of wings, and finally, smoothing and adorning it with colored floss. During this delicate occupation I watched her lip and cheek and eye, till I fell in love—completely in love; and the first glow of passion that ever warmed my heart was kindled on the shore of Royleigh lake, while Nannie was weaving flies.

"What is your name?" said I.

"Nancy."

"And your father's name?"

"I have no father nor mother, nor brother, nor sister. I am all alone in the world. Mr. Howard, who is fishing in that red boat, with the black stern, lets me live with him, and I go to charity-school. Mrs. Howard told me I was a foundling, and the child of nobody; and so I must expect to be grateful for the care they take of me. I am grateful; at least I think I am. I do not work much; but, somehow or other, I always get enough clothes to wear. I never weep; I am always happy; I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me."

Was there ever any thing more artless than this speech?

"Nannie," said I, "do you say you love nobody?"

She looked up, and caught my eye gazing eagerly at her.

"Why, no," said she, candidly; "I love you better than any body I ever saw."

"Me, Nannie! Why you never saw me before?"

"Oh, you don't know that. Many and many a time I've watched you, when you thought you were all alone. I've seen you at church, I've seen you in the play-ground of the academy, I have followed you in the wood when you have been gunning; I've seen you here before, fishing; I have seen you picking flowers on Brastow hill, and I loitered behind you and gathered some of the flowers you threw away; I always see you; I dream of you; I dreamed that we were married, and they say that true dreams make a reality."

What an incident!

"Then, Nannie, if you love me so well, you will let me love you in return?"

"Certainly," said she; and, as I took her hand, the mellow peal of the academy bell floated over grove and lake and island. Could any thing be more vexatious?

Day after day Nannie and I met; she was my constant companion; when sporting, she picked up my birds; when fishing, she baited my hooks, and made my flies; if sick, she cheered me; if angry, soothed me. I loved her dearly, dearly. My school hours were burdensome, for they separated me from Nannie. The haunts around the lake knew us well, for they rang often and often to our merry shouts.

Six months from our meeting I was warned to prepare for entering college. How swiftly those six months had flown! Nannie and I took our last walk in our well-known haunt at the foot of Brastow hill. She wept. So did I. She said she was afraid I would forget her. I swore by a thousand innocent oaths that I never would.

"I will write to you, Nannie."

"I cannot read writing."

"Here, then, keep this, to remember me," said I, pulling a leaf of the heart-leaved convolvulus; "and when I am of age I will return and marry you, and we will never part again, Nannie."

She dried her tears. After a thousand hugs and kisses, we parted. I was seated in the coach. I saw Nannie on the top of Brastow hill; she waved her bonnet; I shook my handkerchief, and wept all the way to Boston.

In a month I entered the walls of holy Harvard. In a year lost all my rayness. In two years was the most crack at scrapes of all the collegians, as S—t's hen-roost and W—'s galled mare can testify, if one or the other be in existence. Juno, I know, is dead; peace to her manes. In three years I gained some academic honor. In four was a staid *litteratus*, and in the fifth I bent my sails for Europe.

About a year after my return, after I had sported the whiskers I had cultivated abroad, and even given the sanctity of my name to a new style of barouche, I resolved (was it at all queer?) to marry. Nannie? No, I had forgotten her. This was about, let me see, twenty-eight, twenty-nine? Oh, hang the date; it was about the time that sneak of sneaks, craven, fool, dotard, as he must be, took it into his unphrenologic head to invent a stock! A stock! whereby the veriest goose, hatched in the purlieus of the mill-pond could wear the most Gordian tie of *La rue vivienne*! I cut my tailor dead directly, because he sold so many stocks. I could not bear to see Argus and Talbot, and Tom, Dick and Harry wear those pre-

cious insignia I had been studying, "time out of mind," to attain. As indignantly would M—e start and fume to see the noble star of the *legion d'honneur* twinkling on the breast of a May-street buck. I said, I believe, that I had resolved to marry. *Continuons:*

In the same year with the stocks Miss Victorine Gossamer made her *début* in "society." Among her adorers and satellites was I. Who could but love her bright eyes? Who could but love her ruby lips? Who could but love her fifteen thousand *per annum*? I knelt. She patted my cheek with her fan, and accepted me.

We were *tout en tout* to each other. Patronized the Athenæum. Were never apart. Gave to the neglected mall a new tone. Spent three hours each day in buying *meubles*, and writing to France for more. In short, were the life of Boston a whole winter. Thousands of invitations were on our tables, and hundreds of quizzing-glasses were levelled at us in the theatre, street, and *salon*. In six months we *died*. That is, we were married.

A year thence I was quietly seated at the fireside, awaiting breakfast. The clock had struck ten. Master John Gossamer Vintage, our eldest son, was squalling most vociferously from the nursery. Victorine entered, with a flushed cheek, and seating herself beside me, placing her satin slipper on the fender, and wrapping her jewelled hand in her *moussaline* *quarré*, began: (I was reading.)

"Oh! the miseries of married life! I do think, Unwin, my dear, even you could not have tempted me to marry had I known half or a quarter of the miseries of marriage. Don't you think, Unwin, the nurse has vowed not to give the babe another bit of food until she has a maid to wait on her; and Gossamer is crying as if his little heart would break."

"Oh, Victorine, for peace sake, give her a maid, if she wants one."

"And then my maid has stood out for wages, and will have a dollar a week, besides my cast-off frocks and bonnets. The *fille de chambre* has gone to be married. I wonder that the legislature does not pass a law against the marriage of servants. I've lost the key of my casket, and must break the lock or stay at home from Mrs. O—s' *soirée choisie*. Oh, no one was ever so miserable. Unwin, you don't pity me; my heart will break."

"Victorine," said I, carelessly turning over a leaf, "did you speak to me?"

Just then John entered, to announce the arrival of the new *fille de chambre*.

"Show her up," said I.

"No," said Victorine, "let her wait in the entry till I can see her in my dressing-room."

The breakfast came, was scarcely touched, and disappeared. Victorine sounded the bell. John entered.

"Order the coach at once; tell Humphrey to put on his new livery, and be careful to wear a collar; ~~what is la mode~~ for masters to go without, servants must wear them; put the orange cockades on the horses, and give Humphrey this list of stoppages."

"And John," added I, "send up the new *fille de chambre* with a glass of water."

"Impudent varlet," sighed Victorine, as she pinched my cheek, and adjourned to her toilet.

I soon heard the creaking of a pair of new shoes on the stairway. In another moment the new *fille de chambre* entered, with a plate salver bearing the water. Her eyes were downcast, her cheek was pale; she was clad unlike a city maid; she raised her eyes; looked at me; I could not mistake that glance; she screamed, and fell. It was Nannie. I bore her to the window; fanned her, and kissed her! Just then Victorine entered.

"What's this?" cried she. "The floor covered with water and broken china, and my husband in the window kissing a servant maid! Oh, Unwin, Unwin, I did not dream of this!" and falling into a chair, either for spite or sorrow, she wept.

Nannie soon revived.

"I knew 'twas so; I guessed it, I guessed it; see here," pulling from her bosom the withered leaf of convolvulus. "I have not forgotten you, but you have long, long forgotten Nannie; I forgive you, and I hope heaven will too."

She left the room. I tried to sigh; I could not. I tried to weep; I could not. Should I follow her? No, there was Victorine; my bride, my wife, was weeping for me. I approached her; and gently drawing her to me, told her the tender tale of my youthful love for Nannie.

On inquiring of John for the *fille de chambre*, he said she had left the house in a terrible hurry, and he supposed she was mad, because she didn't suit.

I became melancholy, and needed all the tenderest cares of Victorine to soothe me. I loved, I adored Victorine; but the love of my young days, and a dream of lake, hill-side, and stream would ever and anon rush across me, like a dear but melancholy remembrance.

Last year I visited Royleigh. There was the same mossy, old school-house; not a stone or pane changed. A knot of old codgers were roaring under Davie Fisher's elms. The horn of the drover was heard winding over the lake. I strolled with Victorine to the churchyard. Beneath a clump of hawthorn, a rude stone headed a low grave. It was coarsely marked, "Nancy, an orphan. Obiit 1831. God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb. God healeth the broken heart, and cheereth the wounded spirit." I turned to Victorine. We spake not, but tears stole from both our eyes. With heavy hearts we left Royleigh.

I am resolved to cherish the dear wife of my bosom, as I would the apple of my eye. If she depart, I shall feel more sorrow than

at the death of Nannie. Nannie had the first gush of feeling from my heart, but Victorine was the cherished choice of my riper years. I sometimes dream of the days when Nannie made my flies on the shore of Royleigh lake; I think of the leaf of convolvulus, the simple pledge of our affections. But a truce to these lachrymals; Joconde knows a man may love a dozen times.

"Et l'on revient toujours,
A ses premiers amours."

V. U. V.

REMINISCENCES OF THE REVOLUTION.

AN ATTEMPT TO POISON WASHINGTON.

When they reached Springfield they drew up at the inn, where they alighted to warm and refresh themselves. The innkeeper, whose name was Francis, was what was then termed a liberty-man, and was commonly called Black Sam, from the swarthy embrowned hue of his complexion. He had kept a similar establishment in the broad street of New-York, which was, for a long time, the centre of attraction to all the bachelors and gay-minded gentlemen far and near, drawn thither, not alone by the wit and good-humor of the dark host, but by the allowed excellence and unadulterated quality of his viands and liquors: and, be it remembered, that Black Sam was a great hero in his way—for hundreds of brawny wights had he laid upon their backs—numbered were the smooth Voltarian noses that he had converted into huge masses—and many, very many a star-beaming eye had he bedimmed by the mighty influence of his magical powers; yet, notwithstanding all this, Black Sam was universally allowed to possess good will for all mankind, and, for his friends, a generosity of feeling seldom equalled by any of his calling, or any other interested barterer of the good things of this life.

He had moved to Springfield when the British army had taken possession of the city, following the footsteps of the retreating Americans, and preferring to deal out to his half-naked and suffering countrymen their ill-savored continental whisky by the gill, rather than remain where he was and grow rich beneath the patronage of royalty.

As soon as our travelers had taken their seats at the fire in a room of the inn, a smart-looking young woman came to receive their commands—the surgeon observing her, exclaimed:

"Why, bless my heart, can this be Polly Honey?"

"The same, sir," replied the rosy-cheeked dame, with a coquettish courtesy; "but Mrs. Molly Francis now, at your service."

"And did Black Sam make you master of his house and heart to prevent your divulging a secret that would have hanged him in all probability?"

"He married me, it is true; but many think that he had a better reason than you have assigned;" and she raised her eyes to the mirror that hung opposite her.

"That is likely enough," returned the surgeon, half persuaded on a second look, of the truth of her argument. "And now, Mrs. Polly, or Mrs. Molly, if that please you better, go and prepare us a dinner and I will subscribe to all you have said."

Upon which Mrs. Francis pursed up her pretty mouth, and with another glance at the mirror, retired from the room with an air of consequence arising from self-esteem, which may be deemed pardonable in an ignorant beauty, though reprehensible in a Cicero.

As the door closed, the surgeon turned to his companion, and said:

"That simple girl was instrumental in saving the life of Washington. I may speak of it now, it can do no harm. It was about the middle of June, 1776, while the general was at New-York, waiting the approach of the king's troops, that this girl came to Francis, her present husband, whom she considered in the light of a royalist, and informed him, as a secret she had overheard, that there was a plan in operation among the government men to destroy the rebel leader (as she termed the commander-in-chief) by poison, which was to be plentifully mingled with his green-pease, a favorite vegetable of his, on the following day at Richmond-hill, head-quarters, where he was to dine. Francis went immediately to Washington and acquainted him with the danger that threatened him. The general having listened with the utmost attention, said:

"My friend, I thank you; your fidelity has saved my life, to what reserve the Almighty alone knows! But now for your safety, I charge you to return to your house, and let not a word of what you have related to me pass your lips; it would involve you in certain ruin; and heaven forbid that your life should be forfeited or endangered by your faith to me. I will take the necessary steps to prevent, and at the same time, discover the instrument of this wicked device."

The next day, about two hours before dinner, he sent for one of his guard, told him of the plot, and requested that he would disguise himself as a female, and go to the kitchen, there to keep a strict watch upon the pease, until they should be served up for table. The young man carefully observed the directions he had received, and had not long been upon his post of duty, before the unfortunate T. H.,* another of the general's guards, came to the door of the kitchen, looked anxiously in, and then passed away. In a few moments after, he returned and approached the hearth where the pease stood, and was about to mingle the deadly substance, when suddenly he shrunk back as though from the sting of the forked-tongued adder, his color changing to the pale hue of death, and his limbs apparently palsied with fear, evidently horror-struck with his own purpose—but soon, however, the operation of a more powerful incitement urged forward his reluctant hand that trem-

blingly strewed the odious bane, and he left the kitchen, overwhelmed with conflicting passions, remorse and confusion.

"Harold sleeps no more, the cry has reached his heart ere the deed be accomplished," said the youth on duty, in a voice not devoid of pity, as he looked after the self-condemned wretch.

"What, T. H.!" said the commander-in-chief, sorrowfully, upon receiving the information; "can it be possible—so young, so fair, and gentle! He would have been the last person upon whom a suspicion of that nature could have fallen, by right of countenance. You have done well," said he to the youth before him. "Go, join your comrades and be secret."

"The young man went accordingly, and Washington returned to the piazza, where several general officers had assembled, among whom was the hero of Saratoga, who was waiting for further instructions from congress, before he departed for Canada. In a few moments dinner was announced, and the party was ushered into a handsome apartment, where a sumptuous board was spread, covered with all the delicacies of the season.

"The commander-in-chief took his seat, placing General Gates on his right hand, and General Wooster on his left. When the remainder of the officers and company were seated, and eager to commence the duties of the table, the chief said, impressively, "Gentlemen, I must request you to suspend your meal for a few moments. Let the guard attend me."

"All was silence and amazement. The guard entered and formed in a line towards the upper end of the apartment.

"Washington having put upon his plate a spoonful of the pease, fixed his eyes sternly upon T. H., and said,

"Shall I eat of this vegetable?"

"The youth turned pale and became dreadfully agitated, while his trembling lips faintly uttered,

"I don't know."

"Shall I eat of these?" again demanded Washington, raising some upon his knife.

"Here H. elevated his hand, as if by an involuntary impulse, to prevent their being tasted. A chicken was then brought in, that a conclusive experiment might be made in the presence of all those witnesses. The animal ate of the pease and immediately died, and the wretched T. H., overcome with terror and remorse, fell fainting, and was borne from the apartment."

P. J.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

GENTLEMEN—In looking over a collection of letters from my friends and correspondents, the following, from the late Dr. Benjamin Rush, arrested my attention, as a communication of peculiar interest, and one which ought not to be confined to the family circle for whose gratification it was communicated.

In the first instance it was addressed to John Adams, the late president of the United States. In September, 1812, the doctor inclosed to me a copy of the same, intended only to be seen by my family and friends. Believing that it will be perused with delight and profit by the reader of taste, correct feelings, and religious sentiments, I send it for insertion in the *Mirror*. H.

LETTER FROM DR. RUSH TO JOHN ADAMS.

Philadelphia, July 13th, 1812.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—Can you bear to read a letter that has nothing in it about politics or war? I will, without waiting for an answer to this question, trespass upon your patience by writing to you upon another subject.

"I was called on Saturday last to visit a patient, about nine miles from Philadelphia. Being a holiday, I took my youngest son with me, instead of my black servant. After visiting my patient, I recollected I was within three or four miles of the farm on which I was born, and where my ancestors for several generations had lived and died. The day being cool and pleasant, I directed my son to continue our course to it. In approaching, I was agitated in a manner I did not expect. The access was altered, but every thing around was nearly the same as in the days of my boyhood, at which time I left it. I introduced myself to the family that lived there, by telling them at once who I was, and my motives for intruding upon them. They received me kindly, and discovered a disposition to satisfy my curiosity and gratify my feelings. I asked permission to conduct my son up stairs, to see the room in which I drew my first breath, and made my first *unwelcome* noise in the world, and where first began the affection and cares of my beloved and excellent mother. This request was readily complied with, and my little boy seemed to enjoy the spot. I next asked for a large cedar tree that stood before the door, which had been planted by my father's hand. Our kind host told me it had been cut down seventeen years ago; and then pointed to a piazza in the front of the house, the pillars of which, he said, were made of it. I stepped up to one of the pillars and embraced it. I next inquired for an orchard, planted by my father. He conducted me to an eminence behind the house, and showed me a number of large apple-trees, at a little distance, that still bore fruit, to each of which I felt something like the affection of a brother. The building, which is of stone, bears marks of age and decay. On one of the stones near the front door, I discovered with some difficulty the letters J. R. Before the house flows a small, but deep creek, abounding in pan-fish. The farm consists of ninety acres, all in a highly cultivated state. I knew the owner to be in such easy circumstances, that I did not ask him his price for it; but begged, if he should ever incline to sell it, to make me or one of my surviving sons the first offer, which he promised to do. While I sat in his common room I looked at its walls, and

* See Washington's letter to congress, June 28th, 1776.

thought how often they had been made vocal by my ancestors, to conversations about wolves and bears and snakes in the first settlement of the farm; afterwards about cows and calves and colts and lambs; and the comparative exploits of reapers and threshers; and at all times with prayers and praises, and chapters read audibly from the bible; for all who inhabited it of my family were pious people, and chiefly of the sect of quakers and baptists. On my way home I stopped to view a family grave-yard, in which were buried three and part of four successive generations, all of whom were the descendants of Captain John Rush, who, with six sons and three daughters, followed William Penn to Pennsylvania, in the year 1683. He commanded a troop of horse under Oliver Cromwell; and family tradition says he was personally known to him, and much esteemed by him as an active and enterprising officer. When I first settled in Philadelphia, I was sometimes visited by one of his grandsons, a man of eighty-five years of age, who had lived with him when a boy, and who often detailed anecdotes from him of the battles in which he had fought under Cromwell; and once mentioned an encomium on his character by Cromwell, when he supposed him to be killed. The late General Darke of Virginia, and General James Irvine, are a part of his numerous posterity; as the successor to the eldest sons of the family, I have been permitted to possess his sword, his watch, and the leaf of his family bible that contains the record of his marriage, and of the birth and names of his children, by his own hand. In walking over the grave-yard, I met with a headstone, with the following inscription:

"In memory of James Rush, who departed this life March 16th, 1727, aged forty-eight years.

"I've tried the strength of death,
And here lie under ground,
But I shall rise, above the skies,
When the last trump shall sound."

This James Rush was my grandfather. My son, the physician, was named after him. I have often heard him spoken of, as a strong-minded man, and uncommonly ingenious in his business, which was that of a gunsmith. The farm still bears marks of his boring machine. My father inherited both his trade and his farm. While standing near his grave, and recollecting how much of my kindred dust surrounded it, my thoughts became confused, and it was sometime before I could arrange them. Had any or all of my ancestors appeared before me, in their homespun or working-dresses, (for they were all farmers or mechanics,) they would probably have looked at one another, and said, "What means that gentleman, by thus intruding upon us?"

"Dear and venerable friends! be not offended at me. I inherit your blood, and I bear the name of most of you. I come here to claim affinity with you, and to do homage to your christian and rural virtues. It is true, my dress indicates that I move in a different sphere from that in which you passed through life; but have acquired and received nothing from the world which I prize so highly as the religious principles I inherited from you, and I possess nothing that I value so much as the innocence and purity of your characters.

"Upon my return to my family in the evening, I gave them a history of the events of the day, to which they listened with great pleasure; and partook, at the same time, of some cherries, from the limb of a large tree, (supposed to have been planted by my father,) which my little son brought home with him.

"Mr. Pope says there are seldom more than two or three persons in the world who are sincerely afflicted at our death beyond the limits of our own family. It is, I believe, equally true, that there are seldom more than two or three persons in the world who are interested in anything a man says of himself beyond the circle of his own table or fire-side. I have flattered myself that you are one of those two or three persons to whom the simple narrative and reflections contained in this letter will not be unacceptable from, my dear and excellent friend, yours affectionately,

"To JOHN ADAMS, Esq. BENJAMIN RUSH."

It is not our custom to admit articles like the following, but as the writer insists upon it, we suppose there is no appeal. We make it a point to treat old subscribers very respectfully. This is from among a number of communications which have come to hand on the same subject.—Eds. N. Y. Mir.

GENTLEMEN—I have been a regular reader of your paper for the last nine years, and perceived with sincere pleasure the uniform steadiness with which it has strengthened into its present vigor. Neither have the several attacks made upon it at various times and in various places escaped my observation. You seem to be perfectly aware that these, being incidental to every successful literary establishment, are to be considered rather complimentary than otherwise, as nothing can keep you more conspicuously before the public eye, and more effectually enlist our good feelings in your favor, than by letting us see that you are baited by certain classes of critics, whose abuse is infinitely more desirable than their praise.

Since a certain badly written; ill-natured article, which appeared in a certain review, respecting two volumes of poems, I hear there is some talk of striking off another edition; and one knowing old fellow, very weather-wise on literary subjects, proposed stereotyping. It is a grave fact, that the censure of some men, pretending to literary acumen, is so much more valuable than their approbation, that an author, with whom I am well acquainted, finding that one of this gang of critics was too much occupied to "cut up" his book, actually took the pains himself to write a severe philippic against it anonymously, sent it for publication, and forthwith

found its good effects in the sale of his work. In the article to which I have referred above there are several assertions so coarsely bigoted and glaringly untrue, that nothing can keep the large and respectable portion of the country to which I allude from being greatly offended, but the fact that they are from a source too insignificant to awaken any feeling so dignified as anger. For instance, that there are no poets in New-England! The public then are dunces, who have admitted Sprague, Percival, Bryant, Wetmore, Halleck, Willis, Pierpont, Miller, and others to that distinction. When such a broad and sweeping denunciation is uttered to the world, from the pages of a journal professing an interest in American literature, it is curious to learn where they come from. Who is the author? What pledge has he himself given to the country he thus insults, of his capacity either to criticize or to write? I should be happy, indeed, with your permission, to review his literary works. When a man's taste is so fastidious as to reject the compositions of such as I have named, it would be interesting to read some of his own offsprings, which one naturally would expect to find excellent indeed. But, until I have leisure for that task, may I insist upon your inserting a few lines to a gentleman who has, in the present instance, gained more distinction from the malignant bigotry of his writings than he ever could from their literary interest or merit. H.

A POETICAL PORTRAIT.

A doctor and a poet!—wondrous man!
Killing his victims every way he can.
His form a failure nature threw away
Before the soul was finished, or the clay;
Laughing to see, as o'er the earth it strayed,
What active feats the angry fragment played;
Mad as the cur through careless crowd that flies,
Barking betrays his vice, and biting dies.
Lo where he sits, while all around him lie
The various tools which dunces rashly ply—
A mortar, paper, pestle, ink, scales, pen;
Now he weighs powders, mixes verses then,
Regarding either with attention close,
Careful of each to give an ample dose.
Pity you not the unsuspecting wight
Who has to swallow what he makes to-night?
A query—which one would you rather be,
Who takes his medicine, or his poetry?
Though both the draughts be seen with loathing deep,
His patients die—his readers only sleep.
Aspiring bard! determined to be great,
If fate's against him, then in spite of fate.
Fortune, his foe, to give him brains forgot;
"Write," says the devil, "doctor, brains or not."
The devil urged him wisely—for you know
It is to him that all his writings go,
And he has hopes, if rumor whisper true,
In a short time to get the doctor too.
At it he went—tales, novels, verses, prose,
A hundred "offsprings!"—what, heaven only knows;
For nobody (the world's so dull sometimes)
Would either take his physic or his rhymes.
There was a novel—it was pretty—very—
So soft, so beautiful, so visionary;
A duodecimo—with blue board cover—
Damp from the press, and *Washington the lover!*
Yes, tears of love assuaged his martial fire,
And the young woman's first name was—Maria.
The doctor showed a laudable discretion
To make the general declare his passion.
He walked him out beneath a shady tree,
And there they sat and sighed, both he and she:
And when their feelings swelled to overflowing,
They took their spoons and went to eating pudding!
Supper the name, I know and love it well—
But it's a rather doubtful word to spell,
And not at all poetic—though at times
More easily swallowed than the doctor's rhymes.
Great doctor, greater poet, critic too,
He's done what England strove in vain to do—
A thing he should reflect with pride upon:
Degraded—made a fool of Washington!

Extract from the novel alluded to above.

"SCENE—A lawn—a wide-spreading tree—a table—a white napkin—a large bowl of suppers and milk—birds singing—scented zephyrs—General Washington and Maria seated upon a bench.—"Oh, Maria," said Washington, looking unutterable things, and laying his right hand upon his heart. "Oh, George!" said Maria, doing the same thing, "Oh!"—They eat the suppers and milk."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1832.

Editor's study.—We had been reading newspapers last night for hours—opening, and spreading out one after another, the great damp sheets of the large heap, collected from every part of the world. Although many of these are conducted with ability, they seldom furnish matter of which we can avail ourselves to any extent. There are two or three leading subjects, running like great rivers through the broad field of the American public press. Many of which we have ventured to exclude from our columns, not because they are uninteresting, but because they are so everlastingly and so universally discussed elsewhere. There are *rail-roads*, for example. If these ingenious inventions were as much multiplied in reality over the country, as are the innumerable accounts of them, we should take tea in Charleston this evening, and be back time enough for our drudgery to-morrow. Then the *cholera* rides triumphantly through a thousand columns, breaking in upon the *Georgia missionaries*—the *party politics*—

Mr. Clay—Mr. Van Buren—the *United States Bank*—the *police reports*—the *reform bill*, &c. &c. &c. The necessity of reading newspapers is imperative on an editor. He must know how the world is moving. It would be amusing to peruse a journal conducted by one who drew only on his own memory or imagination for matter, without being enlightened upon the vast changes in every thing continually going on around him. There is, nevertheless—there *must* be—there is no use of denying it, a dash of charlatanism about an editor. He must give off hasty opinions. We have turned over in bed at night when the solemn clock pealed one, as an editorial recollection passed through our heart—a truth omitted—an error made—an assertion boldly laid down in the light of day, but stealing up to our memory in these silent and lonely hours, like a ghost. We feel we are not always on firm ground, and, yesterday, with the formidable mass of journals piled up by our side, thoughts of them, and of our own among them, rose up slowly in our mind. What wrong things must be in them?—how much are they tinged by interest—by passion? How an intelligent man, of three or four centuries back, would stare to peruse them? how a well-informed one, three centuries hence, would smile! Well, we trudged on, hoping to glean here and there, some witty observations, or choice remark for thee, kind reader, whose gratification is the ultimate end of all our labors. There were some fine things about the *anti-masons*, and the *Rio de Janeiro flour market*; but flour markets and anti-masonry interest not you. Even the *latest from Liverpool*, or the *proceedings of both the houses*, would not be received from our pages with any satisfaction; at least, if we admit them, they must be stripped of their daily apparel, and newly clothed in a garb of wit or fancy.

These, and similar reflections, revolved through our minds as a huge sheet, with the *late centennial anniversary*, in large type, at the head of a column, lay spread out before us on the table. We commenced it; but running our glance to the end, perceived that the next article was *congressional analysis*, and the next *general sessions' sentence day*. The fire murmured with a drowsier hum—the candle-wicks lengthened and darkened. The thought of a hushed green wood passed over us, with a silvery brook, "that spoiled and pretty child of nature," leaping and flashing on its course—and we fell asleep.

Dreams! what wonderful creations they are!—what a dim, strange, wild world they open to us! What a repetition, a continuation, and reconstruction of our actual mind!—what phantasmagoria of reality—shifting—changing—magnified into colossal dimensions, stretching away into vast interminable regions—broad, deep, high. How the thoughts of the waking life pass into the imagination of the sleeper! What capricious metamorphoses—what amalgamation of remote things! We are different creatures. Every thing around is different. Wonderful sleep! It gives us a new existence. It is as completely an enchanter as any of the genii in old fables. Does it not take us from where we are? At the touch of its spell, do we not float over incalculable distances? Yes. We are transformed by a superior power; we have command over armies; we pass into magnificent scenes; the prisoner mounts with the eagle; the sick man strides again, vigorous and happy; foreign climes return us their inhabitants; the grave opens its dark portals, and yields back its inmates. But dreams, although not reality, take their materials from it. As we sank into slumber, a vast arena opened around us, thronged with phantoms. At first a multitude, mighty, compact, endless, nothing but faces; all busy, all marked by vivid expression; laughing, shrieking, writhing with pain, pale, bleeding, dying. Then came a cry. Thousands, millions of voices swelling on the wind. The plague was rolling over them—the *cholera*. It floated by like a dark cloud, sending its bolts here and there, and striking to death the shrinking crowds below. While we gazed, beams of light burst in, and all the mass assumed motion, rapid, joyous motion. We were in a land of *rail-roads*. Thousands of cars whizzed by us, up and down, like shooting stars; then we were whirled away, and went on floating and floating over cities, mountains, and oceans, till we alighted in England, by St. Paul's church. And so, we said, with a calm delighted wonder—there it is!—we are here at last. This stupendous dome that we have so often longed to see—and now we do see it. It even occurred to us that we might be dreaming, but that was improbable—the idea was dismissed immediately. Then we wandered through the endless streets, and visited all that we had ever seen in engravings—the bridges, the squares, the palaces, the myriads of people, who suddenly took us by force and made us king. We were sure we had merit, and wondered that it had never been discovered before. It was very fine this. We rode through a vast park, in a carriage drawn by twelve horses, but multitudes came thronging about us, and pressing on us, crying out "*reform*." We had got into the "*reform bill*," that the English talk so much of; and then castles came tumbling about us, and houses were set on fire, and an old man came up, slapped us on the back, saying he was Charles the Tenth, and asking how we liked royalty. Then, by one of the most natural accidents in the world, we found ourselves swimming in the great freshet at Albany, and Walter Scott came up and helped us out. We looked at him very reservedly, for we had committed a murder—did not like company, were very pale and wet, and flung back the curls from our high forehead—in short, we were Eugene Aram—shuddering—flying—pursued—caught, and dragged out for execution. We should certainly have been hanged—only our boy came in, and asked for "copy," and we awoke; and so end the dreams of an editor.

I'VE SWORN HE SHALL NOT PERISH!

AS SUNG BY MR. JONES, IN THE OPERA OF MASANIELLO, NOW PERFORMING AT THE PARK THEATRE—COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY MR. BRAHAM—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system is marked 'Andante.' and the second through fourth systems are marked 'Sym.' (Symphony). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano).

System 1 (Andante):
 I've sworn! I've sworn! I've sworn he shall not per-ish, To feed the wrath you

System 2 (Sym.):
 che-rish. I've sworn he shall not per-ish, To feed the wrath you che-rish. Your ven-geance then for-bear. The foe that seeks my

System 3 (Sym.):
 dwell-ing, The foe that seeks my dwell-ing, All past re-sent-ment quell-ing, Shall find pro-tec-tion there. The foe that seeks my dwell-ing, The

System 4 (Sym.):
 foe that seeks my dwell-ing, All past re-sent-ment quell-ing, Shall find, shall find pro-tec-tion there.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

TO MISS A—N,

WHO TOLD ME THAT I WOULD SOON FORGET HER.

Oh, ever since that hour of glee,
 When first I gladly met thee,
 I never have forgotten thee—
 I never can forget thee!

I've seen the flashing of thine eye
 On every sunshine beam:
 Through the long day I've heard thy sigh,
 And watched thee in my dream.

I gazed upon the rose so fair,
 Sweet emblem of thy cheek.
 When music breathed upon the air—
 I thought I heard thee speak.

Thy slender form I loved to trace
 In youthful beauty proud,
 And catch the outline of thy face
 Upon the summer cloud.

Forget thee?—sooner shall mankind
 Make Mr. B—t sheriff;
 Young roses woo the wintry wind,
 Or W—r praise the tariff.

Sooner the nation fit shall see,
 (And faith 'twould be just like her,)
 For judge to put in J—n T—gee,
 And put out Mr. R—r.

Sooner the ocean shall be dry,
 Nor tempests known to blow there;
 And somebody will cease to cry,
 "Kape silence down below there!"

Sooner than all these wondrous things,
 Events more strange shall be,
 Than all my young imaginings
 Shall cease to cling to thee.

When'er you find a statesman wise,
 No more an office seeking;
 When modest worth, like mine, shall rise,
 Or Mr. C—y cease speaking.

Not even then my heart will change,
 Nor then my passion move;
 Nor things more horrible and strange,
 Can wean thee from my love.

No, though to happen it should come,
 The city-hall should budge;
 Though any chancellor be dumb,
 Or deaf be any judge;

Though old Hays civil should be seen;
 Though B—n doff his hat;
 Though Mr. S—n should grow lean,
 Or Mr. N—n fat.

No, by my every hope I swear,
 By beauty's smile and frown;
 Though Mr. Clarke should cut his hair,
 And wear his collar down;

Though I myself should write as bad
 As many others do;
 And girls no more be corset mad,
 To squeeze themselves in two;

Though some huge sheers were made to clip
 This mighty world apart;
 Yet would thy name be on my lip—
 Thine image in my heart!

MISERIES OF HUMAN NATURE.

It is very common to tell the young that human nature is deceitful and depraved. In our journey of life we are, doubtless, annoyed with numerous gloomy discoveries; but are we not also delighted with many that are agreeable? There is much misery and guilt hidden beneath the surface of society, but there is also much happiness and virtue. There are innumerable beautiful traits of human nature which do not address themselves to the eye of the casual observer, but which, nevertheless, exist, and which if they could be forever seen on the surface, would make the world appear an Eden.

WITNESSES.

In every law-case there must necessarily be a great portion of the truth excluded from the fact that it does not appear in the exact form prescribed by law, or from other circumstances. For example: you have been wronged by a rascal. The only person who knows the truth would accident-

ally be a gainer by the decision of the suit in your favor. No one really suspects that he would perjure himself for a trivial pecuniary advantage—but no matter—he is an incompetent witness, and you lose your cause. Witnesses have much to answer for. Without absolutely swearing falsely, they can throw a false coloring over a transaction, and prejudice the minds of a jury. This is often carried very far even by good and sensible men. It is so easy to exaggerate, to misrepresent manner, to misconstrue motive, to make accident seem malicious, and insult accidental. I have heard persons of general irreproachable character swear exactly contrary to each other in a point which they swore both beheld. Whoever has watched the progress and development of a trial, must have seen this strikingly illustrated. I believe a passionate bigoted witness may, without actually perjuring himself, commit all the evil of perjury. I am certain it is often done.

BOYHOOD—YOUTH—MANHOOD—AGE.

In boyhood we trust every body and every thing, and we love indiscriminately. Disappointment cures us of this; we often pass from one extreme to another, and look around us with a universal suspicion. A false friend—and we think there is no such thing as friendship. A deceitful mistress—and we forswear women, and deride love. We witness the perpetration of crime—and conclude all mankind depraved. Then our feelings of horror and anguish subside, and leave us more sober, and less liable to error, to hope, to despair. Many enter manhood as a traveler comes into a darkened room from the glare and dazzle of sunshine without. At first it is a deep darkness, but gradually, as the wonderful eye adapts itself to the shadow, many objects become visible which were not seen before. What is it that we discover then when the first shock of a contact with the rough world is over

and has left us apparently broken down, exhausted, and misanthropic? Many are the beautiful things which then rise upon the more quiet imagination, and which, like the moon and stars, slowly ascending the silent and vast concave of heaven, after the departure of the

"Gaudy, babbling, and remorseful day,"

are loved more than the splendors which we were at first fain to regret. We discover single friendships, domestic love, tempered with reason and experience. We discover new and more rational hopes, opinions, and enjoyments. We find sweet recesses, into which we can retire from the jostle and roar of the great moving world. We are then, as a mariner who has been cast by the waves of the ocean upon the beach of some beautiful island, which he never could have known had the winds with which he embarked on his voyage, held him fair on his course.

THOUGHTS OF AN OLD MAN.

I have been as often disappointed in fear as hope. If many events which delighted me have produced evil consequences, so many which made me afraid, turned out to be blessings in disguise. I never did a wrong action without being ashamed of it, and afterwards regretting it generally with bitter remorse. I never performed a virtuous one without being eventually heartily glad of it. The external consequences of actions furnish no standard by which to measure their influence on the happiness of him by whom they are committed.

ADVANTAGE OF MARRIAGE.

A man gets a kind of respectability from the mere fact of having a family. I have hushed my passion when about to retort insolently to another when I thought of his children.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—As for me, I confess with pride and pleasure that I am an obscene person.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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No. 39.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED WRITERS.

CHATTERTON.

To a person of even a slight literary turn, there are few hours of more calm enjoyment than those spent in reading, or solitary thought, in his library. The enticements of company or dissipation may exhilarate more for a time; but the keenest sensations are always the shortest lived, and the brief hour of riotous enjoyment is generally followed by a long period of weariness, pain, or repentance. There is nothing very exciting, to be sure, in an evening spent quietly at home among one's books; but, at all events, it is a cheap and innocent pleasure; and when the genial flame dances and crackles in the newly replenished grate, when the blazing candles at our elbow shed a flood of light over the pages of our book, and as the curling smoke of a fresh cigar spreads around its "cloud of rich distilled perfume," we, for one, look complacently on the scene before us, as the very picture of comfort. The reader, by his library fire, is, like Selkirk, "monarch of all he surveys," in this his peopled solitude. He need not try to shine when he would fain be silent, nor feign good humor when his spirit is sad. He is not called upon to amuse an uncongenial companion, nor is the free flow of his thoughts broken in upon by any impertinent interruption. If he would rather converse with others than himself, he does not want society. Companions of all sorts are around him, whom he can take up when he pleases, lay aside when he is tired of them, flatter, or censure, as he sees fit, without fear of offence; and who, though mute themselves, speak to his mind and heart as powerfully as any living voice could do it. He can pass from gravity to mirth, from benevolence to satire, unchecked and uncensored for his wayward flights. Or if he would rather "commune with his own heart and be still," where will his thoughts be so likely to be raised, enlarged, and purified as when he sees himself surrounded by the living monuments of the great and good of other days in a place which it needs little stretch of fancy to suppose is filled with their influence, and instinct with their presence?

It does not take away from the attractiveness of our employment, that a shade of melancholy will sometimes steal over the mind, softening, though not darkening the shades of thought. We know not but others may call it a fanciful weakness, but to us there is often something melancholy in looking at the motley array of volumes around us, and tracing the names on their backs, in which, as in inscriptions on a monument, their merits are set out in all the splendor of gilding. When I take up the works of some poor, despised, unhappy man of genius, I often reflect on the sorrows he endured during life, that after death his writings might give me pleasure. I cannot but think, as I cast my eyes around the names on my shelves, how many of these men were persecuted and hated, how many pined and starved, that they might one day win the applause of strangers, and be renowned among a generation that knew them not. When this feeling is strong upon me, I cannot take up the Jerusalem Delivered without a sigh for Tasso's captivity; the Lusiad reminds me that Camoens died in a hospital; in Don Quixote I see an eternal monument of infamy to the nation which let the soldier, scholar, and wit die in poverty; and then my heated fancy brings before me Milton's blindness and obscurity; Butler's neglected wretchedness; Otway's beggary and starvation. I visit Galileo in his dungeon, Dante in his exile, Kirke White on his death-bed. I drop a tear over the early grave of Chatterton: from his death I trace upward the course of his life. I see an untaught peasant boy, a child of fourteen, deceiving the best judges by his skillful imitations of antiquity, and discovering as much creative as imitative genius. I see him, not rewarded, encouraged, and assisted to cultivate his talent, but pining in unknown poverty, till the springs of life stand still for want of nourishment. I see him putting an end, in a moment of despair, to a life of misery, and then a cloud shrouds him from my sight. There is not, I think, in the annals of human suffering, a more undeserved, affecting fate than this of him,

"The sleepless boy, who perished in his pride."

A feeling of bitter indignation will, indeed, sometimes mingle with our pity, and we will deem, that as his life was no blessing to him, so the loss of it should not be regretted, and that it was better for him to perish even by an untimely, a bloody, and a guilty death, than to live on, tormented at once by pride and want; to feel himself sinking into the depths of despair, yet look in vain for a friendly hand to rescue him; and, if he escaped the gnawing pangs of a death by hunger, sooner or later to fall a victim, like the self-destroying scorpion, to the keen sting of his own fierce emotions. But comfort might yet have visited his wretched garret, and joy have lighted up his pallid features. He had scarcely entered on

the threshold of life. Better things were even then in store for him. An eminent member of the university of Oxford took a journey to Bristol, on purpose to ascertain the genuineness of Chatterton's forgeries, and to patronize him, if found to be the author, but he arrived only to hear that he had poisoned himself a few days before in London. He died at the age of seventeen years and five months, young in years but old in vexation, disappointment, and sorrow. Born of humble parents, with no encouragement to study, no guide to his taste, he was a student in his very infancy, and in his twelfth year made a list of the books he had read, amounting to seventy, chiefly history and divinity. Unfortunately, too, he had even at this tender age, not only the zeal and application, but the wayward unhappy temperament of precocious genius; and, before he fairly entered into life, was old in those gloomy forebodings of blasted hopes and blighted triumphs, which, however they may darken our riper age, are so seldom permitted to cloud the joyous face of childhood.

The bent of his mind towards antiquarian studies is as remarkable as the development of it in his famous poems of Rowley. Before he could read, says his mother, he fell in love with the illuminated capitals of an old French manuscript. From this she taught him his letters, and he learned to read from an old black-letter bible. He borrowed all the old dictionaries he could lay hands on, and wrote to a friend in New-York, requesting him to make him a collection of all the "hard words" in the English language. At the age of fourteen we find him indentured as clerk to an attorney, where he passed a couple of years, copying precedents, and sharing with his master's servants their menial duties and menial fare. In this uncongenial situation, and at this early age, were the Poems of Rowley written. As a fiction, this deserves more credit for boldness than ingenuity, for the simple and awkward plot of deceit was no more than this. The office of sexton of Redcliffe church had been for a long time in his father's family. In an old lumber-room were preserved a number of title-deeds and other papers relating to the church, belonging to a Master Canyng, who lived in the time of Edward the fourth and Henry the seventh. Chatterton, in pretending to have discovered Aella's tragedy, and other poems, by Master Canyng, and his friend Thomas Rowley, a secular priest of Bristol. These he produced gradually, and always in fragments. He contradicted himself several times as to the way in which he obtained them; but this, to some infatuated lovers of antiquity, was only an additional proof that he wished to be thought the author of them, but was not. They argued their age from the ancient appearance of the manuscripts: to this it was answered, that all the old deeds had a margin of six or eight inches, which could be easily removed, and none of Chatterton's fragments exceeded that size. A still more stubborn fact was opposed to their prejudice, that these pretended poems of the fifteenth century contain several allusions to the art of knitting, which was then unknown. But the strongest argument against their antiquity is drawn from internal evidence, from the poems themselves. The words and spelling alone are antiquated, the style is modern. It has none of the labored, heavy declamation, the cumbrous learning, quaint sententiousness, and ruggedness of verse, which disfigured the poetry of that early day; but displays the polish, refinement, and easy flow of a more cultivated era. The words alone are of the fifteenth century, all the rest of the eighteenth. Yet many men of learning and judgment contended most obstinately for their genuineness. Dr. Miller, president of the Antiquarian Society, Langhorne, Bryant, and Matthias, maintained their ancient origin; which was successfully denied by Tyrwhitt, Horace Walpole, Malone, Gray, Hayley, and Johnson. It argues little for the penetration of the critical world that they could be thus grossly deceived; yet they seem not to have learnt caution from experience, for the detection of Chatterton's forgery did not make them any clearer-sighted to discover Ireland's. Chatterton's plan was certainly sufficiently clumsy. But that an uneducated boy of fourteen should have struck out so bold, singular, and original a path to fame, is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of genius. His plan was long meditated, and he had prepared several other spurious fragments, to be published if the first were completely successful. He bestowed more care on them than on his avowed compositions; this sort of anonymous immortality was the height of his ambition. In his own character, says his biographer, he wrote for bread and the booksellers, in that of Rowley for fame and eternity; and there are occasional passages in them, whose beauty not even their uncouth mock antique dress can entirely conceal.

It is a melancholy task to follow his short life through its sad vicissitudes of brief success, and long harrowing anxiety. He left Bristol for London, and at the age of sixteen commenced the precarious life of an author. He was at first successful, and already exulted in anticipated triumph; but distress soon threatened him, and poverty stared him in the face. He had no friends to

whom to apply, and if otherwise, his untameable pride would have spurned any relief at their hands. He who had confidently dreamed of soon rolling in wealth, was for weeks in actual want of food. The gnawing pains of hunger, and the fierce pangs of disappointed ambition, and wounded yet rebellious pride, were too much for a young and impatient spirit to endure. Life was a burden heavier than he could bear, and he laid it down. With more steadiness and principle, he would have known how to discipline without enervating his genius, and learned none but wholesome lessons in the hard school of misfortune. But he was a petted, spoiled child of genius; and it seemed as though Apollo, when he gave him his soaring talents, had made them useless, as he did of old Cassandra's gift of prophecy. He devoured every sort of books, but without method or plan; he tried every variety of composition, seeming to believe that his ability was as universal as his ambition. The different faculties of his mind did not ripen together; his feelings were more developed than his faculties of observation and discernment, and the will to do outwent the power. His fancy was strong, his reason weak, his mind active, his body feeble, and the intellectual inhabitant "o'er informed its tenement of clay." He is not to be estimated by the common rules of judgment: he was a prodigy, a wonder; and, like all prodigies, all deviations from the common course of nature, he serves rather for a warning than an example. No one surely would envy him his talents, when he sees the untimely grave they dug for him; and, while we admire his precocious genius, we should rather rejoice than regret that there are so few instances of untimely, unhappy distinction. A.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

SKETCHES BY A BRIEFLESS LAWYER.

TRESSASS ON THE CASE.

THE following is one of the counts in a declaration I received one morning from a note from a gentleman with whom I was lately engaged, in order to be read at the court at my office in the evening, and consult me about a defence.

"For that whereas the said William S— contriving and wrongfully and unjustly intending to injure the said James W—, and to deprive him of the service and assistance of Mary F—, the ward and servant of him the said James W—, heretofore, to wit," (here followed the allegation, and the count continued:) "by means of which said several premises, she, the said Mary F—, for a long space of time, to wit, from the day and year first above mentioned, hitherto became and was unable to do or perform the necessary affairs and business of the said James W—, so being her guardian and master as aforesaid, and thereby he, the said James W—, during all that time, lost, and was deprived of the service of his said ward and servant at — aforesaid."

Such are the legal terms in which one of the most extraordinary cases that ever came under my notice, was stated. The plaintiff I knew to be a man of wealth and high standing in society; and the ward, for whom he brought this suit, I had also known a year before as the reigning belle of —. And proudly, for a brief period, did she reign. Young, talented, beautiful, and rich, she possessed attractions for all classes of men, and her admirers were in proportion to her attractions. But, without any apparent cause for so doing, she had suddenly withdrawn herself from society, and, at the time I received the note from my client, I had not heard of or seen her for months.

The defendant I had been in the habit of meeting in society, but had little acquaintance with him. He could not, I think, have been over two-and-twenty at that time. His appearance, at first sight, was anything but attractive. One of his legs had, in his youth, been broken by a fall, and having been badly set, became so crooked, that when he stood upon one leg, the foot of the other was five or six inches from the ground. His head was beautifully formed, and highly intellectual in its character. On his broad and noble forehead, thought had already affixed its impress; and in his clear calm eye there was an indication of mind which could not be mistaken. His manner was reserved, and, in general, perfectly collected; but I had noticed in him, at times, an impatience of observation, and a morbid sensibility on the subject of his deformity. He appeared to shrink from any thing like familiarity from either sex; and, at the time I first met him in society, apparently had no other object than to hang on the outskirts of the circle which the beautiful girl, for whom this action was brought, always drew around her—to watch the changes of her countenance, and catch every word that fell from her lips. Afterwards, they were both so much occupied with one another, when I saw them, as most effectually to preclude the possibility of an intimacy with others.

I was, most probably, indebted to the following incident for my retainer on this occasion.

At a ball, given in honor of the birthday of Miss F—, by her guardian, I observed S—, towards the close of the entertainment, assisting a young lady, who was, apparently, very much agitated, in ascending the stairs which led to the ladies' dressing-room. The circumstance did not excite much attention in me at the time, as I thought it probable it was some lady, who, from the excessive heat of the dancing-room, had become faint. A few moments afterwards, I made my adieus, and ascended to the gentlemen's apartment. While I was putting on my over-coat S— rushed into the room, in the greatest agitation, looked wildly and searchingly around, and then running up to me and clasping my hand in both of his, begged me to get some water and come to his assistance in the adjoining chamber. I caught up a pitcher, which stood on a stand in one corner, and hurriedly followed him. He turned around as I entered, and exclaimed, "She's dead, she's dead!" in a tone of agony and despair, which I shall never forget. On a sofa, lifeless and pale as marble, lay the lovely girl, in honor of whom the *fete* had been given. Her eyes were closed, and her hair, long and dishevelled, partially concealing her face, had spread over her neck and shoulders. My first impression was that she was dead; but, having sprinkled a little water in her face, and felt her pulse, I discovered that she had only fainted. She soon began to give evidences of returning life, and S—, who had hitherto stood motionless, gazing intently upon her, suddenly sprang towards her, and pushing me hastily aside, clasped her passionately in his arms; then turning to me said, "bind me to you forever; lead Miss F— down stairs, and account for her faintness by the heat. I will see you at your house to-night."

He left the room. I approached Miss F—, (who had, on observing me, hid her face with her hands, and appeared so much agitated that I was fearful she would again faint,) and gently taking her hand, expressed my anxiety for her health, and my fear lest the closeness of the room, with her exertions to entertain her friends, had injured it, led her down stairs; and, after a few words of explanation to her mother, took my leave.

I did not find S— at my house, as I expected. From that time he appeared studiously to avoid me, and never, during our occasional meetings afterwards, did he allude to the extraordinary scene I had witnessed. But I am persuaded, as I before remarked, that I owed my retainer more to the fact that I was acquainted with the above details, than to any estimation in which he might have held my professional attainments.

As he had promised in the note mentioned at the commencement of this communication, S— called upon me in the evening. After a few remarks on common-place topics, he entered upon the business of our meeting. He professed himself unable to conceive the object of Miss F— or her guardian, in bringing her to me. It was known to them, he said, that he had come into the possession of a fortune, which had raised him from indigence to comparative opulence; but he thought the desire of obtaining damages could not have prompted them to a proceeding so fraught with ruinous disclosures and shame.

After a vain attempt by interrogatories to gain some information from him by which I could reconcile the present conduct of Miss F— with the character I had known her—a proud, high-spirited, and admired female—I ceased my questioning, and frankly told S— my perplexity.

"You are already acquainted," said he, in answer, "with some portion of my intercourse with Miss F—, and I do not know why I should hesitate on an occasion like this, to give you a brief account of the origin of our intimacy, and its continuance down to this time. You may perhaps remember, that about two years since I came to this place, and commenced the study of the law. I had chosen it as a profession, and at that time supposed I should have to depend upon it for a future support. For the first six months after my arrival I strenuously resisted all the attempts of my friends to draw me into society, and devoted myself most ardently and diligently to my profession. At the expiration of this time, a favorite cousin arrived in —, and a few days afterwards I yielded to her earnest and pressing solicitations, and accompanied her to a large evening party. I was leaning on the arm of an acquaintance, gazing listlessly on the gay and brilliant scene before me, occasionally making some trifling remark, which too often betrayed the little interest I took in it, when my companion, with an exclamation of admiration, drew my attention to a young female, standing near the door, surrounded by half-a-dozen gentlemen. Never had I seen a being more beautiful. But I need not attempt to describe Miss F— to you. There are few who saw her at that time who will soon forget her. The symmetry of her form, and the regularity of her features, attracted but little of my attention on first beholding her. It was in her eyes, and in the expression of her countenance, that I found cause for admiration; and I gazed until admiration was changed to wonder, as I saw there the different emotions of the soul portrayed. As I looked towards her she turned, her face beaming with a mingled expression of delight and surprise, to answer some remark with which she was evidently pleased. A moment afterwards I saw her lip curl with scorn, and her eye flash, as she replied to some impudent observation of one of these pests of society, denominated 'fashionable young men.'

"I begged my friend to introduce me. He readily offered compliance, and we walked towards her. During the time I had been gazing, the circle around her had considerably increased. My friend caught her eye as we approached, and presented me. She

merely bent her head, and taking no further notice of me, continued her conversation. I was somewhat chagrined at the indifference with which she received me, but lingered near her, intending to take an opportunity to address her. She apparently was aware of my object, and seemed determined not to indulge me. I was twice on the point of speaking, when she carelessly looked another way. At length I addressed her, and in rather an embarrassed manner made some trifling observation on the heat of the room. Without making any reply, she turned away, with a haughty toss of the head, and spoke in an under tone to a gentleman who was standing on the other side of her. I was confounded; but my astonishment was soon changed to indignation, when I heard her make use of the terms, *stranger* and *impertinence*, in such a manner as to leave no doubt that they were applied to me. I soon afterwards left the house, and hurried to my room. It was in vain that I racked my brain to discover some cause for this extraordinary treatment. I could attribute it to nothing but a wanton disregard of the forms and decencies of society, or to some sudden dislike she had taken to me, on account of my deformity. 'Whichever it may be,' I mentally exclaimed, 'she shall repent it. No one, not even a woman, shall treat me with scorn, or regard lightly my claims on their attention.' I never knew why it was that I was so much affected by this occurrence. Such a reception from most women I should have regarded lightly, or have noticed merely by a smile of contempt; but here I felt differently. I was mortified, and deeply offended. In an uncontrollable agony of feeling I brooded over the insult I had endured, which I felt to have been even more an insult when received from the hands of a beautiful woman. I determined that my revenge should be as new as it was signal. I swore in the bitterness of the moment that if I had to sacrifice every other interest of my life, if my way to her should be through mortification, through insult, and through disgrace, I would gain her love. If I humbled myself before her to degradation; if, worm-like, and in the dust, my first advances were to be made, and scorned, I would still pursue. I would crawl up to her in prosperity, I would descend to her in degradation, and in misery; and scorned, and rejected in either situation, I would still persevere. I would approach her in moments of happiness, when her face was radiant, and her pulse beating with delight, and while presenting pleasure's bowl, I would then endeavor to win her affections. I would draw near to her when sorrow had thrown its dark shadow over her, and the 'sun of her happiness had set,' I would dash the cup of misery from her lip, and even then still more seek her love. I would gain it, and then—but I will not anticipate.

"I entered early upon the prosecution of my plan of revenge. The next morning I called and inquired for Miss F—, at her guardian's house, was told that she was engaged, and left my card. From this period no one was a more constant attendant at parties, or more frequently seen at public places than myself. I often advanced to Miss F—, when I met her in society, but was as often coldly repulsed. The most I could gain was a direct, and generally a monosyllabic answer to the questions or observations I addressed to her. But my attention was never withdrawn from her. I embraced every opportunity to study her character. I drew near to her in society, heard her conversation, learned her tastes, her habits, her manner of thinking—and when I had acquired sufficient for my purpose, I made another call. This time I was admitted, but received in such a manner as convinced me I was not welcome. I was not, however, dismayed. I had prepared myself for the visit, and whatever power of pleasing I possessed, was displayed. I turned the conversation on subjects which I knew were agreeable to her, and with which I had made myself conversant. I left her with the conviction that I had risen a step in her estimation. I fear that I am running too much into detail—more so than is necessary to give you a correct understanding of my conduct. I will be less minute.

"My progress in the esteem of Miss F— was slow but sure. I had this advantage: I knew her well and adapted myself to her tastes. I dazzled her mind with the treasures which had rewarded the incessant application of my previous life to study. I 'wooed her imagination in the golden language of poetry,' and words of passion—passion no longer feigned—crowded for utterance.

"Wretch that I am, I am not yet hardened enough to linger over the scenes of this period, when mad with revenge and intoxicated with love, I unrelentingly pursued my devoted victim. I cannot describe my feelings when my hard-earned triumph was completed, and I drew from Miss F— the cause of her treatment of me on our first introduction. In the confidence of unbounded affection, and in the fulness of a contrite heart, self-condemning, and deprecating my resentment, she confessed that my personal deformity had at first excited her contempt. She disliked the haughty manner of one on whom the hand of misfortune had been so ruthlessly laid, and had wished to humble him. She had humbled him—but in doing so, she had destroyed herself.

"You saw us when we awoke from our delirium. It was at her birth-night ball that she implored me to save her from impending disgrace by marriage. She was so agitated by the disclosure she had made, that I persuaded her to ascend to the dressing-room. It was in vain that she here appealed to me again, and on her knees conjured me to rescue her while it was yet possible. The swoon into which she fell on receiving my answer, continued so long that I became alarmed and rang for assistance. I found you. You saw what she suffered; but you could not, you cannot conceive the anguish which tore my bosom. I loved her then, and love her even at this moment; but I can never make her my wife." Here S— closed his narrative. During the latter part of it

he had risen from his seat in great agitation, and with a brow alternately pale and flushed, with clenched hands and with a rapid and almost inarticulate utterance, had hurried through its details.

The reader has probably before this come to the same conclusion that I did—that neither Miss F— nor her guardian could seriously intend to prosecute the suit. I was satisfied that they must have been acquainted with the state of S—'s feelings; and had expected that the fear of the ruinous exposure, to a being still dear to him, which must follow a suit, would force him into an alliance. They were not altogether disappointed. I found, on after conversation with S—, that he shrunk with absolute horror from the contemplation of the consequences of a public trial, and that notwithstanding his present declarations, he had at one time resolved to embrace the alternative. I determined to seek an interview with the guardian of Miss F—; and telling S— to call on me in the morning, late as it was, made my way to the residence of Mr. W—. I found him at home and alone, and stated to him at once the subject of my interview with S—. I was not mistaken. He had not only taken this course for the purpose of forcing S— into an alliance, but had taken it without the knowledge of Miss F—. He frankly told me that if these proceedings should not have the effect he desired, he should discontinue them; but wished me for one day to forbear communicating this fact to my client.

I found at our next interview that a night's reflection had produced an entire change in S—'s feelings. He had resolved on a marriage with Miss F—, not only as a matter of justice to her, but as an expiatory sacrifice for the indulgence of his revengeful passions. But when I mentioned the fact that Miss F— was altogether ignorant of the measures that had been taken by her guardian, and that he had no intention of proceeding further, S— could hardly contain himself. He could not, he said, too soon do justice to an injured woman, and hurried out of my office, exclaiming that he was the happiest fellow in the world.

No apology, I presume, is necessary for the publication of the foregoing incidents. They are already so widely spread, and are so well known, that the mere fact of their being in print will add but little to their notoriety. I have adhered as closely as possible to the circumstances as they came under my observation, and disregarded entirely the thousand rumors afloat upon the subject. This narrative furnishes another evidence that *truth* is far more strange than fiction; and, although I lost my suit, I hope my readers will do me the justice to believe that I felt no regret at continuing "a briefless lawyer."

M.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

Published originally in the New-York American.

HUMORS OF A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

NUMBER THREE.

THE AMBUSCADE—IN IMITATION OF SCOTT.*

The mountain tops are bright above,
The lake is bright beneath—
And the mist is seen, the rocks between,
In a silver shroud to wreath.
Merrily on the maple spray
The blue-bird trills her roundelay,
And the red-bird blithely flits among
The boughs where her pendent nest is hung;
The squirrel his morning revel keeps
In the chestnut's leafy screen,
And the fawn from the thicket gaily leaps
To gambol upon the green.
Now on the broad lake's waters blue
Dances many a light canoe;
And banded there in wampum sheen,
Many a crested chief is seen;
Now as the foamy fringe they break,
Which the waves where they kiss the margin make,
The shallows shoot on the snowy strand,
And the plumed warriors leap to land.
They bear their pirogues of birchen bark
Far in the shadowy forest glade,
And plunge them deep in covert dark
Of the closely woven hazel shade;
Then stealthily tread in each other's track,
And with wary step come gliding back.
And when the water again is won
Unlace the beaded mockason,
And covering first with careful hand
The footmarks dash'd in the yielding sand,
Round jutting point and dented bay
Through the wave they take their winding way.
Awhile their painted forms are seen
Gleaming along the margin green,
And then the sunny lake is left—
Where issuing from a mountain cleft—
Above whose bold impending height
The dusky larch excludes the light,
The current of a rivulet
Conceals their wary footsteps yet
Scaling the rocks, where strong and deep
Abrupt the waters foaming leap,
Along the stream they bending creep,
Where the hanging birch's tassels sweep,

* The subject of the above attempt to describe in the style of Scott one of the many incidents in the annals of our frontier warfare, that are so peculiarly suited to the genius of "the minstrel of Border chivalry," is a tradition kept in a romantic part of this state, of an armed band having been lost to a man by being precipitated from the banks of a narrow and deep ravine during a sudden conflict with a war-party of the Six-Nations.

Thread the witch-hazel and alder-maze,
Where in broken rills the streamlet strays,
And reach the spot where its oozy tide
Steals from the mountain's shaggy side.

Now where wild vines their tendrils fling,
From crag to crag their forms they swing,
Some boldly find a footing where
The mountain-cat would hardly dare;
Others as lightly onward bound
As the frolic chipmunk skips the ground,
Till all the midway mountain gain
And there once more collected meet,
Where on the eagle's wild domain
The morning sunbeams fiercely beat.

There's a glen upon that mountain side,
A sunny dell expanding wide,
Where the eye that looks through the green arcade
Of cliffs in vines and shrubs arrayed,
Sees many a silver stream and lake
Upon its rapturous vision break:
That sunny dell has its opening bright,
Almost within an arrow's flight,
Of a narrow gorge, whose upper side
Rank weeds and furze as closely hide,
As if some frolic fays had plied
Their skill in weaving osiers green,
And thus in elvish freak had tried
Its gloomy mouth to screen.

'Tis a chasm beneath the wooded steep,
Where the brain will swim and the blood will creep,
When its dizzy edge is seen,
And the Fiend will prompt the heart to leap,
When the eye would measure the yawning deep
Of that hideous ravine.

Far down the gulf in distance dim
The bat will oft at noontide skim,
The rattlesnake like a shadow glides
Through poisonous weeds in its shelvy sides,
While swarming lizards loathsome crawl
Where the green damp stands on the slimy wall,
And the venomous copper-snake's heard to hiss
On the frightful edge of that black abyss.

Here in the feathery fern—between
The tangled thicket's matted screen,
Their weapons hid, save where a blade
From straggling ray reflection made,
The Mohawk warriors lay.

The morning sees them gather there
And crouch within their heathy lair—
The scorching sun at noontide hour
Still finds them in their leafy bower,
And when the mantle gray
Of sombre twilight slowly fell
O'er rocky height and wooded dell,
They waited for their prey.

How slow the languid hours move,
How long to him their lapse appear,
To whom remorse, or fear, or love,
Does in each lingering moment prove
The gathered agony of years.

But o'er the Indian warrior's soul,
Uncounted and unheeded roll
Hours, like these in watching spent,
The moments that he knows within
When on the glorious War-Path sent,
Are calm as those which usher in
The thunders of the firmament.

The moose hath left the rushy brink
Where he steals to the lake at eve to drink,
And sought his lair in thicket dark,
Lit only by the fire-fly's spark.
Now the far heaven's veil of blue
The restless stars pervading through,
Seem o'er the wave reflected spread
To pave with studs of gold its bed.
Now as upon the western hills,
The moon her mystic circle fills,
Against the sky each cliff is flung,
As if at magic touch it sprang.
And as the wood her beam receives,
The dew-drops in that virgin light,
Pendent from the quivering leaves,
Sparkle upon the pall of night.

Deep in the linden's foliage hid,
Complains the peevish katydid,
And the shrill screech-owl answers back,
From tulip-tree and tamarak.
At times along the placid lake,
A solitary trout will break;
And rippling eddies on the stream,
In trembling circles faintly gleam.
While near the sedgy shore is heard
The plash of that ill-omened bird,*
Whose dismal note and boding cry,
Will oft the startled ear assail,
When lowering clouds obscure the sky,
And when the tempest gathers nigh,
Come quivering in the rising gale.

Oh, why cannot that loon's wild shriek,
To them a feeble warning speak,
Whose proudly waving banner now
Comes floating round the mountain's brow;

Whose gallant ranks in close array,
Now gleam along the moon-lit way;
And now with many a break between,
Are winding through the long ravine?

Oh, why cannot that loon's wild shriek,
To them a feeble warning speak!
Who careless press a foe's man's sod,
As if in banquet-hall they trod;
Who rashly thus undaunted dare
To chase in woods the forest child,
To hunt the panther to his lair,
The Indian in his native wild?

Unapprehensive thus, at night
The wild deer looking from the brake,
To where there gleams a fitful light
Dotted upon the rippling lake,
Sees not the silver spray-drop dripping
From the lithe oar which softly dipping,
Impels the wily hunter's boat;
But on his ruddy torch's rays,
As nearer, clearer now they float,
The fated quarry stands to gaze,
And dreaming not of cruel sport,
Withdraws not thence his gentle eyes
Until the rifle's sharp report
The simple creature hears and dies.

Bouyant with youth, as heedless they
Pursue the death-besetted way
As cautionless each one proceeds,
Where his doomed steps the pathway leads,
As if the perils of that hour
But led those steps to beauty's bower.
They come with stirring life and drum,
With flaunting plume and pennon come,
To solitudes, where never yet
Hath gleamed the glistening bayonet—
Banner upon the breeze hath flown,
Or bugle note before been blown.

The cautious beaver starts with fear,
That strange unwonted sound to hear;
But still her grave demeanor keeps,
As from her hovel door she peeps—
Observing thence with curious eye
The pageant, as it passes by;
Pauses the wailing whip-poor-will
One moment, in her plaintive trill,
As echoing on the mountain side
Their martial music wanders wide.
Then, as the last note dies away,
Pursues once more her broken lay.

At length they reach that fatal steep,
Which, hanging o'er the chasm deep,
With stunted copse, and tangled heath,
Conceals the gulf that yawns beneath.
The watchful Mohawk, from his lair,
One moment sees them flit there—
One moment looks, with eagle eye,
To mark their forms against the sky;
Then, through the night air, wild and high,
Peals the red warriors battle-cry.

From sassafras, and sumach, green,
From shattered stump, and riven rock—
From the dark hemlock's boughs between,
Is lanced the gleaming tomahawk.
And savage eyes glare fiercely out
From every bush and vine about;
And savage forms the branches throw,
In dusky masses on the foe.

In vain their leaders strive to form
Their ranks beneath that living storm!
As whoop on whoop discordant fell
Loudly on their astounded ears,
As if at once each fiendish yell
Awoke, within that narrow dell,
The echoes of a thousand years!

No rallying cry, no hoarse command
Can marshal that bewildered band;
Nor clarion call to standard, more
Those panic-stricken ranks restore;
Now strown like pines upon the path
Where bursts the fierce tornado's wrath.

Yet some there are who undismayed
Seek sternly back to back arrayed,
With eye and blade alert in vain
A moment's footing to maintain.
Though gallant hearts direct the steel,
And stalwart arms the buffets deal,
What can a score of brands avail
When each as many foes assail?
Like scud before the wintry blast,
That through the sky comes sweeping fast,
Like leaves upon the tempest whirled
They tow'rd the steep, are struggling hurled.
Valor in vain, in vain despair,
Nerves many a frantic bosom there
Furious with the unequal strife,
To cling with desperate force to life.
There, fighting still, with mad endeavor,
As on the dizzy edge they hover,
Their bugle breathes one rallying note,
Pennon and plume one moment float;
Then, swept beyond the frightful brink
Like mist, into the chasm sink;
Within whose bosom, as they fell,
Arose as hideous, wild a yell
As if the very earth had riven,
And shrieks from hell were upward driven.

† Ere yet the life's blood warm and wet
Hath dimmed the glistening bayonet.—*Drake.*

LAY OF THE OLD BARD.

Yes, I know that a shadow is over my eye,
Like twilight's dim cloud when the bright sun has set;
But bring me my harp, for my pulses beat high,
And the spirit of melody dwells with me yet.
What! though the cold world, and the care that it brings,
May have sear'd a few flowers of fancy's sweet chain,
While the magic of music still lives on the strings,
It will teach all the roses to blossom again.

Though old Time hath been writing in lines on my brow,
The record of years that are faded and o'er,
And young Beauty but smiles when I sue to her now,
Yet still I can sing what I sigh'd for before—
Then give me my harp, and I'll tell you of eyes
That could melt by their softness, and awe by their power,
As clear as the stars in the pure southern skies,
All quivering with light in love's beautiful hour!

I'll tell you of whispers in glen and in glade—
I'll tell you how blushes and beauty replied—
I'll tell you of vows breathed in secret and shade—
And I'll tell you a thousand fond fancies beside;
And shall I be sad, when such memories as these,
Like torches, still light up the hall of my heart?
No—bring me my harp, and I'll smile as I seize
The half-redeem'd treasures from memory's mart.

Then say not again that I'm feeble and old—
My spirit disdains to reply to the taunt;
While woman still charms, can the feelings be cold?
Can the bosom be chill'd which her image will haunt?
No—bring me my harp; and while younger men woo,
I'll teach them the flatteries maidens love best,
And as long as that harp, and my heart remain true,
How welcome are time and the world to the rest!

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

The heiress presumptive to the British crown is gradually becoming an object of great interest to all classes of her future subjects, and this interest is naturally heightened by the novelty of the throne being filled by a female sovereign, which has not been the case since the death of Queen Anne in 1702. The reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne were among the most glorious in our annals; and the five years of Mary were unhappily too remarkable ever to be forgotten. The future appears so eventful, that the successor of the present king cannot fail to fill a distinguished place in history.

The Princess Alexandrina Victoria is the only child of the late Duke of Kent, fourth son of George the Third, by Victoria Maria Louisa, princess dowager of Luningen, sister of Prince Leopold. The Duke of Kent was always, with the exception perhaps of the Duke of Sussex, the most popular of the royal family, and was conspicuous from his active benevolence, and his protection of charitable institutions. She was born on the twenty-fourth of May, 1819, and within a few months afterwards lost her father, who died of a sudden attack brought on by sitting too long in wet clothes. The princess has consequently been under the sole care of her excellent mother from her infancy; and it is well known that no mother has more anxiously studied to inculcate on her daughter's mind a due sense of moral and religious duties, and the practice of kindness, gentleness, and forbearance to all those about her, than has the Duchess of Kent towards her precious charge. Her studies have been pursued with as unremitting attention as her health would bear; she is quick in acquiring languages, and speaks fluently English, French, and German; is well read in history; and has attained such perfection in music as to be able to take part in the private concerts frequently given by the Duchess of Kent, who is herself extremely fond of music. The princess's governess (an appointment which is chiefly a matter of form in accordance to precedents) is the Duchess of Northumberland; her preceptor, the Rev. Mr. Davies; her music master, Mr. Sale; and her instructor in the English law and constitution, Professor Amos of the London University, who attends regularly to give the princess lessons in this important branch of knowledge.

The princess has fine eyes, and a florid complexion, and strongly resembles the lamented Princess Charlotte, both in countenance and manner. She is inclined to be stout rather than tall. Many contradictory reports of the state of her health have been spread, arising possibly from the physician of the household paying her regular visits for form sake, and to satisfy the duchess's natural anxiety. We know, however, from good authority, that the princess's health is very satisfactory, and the exuberance of her spirits is a sufficient proof of there being no cause of alarm on this head. Her royal highness has certainly never been strong on her feet, but this arises, more than any thing else, from her feet and ankles being particularly small, and therefore not well calculated to bear her weight. Her disposition is spoken very favorably of, and her good humor never fails her, though she is not much in the habit of associating with young ladies of her own age, but leads, on the whole, a secluded life. From all that is known, therefore, of this interesting young personage during her yet short career, there is every reason to induce us to look with confidence to the day when she will be called on to wield the sceptre of the most powerful empire in the known world.

Court Journal.

BLACK WORK.

A certain colonel, old, and poor, and lame,
And therefore somewhat choleric, and fervent,
Had advertised for a man servant,
And was employed in writing, when there came
Into his room a spruce and dandy footman,
Who scorn'd to be a boot and shoe man,
And therefore ask'd, as he drew near,
"Pray, sir, who does the black work here?"
"That, sir, I do myself," the colonel said,
And threw his inkstand at the fellow's head.

* The loon, or great northern diver. L'imbrin ou grand plongeon de la mer de nord de Buffon, is regarded in some parts of the country as a bird of ill-omen. The loon is said to be restless before a storm; and an experienced master of a coasting vessel informed me, that he always knew when a tempest was approaching by the cry of this bird, which is very shrill, and may be heard at the distance of a mile or more.—*Wilson's Ornithology.*

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER TEN.

Garden of the Tuileries—fashionable drives—French omnibuses—cheap riding—sights—street-beggars—impostors, &c.

THE garden of the Tuileries is an idle man's paradise. Magnificent as it is in extent, sculptures, and cultivation, we all know that statues may be too dumb, gravel walks too long and level, and trees and flowers and fountains a little too Platonic, with any degree of beauty. But the Tuileries are peopled at all hours of sunshine with, to me, the most lovely objects in the world—children. You may stop a minute, perhaps, to look at the thousand gold fishes in the basin under the palace windows, or follow the swans for a single voyage round the fountain in the broad avenue—but you will sit on your hired chair (at this season) under the shelter of the sunny wall, and gaze at the children chasing about, with their attending Swiss maids, till your heart has outworned your eyes, or the palace clock strikes five. I have been there repeatedly since I have been in Paris, and have seen nothing like the children. They move my heart always, more than any thing under heaven; but a French child, with an accent that all your paid masters cannot give, and manners, in the midst of its romping, that mock to the life the air and courtesy for which Paris has a name over the world, is enough to make one forget Napoleon, though the column of Vendôme throws its shadow within sound of their voices. Imagine sixty-seven acres of beautiful creatures (that is the extent of the garden, and I have not seen such a thing as an ugly French child)—broad avenues stretching away as far as you can see, covered with little foreigners (so they seem to me) dressed in gay colors, and laughing and romping and talking French, in all the amusing mixture of baby passions and grown-up manners, and answer me—is it not a sight better worth seeing than all the grand palaces that shut it in?

The Tuileries are certainly very magnificent, and to walk across from the Seine to the Rue Rivoli, and look up the endless walks and under the long perfect arches cut through the trees, may give one a very pretty surprise for once—but a winding lane is a better place to enjoy the loveliness of green leaves, and a single New England elm, letting down its slender branches to the ground in the inimitable grace of nature, has, to my eye, more beauty than all the clipped vistas from the king's palace to the *Arc de l'Etoile*, the *Champs Elysées* inclusive.

One of the finest things in Paris, by the way, is the view from the terrace in front of the palace to this "Arch of Triumph," commenced by Napoleon at the extremity of the "Elysian Fields," a single avenue of about two miles. The part beyond the gardens is the *fashionable drive*, and by a saunter on horseback to the *Place de la Boulogne*, between four and five, on a pleasant day, one may see all the dashing equipages in Paris. Broadway, however, would eclipse every thing here, either for beauty of construction or appointments. Our carriages are every way handsomer and better hung, and the horses are harnessed more compactly and gracefully. The lumbering vehicles here make a great show, it is true, for the box, with its heavy hammer-cloth is level with the top, and the coachman and footmen and outriders are very striking in their bright liveries; but the elegant, convenient, light-running establishments of Philadelphia and New-York, excel them, out of all comparison, for taste and fitness. The best driving I have seen is by the king's whips, and really it is beautiful to see his retinue on the road, four or five coaches and six, with footmen and outriders in scarlet liveries, and the finest horses possible for speed and action. His majesty generally takes the outer edge of the *Champs Elysées* on the bank of the river, and the rapid glimpses of the bright show through the breaks in the wood are exceedingly picturesque.

There is nothing in Paris that looks so outlandish to my eye as the common vehicles. I was thinking of it this morning as I stood waiting for the *St. Sulpice omnibus*, at the corner of the Rue Vivienne, the great thoroughfare between the Boulevards and the Palais Royal. There was the hack-cabriolet lumbering by in the fashion of two centuries ago, with a horse and harness that look equally ready to drop in pieces; the hand-cart with a stout dog harnessed under the axeltree, drawing with twice the strength of his master; the market-waggon, driven always by women, and drawn generally by a horse and a mule abreast, the horse of the Norman breed, immensely large, and the mule about the size of a well-grown bull-dog; a vehicle of which I have not yet found out the name, a kind of long demi-omnibus, with two wheels and a single horse, and carrying nine; and last, but not least amusing, a small close carriage for one person, swung upon two wheels and drawn by a servant, very much used apparently by elderly women and invalids, and certainly most admirable conveniences either for the economy or safety of getting about a city. It would be difficult to find an American servant who would draw in harness as they do here; and it is amusing to see a stout, well-dressed fellow strapped to a carriage, and pulling along the *parés*, sometimes at a jog-trot, while his master or mistress sits looking unconcernedly out of the window.

I am not yet decided whether the French are the best or the worst drivers in the world. If the latter, they certainly have most miraculous escapes. A cab-driver never pulls the reins except upon great emergencies, or for a right-about turn, and his horse has a ludicrous aversion to a straight line. The streets are built inclining towards the centre, with the gutter in the middle, and it is the

habit of all cabriolet-horses to run down one side and up the other constantly at such sudden angles that it seems to you they certainly will go through the shop windows. This, of course, is very dangerous to foot-passengers in a city where there are no side-walks; and, as a consequence, the average number of complaints to the police of Paris for people killed by careless driving is about four hundred annually. There are probably twice the number of legs broken. One becomes vexed in riding with these fellows, and I have once or twice undertaken to get into a French passion, and insist upon driving myself. But I have never yet met with an accident. "*Gar-rr-rr-rr!*" sings out the driver, rolling the word off his tongue like a bullet from a shovel, but never thinking to lift his loose reins from the dasher, while the frightened passenger, without looking round, makes for the first door with an alacrity that shows a habit of expecting very little from the *cocher's* skill.

Riding is very cheap in Paris, if managed a little. The city is traversed constantly in every direction by omnibuses, and you may go from the Tuileries to *Père la Chaise*, or from St. Sulpice to the Italian Boulevards, (the two diagonals) or take the "*Tousles Boulevards*" and ride quite round the city for six sous the distance. The "*fiacre*" is like our own hacks, except that you pay but "twenty sous the course," and fill the vehicle with your friends if you please; and, more cheap and comfortable still, there is the universal cabriolet, which for "fifteen sous the course," or "twenty the hour," will give you at least three times the value of your money, with the advantage of seeing ahead and talking bad French with the driver.

Every thing in France is either *grotesque* or *picturesque*. I have been struck with it this morning, while sitting at my window, looking upon the close inner court of the hotel. One would suppose that a *pavé*, between four high walls, would offer very little to seduce the eye from its occupation; but, on the contrary, one's whole time may be occupied in watching the various sights presented in constant succession. First comes the itinerant cobbler, with his seat and materials upon his back, and coolly selecting a place against the wall, opens his shop under your window, and drives his trade, most industriously, for half an hour. If you have any thing to mend, he is too happy—if not, he has not lost his time, for he pays no rent, and is all the while at work. He packs up again, bows to the *concierge*, as politely as his load will permit, and takes his departure, in the hope to find your shoes more worn another day. Nothing could be more striking than his whole appearance. He is met in the gate, perhaps, by an old clothes-man, who will buy or sell, and compliment you for nothing, cheapening your coat by calling the virgin to witness that your shape is so genteel that it will not fit one man in a thousand; or by a family of singers, with a monkey to keep time; or a regular beggar, who, however, does not dream of asking charity till he has done something to amuse you: after these, perhaps, will follow a succession of objects singularly peculiar to this fantastic metropolis; and, if one could separate from the poor creatures the knowledge of the cold and hunger they suffer, wandering about, homeless, in the most inclement weather, it would be easy to imagine it a diverting pantomime, and give them the poor pittance they ask, as the price of an amused hour. An old man has just gone from the court who comes regularly twice a week, with a long beard, perfectly white, and a strange kind of an equipage. It is an organ, set upon a rude carriage, with four small wheels, and drawn by a mule, of the most diminutive size, looking, (if it were not for the venerable figure crouched upon the seat,) like some roughly-contrived plaything. The whole affair, harness and all, is evidently his own work; and it is affecting to see the difficulty, and, withal, the habitual apathy with which the old itinerant fastens his rope-reins beside him, and dismounts to grind his one—solitary—eternal tune, for charity.

Among the thousands of wretched objects in Paris, (they make the heart sick with their misery, at every turn) there is, here and there, one of an interesting character; and it is pleasant to select them, and make a habit of your trifling gratuity. Strolling about, as I do, constantly, and letting every body and every thing amuse me that will, I have made several of these penny-a-day acquaintances, and find them very agreeable breaks to the heartless solitude of a crowd. There is a little fellow who stands by the gate of the Tuileries, opening to the Place Vendôme, who, with all the rags and dirt of a street boy, begs with an air of superiority that is absolutely patronizing. One feels obliged to the little varlet for the privilege of giving to him—his smile and manner are so courtly. His face is beautiful, dirty as it is; his voice is clear, and unaffected, and his thin lips have an expression of high-bred contempt, that amuses me a little, and puzzles me a great deal. I think he must have a gentleman's blood in his veins, though he possibly came indirectly by it. There is a little Jewess hanging about the Louvre, who begs with her dark eyes very eloquently; and, in the *Rue de la Paix* there may be found at all hours, a melancholy sick-looking Italian boy, with his hand in his bosom, whose native language, and picture-like face are a diurnal pleasure to me, cheaply bought with the poor trifle which makes him happy. It is surprising how many devices there are in the streets for attracting attention and pity. There is a woman always to be seen upon the Boulevards, playing a solemn tune on a violin, with a child as pallid as ashes, lying, apparently, asleep in her lap. I suspected, after seeing it once or twice, that it was wax, and, a day or two since I satisfied myself of the fact, and enraged the mother excessively by touching its cheek. It represents a sick child to the life, and any one less idle and curious, would be deceived. I have often seen people give her money with the most unsuspecting look of sympathy, though it would be natural enough to doubt the maternal kindness of

keeping a dying child in the open air in mid-winter. Then there is a woman, without hands, making braid, with wonderful adroitness; and a man without legs or arms, singing, with his hat set appealingly on the ground before him; and cripples, exposing their abbreviated limbs, and telling their stories over and over, with or without listeners, from morning till night; and every description of appeal to the most acute sympathies, mingled up with all the gaiety, show, and fashion of the most crowded promenade in Paris.

In the present dreadful distress of trade, there are other still more painful cases of misery. It is not uncommon to be addressed in the street by men of perfectly respectable appearance, whose faces bear every mark of strong mental struggle, and often of famishing necessity, with an appeal for the smallest sum that will buy food. The look of misery is so general, as to mark the whole population. It has struck me most forcibly every where, notwithstanding the gaiety of the national character, and, I am told, by intelligent Frenchmen, it is peculiar to the time, and felt and observed by all. Such things startle one back to nature sometimes. It is difficult to look away from the face of a starving man, and see the splendid equipages, and the idle waste upon trifles, within his very sight, and reconcile the contrast with any belief of the existence of human pity—still more difficult, perhaps, to admit without reflection, the right of one human being to hold in a shut hand, at will, the very life and breath for which his fellow creatures are perishing at his door. It is this that is visited back so terribly in the horrors of a revolution.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

It is a question very frequently and warmly discussed by young unmarried folks, whether the wife has a right to govern the husband or the husband the wife. I heard a charming girl, on the point of becoming a bride, holding forth the other evening, half in jest and half in earnest, upon this subject; and telling how she should do this and how she should do that, and she should expect, and she would never consent to have, &c. &c. A warm-tempered young gentleman, who is just cultivating a pair of whiskers, started up, and declared that when he married, which, heaven forbid he ever should, he would make his wife do whatever he ordered. "A pretty thing, indeed," said he, passing the palm of his hand across his cheek, "a pretty thing, indeed, for a man to be under the influence of a woman; a man, who has to support his family, to transact important business, to—to—to—when he comes home he ought to be the lord of the house; and his wife should not lay the slightest restraint upon him; she should not know where he goes, nor what he does; and, if he chooses to stay out till three o'clock in the morning, it's none of her business."

"And suppose," inquired the young lady, setting her head a little one side, as women will sometimes when they are getting interested in a debate, "suppose you were a rough, brutal man, without any delicacy or feeling or principle, and you should bring people to the house whom she did not think fit to associate with, what then?"

"Why, then, she *should* associate with them, whether she thought fit or not; she is not to be the judge of such things, but the husband."

"And is she to have no will of her own?"

"No, not contrary to her husband's."

"Well then, let me tell you, that if my husband were to treat me in that way, I should just tell his friends that if they wanted supper, they might go where they were welcome, and not come to my house."

"And if my wife were to behave so," said the young gentleman, rising again in a passion, "I would—I would—"

"Well," interrupted his fair opponent, crossing her arms composedly, and pressing her lips together closely, as she finished the interrogation, "well, and *what* would you do? Come, tell us now?"

The conversation here drew to a crisis, as perplexing and serious, as if they were man and wife indeed; when, pleading an engagement, I arose, and bade them good evening.

This little incident, however, gave me many new thoughts on the subject, which I had intended to fling into a treatise for the Mirror, when, in conversing about it with a friend, he offered me the use of two letters, that he said had been received, one by himself and the other by his wife, when they were on the eve of marriage. On further inquiry I discovered that the writers were, one an old bachelor, whose knowledge of the matter was consequently theoretical; and the other an old maid, famous for match-making and match-breaking, and who was pleased always to be about young brides, and favor them with her opinions. He further informed me that both he and his wife commenced with a determination to act up to the precepts contained in their respective epistles, which produced so much disturbance between them that they each agreed, instead of racking their brains for devices how to rule the other, that they would thereafter devote the same care in attempting to govern themselves, so that neither should be master, but both go along smoothly and affectionately together, contributing whatever they could towards each other's comfort and happiness. I accompanied him that very evening to his house, and found his wife waiting tea for him. Her face brightened up at his approach; she ran for his slippers while he was asking the servant to bring them, and telling him that she had received a let-

ter from a distant friend, full of pleasant intelligence, darted out of the room to get it, with as much eagerness to serve him as if they were in the happiest days of courtship.

"There she goes, heaven bless her," exclaimed my friend, "as kind-hearted and sweet a woman as ever breathed. It is all because we neither of us aspire to be the governor. When I married her I was full of my plans to rule her, and in a week after the ceremony I commanded her to get my slippers. She told me promptly she would not. There was an insult. We did not speak for a week; we were near a separation. And so we went on for a year, and all in consequence of these infernal letters. Now, here they are," he continued, opening a drawer, "take them, read them, and print them if you like; and inform your readers, that if they wish to live in peace with their wives and husbands, they had better in all cases follow the bent of their own good feelings and discretion, and turn their backs on advisers."

I read the letters with some interest, and present them, according to his permission. In them may be found a good deal of truth, mixed with much specious sophistry. The first is to the lady.

"MY DEAR GIRL—So, you are going to get married! Well, I declare; and to Mr. N—. He is certainly a very fine man, excellent disposition, and very much respected; but, my dear Julia, there is one thing which my love for you induces me to observe. Mr. N— is a despotic man. I would not see you a *slave* to any one. I wish you to be ever the mistress of your house; a woman owes it to herself not to be browbeaten. If she yields to the first extortions of her husband, there is no limit to his tyranny. All men are so. They may be good or bad; there is little difference between them in this respect. They all would make their wives lead a dog's life if they could, and it is only to be prevented in her by a firm resistance to the very first encroachment on her rights. These will commence in trifles, and there they must be met; if not, you are lost. It is true, my dear, you are not physically so strong as your husband, but you are morally, and the law prevents him from using his physical strength. You can worry and tease him to death. You can thwart him perpetually in little things; not from revenge, heaven forbid! but in order to convince him that you are not one of those weak, tame, inanimate creatures, who can be treated any how. Take your own part, and he will respect you more, eventually, depend upon it. Husbands are easily managed, if you would but think so. You may not be able to run as fast as he at first, but you can *tire him out*. He'll come down at last, and be your slave, instead of making you his. Don't be afraid. When you are fairly married, you know he can't get away, he must yield; hundreds of husbands are tamed in that way. I have no more room at present, but remember, don't yield. Don't let him get the better of you in trifles, and after a little splashing and trouble together at first, you shall see how smoothly you will go along. Your sincere friend, SALLY TOMPKINS."

The other, to the gentleman, is equally entitled to attention.

"MY DEAR FRANK—On this important occasion let me give you a little advice. Take great care on starting not to suffer the wife to get the upper hand of you. Assume the reins yourself, and keep them with a firm hand. You know the English law allows, or did allow, a gentle flagellation on certain emergencies, although Sir William Blackstone doth recommend the husband not to resort to this method of government on slight provocation. I would suggest a regular system of discipline. Very soon after you are *irrevocably*, (that's a big word to swallow, Master Frank,) *irrevocably* united, begin to resist every thing on your wife's part which looks like command. For example, if she orders you to open the door, request her to do it herself, and if she does not, make her. This may be done by refusing her whatever she asks till she complies. If she insists on beefsteaks for dinner, buy veal cutlets. If she shows signs of rebellion, open your eyes and stare awhile, then give a long low whistle, looking at her all the time, and laugh at last as if you were partly amused and partly astonished. One thing, my dear boy, never get into a passion. By getting into a passion I mean into a rage, a fury, saying things that you must afterwards repent, starting up suddenly out of your chair, walking backward and forward across the floor, flinging a cup or plate, or any other article which you may have handy, into the fire, and then bouncing out of the room without your dinner. All these are very fine, to be sure, and will make the lady frightened, *pro tem*, but they are the devil when they come to be told of, and put the poor man in such a light that he is ashamed to show his face when he becomes cool. There is no one so easily governed as your full-blooded, passionate persons. I do not exactly mean high tempered. This is a different thing; a high temper, when allied to a strong intellect, is altogether another affair. I have seen such, who would take an injury coolly, but never forget it. But your furious persons are of a less formidable nature. They always overstep decency; and though they would commit any folly in a paroxysm, yet their passion and their courage ooze away together, and leave them passive and exhausted, conscious of weakness, and ashamed to look at any person who beheld their madness. You would be amused to see my friend Dick H— in the hands of his wife. She is a clear-headed, firm-nerved woman, whose equal temper has given her such an advantage over him, that she has no difficulty whatever in making him do whatever she pleases. When he is enraged, he walks out in a storm without an umbrella, or hits his head against the mantel-piece. Once, to revenge himself on her for some imaginary injury, he threw down his watch, and trod it to pieces with his heel. It was several months afterwards before he could muster sufficient resolution to purchase a new one; and in the meantime I have seen her in the presence of one or

two friends, and scarcely moving a muscle of her face, so discompose him by asking the time of day, or some other question that had an oblique bearing on the catastrophe above-mentioned, that I scarcely knew whether to laugh at him or pity him the most.

"I hope, then, my dear fellow, you will always keep cool on matrimonial subjects, and never enter into any altercation with your wife. She will certainly out-talk you. The tongue is her legitimate weapon; and I scarcely ever knew a woman who, on points of domestic debate, could not talk her husband dumb before he knew what he was about. What you mean to do, *do* firmly, gently, effectually. If she mounts into a passion, then you have the advantage. When she comes to herself she will cry, and perhaps be sick, and go to bed without her supper. That's a critical moment when tears spring into the eyes of a pretty woman, but women can weep when they please. Tell her so, and if she cuts up any capers, put on your hat, (a little over your eyes, nothing makes a man look more determined than that,) tell the servant she need not sit up for you, as you have a key, and go forth with a slow, cool, resolute step. If possible, hum an air, in a low tone, as you pass through the hall. Do not return till three o'clock the next morning. Rise early, and go to your business cheerfully, as if nothing had happened. Dine out that day. The next time you are alone with her, she will sob perhaps, and turn slightly pale, tears again, and one or two attempts to speak about last night. Draw yourself a little up, (I am glad you are rather tall,) and change the subject instantly. Never talk about these things. There is nothing at once so contemptible and dangerous as talking. It is the ruin of whole families. I do not, of course, mean cheerful, merry, and friendly conversation; that's delightful; but I allude to the expression in mere words of any fretful, discontented feeling; discussing peevishly what you have done or are going to do. About the past say nothing, and *hear* nothing, unless in the way of explanation. Touching the present or the future, if she can tell you any fact in a gentle way, with which you were unacquainted, listen, but don't debate, don't wrangle. A dispute between man and wife flings damp and shadow over a whole family. If the lady has any soul, and really loves you, the failure of her first attempt to rule you will almost break her heart. Let it. Never fear that it will quite. A new view of the subject will gradually rise upon her. If she is a woman of sense, she will reason with herself, and convince herself that she had better let you have your own way than always live in a whirlpool, and all her angry emotions will soften down into a calm moonlight sort of melancholy. Then is your time to confirm her submission without injuring her love. You will come in sometime softly and unexpectedly, and find the dear little object of your stratagems sitting alone and pensive by the fire. Your heart will rise at the sight, for she is thinking, thinking of you. Her hand hangs down languidly—her foot half exposed on the fender—her eyes are fixed on the mass of bright coals; a half suppressed sigh heaves her bosom. Ah, my dear Frank, go to her then, kiss her—tell her you love her—that her happiness is your great aim, but that you are a wild, proud man, and cannot be ruled except by gentleness and affection. Your words will then sink into her soul; and as the tears come up in her eyes, her head will gradually recline on your bosom. A thousand vain plans of womanhood and mastery will melt away in the instant. She will feel it grateful as well as delightful for her tender and pliable mind to bend when in contact with your harder and loftier nature. There, my dear boy, is all of domestic felicity you must ever expect to attain. As for any pure and permanent harmony, never dream of such a thing. Little dark misunderstandings and showery passions are generated in the conubial sky by the mere ordinary warmth and revolutions of the atmosphere, precisely as clouds and tempest are formed in the natural heaven. The difference between a loving and a hating couple is, that in the one they hang continually brooding, like the heavy vapors and mists of a bad climate, while in the other they form and break away with a fine rapidity, admitting long gleams of sunshine, and disclosing the azure serenity above.

"There is one point over which I must not pass entirely. Whatever you do as a sign of independence, never afford any cause for jealousy. To a married man all other women must be but pictures. He must ever speak of them, act towards them as things totally beyond his reach, and out of his sphere. They are as clouds, or stars, or any thing most distant and separated from him. Love wine, company, gambling, fame, solitude, any thing, every thing, but, on the peril of your peace, betray no interest in any woman. The flower of love in a wife's heart will live through every other change and season, but that will kill it effectually forever to the very roots; and the meridian ardor of any subsequent display of affection will be utterly wasted on its dead leaves. And now, my dear Frank, success attend you. Matrimony resembles those plants from which the wise extract medicine, the unskilful poison. It opens upon you a new world of responsibilities as well as pleasures. It binds you to life with additional bands, stronger than as yet you can conceive. My last words to you are, never get in a passion yourself; never yield to petulance or rage in her; demand of her nothing rashly, nothing but what is right, and having demanded, enforce your wishes coolly but firmly, and with that high authority with which man is invested by law and nature. Your sincere friend, EDMUND BROWN."

I do not know, Messrs. Editors, whether to look upon the last epistle as serious or not. The hint, in the commencement, about flagellation, and Sir William Blackstone, must be only a sly turn of humor; but I am certain there is a deal of good sense towards the end. Perhaps the ladies will not like it; but that, you know, is no affair of mine. SEDLEY.

THE LATE FANCY-BALL AT THE CAPITOL.

FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

WE are happy to have a truce, for once, to the tedious monotony of soirees, levees, and *conversaziones*, by an occurrence which has, for some time past, given an impulse to the gay world in Washington, and relieved us for a while from the unprofitable chit-chat of the tea-table, by turning the current of conversation into a less sluggish channel. We allude to a fancy-ball recently given by a distinguished resident of this place, which has at least the charm of novelty to recommend it. To attempt a just account of this *fête* would require more time than can well be devoted to the subject, and a closer and more acute observation than we profess to have; besides, the supposition that we saw every incident and character, would imply a kind of ubiquity which we are not willing to assume. A hasty outline of the principal incidents that came under our personal observation must, therefore, suffice. Having no part to play in this mimic carnival, my friend W. and myself went at an early hour to enjoy the effect of the first *entrée* of the *dramatis personæ*. To borrow the language of our poetess:

"At first the pillar'd halls were still and lone,
As if some fairy palace, all unknown
To mortal eye or step. This was not long.
Waken'd the lute and swell'd the burst of song;
And the vast mirrors glitter'd with the crowd
Of changing shapes. The young, the fair, the proud
Came thronging in."

A blast from the trumpet of the *avant courier*, announced the approach of the Marchioness of Carrabas and suit, and immediately afterwards crowds of personages of various complexions and costume followed in rapid succession until the room became peopled, as if by enchantment, with the representations of almost every clime and caste. Swarthy Turks were seen mingling with the red sons of the forest. Pagans, Mahometans, and Christians—worshippers of the sun, the crescent, and the cross, forgetful of religious feuds or national antipathies, were jumbled together in strange and even ludicrous juxtaposition. Europeans, Americans, and Asiatics—Turks, Greeks, and Persians—Peruvians, Chinese, and Aborigines were there, mingling with the fair daughters of other nations, who seemed, as if by common consent, to have contributed their stock of charms to one common hive. We must confess that we were agreeably surprised at such an unexpected display of magnificent adornment and judicious taste, particularly among the ladies; the splendor of whose attire was admirably set off by the grotesque and original characters sustained by some of the gentlemen. Courtesy and gallantry, if not our own inclination, would prompt us to pay our court first to the queens and high-born dames who were present, as true knights were wont in days of chivalry.

The first that attracted our attention was the brilliant *cortège* of Queen Elizabeth, who was surrounded by her courtiers in the appropriate costumes of her reign, among whom we remarked Leicester and Sir Walter Raleigh. She moved onward amidst her retinue with all that peerless majesty and chaste severity of demeanor which so eminently characterized her royal prototype, who "thought foul scorn of Parma or of Spain or any prince that dared invade her realm." Next came the interesting queen whose untimely fate has been so much deplored, and who has extorted so many tears from the bright eyes of romantic maidens—the Queen of Scots. She was accompanied by her ill-fated companion, Rizzio, who derived additional interest from being associated with her history. Her countenance betrayed the settled melancholy of "deep-rooted sorrow," and of that grief which is tempered by resignation, without any of the austerity of bigoted zeal. Her features, naturally lovely and captivating, bore the traces of her protracted imprisonment, and we thought that we saw a hectic flush suffuse her pale cheek as she cast a reproachful glance towards her proud sister. We cannot answer for the conscience of the virgin queen; but we imagine that she must have been somewhat disconcerted at the apparition of her lovely rival, to whose death she had been accessory. Another candidate for our admiration was a French fortune-teller in a picturesque and mystic garb, surmounted by a high cap, *a la Normande*, who was busily employed in her vocation, revealing the varied destinies of the motley group which curiosity had drawn around her. She was seen dispensing leaves from the book of fate, which reminded us of those Sibylline leaves on which the priestess of Apollo inscribed the predictions of the oracle. It required no great effort of the imagination to suppose that a scene so fairy-like and magical had been conjured by the power of her incantations.

The colors of her dress seemed to have some mysterious affinity to those "black spirits and white, red spirits and gray" which Hecate invoked over her charmed caldron; but whether she had any agency in invoking this incongruous assemblage or not, is left to conjecture; but certain it is, she had the power of calling "spirits from the vasty deep," judging from the sons of Neptune who flocked around her, among whom we descried the apparition of Tom Coffin, whom our novelist, Cooper, so unceremoniously drowned in the Ariel. As to her personal appearance, so far from having that forbidding aspect, those elf-like locks, and those masculine proportions we so generally associate with the attributes of the gipsy tribe, she appeared to us in the more bewitching guise of a French enchantress, and instead of crying out as did Dominie Sampson, avoid thee! we must confess that we were, on the contrary, irresistibly attracted towards one—the vivacity of whose nation, manners, versatility of conversation, and happy powers of entertainment, made every one eager to have the book of fate unsealed to them. To Queen Mary she paid the compliment of allowing her to be a more bewitching siren than herself, and ad-

dressed to her the following cartel. (A la Reine Marie—who captivates alike all hearts—in death as she did in life.)

"Si je lui compare le lia,
Qu'avec la rose j'entrelace;
Marie emporte encore le prix—
Le lia meurt, le rose s'efface."

Captain Lawton, a hero of the revolutionary war, and one of the surviving remnants of the *régime* of the cock'd hats, was one of the invited guests, he happening to be in the city at the time, where he had come for the double object of making a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon on the centennial anniversary, and pushing his claims to a pension. This claim was predicated on an account-current for sundry quarts of blood and whiskey spilt during the revolutionary struggle, and sundry ugly gashes which had been most unscientifically applied to his person, obliquely, horizontally, and otherwise, in front, flank, et cetera.

The venerable appearance and quaint costume of the gallant captain attracted considerable attention, and we remarked that many dignitaries and fair ladies solicited an introduction for the sake of hearing him rehearse his "hair breadth 'scapes." The captain, delighted with his cordial reception, and the opportunity thus afforded him of fighting his battles over again, straightened up his war-worn frame, adjusted his ruffles, gave a more ferocious expression to his cock'd hat, and placing his hand, with a most portentous "hem!" on the hilt of his rusty sabre, proceeded to recount, at full length, all the "deeds of noble daring" which he and General Washington had done for the liberties of his country. Many, especially among the younger portion of his auditors, were uncertain whether he was in fact the veritable Simon Pure, whose awkward wielding of the broadsword was so bitterly deprecated by Doctor Sitgraves, or whether he was a personation of General Washington himself; an error which was very natural for those who had never seen the uniform of '76, on account of the resemblance they formed between his "wig of formal cut," his powdered phiz, and amplitude of nose, to these sad, chalky portraits which are to be seen, *passim*, on the sign-boards of every log tavern in the country. There were many features in the captain's character which the company were at a loss to reconcile with his antiquated appearance, but which he readily and ingeniously accounted for; such as his modern accomplishment of waltzing and a gaiety of manner unusual for a person at his time of life. Some one observed to him that Spanish dances and quadrilles did not savor much of the old school, and that the nimbleness of his tongue and heels would do more credit to a modern beau than to a septuagenarian; to which he replied, that it was very true, that the dignified minuet and graceful contra-dance were in vogue in his day; but for his part, having no particular predilections in favor of obsolete customs, and being still in a hale and green old age, he was desirous of keeping pace with the rising generation and the improvements of the time, and had, for that reason, at the prime age of three-score, taken lessons in the art of waltzing; and moreover, too, the force of early education and of habit had taught him that celerity of movement was a great desideratum in military science; and one of the greatest attributes consequently of a good general was to know how to retreat gracefully before an enemy. We know not how far the captain's loquacity would have gone, had he not been interrupted by one of the guests—a venerable relic also of by-gone days—who accosted the veteran by asking him if he did not recognize him as an old acquaintance, who had been with him at the battle of Bennington, where he had been greatly instrumental in the success of our troops by administering to them large potations of "Dutch courage," and where he had the honor of contributing not a little to the fame of Captain Lawton himself by fortifying his natural intrepidity with copious libations, which he in his hurry to leave (to take the field, he meant) had forgotten to pay for? The captain replied that he had no recollection of the matter whatever, but presumed that the treachery of his memory might be owing entirely to the weakness of his alcohol; and as to any unsettled balance, he "begged him not to mention it," for since he had become a member of the temperance society, he no longer indulged himself in anything stronger than mere brandy, with very little water, and had become perfectly oblivious of old tavern scores. The other was about to reply with a compliment to the captain on the clear and brilliant complexion of his nose, when he was interrupted by the hoarse and nasal voice of a Nantucket whaler, who proved to be Tom Coffin. "Starn all," cried Tom, as he lanced his huge harpoon into a pound-cake of such equivocal dimension that it looked, in his imagination, "very like a whale." "Starn all," reiterated he, as he witnessed the havoc which his nautical skill had made among the innocent crumbs. Finding his mistake, he coolly gathered up the coil of his harpoon, and made his way towards a group of personages who were consulting the oracles of the soothsayer, accompanied by a brother tar and a South American goucher, whose dexterity in throwing the *lazada* rivaled Tom's marine skill in throwing the harpoon. Not knowing what to make of this strange sail, Tom "rather concluded" that she was a French privateer, under false colors; and without the ceremony of waiting till his turn came to hear the predictions of the oracle, he unceremoniously thrust his harpoon aboard of the book of fate, exclaiming, at the same time, "bear down there, you French gal, and show your papers."

A spirited colloquy then ensued between her and honest Tom, to whom the responses of the sibyl were as unintelligible as were his nautical phrases to her, and the mysterious leaves were handled as awkwardly by him as she would have handled a marlin-spike.

Long Tom, who, like the Doge of Venice, had been "wedded to the sea," never had had an opportunity in his youth of decipher-

ing the black letter mysteries of the alphabet, but "rather concluding" that the papers she gave him might yet serve to light his cigars, he carelessly stowed them in his jacket pocket among his loose change and tobacco, and strided away in quest of fresh adventures. Espying Queen Bess and her splendid *cortège*, his messmate, Jack, who had been accustomed to the watch in the foretop, called out "a sail," and proposed to Tom to run down to leeward and speak her. As they approached, Tom whispered to his messmate, in the gentle voice of a north-easter, "I say, Jack, what do you think of her?" Jack ventured his humble opinion that she was an American-built vessel under an English flag—and probably a prize, taken in tow by British men of war. Seeing that her consorts had parted company with her, by reason of the counter-currents in the crowd, our honest tars sailed up to speak her. Tom triced up the waistband of his muslin in order to make his best bow to her majesty. His messmate, emboldened by her royal condescension, and wishing also to scrape acquaintance with the English girl, as he called her, presumed to offer her royal highness a plug of tobacco, which he drew from his jacket pocket between his two fore-fingers with that peculiar back-handed motion so characteristic of the genuine tar. Her majesty, contrary to our expectations, accepted it, and added that she prized it more highly because her good Sir Walter had been among the first to introduce that plant into her dominions; and, as it had become a fruitful source of revenue to the royal coffers, she might add that she was indebted to this identical plant for the jewels she then wore.

Jack did not seem to comprehend this allusion, not being able to divine exactly by what strange alchemy jewels could grow out of the Virginia weed. So, taking this for an attempt to impose upon his credulity, he gave her a familiar nod over his left shoulder, and went off, whistling the tune of Black-eyed Susan.

The character of a French marquis was well personated—evinced all that "*suaviter in modo*," and untiring *politesse* which were the essential ingredients of a courtier of the old *régime*.

Sir Peter Teazle made his *début* in very handsome style, but looking more smiling than we expected from the reports respecting his family dissensions. We ascribed various reasons for his apparent good-humor; for instance, the circumstance of his being from home—the absence of Lady Teazle, and the presence of some pretty Swiss girls, with whom he was carrying on a flirtation.

Charles the Second appeared in an elegant hunting dress, and, as he was unattended by his court, we presume he wished to be *incog.*; but, notwithstanding his disguise, his gay and jaunty air, and laughing eye, betrayed the "merry monarch."

The taciturnity of the Indian chief, as well as that of the Turks who were there, would have been better suited to a pantomime than to such a gay drama.

The fancy dresses of the ladies, for the most part, were well chosen, and arranged in good taste; and many of them were in such perfect keeping, and displayed a style of such elegance, richness, and magnificence, that they might vie with oriental and queenly splendor. Among the most brilliant, we remarked "a priestess of the sun," glowing with the emblems of her caste, and resplendent as the orb she worshipped.

Two sultanas, attired in the rich and becoming costume of their nation, were rival candidates for our admiration. One claimed it for her commanding figure, and elegant address; and the other for her lovely and intellectual features, and beautiful form. The sternest Moslem might, if he did not mistake them for houries, have confessed for once, that women *may* have souls, and been pardoned for forgetting his Koran and Allah, while he bowed in homage here.

Our fair representative from the Grecian isles, was extremely fascinating. She had not been long in this country, and, having no acquaintance with our customs and manners, was seen studiously endeavoring to acquire them, by asking many questions, with native simplicity, respecting the dances, &c. She was so irresistible, that she almost persuaded us to espouse the Greek cause.

The Italian peasant was represented with such truth and felicity of taste, that we thought we beheld beneath the *manteletta*, a realization of the loveliness of Frascatina.

We saw also several peasants from different cantons in Switzerland, whose native charms were greatly heightened by their becoming dresses. We concluded, as we gazed on them, that a residence among the avalanches and bleak glaciers of the Alps, must be delightful in such company, and no longer wondered why the Swiss were so much attached to their native country as to be afflicted with the "*maladie du pays*," or to shed tears at the sound of the "*Rans des Vaches*."

An *improvisatrice*, who personated Corinna, though last mentioned, not the least interesting, was so much occupied by this brilliant scene that she declined giving us a specimen of her extempore composition on this occasion, adding, that she preferred yielding to her inspiration in such solitudes as those of the Alps, or the deserted ruins of Rome.

It would require too much time to dwell upon all the characters, and to speak of all the strange groups and combinations formed among chieftains, brigands, soldiers, sailors, hunters, &c. on the one hand, and gypsies, quakeresses, flower-girls, &c. on the other.

We cannot forbear, in closing, to speak of several allegorical figures, such as Morning, Noon, and Night, which were well personified; except that Night, with her crescent and starry train, looked as beautiful as the day; and we wished, on parting, that we could always have "such a night as this."

THE FINE ARTS.

PAINTING.

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM PENN—DUNLAP'S LECTURES.

INMAN's portrait of Penn is now finished and exhibited in Philadelphia. We cannot pronounce upon its merits from ocular inspection; but the known talent of the artist leads us to presume it excellent. It is to be engraved by Mr. Sattain, of whose skill the portrait of the Rev. Mr. Furness is referred to as a favorable evidence.

As friends of the arts, it gives us great satisfaction to observe that the lectures delivered by Mr. Dunlap, on the evenings of Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in presence of his pictures, and explanatory of them, have become popular. The gallery of the National Academy, Clinton-hall, is filled, literally, every evening that it is opened.

LITHOGRAPHY.

LIKENESS OF CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.

A lithographic engraving of this venerable patriot, from an original picture by W. J. Hubbard, executed in a very superior style by Messrs. Endicott & Swett, of this city, has been just published.

SCULPTURE.

FRAZEE'S BUST OF JOHN JAY.

We find this specimen of art has excited general attention. It was exhibited last week at the exchange, where, in common with many others, we examined it with additional pleasure as the first bust executed in marble by an American. It was undertaken in conformity with a resolution of congress, and is to be removed to the supreme court-room at Washington, as a tribute to the memory of the first chief-justice, to whom it is said to bear a close resemblance. That so delicate and beautiful a piece of workmanship should have been executed by one of our countrymen in New-York, created universal astonishment. We trust congress will not suffer Mr. Frazee to be idle.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE—ROBERT LE DIABLE, ETC.

Spring has come at last. We have walked out over the meadows and felt her breath, and seen the naked, desolate earth just beginning to melt and stir at her warm touch. The heaps of snow and ice under the fences, and beneath the high banks, are gone. There is a brighter shade of green about the brooks and on the sunny hill sides. Eastern windows are opened for an hour in the morning, and plants and bird-cages are set out on the piazzas and in the gardens. Pale, sick faces may be noted, stealing slowly along in the sunshine; and the balmy soft air touches our foreheads with a welcome feeling. We detected a fly humming under a warm shed the other day, ominous courier of its swarming people; and a bird sang near our window this morning; and the voice of coal has fallen; and we saw a lean gentleman just now walking erect, with a straw hat and a thin pair of pantaloons. Yes, spring has certainly come at last. We commence a dramatic paragraph in this way, because the invigorating influence of the season is visible in the theatrical as well as the vegetable world. The managers of all the houses begin to revive. The country folks crowd into town to buy goods, and of course go to the theatres; and the stars, which have left our sphere, wander back again in gay succession. Mrs. Austin has been doing an immense business in Boston, and will be soon here again, not only to delight the lovers of music with her brilliant round of old operas, but to enhance her reputation with new and yet more delightful exhibitions. We hear reports from all quarters touching the new forthcoming opera of "La Dame Blanche." It is expected by judges that it will achieve new triumphs in the cause of music, and add another flower to the chaplet of the fair vocalist. Forrest, too, will soon reappear. This gentleman will be welcomed, as well from his great popularity as a performer, as for the essential benefit he is rendering to the dramatic literature of the country. Clara Fisher may be soon looked for, and will be gladly greeted. C. Kean, who has been highly praised at the south, will return shortly; and other attractions are in preparation for the strangers who generally fill the city at this period.

A few nights since we witnessed, for the first time at the Park theatre, the new drama of Victorine, and we owe it to Mrs. Sharpe to say, that her personation of that character was natural and graceful. Simpson and Richings sustained their respective parts with marked ability. The entire cast is judicious, the scenery new, and the piece itself for effect, incident, and moral, unexceptionable. Every body ought to see Victorine—the neatest and best afterpiece—without exception—that has been produced this season.

The managers of the American theatre are making strenuous exertions, in pursuance of their resolution, to represent the plays of Shakspeare, and have already produced several with success, Mr. Hamblin and Miss Clifton sustaining the principal characters.

Mr. Russell, of the Richmond Hill—which house, the distant reader is informed is still open, notwithstanding the attempt made to destroy it during the late Anderson row—offers attractions of a most unequivocal kind. Mrs. Duff is nightly delighting the audience with her excellent delineations. This establishment also appears to be the arena chosen for all the "first appearances." Various young gentlemen have there lately made their bow to the public, with various degrees of success. The "Forty Thieves" has been brought forward, and numerous improvements carried into effect, from which, no doubt, the manager will reap profit.

As our dramatic information, during the past week, has been rather slender, we copy the following account from the Court Journal, of the new opera lately produced at Paris, which, as a *novelty*, has made more noise in the musical world than any similar composition of modern times.

ROBERT LE DIABLE.

The extraordinary success which this opera has obtained in Paris, offers a sufficient apology for dedicating a considerable space of our journal to an examination of its merits. Indeed, both the French papers and private accounts concur in representing "Robert le Diable" as one of the most striking and brilliant productions which have ever graced the stage. The French critics, who are rather given to hyperbole, have not missed this opportunity of lavishing the words *enthousiasme—delire—rage*, &c. &c. to describe the sensation which the opera has excited. Monsieur Fetis, professor at the "Conservatoire," an eminent composer himself, and one of the best judges of music, pronounces Meyerbeer's work one of those productions which render the author immortal. Castil-Blaze, another great authority, expresses himself in the following terms:—"This piece has produced a prodigious effect; never was success more complete—more brilliant."

The representation of "Robert le Diable" forms an epoch in the annals of the stage. Nearly a year has been spent in preparing it, and no less than two hundred thousand francs have been laid out in its production. It is what the French aptly call *un tour de force*; for seldom, or never, have such efforts been made in favor of one composition.

We have read "Robert le Diable," and consider it admirably adapted for the display of musical and pictorial genius. It is full of striking situations, and abounds in what is technically called *stage effect*. We offer a rapid outline of the plot.

At the rising of the curtain, the theatre represents a view of Palermo, on the border of the sea. Knights of all nations flock to a tournament—Robert, duke of Normandy, carries the prize—this Robert is the son of Bertha and a demon, by whom she had been seduced. Robert is a name of horror and alarm. Alice, his foster sister, presents herself, bearing a letter from the dying Bertha, which Robert is not to read until he abandons his career and repents. Robert confides his secrets to Alice; he tells her that being in love with Isabella, Princess of Sicily, he wished to elope with her, when he was attacked by a troop of cavaliers, and would certainly have fallen a victim had it not been for the timely aid of Bertram, an unknown knight. Bertram makes his appearance, and Alice shudders as she conceives that it is the portrait of Satan—the knights play at hazard—Bertram persuades Robert to join them—he consents, and loses every thing he possesses in the world—Alice presents herself to Isabella, and speaks in favor of Robert—Isabella forgives his faults, and allows him to fight for her in a tournament, in which the reward of the victor is to be her hand—Isabella sends him arms, he prepares for the combat, when a messenger stops him on the part of the Prince of Granada, who waits for him in the adjacent forest—Robert obeys the summons—the tournament in the meantime takes place—Robert does not appear, and consequently loses the prize. The third act represents a wild and dreary scene. The prince of darkness holds there his court—Bertram is the father of Robert, and his love for him induces him to keep his son in the career of crime, that by this means they may never be separated in the next world—Alice comes, by the appointment of her lover, Raimbaud, to this solitary place, and is horrified by the frantic cries of the demons, and the wild orgies which are being performed—she retreats, perceives a cross planted on one side of the scene, embraces it, and faints away—Bertram is in despair, the infernal congress has decreed that unless Bertram gets possession of Robert's soul before midnight, he loses his son forever—Robert himself is dejected on account of his losses—Bertram employs every means of temptation, and offers all the goods the world can bestow, if he proceed to the convent where the remains of St. Rosalia rest, and steal away a leaf of cypress which the saint holds in her hand—Robert consents to commit the sacrilege, and departs to the convent, the inmates of which had been condemned to the eternal flames—part of the building is in ruins by moonlight, and the statues of the nuns are seen on their tombs—Bertram conjures up the criminal nuns—the statues revive and start into life, they promise to induce Robert to keep his rash vow—a fearful scene of wild and bacchanalian passion takes place amongst the nuns, when Robert arrives, and is seduced to snatch away the branch of cypress—that moment tremendous shouts of demoniac triumph are heard. Isabella, meantime, is to marry the Prince of Granada—Robert arrives with the cypress—this talisman plunges every one into deep slumbers—Isabella succumbs to its magic power—Robert awakes her—she conjures him to renounce his criminal and secret agency, and that she will become his bride—Robert pulls the cypress to pieces—the guards awake, recognize him, and surround him—Robert is, however, delivered by Bertram, who again endeavors to tempt him—at last, he announces himself as his father. Alice, on the other hand, urges the dying injunction of Bertha—Robert remains undecided—midnight strikes, and Bertram is hurled into the fiery regions. The scene changes, and discovers a cathedral, brilliantly illuminated, where Isabella waits to bestow her hand on Robert.

The music in "Robert the Devil" displays an admirable versatility of talent. It is, by turns, graceful and tender, impassioned, solemn, or terrific, according to the situation or the feeling which the dramatist intended to illustrate. Great as the expectations which "Il Crociato" and "Margarita" might have given birth to,

it is the general voice that they have been surpassed in this masterpiece of Meyerbeer. Indeed, all his former productions fall into insignificance, if measured by the standard of excellence displayed in "Robert le Diable." "Il Crociato," although emitting sparks of original genius, was evidently modelled after the manner and style of the modern Italian school. One of Rossini's greatest triumphs is that of having been imitated, *unconsciously*, by men of very superior talents. We see this exemplified in the case of Bellini, Pacini, Mercandanti, and others. Meyerbeer himself was not entirely exempted from the prevailing *malady* in musical composers; but in "Robert the Devil" he has boldly broken every shackle, and presented a work in which can be traced no resemblance to the popular Maestro, but which is so wholly original, in every respect, as to place its author in the very first rank of composers.

In this opera, Meyerbeer has happily blended the excellencies of the two first schools of music—the German and the Italian. He has judiciously preserved all the brilliancy, fire, richness, and happy caprice of the latter, with all the harmonic combinations of the former. He has not, like most eminent composers of the two schools, blindly adopted that excellence for which each is conspicuous, but has most skillfully availed himself of all the resources, both of harmony and melody. The result has been most happy; the public have not to complain that the music is too ponderous and scientific, nor can the profession reject it on the plea of its being too popular, light, and devoid of science! The *finale* of the first act, which begins with a graceful movement, and terminates in a terrific explosion, is conceived in a masterly manner. The opera, indeed, presents an almost inexhaustible treasure; we have five acts, into which is crowded a series of arias, duos, and concerted pieces, most of which will go the round of every public and private concert. The *cavatina*, sung by Isabella in the second act, the *duo* in the fourth, and the *terzetto* in the fifth, are the pieces which have more particularly excited approbation; the whole of the third act is admirable—the powerful situations afforded by the drama have completely inspired the composer.

We have said that all the sister arts had combined to achieve this wonder of the musical world; we have mentioned poetry and music; dancing and painting have contributed their *quota*—the fascinating Taglioni surpassed herself, as the leader of the nuns in the third act—Perrot, Montessu, and Mademoiselle Noblet, Dupont and Subia, performed a graceful *pas de cinq* in the second. The scenery is wonderful, even in a world of wonders, like the opera; it surpasses the magic effects of the famous "Aladdin." The view, in the third act, of the convent by moonlight, deserves a special mention, as well as the dazzling effect of the concluding scene of the opera. Cicci has excelled all his former pictorial reputation. With regard to the execution of the opera, the French critics are lavish of praise. Nourrit, the first French tenor, Levasseur, and Mademoiselle Darnoreau, did ample justice to the parts entrusted to their care—Robert, Bertram, and Isabella. The dresses, too, are praised; and, indeed, no one should be forgotten in this estimate of the most successful and brilliant production of the last ten years.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1852.

American Literature.—We are delighted with a good book, whatever may be its origin; but the pleasure is greatly heightened when it is from an American writer. So much has been said against our literature—it is so often taken for granted, even by our own critics, that our authors are worthless—our press has so long teemed with the second-hand works of other lands—and our publishers so frequently betray their carelessness respecting the fate of native productions, that so far from enjoying an advantage in his own country, an American has absolutely an unfavorable current to swim against. It is, therefore, with sincere gratification that we behold a man of talent successfully contending against these adverse circumstances, and making his way to fame in spite of the prejudices of foreign nations and the apathy of his own.

We have now before us the *Life of Gouverneur Morris*, but recently published, from the pen of Jared Sparks. It is indeed a superior performance, equally acceptable from the intrinsic interest of the subject, and the able manner in which Mr. Sparks has executed his task. It is much read and very justly praised.

The second volume of the new and revised edition of "Marshall's *Life of Washington*," has been sent forth. Everybody knows this for a ponderous tome of great worth and of established reputation.

By the way, when are we to have the long expected "Life of Hamilton?" A man of such extraordinary character and talents presents a rich theme to the biographer.

Among other productions entitled to honorable mention, is a large super-royal octavo volume, published by Gould and Banks, and presenting a "Treatise on the Practice of the Supreme Court of the State of New-York." It is by David Graham, jun., one of the most promising young lawyers at our bar. His book would reflect honor on older heads. It is, at this time, from peculiar circumstances respecting the revised statutes, best known to the profession, invaluable as a reference upon subjects but newly settled by the legislature, bringing down their revisions of the late revised laws, and the decisions thereon, nearly to the present moment.

We have also from the Harpers the tenth edition, revised and corrected, of Wirt's "Letters of the British Spy," with a biographical sketch and likeness of the author. Every one is familiar with Wirt's beautiful compositions. They have long since passed the ordeal.

In addition, we are promised a continuation of the "Sketch-Book," by Washington Irving, from the press of Carey & Lea. It is to be called the "*Alhambra*." In it the reader will accompany the accomplished author through Grenada, and hear some of the legends of that region. We learn the work has been for some time ready for publication.

Mr. Cooper, too, has not been idle. A forthcoming book of his is announced—"Heidenmaner, or the Pagan Camp."

Other movements are making among us in literary matters. A novel from a distinguished author is bespoken by the publishers, and may be soon expected. Another is preparing a collection of sketches purely of domestic origin. Besides all these, one or two poetic effusions are talked of, although poets stand on dangerous ground, it seems—at least if a shot from behind a bush can kill a brace at once. When the verses of Bryant and all the New-England bards are weighed in the balance and found wanting, it behoves us to inquire whom we have to boast of in our merry moments, and to read over by our winter hearth.

We are glad to perceive that the article on lake poetry, in the Quarterly Review published in Philadelphia, although it scarcely deserves the notice it has excited, is generally condemned by intelligent people. Our readers will remember the bitter character of the literary notices, which, a number of years ago, appeared in the Edinburgh Review. Nearly every work, except such as were patronized by it from personal or political motives, was received with an indiscriminating broadside; and doubtless many a young and friendless author of merit, was sunk deep into the sea of oblivion by the overbearing enmity of this gigantic foe. Its fallibility was well exposed by Byron in his severe philippic, although the learning, experience, and splendid genius which gave its pages a wide and nearly overwhelming influence, rendered the task both difficult and dangerous. We grieve to see a journal, so generally respectable as the Quarterly Review, apeing this virulence, without any pretensions to its strength. If its contributors will read over the papers in the Edinburgh, they will be struck with the immense difference between those able, eloquent, and witty compositions, and their own awkward and clumsy attempts at satire; neither should they forget that while their own means of ruling the dominion of American literature are so slender as to render their attempts a common jest, the people upon whose credulity they would foist their spurious and interested opinions, are accustomed to examine such matters for themselves.

We have heard that if the poems of Messrs. Bryant and Willis had not been sent to the New-York press, they would have won a much more favorable reception from the Quarterly. What a striking difference there is between the narrow course of this journal respecting American authors, and that of the North American and Southern Reviews, which, without intending disrespect to any one, we may venture to place in the front ranks. The former, in a temperate and intelligent examination of Mr. Willis, points out his faults with kindness, and explains his merits with liberality and discrimination, and is distinct in approving many of his productions; the latter speaks loudly in praise of the works of Bryant, as, indeed, does the other. "Mr. Bryant," says the Southern Review, "has preserved the even tenor of his way, and been content to worship nature in her purest and sweetest forms, in a style and spirit not unworthy of the consecrated shrine on which his chaste and gentle muse has been wont to lay its votive garlands, odorous and rich as spring."

Cholera.—It is said that pieces of fresh meat, attached to paper kites, were sent up into the air at Newcastle, England, and after remaining aloft a few moments, were found filled with *animal existences*. We cannot vouch for the truth of this relation.

Murder.—According to a memorandum kept by a gentleman of Pennsylvania, the year 1831 was marked by one hundred and nine murders.

Distress in Paris.—An account states, that in one *arrondissement* of that metropolis are twenty-four thousand workmen without bread, vestments, or straw to lie on!

Silk.—The report made in the assembly of this state on the practicability of introducing the manufacture of silk, &c. asserts that it has been ascertained, by actual experiment, both in France and England, that American silk, if not superior, is at least equal to the silk of any other country.

Author of Waverley.—Sir Walter Scott is still in Italy, whence, it is stated, he will travel through Germany. At Naples, a fancy ball was to be given in his honor, at which the various characters drawn by him in Waverley were to be personified.

Military outrage.—The Montreal Courant says, "we regret to observe that two Methodist missionaries have been shot by a sentence of a drum-head court-martial in the island of Jamaica. We hope this extraordinary proceeding will be fully inquired into; it certainly is of a most serious and important nature."

An advertisement.—A person, who styles himself a mad doctor, lately published an address, in a provincial paper, beginning, "worthy the attention of the insane."

Hints to Legislators.—By the Mexican laws, if one man kill another in a duel, he becomes answerable for all his debts.

MY FONDEST! MY FAIREST!

HUMMEL'S AIR A LA TYROLIENNE—AS SUNG BY MADAME MALIBRAN GARCIA—ARRANGED FOR THE SPANISH GUITAR, AND PRESENTED TO THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, BY S. KEENE.

Allegretto.

My fond-est! my fair-est! my gen-tle Ca-ri-na! Come hi-ther, my own one! Come hi-ther to me, Bright gar-lands I

bring thee, sweet songs I will sing thee, More sweet than the bird in yon em'-rald tree, While ev'-ry breeze that wan-tons by Shall soft-ly ec-ho, ec-ho sigh for sigh; And ev'-ry note, sweet, thee, By

love's fond strain shall an-swer'd be, And ev'-ry note, sweet bird, shall an-swer'd be, shall an-swer'd be. My fond-est! my fair-est! my gen-tle Ca-ri-na! Come

hi-ther, my own one! come hi-ther to me. Bright gar-lands I bring thee, sweet songs I will sing thee, Ca-ri-na, Ca-ri-na! I live but for

Slentando. Ad lib.

thee!

SECOND VERSE.

My fondest! my fairest! though cold hearts should chide me,
Ah! what are their frowns, my own one! to me?
I feel not a sorrow, when thou art beside me—
What joy can be greater than gazing on thee?
Sweet vale and grove! bright moon and star!
To those who love, how dear, how dear ye are!
But bird and bow'r, moon, star, and sea,
Are twofold dear when bless'd with thee:
Are twofold dear, sweet love! when bless'd with thee:
When bless'd with thee, my fondest! my fairest!
My gentle Carina! come hither, my own one! come hither
to me,
Bright garlands I bring thee, sweet songs I will sing thee,
Carina! Carina! I live but for thee!

THE SERAPH AND THE MORTAL.

From the French.

THE theatre — in Paris was crowded with a brilliant assemblage to witness the representations of a young girl celebrated for her beauty, virtue, artless innocence, and extraordinary talents. The critics of that famed metropolis had never witnessed loveliness and genius so universally acknowledged and admired. The highest ranks vied with each other in praising her charms, her wonderful skill in music—the voice which nature had bestowed upon her as a precious gift corresponding with the rare grace of her person and the brilliancy of her mind. It was whispered abroad that she had received offers of marriage from the loftiest in wealth and rank—that the choicest spirits of the age courted her society, and were spell-bound by her fascinations. Royalty itself had sanctioned the general opinion. Never had Paris seen an individual whose appearance was greeted with more rapturous acclamations.

The opera proceeded, until the scene appeared which was to

introduce the heroine. Long before she entered, bursts of applause broke forth in various parts of the eager and dense throng—there was a moment's silence; and a creature, perfectly and exquisitely lovely, suddenly shone before them, bending with the grace of a summer bud amidst the tremendous peal of the gathered thousands which burst forth and died away, and burst forth again and again till the dome trembled and the foundation seemed rent asunder. Amid this tumult of enthusiasm, I stood with folded arms gazing at the vision, which to me seemed to have floated from the skies. A break of music from the orchestra announced a favorite air, and she came forward to the stage-lights to sing. Not in the depths of the green forest in the hush of noon—not in the desert in its wide desolation—not in the dark tomb itself, could reign a silence more perfect than hung over the vast multitude. It seemed as if the light and beautiful being, whose lofty plumes of snow bent down above a radiant face, was an enchantress, and by some potent spell had struck each one into a statue, with the coloring and attitude and expression of life. And then when the last notes, which seem-

ed warbled from the throat of a nightingale, had passed away, the silence for a moment continued, as if no one dared disturb the air on which yet rung the echo of the most delicious notes ever heard by mortals. I thought to myself, if fate would give such a creature to me! The idea haunted me—I loved her—I was wretched.

Three years after I met her in London. Dismal! I could not believe my own eyes. There was the same face—but all the glory was gone. It was dimmed and obscured. The seraph had sunk into the mortal. It was the sun shorn of his beams. It was the angel fallen, whose brightness was not the same. I had just married an artless girl, whose modesty shrank from every eye but mine, who could neither dance, nor sing, nor play on any instrument. It happened that we embarked together on a voyage of some length. I had every opportunity of judging of the character of my fair enchantress. It was dreadful. I shuddered at the escape I had made. How many a man is rendered miserable by falling in love with beauty and accomplishments, instead of mind and soul!

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE on the one hand affords employment to the public mind, and favors its tendencies to the pursuit of science and intellectual improvement; and, on the other, it gives a more general and free spirit to literature itself than it would otherwise have, by bringing together the productions of every class of mind, displaying the main points of consideration in almost every question that can be started, opening the door to every inquirer whose talents entitle him to respect, and, in addition to this, offering something, which even in its lightness is elegant, for those who, were it not for the resources it affords, would live in a state of perfect intellectual sloth. *Rev. Henry Stebbing.*

SOCRATES.

THE day was almost spent, when through the streets
Of Athens pressed th' inquiring throng, to learn
The fate of Socrates. The gathering
Was dense around the temple's portico,
And every ear with deep solicitude
Was turned, to catch the peals of eloquence
That swelled within the dome. The old man stood
Before the high tribunal, with a mien
Undaunted, and a god-like dignity.
His arms were calmly folded on his breast;
While the keen glances of his piercing eyes,
That still retained their wonted fire, were fixed
Upon his bold accusers, Anytus,
And Lycon, and Myletus; men who could
Enchain the mind with powers of rhetoric,
And hold the listening multitude, enchained,
Entranced, unconscious of their being; yet
Could not endure the searching gaze of him,
The sage philosopher, whose precepts were
As laws to Athens; and whom all revered,
Save the ambitious aspirants whose breasts
Were racked by envy. Motionless and calm,
As one who contemplates some pleasant theme,
He there remained, with lips that wore a smile,
Which danger rendered only doubly sweet.
His hair was parted from his lofty brow,
Where time had stamped its impress, and where thought
Had left its traces. Pity mildly beamed
In his expression, while the deep-aided solemn
Of wicked men unfolded to his view.

A stillness, solemn as the sepulchre's,
Fell strangely o'er the crowd, when the stern voice
Of the accusers died upon the ear.
Then did a thousand hearts throb painfully,
As the eye rested on the prisoner;
And every mind was eager for the words,
As they should fall like thunder from his lips,
Repelling the dark charges; but no sign
Of anger soil'd the calm serenity
That graced his features. Boldly then he drew
His mantle round him as he would depart;
Nor deigned an answer, deeming it unwise
For one whose life bore no reproach, to stand
On his defence with idle words, as if
There needed proof that Grecia's wisest son
Was guiltless. Placidly he turned towards
His breathless friends, and spoke kind soothing words;
Then to the judges uttered fearlessly
His thoughts; yet seeking not to influence
The angry passions, but to manifest
The courage springing from the consciousness
Of innocence, and show how tranquilly
The disciplined mind, familiar with the love
Of virtue, looks on death. Then he alone
Of all the crowd of listeners heard unmoved
The fatal sentence spoken; e'en the vile
Malicious orators, who there had vied
And strained each nerve to work upon the heart,
Could scarce conceal a shudder, when the voice,
Pronouncing death by poison, struck their ears.

A murmur rose among the multitude,
When the last ray of hope expired. The throng,
Touched by the scene, dispersed each to his home;
And as the shades of eve drew nigh, the streets,
And the wide squares deserted, echoed not
The rumbling of the chariot-wheel; no sounds
Of glee, or mingling voices, or the din
Of merry artizans at their toil were heard—
For Athens mourned!

Days passed. 'Twas early morn,
When at a prison-gate appeared a group,
Awaiting entrance. They were long-tried friends,
Apollodorus, Phædo, and the wife
Of Socrates, Xantippe, with her son,
Supported by the faithful Crito. Sad
And silent passed they in, when the huge gates
Were flung upon their hinges. Mid the gloom
Of the long corridors, that echoed sounds
Fearful and strange, the death-groans, and loud wail
Of the despairing wretches, came and died;
While, ever and anon, the clank of chains,
And the harsh grating of the portal bolts,
And the stern voice of passionate rebuke,

Disturbed the silence. So at length they came
To where the gray-haired captive was immured,
Within a cell of stone. The giant guard,
Armed as befits one whose rough duty 'tis
To hold bad men submissive, and to tame
The restive spirits, kept a needless watch,
With a strict eye, beside the massive doors.
The cheerful sage arose from his cold seat,
To meet the melancholy train with smiles
Of joyful welcoming, as he was wont,
When in far happier days, beneath some grove's
Delightful shade, they gathered to receive
Instruction. His exhausted limbs scarce raised
The ponderous links that hung to them, and galled
The wasted flesh; yet no complaint or sigh
Or groan escaped him; not a transient cloud
Upon his brow betrayed the agony
That tortured him. He hid the cruel chain
Beneath his mantled folds, to spare those hearts
Already pierced too far. Xantippe fell
Upon his neck, and bathed it with her tears.
That moment wrung his breast, and something seen
There was of struggling with his stifled grief;
And to his eyes he raised a fettered hand,
And wiped away a tear; then bade his friends
Lead back the cherished object, that had made
His weakness known, and rendered him a child;
When every nerve should be well strung, and all
The vigor of his mind arrayed, to meet
Unshrinking the decrees of fate.

The day
Advanced, and Socrates steeped every heart
Into forgetfulness of sorrow, while
Discoursing of the soul's high destiny,
The glory and th' unspeakable joys of heaven,
Where it holds converse with the good and wise,
Of early time, who filled with their renown
All nations of the earth; the patriarchs,
And prophets, and the greatest kings, and all
The gifted ones whose spirits live in sweet
Communion.

Eve drew nigh again; the sun
Had fallen far into the west, and shone
Pleasantly through the grated window-bars,
Reminding the illustrious prisoner
Of the sad hour of death. "Prepare the bowl,"
Said he to Crito, "while I gaze once more
Upon ungrateful Athens." There it lay,
The far-famed city, with its splendid domes
And temples, and its rows of columns, tinged
By the last crimson rays. The streets were still
As midnight; scarce a sound was heard to break
The deep repose. The sage looked silently,
And traced the well-known avenues, and saw
The marble piles devoted to the gods,
And beautiful gardens, groves, and shady walks,
Familiar to his eyes, and breathed farewell
With a full heart; then turned away, and seized
The brimming bowl with a firm grasp, and drank
The poisonous fluid to the dregs. He stretched
His manacled limbs upon a couch and lay,
Conversing with his friends in lofty strains,
Till o'er him came a sense of weariness,
And agonized, his features lost their calm
Serenity, and as the venom worked
Its murderous end, exhausted nature with
Convulsive throes gave o'er the struggle!

W. H. W.

ORIGINAL TALES.

WHO'S THE THIEF? OR A WOMAN OUTWITTED!

SHE was alone—gazing from the window of her father's mansion on the Hudson. The moon was shining in, and lay in its silent pale beauty on the floor—and from that window such a scene! Moonlight, mountains, and a river in the lavish abundance of summer. What could be more beautiful? Quietly slept the bosom of the tranquil stream beneath the sky of that pleasant night—glimmering here with the yellow tremulous beams, deepening there into shadowy gloom, beneath the soft banks overhung with heavy foliage. Sometimes a steamboat ploughed by, with the steady repeated splash of its massive wheels, and the rushing sound of its bow breaking through the calm water—lights gleaming from its decks, and a voluminous train of firey smoke streaking the transparent air far in its track.

"Ah!" sighed Kate, "if I were only in that steamboat, going to New-York."

Then a sloop stole by—its white sail dimly beautiful in the soft atmosphere, and gliding like a spirit in bias through the shades of Elysium. As she watched it slowly lapsing along with the tide, the voice of a sailor, singing a rude but cheerful air, met her ear. Night gives a charm to the commonest sight and sound. A ruined hovel, which in the daytime looks filthy and repulsive, shows like

a sweet painting beneath the moon; and voices which generally you would not have regarded, have a distinctness and a meaning, in the hush and repose of nature, that make them strange objects of interest and pleasure.

"I wish I were a sailor," Kate murmured. "I wish I were. To be out all the long summer nights on the river. To be a man—a free, proud man. Oh! I wish I were a man."

The sloop disappeared behind a projecting cliff, and the song sounded in the distance, fainter and fainter. Then it died away. Every thing was still but the cry of a whippoorwill from the opposite shore, and the answer of the katydid. As the musing and lonely girl looked in among the branches of a grove which crowned the summit of the hill on which the mansion stood, she saw the fireflies streaming along—their brilliant flashes reddening and fading and beaming up again, cheering the dark places with strange beautiful radiance.

"I wish I were a firefly," thought Kate. "How happy they are? They have no care—no restraint—no old aunts—how I hate aunts! Now there is aunt Sally—so spiteful—so—"

A distant roar and splash announced another steamboat. On it came—onward and onward—growing larger and louder—and suddenly a fine, soft, slow air burst from a band of music on board, and floated up to the ears of the sad watcher. The music ceased. She felt very strange. She was going to cry, when the tones of a flute, near the house, and evidently in the hands of a master, caught her attention. The air was breathed as if the soul of the player were in it. It was a little song she knew perfectly well. She had sung it a thousand times—"I love but thee."

"I declare," she said, "who can it be? Pa's gone away—besides, he could not play if he were here. Ma's in New-York, and she can't play either. It can't be John—and as for aunt Sally—hush—there it is again."

Again from the beach, under the hill beneath the house, came the same slow, sweet air—"I love but thee—I love but thee"—then a voice, better than a hundred flutes, sang the words. She sprang out—

"It's Edward!—Ah! Edward—and I know—I knew it was you," and her eagerly extended hands were seized by the new comer, a gentle, good-looking young man of twenty, in a manner the most expressive of joy at the meeting.

Kate was about seventeen, and just from boarding-school, having "finished her education." That is, she had a smatter of French, had read Telemachus, and knew a little Italian—just enough to sing in that melting language without embarrassment. She had read several books of history, a few standard poems, and "ever so many" novels, and knew how to paint flowers, make gilt-paper baskets, and draw maps. Then she could dance—oh! divinely—and sing sweetly, and play on the forte-piano magnificently—for a girl. That is what we call "finishing her education" now-a-days.

Ah, sir, but could she sew rapidly and neatly? Did she understand house-keeping? Was she a good arithmetician? Had she really cultivated a correct taste in reading? Was she cheerful and sensible and—

Heavens! what nonsense. Arithmetician! sewing! house-keeping! ha! ha! ha! why she was rich and fashionable, and, as I said before, had finished her education.

Her disposition, ay, that's every thing after all. Ignorance may be remedied—beauty will fade, or pall upon the eye—a plain appearance becomes dear when associated with an intelligent mind and a warm heart. Disposition is the main thing in a wife, and Kate's disposition was charming. So kind and sensitive, and so extremely affectionate. She was, in short, one of that numerous class of young ladies who "must have something to love." She told Edward so that very evening while they were walking in the moonlight path by the scented box.

"Well," replied Edward, "you have something to love. There is your father."

"Oh, yes, Edward, to be sure—I love pa, but—"

"Your ma, then,"

"Yes, certainly, but mother's away half the time."

"Well, there's the parrot."

"What! little Poll, Edward?"

"And the splendid horses."

"Nonsense."

"And John—that good old white-headed man who works in the garden."

"Yes, Edward, I do love old John; but I mean a different kind of love."

"Well, there's aunt Sally."

"Oh! you—"

and she nearly pushed him off a steep bank. With all her education she was rather a hoyden. He chased her around the green plot, and there is no knowing what might

have ensued when the voice of aunt Sally was heard calling her name, and the glowing look of happiness faded from her face, and the pouting girl advanced towards the house with a pace as slow and reluctant as the step with which the school-boy creeps unwillingly to school.

I hate details as much as Kate hated aunts. Details, except on particular occasions, are excessively stupid. I am only giving the outline of a story. It is of no kind of consequence to the reader who all these people were, and whether they were "born of poor but honest parents." It is sufficient to say that these two young persons were very fond of each other, and were very much beloved by every one but aunt Sally, and that they had the kindest wishes for all the world except aunt Sally. This aunt Sally was an embittered old woman, of the worst possible disposition, yet with art enough to keep her brother, Mr. Stanley, and his wife, in ignorance of her real nature. Her own peace and happiness had been poisoned long since by her vanity, pride, and bad temper. She had, according to her own account, rejected a great many men, who ought to sing praises to fate for their escape. Wretched herself, it was the aim of her life to make others so. She looked black upon all the innocent amusements of life, was always fearing and complaining and doubting and preaching, always warning the young against cheerful recreations and natural impulses, breaking up every little circle of happiness with sneers and inuendos, and long lectures about nothing at all—bah! how I hate such women. Nothing can be more injudicious in parents than to commit the business of instruction to such hands. Their pupils, or victims, which is the same thing, will soon, from the mere force of association, look upon knowledge and prudence with disgust. Poor Kate had the misfortune to be under her charge; and especially since the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley to the city on a short visit, had felt repugnance to her society. It was nothing but restraints and prohibitions. She could not step without breaking a rule. "Don't go down by the river," and "don't tread on the grass," and "don't pull the leaves from the box," and don't do this, and don't do that, had re-echoed in her ears so often and so dolefully that, fairly tired out, she had at last seated herself silently at the window where we first presented her to the reader. There the beauty of the night beguiled her weary thoughts, till the flute of Mr. Edward Lawton announced that the young gentleman for whom she had conceived an attachment as warm as her loathing of her aunt Sally was complete, had landed from one of the steamboats just from the city of New-York. It is pretty well settled that from that city in the most intolerable period of the summer heat every body goes; and Mr. Edward Lawton, availing himself of his intimacy with the family of the Stanleys, chose their residence as his temporary refuge from the various inconveniences of the town.

Well, here he was, and completely in love with the country and with Kate. They were old acquaintances, and I believe cousins; at all events I should think so, as he did sometimes at meeting and parting, for instance, good humoredly kiss her rosy cheek, without meeting any further reproof than a blush and a very slight struggle from her, and a "Come, come, Mr. Lawton, good by, you'll be too late for the boat," from that detestable aunt Sally.

Edward had seen Mr. Stanley in the city, and from him had received a note of five hundred dollars. This note was to be paid by the young man in case a certain gentleman should call before Mr. Stanley himself could return home. Dreaming not of the deep duplicity and wickedness which characterized the bad woman who had so artfully succeeded in winding herself into the confidence of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, he, the morning subsequent to his arrival, placed the money in her hands. No witness was by.

"Please keep it," he said, "till Mr. Stanley comes back. I'm for a walk with Kate."

These walks with pretty women in the country are dangerous. I advise young people against them. There is something in the exercise that sends the blood through the veins with a livelier motion, and prepares them for the reception of soft impressions.

"How beautiful!" said Kate. She was looking at a rose-bud. "Beautiful, indeed!" echoed Edward. He was looking at her. "I love flowers," said Kate, "better than any thing in the world." "So do I," said Edward, "except—"

"What?"

"Yourself, dear Kate."

So much for summer rambles in the country.

They were very happy, very; in short, they were engaged to be married.

"I hate aunt Sally; do not tell her," said Edward.

"Oh no," replied Kate. "She is old, cross, and ugly. I hate her too. She is a bad, stupid old woman."

"Never mind her," said Edward; "but, dear Kate, no one sees us, no one hears us but heaven. Tell me you love me."

Her head reclined on his bosom.

But Edward was mistaken, as the young sometimes are. Some one, besides heaven, both heard and saw. It was aunt Sally. She listened; she shook with rage. She was like a serpent in the bush, with her small black eyes glistening. She vowed revenge. Back to her room she slunk, with a boiling bosom.

"I will blast them. They little think what is hanging over their heads," said this wicked woman.

Mr. Stanley was a good man, but one of those whom you can lead any where. Edward had been wild, reckless, and extravagant, and had been suspected of one habit, a dreadful one, viz. gambling. Before Mr. Stanley reached home Edward returned to the city, and having forgotten, in the happiness of Kate's soci-

ty, that he had deposited the money with aunt Sally, wrote a note to Mr. Stanley on the subject, as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR—The five hundred dollars placed by you in my hands I gave to Mrs. Beaufort. Business suddenly recalled me to the city. I shall soon, I trust, see you again. Yours, &c."

Fate sometimes plays strange tricks. One of his associates three days after met him in the street. He was thinking of Kate.

"What, Ned, my boy," said his friend Walter, "how are you? Come in here with me."

"What, a billiard-room! No, no; I have sworn off."

"Ridiculous, come along; you need not play. Come, I have something to tell you;" and he almost dragged him in.

They were both first-rate players. It was in the evening, and the room was filling fast. One after another whom he knew came in, and in an hour he was strongly excited in the game. Cigars and wine followed. His blood was heated, his brain whirled; he betted, lost, quarreled. Then came the disgusting uproar of a tavern fight—the high passionate words and execrable oaths; the accusation, the retort; the lie, the blow; discord, fury, whirl, crash, broken windows and glass, and he lay at full length and almost senseless on the floor. In a few moments he found himself in the arms of a friend, and in the street.

It was a breathless moonlight night. The air was soft and refreshing on his hot and throbbing forehead; the heavens, all glorious with their myriads of stars, stretched high and still above his head. What a contrast their holy silence and order, their tranquil and sublime expanse, all pure and broad and serene, offered to the pestilential air of the confined, riotous room, loaded with smoke and the fumes of drunken revel, and echoing with execrations. Oh! what a contrast between the vile demoniac spirit of man and the sweetness of nature. There is surely some spell in a bright sky at night, which awes down the impotent fury of human passions. It stilled and hushed those of Edward. The heaving of his bosom subsided, he felt abashed, and hid his face and wept.

At this moment a gentleman stepped from the crowd. It was Stanley. His face seemed more "in sorrow than in anger," and yet wore a severe look of reproach, which made Edward recoil. He grasped him by the hand, and led him away to a solitary spot, where the shadow nearly concealed them from view.

"Edward Lawton," were his words, delivered in a deep and agitated tone, "you are a villain!"

The young man collected his senses in a moment. The insult went to his heart. He raised his fist to prostrate before him the slanderer of his honor, but a recollection stole upon him. The father of Kate. His hairs were white. Age claims reverence, which generous youth ever yields willingly—love more willingly still. He was about to speak—Stanley interrupted him. His manner was freezing.

"Yes, young sir, strike. I am an old man. Your father loved me. True, he is in his grave, but I could tell a story of his son, ever beloved by us both, which would almost move his bones in the coffin."

Edward was proud and haughty. He had perfectly recovered his composure, and drawing himself up, said,

"You are pleased to magnify a very ordinary case of imprudence, sir, into a heinous offence. Great as that offence may be, sir, it cannot, at least in my opinion, be as inexcusable or extraordinary as the manner in which you avail yourself of your age and station and other circumstances to debase my character and wound my feelings. You must allow me to assure you, sir, that there is no man living, except yourself, from whom I would hear such language with impunity."

"So young—so specious—yet so deep and subtle," rejoined Mr. Stanley. "Never have I before been so deceived. But come, sir," he added, sternly, "let us fling aside our masks and understand why we are met. I have ever taken you, Edward Lawton, for a young man, whatever might be your imprudence, of integrity and honor."

"And who," asked Edward, "dare assert that I am otherwise?"

"I do, sir. I charge you with gambling—with vile rioting in a filthy tavern—with drunkenness—and with robbery!"

"Mr. Stanley, for heaven's sake, are you mad?"

"Your duplicity, sir, can no longer avail you. The five hundred dollars which I rashly entrusted to your care, sir, has been risked and lost, most likely at that table where but now I stood an unobserved witness of your profligacy and disgrace."

Nothing is more like guilt than innocence when suddenly startled with accusations which appear supported by circumstances. The real criminal, prepared for these circumstances, meets them with composure and combats them with wary coolness and sagacity—but he who is charged unjustly, is shocked and bewildered, and knows not how to act. Edward had long since forgotten the incident of the money, and when thus astounded with a charge so dreadful, stammered forth an incoherent explanation, which only satisfied Stanley that the statement of Mrs. Sally Beaufort was correct.

"I am unaccustomed," at length said Edward, "to descend to defend myself from such a suspicion as you have conceived against me, but as I feel assured you must be laboring under some singular error, I must beg to know if you are supported in this matter by the assertion of Mrs. Beaufort?"

"She declares solemnly that you never placed any money in her hands. But, on the contrary, asserts that you hastened away soon after your arrival with unusual signs of agitation, and that she suspected from your manner that something was wrong. Your character in this city, too, she has taken the pains to inquire into, and finds you plunged in a circle of dissipated young men, and

resorting to gambling as a means of excitement. I could not credit this. I was convinced that there must be some mistake. I even set off, as soon as my leisure permitted, to this city, to seek an interview with you, when I accidentally met you in the act of entering that disgusting scene of ribaldry and villany which you have just left. I entered with you. I watched your conduct—heard your profane oaths—saw you play for profit, each stake heavier than the preceding—until every thing conspired to make Mrs. Beaufort's suspicions mine. Now, sir, if you have done this black deed, confess it to me, and my lips shall be sealed for ever. If in a momentary excitement you have periled the money, led on by the idea of gain, and thus lost it without being able to replace it—tell me so, and the matter shall end at once."

"Mr. Stanley," said Edward, "your suspicions are not without plausibility, and I forgive you. But, mark me, Mrs. Beaufort is a dreadful woman, and you will one day discover her character. In the mean time let me ask if she is still at her usual residence?"

"She is."

"Will you then do me the favor to conceal from her that you and I have met. I assure you that I placed the money in her hands; but without any witness. If she is wicked enough to deny it, I must resort to stratagem. Something must be done—will you grant my request?"

"I will, and afford every facility for carrying your design into execution."

They parted. Edward conceived a plan to escape the dreadful consequences of the fraud, which he perceived Mrs. Beaufort had resolved to practise upon him. He accordingly went to a friend, stated the circumstance, and disclosed his plot. It was capital, but he wanted five hundred dollars to accomplish it, and his friend lent it. He immediately started for the residence of Stanley, and sought an interview with Mrs. Beaufort. She met him with cool deliberation. He had secretly requested the presence of a gentleman, who, apparently from accident, was in the apartment. Stanley was from home.

"My dear Mrs. Beaufort," said Edward, "there has been a great mistake between you and me. I stated to Mr. Stanley that I had left five hundred dollars with you for him, but, to my great astonishment, I find myself in error. Here is the bill, all the time in my own pocket-book."

The lady colored, stared, and seemed thunderstruck.

"Do me the favor, Mrs. Beaufort, to take this in charge for Mr. Stanley. It was the strangest of mistakes, certainly. I must be off, as I am hastening on a visit up the country."

Mrs. Beaufort took the money, bewildered. Edward left the room. Presently he came back. Mrs. Beaufort was alone.

"Now I think of it," said Edward again, "I will take this money myself."

The confusion of Mrs. Beaufort was great. She might have said this also, but then the witness. It was impossible, and she returned it.

"Now, madam," said the young man, "we shall see who's the dupe."

He instantly returned to the city, and commenced a suit against Mrs. Beaufort for five hundred dollars. His witness was ready to prove that he saw him place the money in her hands.

"Ay, sir, but I returned it," exclaimed the lady.

"Produce your witness," said Edward.

There was none.

"It is vain to defend the suit, madam," said the lawyer. "The money must be paid."

Mrs. Sarah Beaufort had no money, except one bill. It was produced with trembling, and a vague fear of some awful legal consequences. Stanley instantly recognized it, every thing was explained, and the young couple were married, "of course."

AGLÆ.

"Romance a baby
Fed on toils and sumache;
Come common sense
It turns yt syck at stomache."
Highgate Doggrel of 1640.

In a *quartier* of Paris occupied by people in middling, yet independent life, distinguished more for the comfort than the style of its inhabitants, lived an old *avocat*, Jean Billesse. After he had maintained a place of some consideration at the bar, amassed a handsome fortune, given a successive education of *marionnette*, nunnery and tour to his only and petted daughter Aglæ, he chose a dry and warm corner in *Père la chaise*, made his will, and died.

Aglæ, who succeeded to his neat town-house, and romantic villa near Melun, was just eighteen when her father died. She was slender to a fault, and one of those sylphed figures too frequently annexed to a pævish disposition. Her eye was a deep hazel, her cheek red, and her hair was tinted with that shade Venetians love so well, and which Titian has immortalized in his Flora. The English would perhaps have called it carrot, and the Canadians sorrel; it partook of both; and, without exciting the animadversions so usually heaped on red hair, accorded too well with her brilliant yet tender expression to let any one pass it without praise. Aglæ's glass told her she was pretty; Aglæ's schoolmates told her she was rich; Aglæ's father told her she was an idol. With all these incitements to be weak and ridiculous, Aglæ had a gentle heart and a well-lettered mind. Her heart was affectionate and constant, although the smooth tide of her affections would be ruffled now and then by those whimsies which attack young men and old. Her crying sin was romance. The *romanesque* was a tinge thrown on all her plans,

life, pursuits. Like Don Quixote, she made every beggar a knight, and every *chaumière* a *chateau*. Exposed in St. Agnes to the amorous babble of the nuns, who mix so strangely the saint and sinner, she had her mind thoroughly imbued with romantic lore, and could tell an endless chain of *historiettes of chevaliers sans peur et sans reproche*, who released chained *demoiselles* and killed *chimères*. As she advanced in years, her mind left the old ages of the crusades and turned itself upon more Boccacian scenes. She built a thousand *chateaux*, (*en Espagne*), and peopled them with dukes and marquises. She loved to ponder over the portals of De Bernis, and used the Latin, which the pious nuns had intended for the missal, to translate the Georgics of Mars. Love was the theme of her thoughts, a nobleman their object; sometimes a castle, sometimes a cottage their habitation. She pulled flowers, braided wreaths, scribbled rhymes, and carved her name on fifty trees at *Millefleurs*.

At sixteen she made a tour with her father to London, Brussels, Vienna, and Rome. Strolling once on the *Toro*, she dropped her glove; a youth, with all the graces of twenty, picked it up and presented it to her. Agla dreamed of him. At Venice, while promenading in the *Piazza di San Marco*, with her father, by moonlight, she saw a light form meditating with folded arms on the brazen horses in front of the church. He turned. It was the same handsome stranger. She thought of him all the way to Paris. In her chamber she thought of him, and wrote two sonnets to his praise. "He must be a marquis, a duke, *point moins*," thought Agla. She sat in the balcony at her house, in *La Rue Ney*; she was serenaded. She took the host at *Notre-dame*; he was at her elbow, and drank of the same cup. She strolled on the banks of the *Seine* at *Millefleurs*. "Agla" was carved on two willows, in a neat Egyptian character. She entered an arbor of clematis; a knot of sweet rhymes hung at the entrance. She leaned her head upon her hand. Somebody knelt at her feet. She sighed; he sighed. She looked down; he looked up. It was the stranger.

The reader may imagine the converse which followed. It was impassioned and tearful.

"Then you are really not a marquis?"

"No, dearest, a plain student at law, named Gilbert Hauteux; and I love you better than if you were the dauphiness."

"And I love you better than I should the dauphin himself. Plain Hauteux. So much the sweeter. Ah me!"

Not a meeting of theirs was open. All was secret, moonlight, stolen. Every bank and bosquet was haunted with their strolls. Every loose stone covered a letter. Nougats were dropped all around the house, and guitars were strummed nightly beneath her casement. Had Hauteux asked her openly of old Bilese, Agla would have dismissed him. To marry with her dear father's consent, was the last thing to which Agla herself would have consented. An accepted lover and an approved match were her abomination. No, no; she must run away, be married, throw herself in unutterable anguish at her father's feet, and be forgiven. Agla loved nothing so well as a *scene*.

Every thing was prepared; the *cabriolet* engaged, the priest ready, the parting letter written, the rope-ladder swung to the balcony, the moon at its zenith, and Hauteux tuning his guitar in the garden-walk, when Jeanneton, the *fille-de-chambre*, rushed into the *chambre à coucher* of Agla, to say that *Monsieur* was dying, and wished to give his beloved Agla the parting blessing. Agla was just advancing to the balcony, in full dress for the elopement. How provoking! Why did her father take it into his head to die just then? She bit her lip, and would have stamped her little foot, but filial love rushed to her bosom, and she flew, with a light step and heavy heart, to her father's room. The *saint père* had just arrived. The holy oil had dried upon his lip:

"Agla, ma chère, chère fille! Nous nous venons encore! *Jesus Christ* gardes-tu, ma fille!"

The last sigh of Jean Bilese was breathed upon the burning cheek of his daughter.

The *cabriolet* was dismissed; the letter burned; the holy father was left to marry his missal; the moon went down, and Agla wept over her sorrows on the bosom of Hauteux.

Reason reigned a while, but romance again returned. The draperies were supplanted by hangings of black cloth, the horses were laden with black plumes and crape-knots, the coach was festooned with serge, the yacht in the river was decorated with a black streamer; the white hens were locked in their coops, and the black ones only ran at large; the house-dog, a most inveterate white, was chained in the cellar. The servants had express orders to cry an hour a day, and a large black banner floated from the peaked top of *Millefleurs*.

Agla had no one to oppose her marriage. What should she do? A marriage in form was a dull and stale affair; elope she must, and elope she did. A post took them to Italy. A sordid and ragged capuchin made them one in St. Marks at Venice, by the light of a single taper at the dead of night.

Her house was found in a complete *embrouillement* on her return. Placards had been displayed through Paris, offering rewards for the recovery of her body. The police had been overhauling divers *bourgeois*, and seduction, murder, little and big larceny, had been laid at the door of all her neighbors. Agla returned as Madame Hauteux, to hush the hubbub, and confined herself all the honeymoon for mere mortification.

Gilbert Hauteux was a clever man, in the English and American senses of the word. To gain Agla Bilese, whom he really and dearly loved, he had gratified her whim-whams, and submit-

ted to fooleries which he despised. He had hoped that the earnest and fond attentions of a *caro sposa* would at last settle her varying and diseased mind, and render her fit to enjoy all those pleasures and rationalities which huddle so closely around the marriage-hearth. But he was sadly disappointed. He found himself possessed (five years after his marriage) of a town and country house, and a handsome fortune in the funds. To these his ambition and study had added a good name as a distinguished counsellor. He had two children, Mathilde and Elle. But his sorrow was keen when Agla, in her crazy whims, would run abroad in search of adventure, like a knight-errant, leaving her babes and household to his care. Agla was here, there, everywhere. Patronizing concerts, flirting at masquerades, driving unattended to the purlieus of Paris, sauntering through Versailles, or the Louvre, or shedding her most pathetic tears at the tomb of Abelard and Eloise. A favorite idea of hers, during the summer at *Millefleurs*, was to lie at length on the margin of a little stream that purled near the high-road to Paris; her white feet bare; her white shock-poodle held by a rose-colored ribbon; her flageolet (on which, with the harp, she excelled) lying near her. In this mode would she lie for hours, and peruse some of the high-wrought pictures of Goethe; or, like the *Marie* of Sterne, in his *Voyage Sentimentale*, make wood and rock resound to the plaintive echo of her pipe. Of this phantasy she was cured by seeing the equipages of *la duchess de ceci*, or *la comtesse de cela* drive by while the gay dames nodded and giggled from their coach-windows at the *femme folle*. A group of Savoyards, too, would stop and gape at her; and, after grinding their hurdygurdy, bawl out for their "*trois sous*." Agla sickened of this habit, and flew to some other equally absurd.

All the *beau monde* was ringing with the preparations for a masquerade to be given at *chateau-jeune*. The *noblesse* were all invited, and even royalty was to grace the *fête*. Cards were sent to the Honorable G. Hauteux and lady. Hauteux, of course, refused; his whole soul was in his children, law-books, and wife, when she stayed at home. He had no reason to be jealous of her; she had no *cavaliere servente* like all other Parisian wives; but still he saw her pining for state, excitement, novelty *outré*.—Though she had never, in appearance, ceased to love him, still he was well aware that the constant abrasion of their tastes would at last wear out patience and love itself. The evening before the masquerade Agla entered the nursery, and beheld Hauteux with a child on each knee, while a manly tear stood in his eye.

"Do not go," said Hauteux.

"Dear Gilbert," said she, "I would do almost anything to show how well I love you, but I cannot forego the *masque*."

Nothing was to be gained by words, and Agla, seating herself at her harp, soon lulled, with her sweet voice, her little ones to sleep.

The choice *ralet* of Hauteux was a queer German youth, who had lived nearly all his life in Paris. His name was Pappelbaum Kupferschmid, which is equivalent in good English to Poplar Coppersmith. He had large blue eyes, set wide apart in a rather vacant face. His nose had a most inveterate turn up, and his teeth were anything but Parisian. He was born, so he said, somewhere between Hamburg and Meidenschwartz. He was keen and knowing. He was frequently *tête-à-tête* with his master, and the servants said he decided all the law cases. He was extremely moral; attended matins and vespers regularly, and his only oath was "*Poctelfeisch*."

The night of the mask arrived. Agla, beautifully habited as a *vagère Arcadienne*, stepped into the coach alone, and soon found herself making *sottises* among the masquers in the *salon*. A splendid figure soon attracted the attention of all. He was gorgeously clad in velvet and jewels. Some whispered that it was the dauphin—others that the gay king of England had come over to attend the *fête*. Wherever he went he was the "*cynosure* of neighboring eyes."

How did Agla's heart leap for joy when she found herself to be the chosen object of this lion of the mask. He was ever at her side, and now and then a deep sigh showed that his jewels glittered over a cankered heart. Agla purposely led the way to where a delightful bower was lit by the moon, and the air cooled by spouting dolphins; at a distance embowered by wreaths and spires of lamps, the masquers were chattering in accordance with the *brisk* music. The stranger followed.

"Agla," said he, "I have loved you long and tenderly. Nay, turn not away, but hear me. I have watched you at Terni and Tivoli—I have knelt with you at St. Peter's—I have dreamed and prayed for you—I have loitered around you at *Millefleurs*, and have sighed, ah, how vainly, at the altar of San Marco. I am pining, dying for you, Agla. Your name is the last I breathe at night, and yours the first I pronounce at morn."

Agla did not withdraw her hand.

"I am," continued he, "*Il principe de Flocio*, and my *palazzo* is close upon the castle di Sant'angelo, at Rome. I have seen you walking with your *cicisbeo* in my gardens, and since I saw you my poor heart has known no rest. I have wealth, immense wealth. Gold, slaves, gardens, all are heaped upon me; but still I sigh; amid all the pleasures I have not Agla. You are married, (Agla trembled) but to whom? One who adores you, and is night and day at your feet? No, one whose whole soul is in his books, and cares not for her who should be his goddess, his idol. Let us away immediately. At the shrine of San Pietro we will be made one, and never, never part again, Agla."

So saying, he took her hand and led her quietly out of the tower. The moon was covered with black clouds, and the rain, which began to fall, soon sent the masquers huddling into the portico of

the chateau. It was pitchy dark. Ah, foolish Agla, she yielded too easily! Her conductor led her by diverse dark and winding ways which no one could penetrate unaided by the clue of Ariadne. She felt herself lifted into a coach; the word was given, and the coach drove on in a tortuous direction, which seemed to puzzle Agla more and more. The lamps were few. There seemed no passing vehicles. Suddenly the coach stopped; she was handed out by the prince, and entered a dark vestibule. Romance was creeping off and reality creeping on. A woman took her hand and led her up stairs by a staircase so dark that she had to feel her way.

"Enter here, dearest Agla," said the prince, who followed behind, "and in two seconds I'll be with you." He left her, and the door was locked after him.

"Stay with me, woman," said Agla.

No one answered; the woman had preceded the prince. Her heart smote her. Repentance—bitter repentance, came too late.

"Where am I?" groaned she in bitterness of spirit; "oh, richly do I deserve this."

In moving about the room she felt a chair, a table, a harp. She touched it; a thrill of recollections rushed on her memory, and carried her back to her nursery, where Hauteux was awaiting her delayed return. A full hour passed, and no one came. The imagination of Agla had full play. She heard a slight breathing. She thought of her home, Hauteux, Mathilde, and Elle. The scalding tears rolled down her cheeks, and she swooned away.

On her recovery, how great was her surprise to find herself in the arms of Hauteux!

"Why Gilbert, dearest, how came you here? Have I been dreaming?—Have I been to the *masque*, or have I not? Why, this is my room, and that is my harp. Whose coach came I home in?"

"Your own."

"Who opened the door?"

"I, madam," said Jeanneton.

"And who—what is that prince?"

"I, ma'am," said Pappelbaum Kupferschmid, laying aside his mask, and showing his red nose, turned up to its fiercest angle.

"Oh, I am not half punished," said Agla, throwing herself again into the arms of Hauteux; and turning to where the sleeping Elle was lying in her cradle, "I shall never, never go to a *masque* again."

The romance of Agla ended here; she forewent the gold, slaves, and gardens of *Il principe di Flocio*, to find peace and happiness in her own home.

V. U. V.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"A HINT to a newly married pair." A neat octodecimo, replete with moral truths. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

The "Workingman's Companion." A valuable reprint, addressed to those who obtain a living by their labor. Same publishers.

The "Dramatic works of Shakspeare, with a Life of the Poet." Complete in one volume. One of the most beautiful editions ever issued from the American press. James Conner, New-York.

The "National Calendar, and Annals of the United States," for the current year. A convenient book of reference. Thompson and Homans, Washington.

The "Romance of History. Italy. Two vols. 12mo. By Charles MacFarlane." These agreeable sketches, in which are blended the charms of history and romance, are from the press of the Harpers, and will be found both useful and delightful to large classes of readers.

A "Series of Maps for a general Atlas. Compiled by D. H. Burr." Number two of this well-executed and desirable work is just out.

From the prolific press of Carey and Lea we have another number of "Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia." It embraces a treatise on the origin, progressive improvement, and present state of the silk manufacture. These enterprising publishers should be well remunerated for their efforts in placing within reach of the American reader these, and such other valuable works as are continually coming from their hands.

These gentlemen also deserve the thanks of the knights of the rod, line, and hook for their handsome edition of "Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing. By Sir H. Davy." It will be perused with a peculiar relish by the disciples of good old Izaak Walton.

Mrs. Somerville's "Preliminary Dissertation on the Mechanism of the Heavens," another of Carey and Lea's offerings, will also be gratefully received by young students. It is an interesting treatise on a subject calculated to purify and elevate the character of youth.

IN PRESS.

The brothers Harper announce the following works as nearly ready for publication:—"Coxe's Adventures on the Columbian River;" "Romance and Reality, a novel, by Miss Landon;" "The complete works of the late Robert Hall;" "The False Step and the Sisters, a novel;" "Lives of Early Navigators, viz. Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier;" "Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abbrantès, (Madame Junot);" "Lives of Female Sovereigns, by Mrs. Jameson;" and "Lives of Celebrated Travellers, by J. Augustus St. John."

LITERARY ITEMS.

Bryant's Poems are said to be in the course of republication in London, under the superintendence of Washington Irving. G. Crabbe, the poet, died at Trowbridge a few weeks since.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

CITY OF THE CHOLERA.

Newcastle, Feb. 1. 1831.

THERE may yet be lurking in the breasts of some of the adult population of New-York wavering recollections—indistinct reminiscences of a "waif upon the world's wide common" who, under the signature of C. used, in times by-past, to "find in his heart to bestow all his tediousness" upon the readers of the Mirror, by transferring, week after week, one, two, or (inconsiderate sinner that he was!) three pages of matter from his head into the columns of that repository for stray mental commodities. Had this matter been pure and unalloyed, it would have been less material; but, as it was, the supply was disproportionate—unconscionable, ponderous:—enough to have crushed a monthly, much less a weekly, though, as the event proved, not weakly publication. In those days, too, this C. was a critic forsooth!—a spier out of histrionic faults and excellencies—a drawer of hair-breadth distinctions—an arraigner of the good taste of Barnes's contortions and Hilson's volubility—a questioner of the propriety of Barry's emphasis and Richings' habiliments and blank-verse delivery—a theatrical prater about the legitimate drama—a pragmatical stickler against irrationality in dramatic entertainments (as if the managers were going to throw away the best card in their pack)—an habitual user of the imperious, pompous, personal pronoun *we*, and I know not what; but he has learnt the beauty of humility since then—he administereth no more impertinent advice—he taketh up his pen seldom and layeth it down speedily, and regardeth the productions of his own brain divested of that feeling of paternity which enables a man to read his own works with an unction of which other people have no conception.

This C.—but why should I persist in these ambiguities? I would not now have troubled you with my present locality, or prated of my "whereabout," did I not happen to sojourn, or more properly reside (for my house is taken by the regular terms of the land, Candelmas, Martinmas, &c., a thing which, let me tell you, gives a sort of temporary stability and householding importance to a piece of fluctuating mortality like myself) in a place which has lately started into unenviable notoriety by being, at this time, the head-quarters of that intrusive friend of Malthus,* the cholera morbus. I was at first inclined to be sceptical concerning the actual presence of this unceremonious visitant, but was soon disagreeably satisfied that the arch-depopulator had fairly obtruded himself into the land of coals, and was engaged in carrying off the inhabitants thereof with considerable rapidity. The doctors, as might be expected, were and are engaged in active, though not effective, warfare with the monster; and, indeed, contrary to all precedent, they seem inclined to own that they know little or nothing about the matter. However, they are in great request; and both physicians for the temporary and immortal portions of the frail compound, man—M.D.s and D.D.s—at present pass current for a good deal above their average value in times of quietude. A course of Sangrado and other experiments are therefore being made upon the human body in those parts, which may eventually prove a great addition to medical science, and of vast importance to the world in general and posterity—a piece of consolation, however, which does not seem to make much impression upon the minds of the immediate sufferers, in consequence, as I am inclined to think, of its being too abstracted. Now understand me rightly, before I proceed further, I wish not to affect to make light of this, to say the least, very serious disease, much less to break heartless or irreverent jests on the misery it is undoubtedly occasioning; but there is a spirit of gloomy, incessant, and, I may say, monstrous exaggeration abroad upon the subject, which deserves only to be laughed at. The disorder is certainly very fatal; but I think it may safely be asserted, that the mortality occasioned by it in the districts it has visited in England, is little, if any more, than what is frequently caused, in the same districts and in the same space of time, by typhus and other malignant fevers.

The true reason of the immense quantity of insane gabble prevalent about this disorder, is its comparative novelty. Men make up their minds to die of good old-fashioned distempers that have the commendatory stamp of antiquity upon them—indeed, it would look like an affectation of singularity to object to such; but there is something abrupt—sudden—startling in this cholera, which, particularly to a methodical person, renders it peculiarly distasteful. It is out of the regular way of things—an innovation—an unpleasant exemplification of the disagreeable truth of moral scraps touching the brevity of life. It insists upon the shuffling "off this mortal coil" with undue precipitancy. Consumption dallies with its victims. They have many innocent pleasures and comforts—books and music and conversation—fields and flowers and running brooks—the fanning west wind and the balmy south to cool their feverish cheeks, and infuse a soft and calm delight into their withering forms—and, more than all, they have the added kindness of anxious friends and relatives, trying to crowd a life of love and watchful tenderness into the little time remaining, long after death has set his mark upon them. Even fever—scorching, parching fever has its changes, its lapses and relapses, its alternations of hope and fear, to checker the passage to the monotonous grave; and as for asthma, and others of that class, a man may be ill of them for forty years, and die of something else at

last. But this cholera is peremptory—it snuffeth out life with small ceremony. There is no flickering of the spirit before it finally goeth down—an extinguisher is put upon the candle, and darkness ensueth on the instant. A man is seen opening his shop of a morning, gay, cheerful, and full of the ardor of business, and lo! before it is time to put up the shutters in the evening, he is buried!—"in-decently interred," without any of the solemn and appropriate garniture of the grave; but just as he died, in his daily, familiar clothes, with all their old worldly associations about them! This striketh a disagreeable chord. A snug, comfortable coat in which a man has enjoyed himself, "we know not how often," to be laid in the damp earth for the rascally worms to worm through and through!—there is an incongruity in it which is unsatisfactory. True, it fareth no worse than its master—but this mends not the matter. It still gives a shock to all our anticipatory ideas: the man was, as every fool or moralist could tell us, made eventually to be worm-eaten—the coat's destiny is contrary to all precedent. After this, the residue of the deceased's wardrobe, together with his furniture, is burnt and destroyed, his house washed out with hot lime, and not an inanimate thing belonging to him left for affection to treasure up or memory to linger over. These, and other concomitant circumstances, rather than any extraordinary mortality, has caused all the uncommon fear and perturbation about the cholera. Figures speak for themselves. The disease has been here four or five weeks—the population is forty-four thousand—number of cases five hundred and fifty—deaths since the commencement two hundred and twenty, so that any man who has a desire to compute the chances of his remaining upon the green earth may, by working this simple question, obtain a quotient ("which will be the answer") consolatory in the extreme.

The medical men here have behaved nobly, yet somewhat bombastically. They have acted like valiant doctors, but no praise short of the heroic appears to satisfy them; to obtain which, I opine, they have exaggerated the danger, seeing that their credit for valorous reputation was mainly contingent thereupon. There are, too, discrepancies in their conduct, which it would puzzle a plain individual to reconcile. "Nothing is worse than fear and alarm upon the subject," quoth they, "as predisposers—weakening, as they do, the mind, and consequently debilitating the body, and thus rendering it more susceptible of infection;" and then straightway do they voluntarily publish the worst features of the worst cases—appearance of the body at the point of death—*post mortem* examinations, and I know not what unhealthy horrors, in a style calculated to disorganize the most compact nervous system, and shake an average one to atoms. Besides, the inventory of symptoms is so numerous and complex, that an imaginative person is never without some one or other of them. A stout, honest friend of mine, who has no reason that I know of to be particularly apprehensive about his ulterior prospects, but who is, nevertheless, strongly attached to existence, happening the other day to walk some distance ungloved, in a keen, frosty wind, the cold naturally enough turned his finger-ends as blue as indigo. At any other time my companion would have warmed his hands and said nothing about it. Unluckily, however, he chanced to cast his eyes upon them, and started back horror-struck. "Blue under the nails, by heaven!" (a symptom):—instantly he felt (or fancied) the disease shooting through his frame; home he hastened—put off his clothes. "Now," says he, "I have just six hours to live!" tumbled into bed, and lay there in an agony of fear, a complete perspiration-distillery, until the doctor arrived and assured him that he was in perfect health. But there is no end to the ludicrous stories afloat; and I know not of anything that has been productive of more grave jesting and melancholy merriment than this same cholera.

Nevertheless, the hubbub about this affair will gradually pass away. At present it is a novelty; but certainly of all novelties of late years, the most decidedly unpopular. No one speaketh a good word for it. It is abused in the publicity of streets and the privacy of chambers—young and old—grave and gay—rich and poor join in a universal chorus of execration against the cholera; only there is a questionable sincerity visible in the lineaments of undertakers, coffin-makers, grave-diggers, sextons, and all those who live by death, that is, to say the least, suspicious. It is spoken of, too, in a spirit of indignant reprobation that savors more of hate than fear. And no wonder. It not only taketh the lives of some, but the "means whereby they live" of many. Business is wofully dull; and the probable duration of quarantine restrictions is a subject of intense conjecture. All enjoyments are curtailed by it. Even the theatre is shut, and the minds of play-goers deprived of all dramatic sustenance; while the bodies of the sum total of the community are recommended to be reduced and kept cool by the swallowing of panada, gruel, chicken, chicken-broth, (weakest of weaknesses) boiled barley, rice-pudding, and such like detestable simplicities; and the "dieting," as it is called, so abhorrent to all the common, natural feelings of man, is dignified with the name of a system—"the antiphlogistic" I think they style it, which is actually followed up by a few poor wretches so desperately enamored of life, that I verily believe they would be content to drag on for years and years a miserable and lingering existence even on water-gruel and dry toast.

But I must have done. Farewell! Believe not in the exaggerations of newspapers. There has been, and is, a good deal of individual alarm here, but not to such an extent as materially to affect the intercourse of society. Despite of death and dull business, things still hold on pretty much in their old worldly courses. There

* All persons are buried in six, or at farthest, twelve hours after death, by order of the mayor.

are still plenty of bright eyes and merry faces—"honest men and bonny lasses" to be met with; and eating and drinking—love and marriage—music and dancing, and similar physical and intellectual recreations are nearly as common as ever.

P.S. I certainly have no desire to overpraise the feeling and philanthropy of the people of this town; but I must do them the justice to declare that I believe they really speak with candor and sincerity when they say, that "if the cholera were only away from here, they do not care where the devil else it goes to." C.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RETROSPECT—A RHAPSODY.

ANOTHER week has passed, with all its cares and toils, its hopes and joys and fears. The current of our life has reached another of those invisible, yet too apparent bounds, which man's invention has contrived to mark the rapid passage of his limited existence. What a world of uncertainties have become reality within that brief and irreclaimable period; how many possibilities have become impossible; how fearfully the vague and undefinable future has, within that little lapse, taken upon itself the fixed, unchangeable, immovable impress of the past! But seven days since, and all the powers of earth could neither give nor foretell certainly to the least important of the myriads of incidents, which, in that little space, have been incorporated with the unchangeable past; and now not all the powers of earth can recall or efface or alter one of them! The seal of eternity is set upon them. A moment since and all was darkness, wherein the slightest accident might have produced changes which human foresight and human sagacity would have toiled in vain to perceive, to accelerate, or to prevent; another moment, and there has been thought, or said, or done that which heaven and earth can never erase from the imperishable record of past time; of which no title can be changed, if the duration of the universe were dependent upon its accomplishment. A little while ago, and that upon which we now look back was apparently within our power, the subject of our hopes or fears; now it has gone from us forever, and hope and fear have become alike impotent over all within its compass; they have yielded up their claims upon it, and memory alone has dominion over all of good or evil that was unfolded to us by its passage.

Memory! mighty and mysterious memory! sole result of all our labors; is it for thee then that we give up our souls to care, and our mortal frames to labor and watchings and denial? Art thou the end of all ambition? Is it for thee that the student wastes his life in silence and solitude, consuming in the still seclusion of his closet, over the cold dull page of ancient but unforgotten lore, the hours that should be given to needful rest, the intellect that might move forward among its fellows, a thing of majesty and power and dominion, and the frame, whose energies from day to day, and in the late watches of the night, grow more and more feeble in the strong toil of the o'ermastering spirit? For thee he shuns the blessed light of the glorious sun, where he pours his flood of radiance upon the palm hill-side, and the flashing waters of the clear stream, and the grand forest, among whose old majestic branches and unsurpassable luxuriance of foliage, myriads of happy living things are darting about in the inconceivable excess of joy and beauty, which they gather in their thoughtless wisdom from the warmth and glory, he cares not to partake, but is content to barter for the reward which thou alone canst give. For thee the warrior dares to encounter the extremes of cold and heat, and pain and death, and gives up ease and the delights of home, and, more than these, the blessings of a gentle spirit; hardening his heart against every thing that is beneficent and godlike in his nature, and willing to become a destroyer of happiness, a shedder of the blood of his fellow-men, a messenger and minister of wrath and sorrow upon the beautiful earth, which God made for the habitation of peace and goodwill, and man has changed into a den of carnage, a waste of misery and anguish, an arena of mutual destruction. For thee, oh memory! we labor, turning aside from the pleasures that lie profusely scattered around us, and giving up our hearts and thoughts and powers to the acquisition of others, which yet in the very moment of acquisition must pass from our eager grasp, to be treasured up within the vast confines of thy eternal empire. Oh the shortsightedness of man, so fond to possess an unsubstantial nothing! Alas, the perversity of the human heart, that will look back upon the immutable past and forward only to objects which the past will shortly swallow up, forgetting the great and eternal future beyond the grave, wherein that past must be succeeded by happiness or misery, over which memory can exercise no power.

Yet, memory, it is good at times to cast a backward glance upon the ever-open pages of thy enduring volume! It is pleasant, though mournful, to turn awhile from the anxieties of the passing moment, and recall the images that lie slumbering there, and look upon ourselves as we were in former times, ere yet the world and its chilling influence, and the new pursuits and hopes and actions of later days had wrought within us the fearful change, which all must undergo who live beyond the sinless and happy period of childhood; the still more fearful change that comes with man's estate—and it is wisely and kindly ordered that innumerable causes shall have power to bring up before us the picture of what we were; voices in whose tones we recognize some trace of others long since hushed in death; scenes upon which we looked long, long ago, ere yet care and sorrow, and the blight of evil passions had dimmed in our worn hearts the brightness of that glad spirit which then glowed in our young eyes; faces that bear some faint

* See "Malthus on Population."

mysterious resemblance to others long since mouldered into dust, which looked kindly upon us, when ours were smooth and ruddy, and bore no impress of that which we have since done and suffered; old familiar volumes, such as were at that time to our feeble and imperfect understandings, oracles, painfully comprehended and most devoutly believed, but which have long since given place to studies of deeper and graver import, and been yielded up to the dawning minds of another rising generation; these, and thousands more than these, have power over us at times; and, when that power is exerted, we live again the past, and feel almost as though the intervening waste that lies (alas, too truly) between that which was and that which is, were but a painful dream, from whose imagined sorrows we had been awakened by the soft radiance of the dawn's first beam, or the still gender morning kiss of a kind and beloved parent as of old, ere yet we had followed in childish grief and wonder the cold remains of that dear mother to the grave, in which, as we now feel, it would have been better for us also to have been laid.

Years, many, many, and sad years have passed over us since that time of almost perfect happiness; but memory is important within us, and we yield to her supremacy. We are again a boy. The earth is bright once more in the full gush of summer's noontide glory; the intercession of the kind old minister has gained for us a holiday from the sedate but not stern "master," whose care and whose delight it was to train up our youthful minds to wisdom; and with hearts lighter than the proudest monarch can ever know, we make our glad bows, ere yet the morning duties of the school are commenced, and rush forth—to be happy, after our own fashion, for a time. What a bursting forth of the very spirit of joy is in those merry shouts! The exuberance of our delight is almost at a loss to find utterance, and displays itself in a thousand varying forms: a solemn council is held, to determine upon the preferable mode of enjoyment; various games, which seem to have grown into disuse in these degenerate days, are proposed, discussed, and finally rejected, and there seems to be some reason to fear lest the period of emancipation should be wasted ere we can resolve upon the mode of its employment. At length, however, a ramble into the woods is unanimously adopted, and with shouts of uncontrollable mirth, we run and skip and dance away to the vast forest, through which flows the mighty river, (as it seemed to our young eyes,) upon whose banks we first beheld the light. Nut-trees are there, whose lofty branches cannot save the dainty treasure from the adventurous schoolboy's grasp; mandrakes, whose broad leaves, and lowly place of growth, afford no shelter from his eager eyes. The lovely blue of the summer sky is free from the smallest cloud, and the bright sun seems to pour down happiness with his beams upon our joyous bosoms, as yet untouched by care or sorrow. Within the clear waters of that gentle stream are myriads of silver-scaled creatures, for whom capture the extemporaneous and inartificial apparatus of the juvenile yet expert angler, afford ample means; the drowsy hum of the wild bee may oftentimes be heard, betraying to the joyous plunderers the neighborhood of stores, than which Hybla itself can yield none more sweet; the air is teeming with the thousand exquisite shapes and hues of insect life; and ever and anon, the wild dove, or the robin, or the shy quail, startled by the sound of our gleeful voices, springs from her covert, and darts hastily away, with the sudden rushing of her swift pinions, into the deeper recesses of the forest. Far above, in the clear bright heavens, the straggling crow gives forth her croaking note of gladness, as she wings her almost viewless way to the far distant corn-field; the merry chirp of the ground-squirrel is heard upon every side; and, at intervals, we are hushed in our gay discourses by the loud tap of the woodpecker, or the shrill cry of the blue-jay. Not a breath of wind is stirring amid the heavily-crowned branches; and as the sun ascends the empyrean, and approaches the topmost point of his bright career, we find the heat, even in that depth of shade, too strong for our youthful activity. In the greatness of our enjoyment, appetite and the hour of dinner are unheeded, and we stretch ourselves down at the feet of the huge beeches, silent and languid, yet oh how happy, to repose for a time from the toil of pleasure.

The scene changes; the enchantress, to whose power we have given up our mind, has waved her wand, and placed before us the picture of ourself at another and later period of our existence.

It is autumn; yet the forest trees still glory in their undiminished wealth of leaves, although brighter and more varied tints have come to supply the place of the universal green, which not long since proclaimed the newness of the rolling year. A narrow but rapid and winding stream gives forth the only sound that breaks the else entire silence of the grove through which it flows; the hour is noon, and the slanting sunbeams, although their direction indicates the season, yet descend upon the parched soil and the dried-up herbage with a power that too plainly declares the southern latitude of the spot upon which our eyes are fixed; no appearance of habitation is within sight, and the complete stillness of the hour, and the wild and uncultivated aspect of the scene around, proclaim that the individual upon whom we look has wandered far from the haunts of men. He is reclining upon a little knoll, formed by an abrupt bend of the swift but shallow current; his eyes fixed upon the stream, his arms folded upon his breast; and, youthful as he is, there is an air of seriousness, we had almost said of sadness, upon his calm forehead and his boyish features; an open book is lying on the earth beside him, and a noble hound, crouched at his feet, is looking into his face with an expression of anxiety, from which the observer might almost be tempted to believe that the sagacious animal was conscious of his master's disquietude. It is ourself.

UNOWNED ARTICLES.

HUMORS OF A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

NUMBER FOUR.

THE OPENING OF SPRING IN NEW-YORK.

THE voice of spring is once more abroad throughout the land, and though in so capricious a climate as ours, where the barometer ranges as wildly as an ill-broken pointer—a snow-storm may ere to-morrow put Nature for a time beyond the call of Vertumnus—yet already is the gay appeal replied to from a thousand cheering sources. The mead-lark warbling skims the field, and in the woods the throstle and on the beach the robin-snipe whistle to the breeze. Myriads of mimic rivers are gurgling down from the hills and gleaming in threads of silver through the smoky thickets. The last year's leaves lie damp in the woods, and no longer rustle to the tread of him who seeks

"The wild flower peeping from their folds below."

The chirp of the ground-squirrel is heard along the fences, and the copper-head basking on the stone wall, and the milk-snake coiled lazily on the ant-hill tell that even the reptiles themselves are thawed out of their winter abodes.

Of those that delight in watching the seasons as they roll, they who may hear the carol of the blue-bird as it pecks the buds on the maple bough beneath their window, have a decided advantage over those who can only watch nature as she develops herself in a flower-pot, or revels in a bouquet upon some lovely bosom; and yet the city, with its formal alleys of brick, its rattling carts, and smoke of anthracite, is not without the "attractions of the season." How different an appearance, for instance, do the airy figures, whose gay bonnets and light-colored dresses already flutter in Broadway, give to that carnival promenade, from the sombre mantles that swept it but the other day? And the Park—that beautiful area which, though carved up like an apple-pie at a country inn, is still grateful in its green to the dust-vexed eye of the burgher!—What drawing-room, enlivened by the gay tracery of Brussels, or made noiseless to the step by the downy texture of Turkey, can boast of such a carpet? Even Wall-street, which seldom owns a brighter visitant than yellow doubloons, seems to acknowledge the presence of the rival sunbeams. The broker, as he crosses the street, poises himself on the curbstone to look at the blue sky above him, and delay the moment ere he must descend into his bilious laboratory. The merchant checks his gait, while hurrying on 'change, to sniff the air as it comes fresh from Brooklyn heights, unconscious of a "south ferry." The underwriter smirks along the pavement as if premiums were "being" distilled upon him from the favoring skies; and they, the Leviathans of this pecuniary deep, who have realized in a *plum* the fruit of years of toil, loiter under the old sycamores opposite the soda fountain, as if they could never tear themselves from these smiling realms of gold and good humor! Everywhere, indeed, do you see the effects of the disfranchisement from the chains of winter.

Here you may see the pale invalid, still afraid to discard his furred pelisse, stealing along the sunny side of the street, heedful of rude contact, and almost shrinking from the gay child that frolics by him; and, tottering on his track, the bowed form of some old pilgrim, who sallies from his easy chair to gulp a mouthful of the air his lungs, for the nonce, receive unfiltered through flannel; there you may detect the dyspeptic, doggedly pursuing his accustomed route, as if walking with Disease for a wager, and perhaps jostling the fragile form of the smiling consumptive, who hangs affectionately on some stout arm near him. Vain flitters round a yawning grave, unnoticed by the thousands who flaunt by them in all the insolence of health and worldly security!

Nor are sounds wanting to tell us here that the call of spring is abroad throughout the land; not to mention the twitter of the martins, as, like lawyers on a circuit, they perform their mazy gyrations around the bride well, there are a thousand tuneful noises which salute the ear with wondrous power. Though the sweep and the milkman are silent, and the rusk-boy hath not commenced his lay, when thou, fair reader, first sallicst out to glad the eyes and tire the fingers of shop-boys at Vandervoort's and Fountain's, yet other seasonable ejaculations supply their place; and the cry of "white wine," from the gray-headed Communipaw negro, who trundles a churn on a barrow before him, must at some time have reminded thee that buttermilk is an excellent cosmetic. And who that has achieved a score of years in this goodly city, is not familiar with the recitation of "Straw-aw-aw," pronounced by a once jetty, but now "a sable-silvered" singer, ensconced upon a moving stack, erst propelled by a Bucephalus, which time has turned into a Rosinante? Now the ear is regaled with the blithe carol of some young voice, as its owner warbles a variation to her "morning's practising," while ranging her hyacinths at the open window; and again it is set on edge by the tread-mill tones ground sharply from the machines of those foreign operatives, who rove the streets, as did their predecessors the Troubadours, the high-ways.

And now is it worth the while of him who is afflicted with "the nothing to do," to saunter along South-street, and see the lighters come in to the wharves with freights gathered from every shore that knows a keel—the rich tribute of many a clime to the enterprise of his native city; or, if tired of watching the small craft, as they ply to and fro upon the mincing waves, and regardless of the green slopes he may see across the hazy river reaching away toward Gowanus, let him at least observe the stirring "note of preparation" among the tall Indianmen, as about to sail they

"Stand like greyhounds in the slips."

The Battery, however, at this season, begins to be the most attractive spot in this "fair city of the heart," as Byron calls that New-York of the old world, the pride of the Adriatic. There is no longer, to be sure, that shady hollow, which once gave this noted promenade the semblance of a hanging garden in summer, when at high noon its mattress of greensward was generally strown with sleeping Priapi, in the shape of a drunken sailor or two; our procustean corporation having levelled the arena up, at the same time that the observatory—so celebrated in the days of Salmagundi for the marvellous consumption of peanuts within its precincts—was levelled down. But Castle Garden, though it, too, seems to have had its day, so amply compensates for the want of both, that even the fastidious race of peanut-eaters—a remnant of which is now only occasionally seen in some solitary cruncher in the pit of the theatre—would readily have moved their household gods from "the flagstaff" thither. The Battery has also increased so in size of late years, that it is now as much more comely in appearance than formerly, as is the portly figure of an alderman to the yet maturing person of his assistant. Nature has now more breathing room there than twenty years since, and shows the effect of giving her fair play. The young willows have already begun to put on their "green and yellow melancholy" livery, and in a fortnight will supply chaplets enough for all the despairing lovers of the last season. Of the last season, we say, because whoever heard of a lover despairing in spring? There is hope in the shooting of every bud, and sympathy in the very air we breathe. Young hearts open with the unfolding of the flowers, and fondly as the skies which hang smiling over them, bright eyes beam around. Those cunning fellows the ancients were well aware of these things, and doubtless in their allegorical painting used to represent Vertumnus as stringing the bow of Cupid. Indeed, they had a variety of pretty conceits about Love and Spring, as the erudite reader well knows, though the following translation from Linkum Fidelius is probably new to him, learned as he is:

"Cupid," says that sage writer, first disinterred from oblivion in the instructive pages of Salmagundi, "Cupid was once upon a time entrusted by his mother to the care of the Four Seasons. Each of these beautiful maids was by turns to have charge of the urchin, and after trying the guardianship of all, he was to decide to which of the four he gave the preference. After they had all duly kissed and fondled the little fellow, just as other young ladies do, bless their affectionate souls, when they can catch a pretty boy, he was first entrusted to the care of smiling Spring. Snatching the boy from her sisters, the dew-lipped nymph first bathed him in an April shower, and then left him in a scarf of green, to gambol where he listed. Love was almost mad with spirits. The immersion had given such vigor to his frame, sport could not tire him, as he frolicked in the bright sunshine. His bow seemed to send farther than it was wont, and his arm was never fatigued with keeping it constantly employed. Hearts appeared to him more exposed and less impenetrable. They even invited the soft murder, and his quiver was almost exhausted by the number which presented themselves. At last, like other keen sportsmen, he became almost tired of bagging game which gave him no difficulty in bringing it down. Little Love was loth to pass out of the hands of Spring, when blue-eyed Summer took the god into her keeping. She bound his quiver to his back with a saffron-colored ribbon, and seasoned his bow in the warm sunbeams, until his infant arms could hardly draw it. Love then would wait until the dews of twilight relaxed the rigidity of the weapon, when one hour of extensive mischief would compensate him for a whole day of listless indolence.

"On one evening he would, in the country, waylay his victims upon some secluded walk through wood, or fell, or by the solitary shore, and then again, in town, he'd steal into some quiet circle seated around an open window, and, by the light of the moonbeams shining in, single out and kill his quarry. And all through June the little hunter thrived; but when the watering season set in, and he followed his game as it migrated to the Springs, the urchin was enraged to find that his shafts had there lost their power. Mirth foiled his aim at one time, and Dissipation, when he did make a wound, healed it instantly at another. He would have been in a fever with disappointment but for an afternoon's successful sport at a pick-nick, and some capital shots made on an aquatic party when he returned to town. And now the brunette Autumn took the boy. September, with its sluggish rains, was a damper to his spirits, until he chanced to find a pair of cousins shut up by a storm in a country-house. Love drove ennui beyond the doors, and pinned their hearts together. And soon in town the twanging of his bow was heard as he made one of many a riding party upon the clear October mornings. November's bleak winds put an end to these opportunities, but one Indian-summer's day at the close of it was worth a month to the young sportsman. Hearts were taken unexpectedly and at disadvantage, and Love floating about on the warm haze, did a world of mischief. Now, however, that cold, blonde Winter, boisterously, of a sudden, asserted her claim to the wardship of the little deity. At once his fingers became numb, and his bow so stiff that he with much ado could draw it; and the whimpering boy was carried into a family party and allowed to nestle by the fireside. Quickly warm and vigorous, he was bent on mischief; the first shot was made while he lurked in a lady's work-basket; and then hid in a piano, he poured his arrows, as the keys were raised by beautiful fingers, upon the by-standers who bent over the instrument. The next evening Love went to a ball, but, though many a bosom was sufficiently exposed, he failed to pierce any—except one during supper. Soon after, the boy did better

at a waltzing party as well as making some good hits during a sleigh-ride; but one evening at a "Dorcas meeting," where Adonis Fitz Fulsome wound silk for the ladies, was worth all the rest to him.

Right glad was the boy when to the arms of gentle Spring once more he was surrendered up, with her he loved the most, to dwell. And it is said that though the little god asserts his power alike when tarrying with either of the sister Seasons, yet he has ever since delighted most in rambling with the youngest upon earth; and poets sing that mortals have most reason to fear his pranks when the sullen sway of Winter ceases, and with young Spring Love roves the fair earth over.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

THE managers of this establishment proceed from novelty to novelty, and from star to star, at a rapid pace. Mr. Sinclair and Mrs. Knight have both been warbling, in various operas, operettas and musical farces.

Mrs. Austin has appeared twice during the last week in *Cinderella* to Mr. Sinclair's Prince. Her reception was most enthusiastic; and, in addition to the usual *encores* of the *Tyrolienne* and *finale*, the good citizens caused a repetition, on both nights, of the slow movement of the first duet. We cannot say that we consider Mr. Sinclair's Prince on a par with that of Mr. Jones, although, in Masaniello, we prefer his execution of the more delicate passages, like those in "Behold how brightly breaks the morning." His voice, however, in the duet alluded to, certainly blends admirably with that of our *prima donna*.

Mr. Jones and Mrs. Austin have conveyed the glass-slipper to Philadelphia, for a few nights. Miss Hughes is at Boston.

The new opera of the *White Lady* is in active preparation. Among the music there is a spirited and unique *finale* to one of the acts, the subject of which consists of the sale of an estate at auction, with the eager and acrimonious bidding of various personages against each other. This business is so well understood, and so common in this emporium of trade, that a spirited musical version of it will doubtless prove an interesting and attractive novelty.

Another opera, in two acts, has been produced, the music by Auber. We were prevented from attending its first representation, but are enabled to add a notice from the pen of a correspondent, in whose judgment we place the utmost confidence:

Auber's opera *La Fiancée*, so admirably performed in this city, by the French company, some two seasons ago, is still fresh in the remembrance of the admirers of dramatic music. The impression made by Madame Paradol, with Messieurs. Letellier and Privat in the principal characters, was very strong, and deservedly so. A translation of this piece, as produced at Drury-lane theatre, was, on Friday last, brought out at the Park; and we have seldom witnessed a first representation with more pleasure. The cast, which we are old-fashioned enough at all times to regard in an opera as a principal ingredient, was extremely powerful. Barnes and Placide had both fine parts; and the latter gave as true a picture of an old man of the world, as ever we remember to have seen drawn by any artist. Mrs. Vernon, as a worn-out old flirt, in the character of a *mareschande des modes*, was excellent; the comic powers of this lady are of a high order. Mrs. Sharpe had little to do, but that little was done well. Mrs. Knight acted *La Fiancée* very prettily, and sung the music with good effect. The first duet, with Mr. Sinclair, was *encored*. If we were to particularize the best *morceau* in the opera, we should fix on a canon, or round for three voices, sung by Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Wallack, and Mr. Sinclair. An amateur, at our elbow, wished to have it repeated, and did his best to get an *encore*; but he could not move the sympathy of the gallery to aid his purpose. He supposed they were not satisfied of its claims to merit, as a scientific composition. The music of this production of Auber's, is more remarkable for simplicity of melody than anything else; if it have a fault, it is the character of the old French school which pervades it, and which, praise be to Boieldieu, Nicolo, Caraffa, and to Auber himself, is fast giving place to a better. The orchestral accompaniments are beautiful; some trivial alterations might, perhaps, be made in the arrangement for the clarionets and hautboys, by compression, but they are scarcely worthy of notice, certainly not of reprehension. Mr. Sinclair acted the part of a citizen-soldier, one of the national guard, and sung the favorite air *Garde a vous*. In future representations we think it would be an improvement to have the side-drum upon the stage instead of in the orchestra. The repertoire of the Park theatre has obtained a valuable addition in this light and pretty opera, and it will, doubtless, take its station, as a standing dish, or, as the French have it, a "*pièce de resistance*," with Boieldieu's *John of Paris*, Abon Hassan, &c. The stage manager deserves every praise for the arrangements both of this piece and the *Maid of Judah*. The band, which we have spoken of as extremely complete, lost none of their laurels. We should, however, have preferred hearing Auber's overture, or that of any other approved composer, rather than that noisy, unmeaning composition of Mr. Thomas Cooke, called the "Overture to the Chinese Sorcerer." We recommend the town to hear and see the National Guard. B.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE.

Blanchard is a sterling actor of the old school; quiet, natural, effective, and chaste—without grimace or buffoonery of any kind. He renders the text as it is set down for him, and there is a gene-

ral propriety in all he says and does that is truly delightful. It has been remarked of him, and with great justice, that his services are not of the night but of the year—"like an old clerk, whom nobody thinks of, but who is as necessary to the house as the ledger, his virtue is only discovered after a life of servitude." Truly this theatre has a jewel in him, and his daughter, (Mrs. Hamblin, as we understand,) who has been scolded soundly for coaxing him across the Atlantic, deserves the thanks of the public, for so valuable an acquisition to the American stage. Everybody should see this rational and clever performer. We are prepossessed in favor of Mr. Blanchard by the modesty with which he advances his strong claims to attention. He has not been heralded to our shores by the usual flourish of drums and trumpets, and is not a star, although he possesses far more merit than many we could mention, who have speculated successfully on the credulity of brother Jonathan. We regard his appearance among us as a very agreeable surprise.

RICHMOND HILL.

We attended the representation of *Rob Roy*, the other evening. A "young gentleman" made his *debut*, as Francis Osbaldiston. He labored under the usual embarrassments of a first appearance, and betrayed great room for improvement as an actor; but one or two of his duets, and the song "My love is like the red, red rose," were warmly applauded. His voice is of no volume or power, but considerable sweetness, and he occasionally afforded evidence of natural taste aided by good teaching. We cannot pronounce definitely, on so slight an opportunity of judging of his merits, an opinion respecting the probabilities of his ultimate success. Mr. Pearson's *Rob Roy* was above mediocrity. His person is prepossessing, and he delivers himself with a free, easy gesticulation, and in a rich voice. His conception was intelligent, though not sufficiently strong and marked for the bold and powerful highland outlaw. He deserved the frequent applause he received. Helen MacGregor is far out of the sphere of Mrs. Duff's abilities; and Mr. Russel quite mistook the staid character of the Bailie. The "Dugald creature" was extremely well sustained. Major Galbraith should be consigned to one inspired with some respect for his audience. Mrs. Keppel's songs were *encored*.

The numerous friends of Mr. Maywood will be gratified to learn that he is engaged at the Park for a few nights. He will appear in the new play of "*Hernani*," sometime next week. A Philadelphia paper says, "in a certain line of characters he has no equal in this country. He is warmly respected in this community as a manager, a player, and a man." With his merits the New-York audience have long been acquainted, and for their sake, as well as from recollections of "auld lang syne," will, doubtless, receive him with substantial favor and a hearty welcome.

A manuscript copy of the new tragedy, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, called "*Werdenberg, or the Forest League*," has been submitted to our perusal. It is written in smooth verse, (an uncommon merit in these days of prize-tragedies,) and is well calculated for stage effect. It will, we learn, be produced at the Park theatre, under the direction of Mr. Pelby, who is to sustain the principal part. The scene is laid in Switzerland.

It is reported that the Chatham theatre is to be converted into a church.

The plan for a new theatre in Broadway appears to be in active operation.

Mr. Forrest has been playing in Philadelphia to crowded houses.

The Italian company are soon expected. We cannot answer the query of a correspondent as to the building they will occupy, not being aware that they have themselves decided that point.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1832.

American Lake Poetry.—The path to a newspaper discussion, like that to other vice, lies down a declivity. We find ourselves reluctantly plunged into one from which, although of no serious nature, we cannot withdraw without a few observations. Our readers will remember some lines headed "a poetical portrait," and understood by many to be addressed to the author of an article in the last American Quarterly, which, several weeks ago, with an apology, we inserted. It must be also known that the conductor of the above-mentioned Review and of the Philadelphia National Gazette is one and the same person. The latter journal has favored us with a column of remonstrance on the subject, but full of intelligent remark and gentlemanly spirit. This, as well as paragraphs assuming the same tone in the United States Gazette, and one or two other journals, whose opinions we sincerely respect, and whose approbation we highly esteem, compels us to a direct reply; and therefore we now solicit indulgence.

We are charged with having admitted a *lampoon* against a certain *soi-disant* critic. We might, in reply, quote from the conductor of the Quarterly,

"The editor of the Review cannot hold himself responsible for all the matter admitted into it; he is not able to separate and exclude from every article all that he may not deem absolutely just and perfectly proper."

Or, we might turn to another sentence, from the same practised hand,

"The delinquents, it was understood, could be 'shamed and touched by ridicule alone'—by that which Pope had thus apostrophized,"

"Oh, sacred weapon, left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence."

Suppose a pedagogue, without either knowledge or a wish to promote the cause of education, should establish a school exclusively for pecuniary or other purposes, and beat the children, peradventure for malice against the parents; or a pilot should undertake to navigate a ship into port, without actually being familiar with the nature of the harbor; or a quack doctor should sell medicine on speculation, with the effects of which he was unacquainted, or which he knew to be deleterious, thus endangering health and life: if one of these, or any other species of charlatan, appears, impudently claiming public confidence, he becomes a legitimate theme for satire of the strongest and most efficacious kind—especially if, from any unaccountable cause, respectable people take him under their protection, and there is no law by which he can be removed from his station. In such case we, or our correspondent, should undertake, it is true, a repulsive, yet a necessary task, in tearing off the lion's skin, and exposing the disguised individual to merited ridicule. If the lines were too broad and personal, their author doubtless first satisfied himself that the object was an empiric in literature, upon whom a sly stroke of humor would have been thrown away; and who, as he had betrayed no partiality for either argument, delicacy, or moderation in his own article, would not have appreciated these qualities in that of another. If we were not ourselves assured of this, we should esteem the obnoxious lines more reprehensible than any of our friends have pronounced them. But, in order to express our meaning clearly, it will be necessary for us, however reluctantly, to glance at this "learned Theban's" review—the little fountain from which have flowed forth all these broad rivers of debate.

The article on *Lake Poetry*, instead of being a philosophical and instructive treatise, guiding public taste, and designating the errors into which the authors under consideration may have fallen, with the gentleness becoming a true critic and a gentleman, is a mere coarse tissue of unfounded and insolent sarcasms against both the individuals therein named. From beginning to end, it is clumsily written, containing several inconsistencies and some positive untruths. We are surprised that the editor of the Review should not have detected them, or does he suffer the efforts of such crude writers,

"Condemned to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
And furnish falsehoods for a magazine,"

to pass into his pages without examination? The pertness and bad feeling of the critic are almost immediately betrayed in an oblique insult to his authors, as if he knew he was perpetrating against them a wanton act of ill-nature and injustice, and commenced deprecating their resentment by abusing them in advance.

He then abuses all (among whom, by the way, are the Southern and North American Reviews, and most of the very highest literary authorities of the United States) who have praised the poems which he proposes to destroy, and calls their friendship "pretended," and themselves "*sciolous*." Then he prates about "*extinguishing impressions*," and the shallowness of the *poor foolish public*, which is continually duped "into the purchase of two or three editions of the *merest trash*," and he leaves us to come naturally to the conclusion that it must have been this same unlucky stupidity in the public which left the writer's own elegant and didactic compositions in the shade, only rescued from oblivion by being peculiarly ridiculous.

The paragraph wherein the name of one of the gentlemen is repeated *four times*, with the sneering addition of "*esquire*," is replete with the very spirit of personality and taunting impertinence; and the same is continued in his remarks upon the poetry delivered before Brown University, in a style of intentional sarcasm, almost sufficient to excuse any species of reply.

What can be more absurd than his gravely arraigning the whole poetic talent of his *brethren* of New-England?

"Justice will not permit us," remarks this puissant Aristarchus, "to accord to them, in addition, that of poetical excellence."—"And if they don't like it," he adds, with a *san*: *froid* worthy of Napoleon, "we cannot help it." Of this piece of gratuitous acumen, he seems himself half afraid and ashamed, and ludicrously strives to palliate it by a specious jumble of awkward compliments to Webster's "grasp of intellect" and the "general good sense" of the "population." After yielding part of his previous ground, and observing that several of the New-England poets are not without talents, he says that they have "*a species of cleverness*," but "*deformed*" by a bad style, and he puts forth the following gracefully constructed sentence. The *coulds* are very euphonious in a critic who complains that Bryant's metre is *rugged, awkward, and intolerable*.

"How so many of the poets of the present day could have become so fascinated with a style of writing, which no effort of genius, not even the acknowledged talents of Wordsworth, its founder, assisted by all that partial reviewers, and laudatory editors in the interest of the booksellers could do for it, could ever make popular, is indeed a matter of surprise."

After another sneer at "our *Percivals*, our *Willises*, and our *Bryants*," he favors us with his opinion that Milton, Thomson,

Young, Pope, &c. are among the writers generally read! He then informs us that although they (*Paradise Lost*) are not exempt from the faults of the Lake poetry, yet they contain many great beauties! and moreover, that, "if we examine any much used copy of either of them, that may at random come into our hands, we shall uniformly find the passages which exhibit indications of being the most read, to be those that contain bursts of passion, natural and *perspicuous* description, or striking and sententious morality, expressed in free, flowing, and mellifluous verse; *passages, in short, of true poetry*," &c. (i. e. people like true poetry the best.) Well, this is certainly exceedingly new and astonishing! What an enviable power it must be to pour such valuable floods of literary light upon the minds of the poor benighted Americans! We are amused at the propriety with which, of all other writers, *this* one observes that poetry, which is merely "middling, should not be obtruded on the public;" however, his advice is assuredly deep, and calculated to help along the inferior race of poets to fame. He instructs the tyro, that if he possesses real genius he must "use it aright"—"draw from the resources of his own mind," not be an imitator, "let his thoughts and language flow spontaneously from himself;" then, when he has his subject "well selected," "strike his harp freely," and there will be no doubt of his producing strains which will command attention!

This reminds us of some of Miss Prudence Smith's valuable directions for "pastry and confectionary;" as, for example, to make "*gooseberry-fool*:"—"Stand your fruit, mixed with Lisbon sugar, in a jar, on a stove, with a gill of water; when soft, pulp it through a colander; then have ready a sufficiency of milk and cream, or in lieu of the latter an egg, boiled together, but cold before used; sweeten it well and stir the fruit gradually. Apples may be done in the same manner"—and so we presume may *prose*.

The critic next asserts that he will prove the poets *no* poets "by a reference to the works themselves;" but with his accustomed shallowness, he soon forgets his promise, and declares "we shall make *no* extracts from Bryant's volume!" Thus, on the *mere strength* of his own opinion, and avowedly without attempting to adduce any evidence of his assertions, he brands poems, which the whole United States have received with lively pleasure and praise, as *commonplace* and *encumbered with verbosity, awkward and intolerable in style*, and marked by instances of *ruggedness*, which, with another sneer, he presumes were either introduced from *ignorance*, or "with the sagacious view of *keeping the reader awake*!" This observation is elicited by an occasional line slightly breaking in upon the general smoothness of the measure, and which many have rather deemed a beauty. Whether it is so or not, it is certain that the greatest poets have not been careful to expunge all such trivial irregularities from their verse, and no critic, in condemning in so insolent a manner, so beautiful and popular a poet, has ventured to let the whole clumsy fabric of his hyper-criticism rest on the citation of a point so unimportant. He advances his empty opinion that Bryant has "*little graphical power in depicting the appearances of nature*." He ranks him among those who, "although they have not secured popularity and fame, have escaped contempt and neglect," and thinks him entitled to a place among the "*sermonizing poets of the day*."

He, however, maintains inadvertently, (and very naturally,) on the last page, "in spite of the sneers of Anacreon Moore," that Fadladeen was not such a fool as some people suppose! "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

The review is prodigally interspersed with assertions which have no foundation in truth. We deny that the American poets "have filled their compositions with epithets without meaning, and sentiment without pathos," that they are "*careless, without case, and laborious without showing polish*;" that "their labors have all been fruitless;" and that nature and common sense teach "rational men to *despise* them." The writer is either guilty of a falsehood, or betrays a gross ignorance of his subject, in saying that Mr. Bryant is an "author who has abundantly experienced the favor of the periodical press, without receiving that of the public."

Let us, in this place, notice an instance of the unfairness, we may repeat, the *untruths*, by which he seeks to attain his purpose of trampling down these two writers, independently of justice. He first quotes the following lines from the poem delivered before Brown University, depicting a boy under the influence of ambition:

"Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye,
His lip grows restless, and its smile is curled
Half into scorn, till the bright fiery boy,
That was a daily blessing but to see,
His spirit was so bird-like, and so pure,
Is frozen in the very flush of youth
Into a cold, care-fretted, heartless man."

"Here," says the critic, "we have a fiery boy, with a bird-like spirit, frozen by a fire that burns constantly in his eye." Now, the poet does not say that the boy is "frozen by a fire that burns constantly in his eye." This is the wilful, and we must add, contemptible misconstruction of a reviewer maliciously bent on inflicting an injury by fair means or foul. It forms a satisfactory specimen of the spirit in which the whole article is written; and such a critic would meet no more than his just deserts if he were regularly lampooned through every press in the country.

It may be asked, must no one dare to criticize an author for fear of bringing down upon his head malediction and personal abuse? Just animadversion, however severe, we shall never oppose. It is only the shuffling, cunning, unfair system of false assertions, saucy sneers, and wanton misconstructions, like those we have just exposed, of which we complain, and for which the critic should be derided, and, if possible, abashed.

Although two wrongs do not make a right, the editor of the *National Gazette* could not have been more surprised at the doggerel in our columns than we were at such an article in the Review.

As for Pope, and the ribaldry which he suffered from his enemies, our opponent (if we must so term him) must be aware that the author of the *Dunciad* was not sparing of the rod when he met with backs which he thought demanded the scourge.

We stand here in the place of Mr. Willis, and no one must be surprised that we resist any unfair aggression from really respectable publications.

We shall be pleased to see the review in the *National Gazette*. The "bane and antidote" will both then be more broadly exposed to the public scrutiny.

As this consistent critic derides the difference between the writers whose merits he professes to canvass, and Milton, Thomson, &c. let him read over once more the elegant papers of Addison on criticism, and mark the "void immense" between them and his own; and, although he may be already too far gone to hope for modesty, he may not be too old for a lesson in discretion.

We have, more elaborately than we intended, skimmed through this worthless article for evidence that the writer himself was not a "true critic," nor entitled to the respect of one; but only a snarling and partial pretender—a retailer of nonsense—an inconsistent bungling writer, and as such not worthy the pains necessary to dissect his voluminous and heavy productions; he is clearly one of those alluded to by Pope, who are to be "touched and shamed by ridicule alone."

But, for our own sake, we freely confess that the lines which elicited the observations of the *National Gazette*, were out of place, as, however justly deserved, the ceremony of exposing the reviewer, in that way, is not within the plan of this paper, and may be unacceptable to a portion of our readers. The editor of the *National Gazette* advances many remarks which are generally correct, and in the abstract truth of which, of course, we coincide, although they are not strictly applicable to the present occasion. As, for instance, that the names of writers in reviews should not be cited either conjecturally or positively; that all mere retort is, more or less, unsuitable or unjust, "because it does not affect the original criticism, of which the force or the weakness must be intrinsic," &c. We acknowledge these to be but "the established courtesies of literary good breeding," which should not be overlooked; but we must add, in palliation, at least, if not in defence, that an individual who, like the writer of "*American Lake Poetry*," himself first violates, not only the courtesies and the decencies of literary good breeding, but the duty which one gentleman owes another, and especially which an author has a right to claim from every journalist noticing his productions, must not complain if those courtesies are not observed towards him. Of one of the volumes which he professes to review, and the author of which he insults because his pieces have been widely circulated, he selects the worst portions, as if they had been the best, instead of affording it a candid investigation.

"A true critic," says a standard author, "ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation. The most exquisite words, and finest strokes of an author, are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a relish for polite learning; and they are these, which a sour undistinguishing critic generally attacks with the greatest violence. Tully observes, that it is very easy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered into English, 'a glowing bold expression,' and to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticism. A little wit is equally capable of exposing a beauty, and of aggravating a fault: and though such a treatment of an author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an understanding reader, it has however its effect among the generality of those whose hands it falls into, the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at, with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in itself."

In reference to the impropriety of our correspondent's replying personally, instead of analyzing the review at first, independent of the individual by whom it was written, we remark, that if the reviewer instead, for instance, of calling the poem "*Parrhasius*" "*savage and disgusting*," had candidly undertaken to prove that it was so, he might have been met in fair argument; but his lack-a-daisical rhodomontade about the horrors of the subject is ridiculous. He would, on the same principle, annihilate the greatest writers, poets, painters, and sculptors of either ancient or modern times. Not only West's magnificent pictures of "Christ healing the sick," and "Christ rejected," with numerous others of battle and death, would come under the same absurd denunciation, but the greatest works of antiquity would, according to this wonderfully tender-hearted sentimentalist, be consigned to oblivion. What is more awful than the Laocoon, the Dying Gladiator, Milo in the oak? Yet thus it is; and he who, with a diseased sensitiveness, shrinks from a poetical description, feels no hesitation in the attempt to crush the fame of a youthful writer. He must not wonder when he gives his mere opinions upon pieces which many sensible judges have highly lauded, that people inquire who and what he is; whether he is competent to the task he has assumed; whether his naked assertions will stand in the place of argument; whether his own talents, acquisitions, works are such as to entitle his decree to respect and credit. We ascertain this, to allow the public an opportunity of judging, allu-

sions to his name, works, and general ability, become at least excusable, if not necessary.

The editor of the *National Gazette* says:

"An humble reviewer of the present day may be rather gratified and elated with it" (personal abuse) "when he can remind his revilers of the cases of Socrates, Demosthenes, Horace, Pope, Johnson," &c.

We pass over the natural contortions of every body's risible muscles at the ludicrous proximity of the Philadelphia critic to Demosthenes and Pope; but we must observe, without intending to violate any of "the established rules of literary good breeding," that he who justly exposes himself to opprobrium, either by handling in a clumsy manner, or perverting to a wrong purpose the power lodged in his hands as a critic, commits a crime against the author, and betrays the confidence of the public; and he must not expect to shelter himself from either the ridicule or the indignation due to arrogance, under the idea that the great geniuses of either ancient or modern times were enabled to bear up calmly against *undeserved* obloquy.

But, if we have gone too far in respect to the reviewer, we must acknowledge the moderation and courteous bearing throughout, of the editor of the *National Gazette*. He has conducted himself with a propriety which confirms our previous sentiments of respect. We acquiesce in the full force of the gentle and beautiful rebuke with which he takes leave of his subject.

The lines *should* have been excluded. He says truly, that a periodical like ours "should be without flaw or stain. It should reflect no false images; no distortions; no grimaces; no caricatures—nothing metretic or sardonic; but only the expression of sound and benignant sentiment, and the 'hues and colors' of chaste and elegant diction."

We may, however, add that a *review* should contain no evidence of prejudice, ill-nature, or passion; no wanton vituperation calculated to blight the fame or wound the feelings. The critic should be serious and instructive. He should guide and assist, not torture and insult his author. He should rather seek out beauties than faults, and deal kindly with the young and the inexperienced, whose reputation is probably dearer than life. If that reputation must be lowered, let him perform the task as a painful duty, not a brutal sport. He should aim at the skill and gentleness of the surgeon, who takes away a limb with the tenderest care, not the ferocity of a cannibal who rushes eagerly to feast on the flesh of his own species, glad at once to gloat his eyes and gorge his appetite.

As for the pack in cry after either of the gentlemen named in the flimsy (and rapidly becoming notorious) article on *Lake Poetry*, it is best, for the future, that they should be permitted to bark on. Indeed, we are not sure that in sweeping the whole set into Lethe a few years before their time, (always supposing such a difficult matter possible,) we should render any real service to the other party. A *poor soul*, says *Æsop*, once swimming across a stream, was greatly annoyed by a swarm of flies collected about him. A gentle swallow sporting in the air, flew down kindly, and offered to drive them away. "No, no," said Reynard, "leave them alone. They are now nearly filled. If you frighten them off, there will only come a fresh and more hungry swarm in their stead, and, in a short time, I shall not have a drop of blood left in my veins."

Parisian fashions.—For the information of our fashionable lady readers, we copy the following items from a French journal.

Musical parties have been very general in Paris during the last few weeks, and at these reunions, the *coiffure Greque* has been almost universally adopted. Nothing, indeed, could be more becoming to the female *artistes*, whose vocal talents have been under contribution on these occasions. The Greek head-dress, adorned with gold chains or rows of pearls, worn with a dress of green or ruby velvet, crossed on the bosom in antique folds, is a costume which cannot fail to set off a beautiful woman to advantage.

Turbans are much in favor; those composed of gauze, embroidered in gold or silver, have ends trimmed with fringe, which descend on one side. At the ball lately given by M. Perier, Madame V— wore a turban of cherry colored gauze, round which were twisted the long tresses of her beautiful fair hair; the ends, arranged in ringlet curls, descended from the crown of her head, where the turban was open. The front hair was divided in two bands, and on the centre of the forehead was a superb cameo. The turbans *à la Moabite* are exceedingly becoming to faces which are sufficiently youthful to dispense with hair on the forehead; for unless the hair be entirely concealed, this turban loses all its originality of effect. The Moabite turban is usually white, ornamented with gold or silver.

We lately observed a very pretty ball dress, composed of pink, *moiré*, trimmed at the top of the hem with a wreath embroidered in white silk. The corsage was surrounded by a double mantilla of blonde. The *coiffure* worn with this dress, consisted of a *beret* of pink velvet, adorned with two large white feathers, tipped with pink.

Among the newest artificial flowers, tulips, of various colors, have been introduced. They have a beautiful effect when tastefully disposed.

Gants à manchons are another novelty. These gloves have at top a wide trimming of fur, which may be turned over the hands like a muff.

Muffs of embroidered velvet and cashmere are much worn, though fur muffs decidedly predominate. A muff is occasionally formed of a long cashmere shawl, rolled up, with the palm leaves outside.

THERE IS A THRILLING WORD.

WRITTEN, COMPOSED FOR, AND PRESENTED TO, THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.—WORDS BY A. C. AINSWORTH—MUSIC BY O. SHAW.

Moderato.

There is a thrill-ing word, It hath an ec-ho in the heart; The lips grow pale—the

tear-drops start, When-e'er fare-well is heard, When-e'er fare-well is heard. How to the spi-rit come Deep yearn-ings for de-part-ed hours, The

song, the smile, the sum-mer flow'rs, Where dwelt the bee's soft hum, Where dwelt the bee's soft hum.

Dolce.

AROUND VERSES.—Our richest, dearest dreams,
Are, when the trusting heart is light, || When all the world is gay and bright,
Like sun-busts on the streams. || Then clasp the friendly hand,
And hear love's voice, while yet ye may; || Our joys they fade, they pass away
Unto that better land.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MAN-KEEPER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, has a note to one of the ballads, wherein the man-keeper is mentioned; and he supposes it to be some terrible animal, which, like the dragon, no longer exists. For once, however, this dreadful creature seems to have escaped his researches, the man-keeper being still in existence, although not possessing everywhere the wonderful properties he had formerly: it is no other than the common brown lizard, a well-known and harmless little reptile. In the Isle of Man it still preserves its ancient name, and is almost as much dreaded by the peasantry there at present as it was in days of yore on the borders. They suppose its bite to be very venomous; but they chiefly fear a propensity it has for walking down the throats of such luckless wights as fall asleep near its habitation. The only way to get rid of a lizard is to lie down by the side of a river, open the mouth wide, and pretend at the time to be asleep, when the thirsty animal, perceiving the vicinity of water, walks out of the mouth to quench its thirst, with the intention, however, of walking back again. The afflicted patient, on its absence, however, gladly avails himself of the opportunity of escaping. Such is the actual belief of the peasantry concerning this slandered and beautiful little creature; they fly at its approach with terror, and do not even dare to destroy it.

BOOKBINDING.

The elegant silk binding of some of the annuals is not a modern invention; and, indeed, in this branch of art we are far behind (in splendor, at least) the ages we are accustomed to associate with ideas of rudeness and barbarism. In the fourteenth century, when books were scarce, and therefore more valuable than at present, extraordinary pains were taken to render their outside dress both handsome and durable. Deer-skin and colored chamois, as well as silk, were the ordinary materials made use of by the rich; but frequently plates of ivory were substituted, richly

sculptured, and sometimes chased copper, or even gold and silver, set with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. The boards were of wood instead of pasteboard, secured on the back of the volume with iron or brass nails; and if intended for ecclesiastical, or other libraries, an iron ring was added, for the purpose of fastening the important prisoner to its cell by an iron chain. Some of these tomes were three and four feet long, by two and three feet broad. Unfortunately, the insects which feed upon the learning of others—as we may be doing now—are produced as abundantly from this wooden cover as from ours; and all that could be gained by the laborious care of our ancestors, was to make the binding survive the book.

MUSICAL TEST OF THE FEMALE VOICE.

The influence of the temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness, or ill nature, will communicate a catlike quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a peculiar quality to the speaking voice. That there really exists amiable tones, is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is, to many, the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked, that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of the mind. For an instant, compare the vulgarity of a ballad singer, her repulsive tone of voice, and hideous graces, to the manner of an equally uncultivated singer in good society; or watch the treatment of a pretty melody from the concert room, at the west end of London, until it reaches the ears from under the parlor window, and observe how it gains something new of vulgarity with every fresh degradation.

ARREST FOR DEBT.

Appears from the affidavits which are officially filed, that in two years and a half, seventy thousand persons have been arrested for debt in and about London, and the law expenses of which

have amounted to upwards of half a million. In addition to which, probably quite as many more actions have been brought on unobtainable writs, for debts under twenty pounds, the costs on which must have been little less than another half million.

A GOOD GUN.

A country farmer told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days' shooting, that he once had so excellent a gun that it went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. "How the deuce is that?" said his friend. "Why," replied the farmer, "because the thief carried it off; and, what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it."

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Ancestry.—The boast of those who have nothing else to boast of.
Idol.—What many worship in their own shapes, who would be shocked at doing it in any others.
Jealousy.—Tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.
Knowledge.—A mole-hill removed from the mountain of our ignorance.
Martyr.—That which all faiths have produced in about equal proportions; so much easier is it to die for religion than to live for it.
Tongue.—A little horse, which is continually running away.
Melancholy.—Ingratitude to heaven.
Nonsense.—Generally applied to any sense that differs from our own.
Originality.—Undetected imitation.
Quack.—A man who only wants a diploma to make him a regular physician.
Saw.—A sort of dumb alderman, which gets through a great deal by the activity of its teeth.
Umbrella.—An article which, by the morality of society, you may steal from friend or foe, and which, for the same reason, you should not lend to either.

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ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

THE SEPARATION.

BY MRS. EMBURY.

"To be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness on the brain."

A NUMBER of morning visitors were assembled in the drawing-room of the fashionable Mrs. Dormer, and all warmly engaged in the discussion of some topic of the day, when the door was thrown open to admit the beautiful Mrs. Monckton.

"The very person we wished to see," exclaimed several voices. Mrs. Monckton smiled.

"I am happy to find myself so important an individual," said she; "but what rendered my presence so desirable at this moment?"

"Do, my dear madam, tell us all about that dreadful affair between Mr. Derville and his wife," said Miss Newall. "We have heard twenty different stories: I am sure I do not believe the half of them, but then one likes to know the truth of these things."

"Poor Mrs. Derville," said a very young lady, "how much she is to be pitied; they say she was very fond of her husband—what a cruel, heartless wretch he must be."

"Poor Mrs. Derville, indeed," exclaimed her aunt, a tall, thin spinster, whose green silk robe and *chapeau fleuri*, seemed a practical pun upon the poet's "green old age." "Poor Mrs. Derville! you had better save your pity, child, till you know where to bestow it; when married people quarrel, every body knows the wife is always the most to blame."

"Oh, no, my dear friend," cried Mrs. Wormton, "not always; but in this case we all know you are right. Mr. Derville found a letter, and—"

"You are quite mistaken," interrupted another, "it was Mrs. Derville who found a letter in her husband's pocket."

"My good friends," said Mrs. Monckton, "be so good as to tell me what you are all talking about, and I shall then be able to judge of the merits of the case. Mrs. Derville has been my bosom friend since childhood, and I must confess that it is as surprising as it is painful to hear her name uttered in the tone of ill-nature or contemptuous pity."

There was a calm and self-possessed dignity in Mrs. Monckton which belongs only to those who are elevated in mind as well as in rank, and which gave her a decided superiority over the "setters-up" and "pullers-down" of the fashionable world. Mrs. Newall immediately undertook to relate the story. She stated, upon the authority of her maid, that there had been a dreadful quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Derville—that a letter had been found either from a gentleman to Mrs. Derville, or from Mr. Derville to a lady, she did not know which—that they had finally separated, and Mr. Derville had gone to England, intending to take up his abode there. These particulars were related with all the minuteness of ill-natured gossip, and the young lady finished with,

"Now do, my dear Mrs. Monckton, tell us all about it, for you know, if any one does."

Mrs. Monckton's beautiful lip was slightly curled, and there was a transient flush upon her usually pale cheek as she replied,

"I am truly sorry, ladies, to spoil so exquisite a story, and the more so as you seem to have wasted much time in discussing it, but I am compelled to assure you that you are all mistaken."

"Mistaken!" exclaimed several voices, "oh, impossible!"

"I am persuaded, my good friends," said Mrs. Monckton, "that it is difficult for you to disbelieve an evil report, but nevertheless I repeat that you are all in the wrong. Mr. Derville has been compelled to visit England on very pressing business, which will probably detain him in that country some years. I was present at their parting, and can assure you that there was nothing of anger mingled with their feelings."

"But, my dear madam, what induced him to set off in the middle of winter?"

"I have already told you that his business was of the most urgent nature."

"Yes, but the letter," said Miss Newall.

"The only letter I know anything about," said Mrs. Monckton, "was one which Mr. Derville left on his dressing-table, containing some directions respecting his affairs, which he feared might be forgotten in the agitation of parting."

"Why did Mrs. Derville not accompany her husband?" asked one.

"The inclemency of the season and the delicacy of her health are certainly sufficient to answer that question," replied the impatient Mrs. Monckton.

"Well, you really excel every one I ever knew for making the

best of a bad story," said one of the disappointed coterie. "Pray, where is Mrs. Derville now?"

"In my house," said Mrs. Monckton, rising, "where she will be very glad to see her friends, and relate every particular of the *dreadful quarrel* which has excited so much sympathy: good morning, ladies."

"The conversation which ensued after Mrs. Monckton had retired, we need not repeat; but the feelings of that lady as she entered her carriage, were certainly any thing but enviable. She had heard her dearest friend calumniated, and she was conscious that in vindicating her she had stooped her proud spirit to a subterfuge, for it was but too certain that the leading particulars in the story were true."

Mrs. Monckton and Mrs. Derville had been friends from childhood, but nothing could be more unlike than their characters. Louisa Denton possessed fine talents—her judgment was wonderfully correct—her feelings, though strong, were by no means romantic, and she was altogether a high-minded, sensible, and elegant woman. Her friend, Alicia, was one of those rational creatures whose thoughts are all feelings, and whose affections are all passions. Her beauty, talents, and accomplishments were of the highest order, but she had never exercised her powers of reasoning. She was the prey of feeling and imagination; and while Louisa saw matters as they really were, Alicia looked through the telescope of fancy, and was, of course, perpetually wrong as to the relative proportion of every thing. The current of their after-life was consequently as different as their characters. When the young and beautiful Louisa Denton gave her hand to George Monckton, a plain, old-fashioned merchant, at least twenty years her senior, every one was astonished, but perhaps no one so painfully surprised as her friend Alicia.

"I always thought you of a cold temperament, Louisa," said she, as they sat arranging some bridal finery, the day before the marriage, "but I never before believed you to be mercenary."

"When you know the world better, Alicia, you will learn to judge less by appearances," was Louisa's reply. "I am capable," continued she, "of a warm and steady friendship, of a strong and lasting esteem; with such feelings I am about to become the wife of a man of amiable character, whose age gives him that experience which I do not possess, and whose wealth secures to me that rank in which I have been born and bred. As for that intense and idolizing affection which forms your *beau-ideal* of wedded bliss, I confess I do not expect, nay, do not wish to feel it. I am some years your senior, Alicia, and have seen much more of human nature, I am sure, than you—and, believe me, when I tell you that though such love may in a few rare instances bring happiness, it more frequently makes shipwreck of the fairest hopes."

Five years after Mrs. Monckton's marriage she had the satisfaction of seeing her friend united to one who promised to be all that even Alicia's imagination pictured. Derville was young, handsome, wealthy, possessed of considerable talent, and exquisite taste. He painted beautifully; his skill in music rendered him the envy of all the would-be serenaders of his acquaintance, and he had, moreover, that surest arrow for the heart, a sweet and finely-modulated voice. Possessing such attractions, it is no wonder that Alicia early exalted him into a model of perfection. She soon learned to love him with an intense and passionate affection, which allowed her to see no faults in his character, and blinded her even to the ordinary weaknesses of humanity. Thus, while she deemed herself only fulfilling the duty of a wife, she was storing up for herself the unutterable misery which inevitably awaits the heart that bows itself down to gods of earth.

It is no less strange than true, that in general the most unhappy marriages are those which are called love-matches. The intimate communion of married life is so different from the closest intimacy which can possibly exist before marriage, that there are always a thousand things to be learned by both parties. There are tastes and habits and opinions which were never discovered before, because the circumstances necessary to develop them could not possibly occur; and the more trivial these peculiarities are, the more dangerous will they be found to domestic peace, for those who are willing to make great sacrifices are seldom found capable of trifling ones. The very pride which enables them to endure the former, urges them to be unyielding in the latter.

It was not long before Alicia discovered that her husband was occasionally irritable. A hasty word would sometimes escape him, which, though repented of in the next moment, could not be recalled, and remained like a barbed arrow ranking in the heart of the astonished wife. Ignorant of human nature, she did not know that the true task of affection is forbearance. Wounded tenderness, as well as pride, naturally prompted a reply which

could not fail to increase the irritable mood of the husband, and thus a trifling word, which, if allowed to pass without notice, would probably have been forgotten immediately, often gave rise to scenes of the deepest domestic misery. Affection even sharpened the weapons which they directed against each other, for had they loved less tenderly, they would certainly have felt less the bitter words which too often remained traced in letters of fire upon their hearts. All who have had any experience of domestic life will readily understand how slight may be the causes which dis sever hearts—too many have exclaimed in all the bitterness of wasted affection,

"Alas, how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love,
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied,
—A look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken,
Oh, Love! that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this has shaken."

In little more than a year after her marriage, Alicia saw herself on the brink of a separation from her husband. The circumstances which led to this were almost too trivial to be remembered. A slight difference of opinion—an angry word—a still more wounding rejoinder—and finally a half-uttered wish to be freed from domestic bondage on the part of the husband, and the ready answer dictated by the irritated pride and wounded tenderness of the wife—such were the causes which determined them to separate. That both repented of such a determination was very certain, but each was too proud to be the first to proffer a reconciliation; and hastily arranging his affairs, Derville took passage in a ship which was to sail for England in three days. What the unhappy wife suffered during those three days, can scarcely be conceived. Loving her husband with an intensity almost amounting to idolatry, yet thus about to be separated from him forever, she was upon the very verge of madness. Derville was either abroad or shut up in his study during the whole time that elapsed previous to his sailing, and though she often approached the door, her heart sunk within her as her hand touched the lock, and she dared not enter.

"No," said she to herself, as she retreated for the last time, "he will not leave me; he wishes to leave me, or he would not have seized the opportunity so readily; he loves me no more; he will be happier when he is no longer haunted by the presence of his miserable wife, and I will not solicit from his pity the sacrifice of his happiness."

Derville argued precisely in the same manner.

"She evidently loves me not," thought he, "or she would seek a reconciliation; she thinks she will be happier when separated from me; and, whatever may be my sufferings, she at least shall never be compelled to share them."

Thus, by a want of that confidence, so essential in married life, did these two unhappy beings consummate their own misery.

It was not until the very day on which Derville was to sail, that Mrs. Monckton was made acquainted with their situation. She had been absent from the city for some weeks, and, hastening, upon her return, to visit her beloved Alicia, found her thus plunged in the deepest misery. In vain that kind friend exerted herself to bring about an understanding between them. Matters had now proceeded too far; Derville would not even see his wife prior to his departure, lest he should involuntarily betray some weakness, and placing in the hands of Mrs. Monckton a paper, containing some directions relative to his private concerns, he left the house. As he half unconsciously turned his eye towards the window of his wife's apartment, he caught a glimpse of her face, as, bending forward, she was straining her tearful gaze upon his receding form; and the expression of agony which marked it almost compelled him to return, but she vanished from his view the instant her eyes met his, and subduing the bitter anguish of his own spirit, he went on.

As soon as Mrs. Monckton arrived home after the morning visit, which we have recorded in the commencement of our story, she repaired to the apartment of Mrs. Derville. Vexation at the ill-natured gossip which she had just heard, had induced her to form a project, which her better judgment would certainly have condemned. This was to give a large party, at which Alicia should be present, and thus silence the calumnies of the fashionable world. Without informing Alicia of the circumstances which led to this apparently unreasonable plan, she exerted all the influence which her strong mind possessed over the timid spirit of her friend, to obtain her acquiescence. But on this point Alicia was immovable; and it was only by convincing her that nothing else could hush the evil surmises of the world respecting her husband's sudden departure, that she was at last prevailed on to consent. The party took place about three weeks after Derville's departure. It was, as usual, a brilliant assemblage of beauty and fashion. There was the same dull round of danc-

ing, singing, and eating, which makes a fashionable party so like that worst of all punishments—the treadmill; and amid the pale and jaded votaries of fashion, it was, perhaps, not very difficult for Alicia to seem the gay and cheerful creature she was wont to be. The very effort which she was compelled to make, lent a feverish glow to her cheek, and a burning light to her eye, which the superficial observer is ever ready to believe the manifestations of happiness; as if happiness, the calmest, most tranquil of all emotions, could betray itself in the restless glance and feverish cheek which belong only to unquiet excitement. But Mrs. Monckton's end was gained. The scandal-mongers of the fashionable world were silenced, though at the expense of years of suffering to the unhappy Alicia.

Mrs. Derville shortly after removed to lodgings in a small village near the city, and there, in an humble cottage, she spent her days in all the dull monotony of hopeless grief, unbroken except by the visits of her friend. During six months she endured the severest sufferings, both of mind and body, with a degree of patience that seemed almost like indifference when her trance of sorrow was broken by that most exquisite of all sensations—the newly-awakened feelings of a mother. A daughter,

"The child of love, though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsion,"

fast aroused her from the state of hopeless apathy into which she had fallen, and as soon as her strength would permit, she poured forth the fulness of her heart in a letter to her husband, fraught with all the fervor of affection and penitence. Sure that he could not resist such an appeal, she awaited with restless anxiety the time which would restore her, forgiving and forgiven, to that idolized husband, and she anticipated with delight the moment when she should present to him the new claimant upon his tenderness.

Derville, in the mean time, without daring to ask information of her from any of his friends, had eagerly waited for any accidental tidings which might reach him, and one of the first letters which he received after his arrival in England, was from a young and hair-brained friend, containing an animated description of Mrs. Monckton's *fiute*, and painting in glowing colors the brilliancy and beauty of "the star of the evening, Mrs. Derville." This, though intended to flatter Derville, who was known to be very proud of his beautiful wife, almost drove him to madness. The agonized expression of Alicia's countenance when he last beheld it had never left his memory. He had pictured her in the loneliness of her solitary chamber, brooding over the recollections of past happiness, and yearning with a vain longing to look upon the face of him whom she had so loved; often, in the contemplation of such a portrait, had his heart been softened to almost child-like weakness; often had he felt that if she were only near him, he could have thrown himself at her feet, and prayed to be forgiven. But thus to behold her the life and ornament of a ball-room—his very soul sickened with disgust at the heartlessness of the woman who had once been the cherished wife of his bosom, and he sought for solace, or at least forgetfulness of his disappointment amid the gaiety and dissipation of London. To complete the chain of adverse circumstances, her letter was accidentally lost by the person to whose care she had entrusted it, and while Alicia was awaiting with almost heart-breaking anxiety the answer to her earnest appeal, he was cherishing feelings of the most intense bitterness against her who had not even condescended to inform him of so important an event as the birth of his child. A friend in America first acquainted him that he was a father.

Nearly three years had elapsed since Derville's residence in London, when one morning, among some letters just received from the post-office, he perceived one bearing all those uncouth marks and hieroglyphics so indicative of foreign letters. Upon opening it, to his great amazement he found it to be from Alicia, and recurring to the date, he discovered it to have been written more than two years before. It was, in fact, the identical letter in which Alicia had announced to him the birth of her child. A countryman on his way to town had picked up the letter which Alicia's messenger had dropped; seeing it directed to London, and thinking one ship as good as another, he had put it on board one bound for Smyrna, and thus after making almost the circuit of the world, it had finally reached its destination. Bitterly was Alicia avenged for all her sufferings. Every word, so filled with all the heart's eloquence, was like a dagger to the bosom of the unhappy husband. Remorse haunted him like a demon, and he was scarcely conscious of external objects until he found himself once more upon the waters.

It was late on a summer afternoon when Derville stopped at Mrs. Monckton's door to inquire the residence of Alicia. Heedless of the surprise which his sudden appearance excited, he mounted his horse, and was soon in sight of the humble habitation. Fearing to alarm her, he alighted and approached the house on foot. As he passed a window almost concealed by the clustering jasmine and sweet-briar, he heard a well known voice repeating portions of the Lord's prayer, while the lisping tones of an infant were heard at intervals as if attempting to utter the same sounds. Cautiously approaching the window he beheld the attenuated but still graceful form of Alicia bending over the bright-faced little creature who knelt before her in the attitude of prayer. He listened—the voice ceased for a moment, and then the mother, in tremulous tones dictated a petition for the dear father who was far away. Her voice faltered, and as the clear ringing tones of childhood were heard repeating the simple and fervent prayer, she burst into a flood of tears. The next moment her tears were falling upon the bosom of her husband.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE WORKS OF THE REVEREND ROBERT HALL.

Of this author Dugald Stewart expressed his opinion in the following strong terms:—"He combines the beauties of Johnson, Addison, and Burke, without their imperfections," and he adds, "whoever wishes to see the English language in its perfection must read his writings."

Dr. Parr has also borne testimony in his favor. "Mr. Hall," he says, "like Bishop Taylor, has the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint."

The Harpers have very properly republished the writings of one eliciting such eulogies from such sources; and, from the intrinsic value of the collection, the talents of the gentleman under whose superintendence it was originally published in Great Britain, (Olinthus Gregory,) the celebrity of the writer of the memoir and sketch of his literary character annexed, (the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh,) and of the Rev. John Foster, by whom also we have a sketch of his character as a theologian and a preacher, with the additional interest conferred by the recent decease of the subject, we can assure the enterprising publishers that it will have an extensive and rapid sale.

They have yet only furnished the first volume, containing sermons, charges, &c. Volume second will soon follow, made up of tracts, political and miscellaneous; reviews and miscellaneous pieces. The third volume will comprise sermons from the author's own manuscripts, with a selection from his letters, &c. with the memoirs of his life. We are promised, in addition, an accurate and beautifully executed portrait.

MR. DAVIES'S TREATISE ON LINEAR PERSPECTIVE.

Whether the mind of the youthful student may find richer nutriment in Newton and Euclid than in Virgil and Homer, we cannot at present discuss; but it is certain that mathematical studies have been too little cultivated among us. We hail with pleasure, therefore, the appearance of a work from the Military Academy, West Point, on *Shades and Shadows and Linear Perspective*, by Charles Davies, professor of mathematics in that establishment. The subjects treated of in this essay will render it a welcome addition to the library of the architect and draftsman, as well as an admirable volume to place in the hands of the more advanced pupils in our various institutions of learning. It is rendered valuable by numerous neatly executed diagrams. The author, in a well-written preface, expresses his acknowledgments to the cadets for the interest they have taken in the work, and adds, "but for their liberality it could not have appeared." It is exceedingly creditable to Mr. Davies that so excellent a treatise should be the result of his leisure, and to the academy that it should derive its support from their patronage. As the only military school in America, and probably the best of any description, the public look to works emanating from it with more than ordinary interest and confidence, which the one now under consideration is not likely to disappoint.

The brothers Harper, by whom it is printed and published, have presented it in a form of unusual typographical beauty.

ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA.

This admirable and almost universal dictionary continues in its successful course. People are beginning to look upon it generally as one of the most valuable and important works ever undertaken by American publishers, and one reflecting the highest credit on the judgment and enterprise of Carey and Lea. It is full of interest and instruction, a delightful work to read, and will be soon considered indispensable as a book of reference, and equally necessary to the old and the young. All boarding-schools should possess themselves of it, and place it in the hands of the students, as a kind of reading calculated at once to please and improve them. The innumerable notices of this publication unite in calling it an honor to the country. The ninth volume has appeared.

LEMPRIERE'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY

Has been republished by W. E. Dean, of this city. The volume forms the seventh American edition, revised and corrected, and now for the first time divided, under separate heads, into three parts. Part first, Geography, Topography, &c.—Part second, History, Antiquity, &c.—Part third, Mythology. It is under the able direction of Lorenzo L. Da Ponte and John D. Ogilby. The design of the work is to present the results of Mr. Lempriere's industry, purified from those errors and blemishes which have been admitted into all previous editions.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

We have read the seventy-fifth number (for April) of this excellent work with great pleasure. The contents are—1. Spanish Devotional and Moral Poetry; 2. Authorship of Junius; 3. Audubon's Biography of Birds; 4. Life of Sebastian Cabot; 5. Indian Biography; 6. Sparks' Life of Gouverneur Morris; 7. Barber on Elocution; 8. Bryant's Poems; 9. North-Eastern Boundary. The review of Mr. Bryant's Poems, among many passages of high praise, contains the following:

"Others before him have sung the beauties of creation, and the greatness of God; but no one ever observed external things more closely, or transferred his impressions to paper in more vivid colors. A violet becomes, in his hands, a gem fit to be placed in an imperial diadem; a mountain leads his eyes to the canopy above. The woods, the hill, the flowers—whatever, in short, is his object, is brought before our eyes with a fidelity of delineation,

and a brightness of coloring, which the actual pencil cannot rival. The picture is always finished to the minutest particular."

"If there be any thing within the whole compass of literature more delicate, more pure, more exquisitely sweet than this, (the *Evening Wind*,) it has not yet fallen under our observation; and this is not a solitary emanation of the spirit that produced it. The book abounds with verses of the same character."

"Mr. Bryant has taken the only proper way to answer the sneers of foreigners. Such works as his say more in favor of our country than all the appeals that were ever uttered by wounded national pride."

"The reader, on whom the solemnity and majesty of this hymn, (To the North Star,) make no impression, has no poetry in his soul."

"Bryant is an exception to the general rule. He has set up a high standard, and has reached it."

His poetry "will charm those for whom it was written—men of sound judgment and cultivated taste."

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON BOTANY.

Several months ago a work, from the pen of Mrs. Lincoln, under the above title, was published, and very deservedly praised by the critics. It ran through two editions, the last of which, consisting of three thousand copies, was sold almost immediately. We learn that a new and much improved edition will be published during the present month.

Another instructive work, from the same hand, is on the eve of publication by Richardson, Lord, and Holbrook, Boston. It will consist of a series of lectures, recently delivered to the pupils of the Troy Female Seminary, embracing a consideration of mental discipline, the various literary branches of female education, manners and accomplishments; the cultivation of moral and religious feelings, and a view of the peculiar trials, obligations, and duties of women. It is very certain that a treatise of this kind will promote the cause of female improvement, and we wish it every success. In noticing the undertaking, a correspondent, writing on the subject, remarks:

"I know of no work on a similar plan. Mrs. Chapone, Dr. Gregory, Hannah More, and many others, who have written for the sex, suppose no higher standard of female information than a superficial acquaintance with geography, history, grammar, and arithmetic. They never dreamed of young ladies entering with ardor into such studies as geometry, algebra, and mixed mathematics; of their reading the classics with fluency, comprehending the truths of natural science, and making chemical experiments. They had no conception that the moral essays of poetry, the criticism of Kaimes, Allison, and Burke; and the metaphysics of Locke and Reid, were to be grasped by female intellects; nay, commented on and criticized by pupils at a female seminary. But yet it is done, and that too without the least sacrifice of female softness and modesty. The feet may move as lightly in the dance, the hands may be equally skilful to touch the strings of the harp or keys of the piano, to guide the pencil or ply the needle, albeit the head shall have become inured to profound thinking; and if the intellectual powers assume a more elevated character, the emotions are not less deep and tender."

THE FINE ARTS.

PAINTING.

DUNLAP'S PICTURE OF CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS.

We present another extract from the manuscript lectures delivered by Mr. Dunlap, at the exhibition of his paintings in Clinton-hall:

"We have said that the historical painter is confined to such circumstances in the composition of his picture as are actually related by the historian, or may be supposed to be probable, and consistent with the facts recorded, or to flow naturally from them.

"The principal feature in this picture is of the last kind. It is nowhere said by the historian that Jesus sunk under the cross; yet the circumstance is not only probable, but seems necessarily to have taken place, as it accounts for what otherwise appears a discrepancy at first sight in the records given of the events of this period by the evangelists.

St. Matthew says—"After they had mocked him, they took the robe off him, and led him away to crucify him; and as they came out," that is, as I read it, as they were going out of the city, perhaps approaching the gate leading to Calvary, the place of execution, "they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name, and him they compelled to bear his cross." Mark says the same, adding that "Simon was passing by, coming out of the country." Probably he had just entered the gate, and meeting the multitude, who were proceeding to Calvary, is astonished to find himself seized upon by the military order of the centurion. St. Luke gives the same account of the transaction, adding, "and there followed him a great multitude of people and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him." But St. John, who was present through the whole of this awful and eventful history, says, "And they took Jesus and led him away. And he bearing his cross, went forth unto a place called the place of the skulls." Thus, at first sight, it would appear from John that he bore his cross to the place of execution; but John, knowing that the other historians had recorded the seizing of Simon, omits it. They all agree that he was led forth bearing his cross, inasmuch as no other is mentioned for that office until they found "a man of Cyrene," who was entering the city, "coming out of the country," and the

inference is, that "they compelled him to bear the cross, because Jesus sunk under it." We must remember that previously he had undergone the agony in the garden, the sleepless night, the buffeting and mocking and scourging; and that although the mental power was superior to all this, the physical must sink under it; and it appears that there was a predetermination that no miraculous power should be exerted.

The celebrated Jeremy Taylor says, "In some old figures we see our blessed Lord described at the time of bearing the cross, with a table appended to the fringe of his garment, set full of nails and pointed iron, for so sometimes they afflicted persons condemned to that kind of death." And St. Cyprian affirms, "That Christ did stick to the wood that he carried, being galled with the iron at his heels, and nailed even before his crucifixion." And Taylor supposes that the load was taken from him not in mercy, but to prolong life for the last torture; as in modern times wretches are cured of sickness to be delivered to a violent death, when adjudged to such by the law. The painter has assigned another motive, more consonant to humanity—a wish in the centurion to mitigate the sufferings of one so meek, resigned, and unoffending.

Taylor, however, *supposes* the incident here represented to have occurred; and Dr. Adam Clark expressly says, "It is likely he bore the cross part of the way, but being exhausted with the scourging and other cruel usage he had received, he was found unable to bear it *alone*;" he therefore concludes that Simon was seized to assist him.

It was the practice among the Romans to make criminals bear their cross to the place of execution; hence, as an illustration of the misery inflicted by vice, a Latin author says—"Every kind of wickedness produces its own particular torment, just as every malefactor, when he is brought forth to execution, carries his own cross."

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE, ETC.

PARK.—After an absence of several months Mr. Forrest returned to these boards on Monday evening, welcomed, as usual, by a crowded house and hearty acclamations. The piece selected for this occasion was Dr. Bird's popular tragedy of the Gladiators; a play which (as we felt assured it would on the perusal of the manuscript) has been received with decided marks of favor in nearly all the principal theatres of the Union. The character of Spartacus by Mr. Forrest, is a bold, striking, and masterly delineation, frequently exhibiting specimens of composition and acting of the first quality. We look with interest for the succeeding productions of Dr. Bird. His first effort has given him a wide reputation as a writer. Even in the closet it is found to possess sterling intrinsic merit, a praise not justly to be awarded to many modern compositions of the same nature. In the hands to which it has been fortunately committed on the stage, that merit is enhanced to a degree that fully sanctions the universal approbation with which it has been received.

In the new spectacle, called Traits of Napoleon, Placide discovers a curious resemblance to his great original. The dance, arranged by Mrs. Barrymore, is neat and pretty. The piece is quite well got up, and worth seeing once.

AMERICAN.—Mr. Blanchard is attracting much attention. Mr. Hamblin will, we hope, find him a profitable as he is certainly an admirable addition to his corps.

Miss Vincent, from Philadelphia, appeared on Monday evening, as Clari and Kate O'Brien. She is lavishly praised by all who witnessed her representations, and is certainly very promising.

RICHMOND-HILL.—This neat little summer establishment has been enriched by the acquisition of Miss Mary Duff, daughter of the celebrated actress who has for a long period delighted the American public. We were not present at her debut.

The following anonymous letter to Garrick may amuse the reader and furnish performers of the present day with a hint:

"I went the other night to see you perform the part of Hamlet, and do indeed think that you got a great deal of deserved applause. I doubt whether the famous Betterton did the part half so well the first time he attempted it. The character of Hamlet is no small test of a man's genius, where the action is inconsiderable, and the sentiment so prevailing and remarkable through the whole. I own that upon your first encounter with the ghost, I observed with some astonishment that it was a considerable time before you spoke. I beg of you, sir, to consider that these words,

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us,"

follow upon the first surprise, and are the immediate effects of it. I grant you that a little pause after that is highly proper, but to repeat them at the same time and in the same tone of voice with the speech,

"Be thou a spirit of health," &c.

is very improper, because they are by no means a part of that speech. You certainly kept the audience in a strange suspense, many of whom, I suppose, were afraid, as well as I, that you wanted the assistance of the prompter. There is one thing that I must mention, which I think has but a very ridiculous appearance, although it has been practised by every one that I have seen in that character; and it is this: when the ghost beckons Hamlet to follow him, he, enraged at Horatio for detaining him, draws his sword, and in that manner follows the ghost; presently he returns, Hamlet still following him, sword in hand, till the ghost says,

"I am thy father's spirit"

at which words Hamlet, with a very respectful bow, sheathes his

sword; which is as much as to say, that if he had not been a ghost upon whom he could depend, he dare not have ventured to put up his sword. The absurdity of this custom is plain from the nature of spirits, and from what Marcellus a little before says, that 'it is as the air invulnerable.' I think it would be much better if Hamlet should at these words,

"By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!"

only put his hand to his sword, and make an attempt to draw it. "I do not understand your leaving aside that beautiful part, his directions to the players: and unless it was an unskilful person that was conscious to himself that he could not keep up to the nicety of his own rules, I know no reason for it; but that I am sure you need not fear."

MUSIC.

LESSONS FOR THE SPANISH GUITAR.

Mr. S. Keene, teacher of the Spanish guitar, which is becoming quite popular in our fashionable circles, has completed a new series of lessons for that delightful instrument, consisting of the different positions. It is calculated for those already acquainted with the first principles of the art, and may be had of Mr. E. Riley.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A FRAGMENT OF LINEN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Would they swept cleaner! Here's a littering shred
Of linen left behind—a vile reproach
To all neat housewifery. Right glad am I
No nice old lady, trained in those good days
Of pudding-making, and of sampler-work,
And speckless sanctity of household care
Had happened in to spy thee. She, no doubt,
Keen looking, through her spectacles, would say,
"This comes of reading books:" or some spruce beau,
Essenced and lily-handed, had he chanced
To scan thy slight superficialities, 'twould be,
"This comes of writing poetry." Well, well!
Come forth, offender—hast thou ought to say?
Canst thou by merry thought, or quaint conceit
Repay the risk that I have run for thee?
Begin at Alpha, and resolve thyself
Into thine elements—the verdant stalk
And bright blue flower of flax, which erst outspread
That goodly land, where mighty Moses stretch'd
His rod miraculous. I see thy bloom
Soft stealing o'er our blest New-England vales—
But lo! the sturdy farmer with his flail
Breaketh thy bones un pitying—and his wife,
With kerchief'd head and eyes brimful of dust,
Thy slender nerves with hatchet-tooth divides.
—I hear of music, and behold!
The ruddy damsel singeth at her wheel,
While by her side the rustic lover sits,
And as he listeneth, secretly doth count
The bunch of skeins, which hanging on the wall
Increaseth, day by day. Perchance his thought,
(For men have deeper minds than women, sure!)
Is calculating what a thrifty wife
That fair-cheek'd girl will make, and how his shelves
Will bow beneath a weight of golden cheese
Made by her ample hand, while many a keg
And pot of butter to the market borne
Shall, transmigrated, flourish on his back,
A new thanksgiving coat!

Fain would I ask
Mine own New-England, for thine ancient wheel,
By sofa and piano quite displaced.
Why hast thou banish'd from thy parlor-hearths
That deep hygeian harp, whose magic ruled
Dyspepsia, as the minstrel-shepherd's skill
Exorcis'd Saul's ennui?

There was no need
In those old times of trim calisthenics,
And there was less of gadding, and far more
Of home-born, heart-felt comfort, rooted strong,
In industry, and bearing precious fruit
Which wealth could never purchase.

But come back,
Thou shred of linen! I did let thee drop
In my harangue, as wiser ones have lost
The thread of their discourse. What was thy lot
When the rough battery of the loom had stretch'd
And knit thy sinews, and the chemist sun
Thy brown complexion bleach'd? Methinks I trace
Some idiosyncrasy that marks thee out
A defunct pillow-case. Perchance the guest
To the best chamber usher'd, did admire
The snowy whiteness of thy freshen'd youth,
Stirring thy vanity, or some sweet babe
Pour its pure dream of innocence on thee.
Say, hast thou listen'd to the moan of pain
When there were none to comfort, or shrank back
From the dire tossings of the proud man's brow,
Or gathered from young beauty's restless sigh
An untold tale of love?

But why so mute!
Wilt tell no secrets—ha? Well, then go down
With all thy close lock'd hoard of curious lore;
In mystery and majesty go down
Into the paper-mill, and from its jaws
Stainless and smooth emerge. Happy shall be
Such renovation, if on thy fair page
Wisdom and truth their hallowed lineaments
Stamp for posterity. So shall thine end
Be better than thy birth, and worthier bard
Thine apotheosis immortalize.

THE DYING WIFE.

Oh! tell me not of other days,
To-morrow hopes more bright,
My sun hath sunk, life's evening rays
For me are veiled in night;
So near to death's mysterious world I stand,
I feel the chillness of that shadowy land.

When roseate garlands round me lie,
Withering upon the earth,
In music's spell, in memory's sigh,
Or hall of festal mirth,
Its "still small voice" the warning spirit sends,
Farewell is in its murmur; farewell, friends!

Gentle and low the pensive sound,
Dream-like as windharp's moan,
'Tis blending with the air around,
And with love's fondest tone;
But when thy tender earnest eyes I see,
A weight is on my heart, how can I part with thee!

Far worse than death, my loved, my own!
In this sad hour intensely dear,
To leave thee, and to wing alone
My spirit-flight above this sphere;
Whose love unto my life a charm hath given,
A voiceless eloquence that breathed of heaven.

Dear is thy tenderness to me
In solitude and pain,
Star of my fond idolatry!
Clasp of life's golden chain!
Fold me, beloved, to thy faithful breast,
There let me softly sweetly sink to rest.

Fain would I linger yet with thee,
A seared leaf on the bough;
But vain the wish—e'en thou canst see
The death-dew on my brow;
Nature fast fades before my languid eye,
And angel visions beckon to the sky.

Then fare thee well! o'er life's dark wave
My fragile bark hath past;
Unheeded now the billows rave,
The harbor's gained at last:
Oh! blest affection guide thee to that shore,
Where the soul's cherished meet to part no more. G.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CHILD.

BY JAMES NACK.

I loved thee—scarce a father's heart
Could prize thee more than mine;
For I believed it was thy part
To make me blessed with thine;
For out of many a lovely child
I've welcomed to my breast,
I thought, and in that thought I smiled,
Thou wouldst repay me best!

But I have lost thee—and I share
The grief thy parents know—
Yet shall I not to murmur dare,
For God hath struck the blow!
Though I could wish, my dearest one,
That I were not denied
Again to gaze thy face upon,
Which soon the grave must hide!

But fetter'd to a bed of pain,
I may not seek thy bier;
And never shall I see again
That face so fair and dear!
Nay—let me hope thy sinless brow
Again shall bless mine eye,
Thy countenance, an angel's now,
I yet may see on high!

Thy soul shall live eternally,
Though death thy form destroy—
And if our tears must flow for thee,
They should be tears of joy!
It should affection's sorrow calm
To know that thou art blest,
For thou art gone, my little lamb,
To the good Shepherd's breast!

My sweetest one, thou didst appear
Unto mine eyes of love,
A little cherub even here—
But what art thou above?
With heaven's own infant cherubim,
'Tis thine to hover nigh
The throne of God, and worship Him
In songs that never die.

And while thy golden harp is strung
To Him who saved thy soul,
How sweetly from thy infant tongue
The heavenly anthems roll!
Oh! what of all that earth contains
Could buy thee from the bliss
In which thy ransomed spirit reigns,
To such a world as this!

Oh! may thy parents, though they mourn,
Repine not at the rod,
Assured their darling child is borne
To her best parent—God!
And oh, may those they yet possess,
To comfort them combine,
By filial love and tenderness,
And innocence like thine!

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

Foyetier—the Thracian Gladiator—Mademoiselle Mars—Dr. Franklin's residence in Paris—Annual ball for the poor.

I HAD the pleasure to-day of being introduced to the young sculptor FOYETIER, the author of the new statue on the terrace of the Tuileries. Aside from his genius, he is interesting from a circumstance connected with his early history. He was a herd-driver in one of the provinces, and amused himself in his leisure moments with the carving of rude images, which he sold for a sous or two on market-days in the provincial town. The celebrated Dr. Gall fell in with him accidentally, and felt of his head, *en passant*. The bump was there which contains his present greatness, and the phrenologist took upon himself the risk of his education in the arts. He is now the first sculptor, beyond all competition, in France. His "*Spartacus*," the Thracian gladiator, is the admiration of Paris. It stands in front of the palace, in the most conspicuous part of the regal gardens, and there are hundreds of people about the pedestal at all hours of the day. The gladiator has broken his chain, and stands with his weapon in his hand, every muscle and feature breathing action, his body thrown back, and his right foot planted powerfully for a spring. It is a gallant thing. One's blood stirs to look at it. I think that Forrest (however well he may be playing now in the new tragedy, of which I see so much in the papers) would get from it even a more intense conception of the gladiator. If I had written such a play, I would make the voyage of the Atlantic to see the character thus bodied out.

Foyetier is a young man, I should think about thirty. He is small, very plain in appearance; but he has a rapid, earnest eye, and a mouth of singular suavity of expression. I liked him extremely. His celebrity seems not to have trenched a step on the nature of his character. His genius is every where allowed, and he works for the king altogether, his majesty bespeaking every thing he attempts, even in the model; but he is certainly, of all geniuses, one of the most modest.

The celebrated MARS has come out from her retirement once more, and commenced an engagement at the *Theatre Franois*. I went a short time since to see her play in *Tartuffe*. This stage is the home of the true French drama. Here Talma played when he and Mademoiselle Mars were the delight of Napoleon and of France. I have had few gratifications greater than that of seeing this splendid woman re-appear in the place where she won her brilliant reputation. The play, too, was *Moliere's*, and it was here that it was first performed. Altogether, it was like something plucked back from history; a renewal, as in a magic mirror, of glories gone by.

I could scarce believe my eyes when she appeared as the "wife of Argon." She looked about twenty-five. Her step was light and graceful; her voice was as unlike that of a woman of sixty as could well be imagined; sweet, clear, and under a control which gives her a power of expression I never had conceived before; her mouth had the definite, firm play of youth; her teeth (though the dentist might do that) were white and perfect; and her eyes can have lost none of their fire, I am sure. I never saw so *quiet* a player. Her gestures were just perceptible, no more; and yet they were done so exquisitely at the right moment—so unconsciously, as if she had not meant them, that they were more forcible than even the language itself. She repeatedly drew a low murmur of delight from the whole house with a single play of expression across her face, while the other characters were speaking, or by a slight movement of her fingers, in pantomimic astonishment or vexation. It was really something new to me. I had never before seen a first-rate female player in *comedy*. Leontine Fay is inimitable in tragedy; but, if there is any comparison between them, it is that this beautiful young creature overpowers the *heart* with her nature, while Mademoiselle Mars satisfies the uttermost demand of the *judgment* with her art.

I yesterday visited the house occupied by FRANKLIN while he was in France. It is one of the most beautiful country residences in the neighborhood of Paris, standing on the elevated ground of Passy, and overlooking the whole city on one side, and the valley of the Seine for a long distance toward Versailles on the other. The house is otherwise celebrated. Madame de Genlis lived there while the present king was her pupil; and Louis the Fifteenth occupied it six months for the country air, while under the infliction of the gout—its neighborhood to the palace probably rendering it preferable to the more distant *chateaux* of St. Cloud or Versailles. Its occupants would seem to have been various enough, without the addition of a lieutenant-general of the British army, whose hospitality makes it delightful at present. The lightning-rod which was raised by Franklin, and which was the first conductor used in France, is still standing. The gardens are large, and form a sort of terrace, with the house on the front edge. It must be one of the sweetest places in the world in summer.

The great annual ball for the poor was given at the *Academie Royale*, a few nights since. This is attended by the king and royal family, and is ordinarily the most splendid affair of the season. It is managed by twenty or thirty lady-patronesses, who have the control of the tickets; and, though by no means exclusive, it is kept within very respectable limits; and, if one is con-

tent to float with the tide, and forego dancing, is an unusually comfortable and well-behaved spectacle.

I went with a large party at the early hour of eight. We fell into the train of carriages, advancing slowly between files of dragons, and stood before the door in our turn in the course of an hour. The staircases were complete orangeries, with immense mirrors at every turn, and soldiers on guard, and servants in livery, from top to bottom. The long saloon, lighted by ten chandeliers, was dressed and hung with wreaths as a receiving room; and passing on through the spacious lobbies, which were changed into groves of pines and exotics, we entered upon the grand scene. The *coup d'œil* would have astonished Aladdin. The theatre, which is the largest in Paris, and gorgeously built and ornamented, was thrown into one vast ball-room, ascending gradually from the centre to platforms raised at either end, one of which was occupied by the throne and seats for the king's family and suite. The four rows of boxes were crowded with ladies, and the house presented, from the floor to the *paradis*, one glittering and waving wall of dress, jewelry, and feathers. An orchestra of near a hundred musicians occupied the centre of the hall; and on either side of them swept by the long countless multitudes of people, drest with a union of taste and show; while, instead of the black coats which darken the complexion of a party in a republican country, every other gentleman was in a gay uniform; and polytechnic scholars, with their scarlet-faced coats, officers of the "National Guard" and the "line," gentlemen of the king's household, and foreign ministers, and *attachés*, presented a variety of color and splendor which nothing could exceed.

The theatre itself was not altered, except by the platform occupied by the king; it is sufficiently splendid as it stands; but the stage, whose area is much larger than that of the pit, was hung in rich drapery as a vast tent, and garnished to profusion with flags and arms. Along the sides, on a level with the lower row of boxes, extended galleries of crimson velvet, festooned with flowers. These were filled with ladies, and completed a circle about the house of beauty and magnificence, of which the king and his dazzling suite formed the *corona*. Chandeliers were hung close together from one end of the hall to the other. I commenced counting them once or twice, but some bright face flitting by in the dance interrupted me. An English girl near me counted fifty-five, and I think there must have been more. The blaze of light was almost painful. The air glittered, and the fine grain of the most delicate complexions was distinctly visible. It is impossible to describe the effect of so much light and space and music crowded into one spectacle. The vastness of the hall, so long that the best sight could not distinguish a figure at the opposite extremity, and so high as to absorb and mellow the vibration of a hundred instruments—the gorgeous sweep of splendor from one platform to the other, absolutely drowning the eye in a sea of gay colors, nodding feathers, jewelry, and military equipment—the delicious music, the strange faces, dresses, and tongues, (one half of the multitude at least being foreigners,) the presence of the king, and the gallant show of uniforms in his conspicuous *suite*, combined to make up a scene more than sufficiently astonishing. I felt the whole night the smothering consciousness of senses too narrow—eyes, ears, language—all too limited for the demand made upon them.

The king did not arrive till after ten. He entered by a silken curtain in the rear of the platform, on which seats were placed for his family. The "*Vive le Roi*" was not so hearty as to drown the music, but his majesty bowed some twenty times very graciously, and the good-hearted queen curtsied, and kept a smile on her excessively plain face, till I felt the muscles of my own ache for her. King Philip looks anxious. By the remarks of the French people about me when he entered, he has reason for it. I observed that the polytechnic scholars all turned their backs upon him; and one exceedingly handsome, spirited-looking boy, standing just at my side, muttered a "*sacré!*" and bit his lip, with a very revolutionary air, at the continuance of the acclamation. His majesty came down, and walked through the hall about midnight. His eldest son, the duke of Orleans, a handsome, unoffending-looking youth of eighteen, followed him, gazing round upon the crowd with his mouth open, and looking very much annoyed at his part of the pageant. The young duke has a good figure, and is certainly a very beautiful dancer. His mouth is loose and weak, and his eyes are as opaque as agates. He wore the uniform of the *Garde Nationale*, which does not become him. In ordinary gentleman's dress he is a very authentic copy of a Bond-street dandy, and looks as little like a Frenchman as most of Stultz's subjects. He danced all the evening, and selected, very popularly, decidedly the most vulgar women in the room, looking all the while as one who had been petted by the finest women in France, (Leontine Fay among the number,) might be supposed to look under such an infliction. The king's second son, the duke of Nemours, pursued the same policy. He has a brighter face than his brother, with hair almost white, and dances extremely well. The second daughter is also much prettier than the eldest. On the whole, the king's family is a very plain, though a very amiable one, and the people seem attached to them.

These general descriptions are, after all, very vague. Here I have written half a sheet with a picture in my mind of which you are getting no semblable idea. Language is a mere skeleton of such things. The *Academie Royale* should be borne over the water like the chapel of Loretto, and set down in Broadway with all its lights, music, and people to give you half a notion of the "*Bal en faveur des Pauvres*." And so it is with every thing except the little histories of one's own personal atmosphere, and that

is the reason why egotism should be held virtuous in a traveler, and the reason why one cannot study Europe at home.

After getting our American party places, I abandoned myself to the strongest current, and went in search of "lions." The first face that arrested my eye was that of the DUCHESS D'ISTRIA, a woman celebrated here for her extraordinary personal beauty.

Directly opposite this lovely duchess, in the other stage-box sat DONNA MARIA, the young Queen of Portugal, surrounded by her relatives. The ex-empress, her mother, was on her right, her grandmother on her left, and behind her some half-dozen of her Portuguese cousins. She is a little girl of twelve or fourteen, with a fat, heavy face, and a remarkably pampered, sleepy look. She was dressed like an old woman, and gaped incessantly the whole evening. The box was a perfect blaze of diamonds. I never before realized the beauty of these splendid stones. The necks, heads, arms, and waists of the ladies royal were all streaming with light. The necklace of the empress mother particularly flashed on the eye in every part of the house. By the unceasing exclamations of the women, it was an unusually brilliant show, even here. The little Donna has a fine, well rounded chin; and when she smiled in return to the king's bow, I thought I could see more than a child's character in the expression of her mouth. I should think a year or two of mental uneasiness might let out a look of intelligence through her heavy features. She is likely to have it, I think, with the doubtful fortunes that seem to beset her.

I met DON PEDRO often in society before his departure upon his expedition. He is a short, well-made man, of great personal accomplishment, and a very bad expression, rather aggravated by an unfortunate cutaneous eruption. The first time I saw him, I was induced to ask who he was, from the apparent coldness and dislike with which he was treated by a lady whose beauty had strongly arrested my attention. He sat by her on a sofa in a very crowded party, and seemed to be saying something very earnestly, which made the lady's Spanish eyes flash fire, and brought a curl of very positive anger upon a pair of the loveliest lips imaginable. She was a slender, aristocratic-looking creature, and dressed most magnificently. After glancing at them a minute or two, I made up my mind that, from the authenticity of his dress and appointments, he was an Englishman, and that she was some French lady of rank whom he was particularly annoying with his addresses. On inquiry, the gentleman proved to be Don Pedro, and the lady the COUNTESS DE LOURLE, his sister! I have often met her since, and never without wondering how two of the same family could look so utterly unlike each other. The Count de Lourle called the Adonis of Paris. He is certainly a very splendid fellow, and justifies the romantic admiration of his wife, who married him clandestinely, giving him her left hand in the ceremony, as is the etiquette, they say, when a princess marries below her rank. One cannot help looking with great interest on a beautiful creature like this, who has broken away from the imposing fetters of a royal sphere, to follow the dictates of natural feeling. It does not occur so often in Europe that one may not sentimentalize about it without the charge of affectation.

To return to the ball. The king bowed himself out a little after midnight, and with him departed most of the fat people, and all the little girls. This made room enough to dance, and the French set themselves at it in good earnest. I wandered about for an hour or two; after wearying my imagination quite out in speculating on the characters and rank of people whom I never saw before and shall probably never see again, I mounted to the *paradis* to take a last look down upon the splendid scene, and made my exit. I should be quite content never to go to such a ball again, though it was by far the most splendid scene of the kind I ever saw.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

SKETCHES BY A BRIEFLESS LAWYER.

TROVER.

I THINK it was during the second month of my clerkship that a woman bounced into our office, with a disordered and torn dress, her hair in confusion, and her face covered with scratches, from which the blood was flowing profusely. Making her way up to me, she asked where was my boss? I answered her with all the dignity I could assume, that the gentleman with whom I studied had a moment before left the office. "I can't wait," said she, "I must have justice done me immediately, and if the boss is not in, perhaps you can see me righted." I told her I should be happy to afford her any assistance in my power, and asked her to give me a statement of her case.

I should despair of conveying to the reader any idea of the manner or words in which she imparted to me the history of her wrongs, and will, therefore, merely record the substance of her complaint, as I now recollect it.

It appeared that Mrs. Murphy, (or widow Murphy, as she called herself,) with two unmarried sisters, occupied the second floor of a two-story house in —. The first floor of the same building was tenanted by a Miss Wilkie, a hale, stout spinster, of some thirty-five years of age. The widow Murphy and Miss Wilkie both followed the ancient and honorable profession of clothes-washing. To the proper and skilful performance of their professional duties, a supply of rain-water was indispensable. It was in procuring this supply that a series of unhappy discussions between the widow Murphy and Miss Wilkie had their origin. Both parties laid claim to the rain-water which fell from the roof of the house they occupied.

Miss Wilkie rested her claim on the ground that she hired the most important part of the building, paid the highest rent, and that the extremity of the gutter from which the water issued was on her premises.

On the other hand the widow Murphy contended, that inasmuch as the roof was the immediate covering of that portion of the house inhabited by her, and was, in fact, a very important part of her division of the tenement, she had an undoubted right to all the water that fell on it. She admitted the justice of that portion of the claim of Miss Wilkie, which was founded on the water's issuing on her premises, but rendered it of little consequence by the following procedure.

The widow Murphy gained access to her apartments on the second floor by means of stairs, which ran up on the outside of the house. At the top of them, and in front of the door, was a platform, of some five or six feet square, from which the wooden gutter running down the side of the house was easily reached. To this platform the widow Murphy determined to convey the water. She accordingly bored a hole in the gutter, opposite the head of the stairs, and having filled up the passage below the hole, she inserted a small tin pipe, by which she conveyed the water to a tub on her platform. This brought matters to a crisis. As soon as Miss Wilkie discovered that the supply of water had been cut off by her co-tenant, she made an attack upon her premises, with the intention of redressing herself by force. The *rencontre* took place over the tub at the head of the stairs. The widow was about yielding, when her maiden sisters came up as a reinforcement, and the redoubtable Miss Wilkie was driven down stairs. But, though vanquished by superior numbers, she carried off in her retreat some of the spoils of the enemy. In the heat of the conflict a gold ring, of the value of twelve shillings, had slipped from the finger of the widow, which her adversary had secured. For this ring we brought our action to trial.

I will pass over the intervening details to our appearance in court. Behold me, then, in that retail dispensary of the law, a justice's court. At the head of a long table sat the justice, a very grave, judicious-looking personage: on one side was the defendant, with her counsel, who was also a young student at law; and the other was occupied by myself. The widow had a seat at my right, and on my left and in the rear, forming, with my client, a semicircle around me, were her two maiden sisters. On opening my cause to the jury, I gave them a brief statement of the facts above detailed, and then proceeded to examine my witnesses. They were the two sisters of my client, who swore to the loss of the ring, and the manner in which the defendant got possession of it. Here (in technical phrase) I *rested*. The counsel for the defendant then rose, and applied to the court for a *nonsuit*, on the ground that I had not proved a demand of the ring; and proceeded in a very long argument to show that the action could not be maintained until after a demand and refusal of the defendant to restore the property. For a moment I was quite confounded, and called up a witness to prove the demand of the ring. This, after I had once *rested*, the court would not permit. I then, having in some measure recovered from my consternation, asserted that a demand was unnecessary, that the fact of the forcible taking, which we had shown, was of itself sufficient evidence of a refusal. This led to a long reply from my opponent, who maintained, in the first place, that the taking was not forcible; that the ring came into the possession of the defendant while she was making a lawful attempt to get possession of her property. Then came up the question of the ownership of the rain-water. He contended that the gutter ought to be considered in the light of a natural or ancient water-course. In the eye of the law it made no difference whether there was a continual flow of water, or whether, like all small streams, the gutter was subject to the extremes of drought and freshets. "He presumed his *learned brother* was too well versed in the principles of the common law, not to be aware that a stream could not be diverted from its natural and accustomed channel. The rain-water had flowed through the whole length of the gutter since the erection of the house, and it would be a most flagrant violation of the great principle before alluded to, if the occupant of the upper part of it was allowed to change the course of the water, and by that means deprive the other tenant of the use of it. The ownership of the water being thus, as he conceived, settled, there was no doubt but that his client was justifiable in her attempt to get possession of it. If, in this attempt, the ring accidentally came into her possession, it was no forcible taking, and a demand of it was necessary to the maintenance of a suit.

I admitted, in answer, the correctness of the ground taken by my *learned brother*, but begged leave to call his attention to another established principle of the common law.

Although it was well settled that no person could turn a stream from its natural channel, if by so doing he affected its course on the property of those dwelling further down; yet he had an undoubted right to use the water, and give it any course he pleased on his own premises, provided, that on reaching the possessions of another, it resumed its ordinary channel. In this case, the widow Murphy had no desire to divert the water from its accustomed course; she merely wished to use her right of using it while on her premises, after which she intended to return it to its natural course down the gutter. If she had not done so, the defendant had her remedy in an action of *nuisance*; and any attempt at redress by force was illegal, and a breach of the peace. The defendant having obtained possession of the ring, under such circumstances, I submitted to the court to say whether it was necessary to prove a demand.

The justice declined giving any decision, but said that he would submit the question to the jury; and the defendant, having no other defence, the cause was committed to them, with the single remark from the court, that they were the judges of law and fact, and it was for them to say whether, under all the circumstances, the plaintiff ought to recover.

After an absence of about two days, they brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, with costs. M.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ONE OF THE COGNOSCENTI.

In every country village there is a class of stanch old fellows, who have the whole weight of public affairs on their own shoulders. They are sure to be at all the *raisings* or *bees*, funerals and marriages; at the town meetings and the religious meetings; and show their rough gray heads on the little front benches at church on Sundays; are leading members of the "temperance society," and the "society for the suppression of vice;" the trustees of the academy; judges of the courts; generals and colonels in the militia; head men at elections, often members of the legislature, and sometimes of congress. If the reader has ever been at Washington, he has noted them; generally great square-shouldered countrymen; their hands hardened with agricultural labors, their faces embrowned with exposure to the open air and sun; honest, simple-minded, strong-hearted farmers, in unfashionable coats and linsey-woolsey trowsers, who speak good common sense in bad grammar; call *creature*, *crittur*, and only shave and change their linen twice a week. The stranger sometimes smiles when they get up in the senate or the house, to answer some smooth, white-handed, graceful emigrant from the city; his manner and dress tinctured with drawing-room elegance, and his sentences turned off melodiously with unexceptionable accent and studied correctness. But, ere the speaker has finished, the auditors, gradually awakened to interest and respect, find themselves under the influence of a healthy and powerful mind, which, without pausing on the way to display graceful attitudes or little rhetorical accomplishments, carries them along boldly and confidently to the conclusion. Among these are occasionally men of vigorous, natural minds, who afterwards get to be great committee-men, secretaries of the departments, and other high government officers; while most, either unambitious, or not endowed with talents much above mediocrity, go back to their ploughs and barnyards, to their front seats in the meeting-house, and their walk through the potato-patch, where, with their arms leaning on the rail-fence, they survey their grain, pigs, and poultry, respectable and contented men.

In the city there is a similar set of persons, most of whom rise a little above the level of the common herd. But here they branch out into various kinds. There are the political, for example—exceedingly sagacious young men, who can tell you whether a bill will pass the house, before any body else knows it has been introduced, and how much the administration are in the minority or the majority in the senate. They tell you across the table what Mr. Clay said in 1816, and ask you to compare it with what he said in 1820; and offer to bet five to one that some particular person will be president in 1840. They are so full of tariff talk, Cherokee talk, &c.; such layers down of worn-out political maxims, that when they have got you in company, making you look like a fool, while saying "yes, sir," and "certainly, sir," to things that you know nothing about, and talking you to death almost with the driest and most repulsive of all subjects, you wish for an earthquake, or that the house would take fire, so that you might seem frightened and get loose. They are important persons at ward meetings, and have their names in the paper as chairmen and secretaries.

Another class to which I refer is, in my estimation, much higher than either of the others. The reader has, probably, often met their name in the daily journals; for when any one wishes to impress the public mind with an opinion, they invariably give them as authority. Every body respects them. It is they who give a tone to fashion, who permit an actor to pass to fame and fortune, or strip from him the patronage of all but the rabble, who pronounce decisive opinions on an opera long before it is produced, and say what a picture will be before it is painted, and who carry in their minds the immutable standard of perfection upon every possible subject. They are alluded to by editors and authors, under various denominations. They are those correspondents, upon whose taste and judgment "the most implicit confidence may be reposed;" the gentlemen "well known to the literary world;" the writer "whose genius has long been established on both sides of the Atlantic;" the "persons who know;" the "*literati*," the "*dilettanti*," or the "*cognoscenti*." Ah, if the public knew what they do, how they would stare! Things which the simple common race of men and women live and die without ever dreaming of, are with them ordinary topics of conversation. They know what passes behind the scenes of the theatres, how accounts stand between publishers and authors; they know of newspapers which boast of their "extensive and rapidly increasing patronage," yet which are absolutely dying for want of support. If they durst tell the secrets of their profession, in how many ways the public are deceived, &c.; but no, there is a kind of *free-masonry* about them. If people want to know, they must watch for stray words, casual fragments of opinions, the inuendos which fall accidentally from their lips, and put them together, to be published and commented on at leisure.

There are certainly numerous advantages attached to this pro-

ciety. It is such a high feeling to *know* more than other folks—to see people going about their business, like fools, full of opinions which are totally unfounded—to feel that your words are weighed and noted like something of extraordinary value, to be preserved for the essence of truth which they are supposed to contain. It is gratifying to the inherent vanity of human nature. It gives a man pleasant subjects for secret reflection. It allays the feverish thirst for superiority, with which we are all infected in a greater or less degree. One of your real *cognoscenti* is the most self-satisfied of all beings that walk this round earth—and not the less so from the fact that his gratification flows from a source different from that of all other men's pleasure—the one springing from the beauties, the other from the faults of an exhibition. The claims of these gentlemen to respect arise from the circumstance that they have been extensive travelers, and observed the first-rate specimens of every art and science. Painting, sculpture, music, dancing, acting, scenery, female beauty, architecture, splendor of every description—no common man can talk to them if they please to open a conversation on him. They look at him—they pity him. Their expression throws cold water on his flaming raptures. He shuts his lips instantly—or if he presumes to utter any sentiment, it is only "I wish I could travel."

But you must not undervalue the *cognoscenti*, Mr. Reader. This superiority is not assumed. All things are estimated by comparison. They are men of sense and actual observation. They have really seen that which they profess to have seen; and as they would inevitably be charged with affectation should they express true opinions freely on ordinary occasions, they generally hold their tongues, and only appear thus obliquely, as above mentioned, in the columns of newspapers, or in confidence to particular friends.

The world must, however, be warned against a set of pretenders, who pass under their name without their knowledge and experience. Although these are the most ignorant and audacious varlets that ever imposed on the credulity of the unsuspecting, yet they frequently succeed in gaining credit from those who are as ignorant, without being as immodest, as themselves. They are clearly the most disagreeable, pernicious, troublesome, impertinent, disgusting creatures out of the penitentiary. Real genius is often timid, sensitive, and doubtful about its own creations. It puts them forth with fear and hesitation—it writhes beneath a word of ridicule, and perhaps never ventures again to trust its powers. A blundering dunce may thus deride the effort of one infinitely his superior, and gain the laugh on his side. Yet society is full of these annoyances, as nothing is easier than to pass for a critic and a judge with the general mass of mankind who have no time to examine for themselves. A few cant phrases, on various subjects, an assumption of the manner of true critics—these used properly, and with a sufficient degree of impudence, which often passes current for knowledge, are stock enough to set one up in this mean and disgraceful character.

These foolish persons, who, with the aid of a little paltry slang, undertake to settle questions which they are utterly incompetent to comprehend, may generally be detected as imposters, by the insolence with which they lay down their opinions, and their loud unmeaning jangle of a few sounding terms; while, in a man of true knowledge and taste, there will be marked a modesty and reserve, even upon subjects with which every one allows him to be peculiarly acquainted. There are large numbers of these ridiculous imitators about town, who are unconsciously exposing their shoulders to the lash of the satirist. They are men who fall into raptures about certain pieces of music, or other specimen of art which some great person has executed or admired; while the most exquisite evidence of power from an obscure artist, of which, perhaps, some one from whom they generally take their opinions has disapproved, is regarded with a "bah," which is the grossest of all affectation. Every age and country has abounded with these cheats on a small scale, whose assumption of superior acumen is so disgusting, and so often betrayed, that persons of unquestionable ability are ashamed to speak before a stranger. One of these conceited gentry was once walking with Handel, when a band of music began playing an air. The fellow, thinking to pass himself off as a critic upon the great composer, covered his ears with his hands, and exclaimed, "That music is horrible stuff." "It may be horrible stuff," replied Handel, "but it is *mine*!"

One of the most ludicrous artifices by which the persons I have described attempt to attract notice, and distinguish themselves from the vulgar crowd, is selecting something—an old picture, for example, which has not the slightest value, and placing it somewhere (perhaps in the exact position least calculated to enhance whatever appearance of merit it may really possess) and thus being nearly overcome by their feelings of wonder and admiration. People who stand by, are as much struck with admiration of the man as he is with the picture, and with just as little reason.

For my own part, dear reader, let me warn you not only against these smattering acquirements in any art; but as you regard the simple pleasures of life and your general cheerfulness, beware how you become even one of the real *cognoscenti*. I was once in great danger of setting up in that character, but was prevented by the deliberate conviction that however I might increase my fame, I should proportionally mar my happiness. I made this discovery by closely observing a friend, who happened to be one of the *cognoscenti*, of the most unequivocal attainments and sagacity. I was originally led to watch the operations of his mind from a desire of being initiated into the mysteries of his superiority over all others that I might in time become like him. One day I attended an exhibition of the academy of arts, where, among the paintings, all

of which had imparted to me the most sincere and delightful feelings of admiration, I selected one as the most charming and strikingly beautiful. It was a lovely cottage-scene, with trees and a lake, and a sweet careless girl, with a pretty child, looking down into the water.

The examination of this piece threw me into a gentle and agreeable excitement. I called my friend, anxious that he should participate in my pleasure.

"Oh!" exclaimed I, "if you will be charmed, look at that. Is it not delicious?"

As he gazed at it, his face was drawn up into an expression of disgust, instead of admiration.

"What *that*?" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise; "why that's not pretty!"

"Isn't it?"

"Why, bless your simple soul, no. It's dreadful—it's shameful."

"Is it?"

"Yes, it's atrocious. It sets my teeth on edge."

"Does it?"

"Certainly. Why, my dear fellow, only look at that shadow—that cloud: the perspective is bad—the drawing is bad—the colors are not laid on well—there is no relief—it is not finished. But come here, I'll show you a picture that you may admire without fear."

I followed him. He pointed out a dark, dingy-looking daub, which seemed to be a bunch of grapes and some flowers. I might have gone there forty thousand times and never dreamed it was so beautiful. I began thenceforward to be careful how I admired pictures. At last I perfected my judgment to such a degree that I could pass through the room of an artist with an even pulse and a cold heart. One day I leaned against a pillar, regarding a new painting: a number of ladies and gentlemen gradually gathered around it also. They appeared animated with the most lively pleasure. Bursts of admiration and delight continually came from their lips. Indeed they formed a group of perfect happiness. I alone was silent and contemptuous—disgusted with the painting, disgusted with them for praising it. "Look at that shadow," thought I, "look at that perspective. It is painted by a New-Yorker. It is most probable that some of the rules of the art are violated. Who would consent to receive gratification from a piece where the rules of the art are perhaps violated in the most gross manner? It is a grand thing to be a critic."

We went one evening to see a new opera. The music inspired me. I forgot to criticize—I forgot my friend—I forgot I was one of the *cognoscenti*—I gave myself up to the enchantment of the admirable exhibition.

In the paroxysm of my rapture I felt a hand on my shoulder. It belonged to my friend the critic. He seemed horror-struck at something.

"For heaven's sake," whispered he, "let us go."

I complied, thinking he had met with some accident.

"What is the matter?" asked I.

"Let us escape from this stuff," said he. "They are making dreadful work with this opera. I have seen it in Paris, in Italy, in London. Mrs. — left out a cadence which I came on purpose to hear. I would not expose myself to a similar disappointment for the world. It makes me nervous. It sets my teeth on edge."

We rode out together one summer morning. I never saw the country look so fresh and lovely. I remarked it.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said he, with a melancholy air, "it may do for you, but it's wretched stuff for me. I have been in Switzerland. I have seen the blue peaks and green valleys of Germany. I have rode on the banks of the Rhine, and sailed by moonlight through Venice. Every thing here appears dim and repulsive. It sets my teeth on edge."

I found the latter expression was frequently used by my friend. Every thing he saw in his own country—every thing he heard set his "teeth on edge"—he never derived amusement from any thing, except now and then a rare old relic which no one else cared to look at. He was always moping and pining and wishing. Nothing pleased him. He could not meet any thing good, but it was infinitely excelled by something he had seen before, and would probably never meet again. I was thoroughly cured of my ambition to become one of the *cognoscenti*. SEDLEY.

THE RETURN HOME.

"That is a pleasant land, no doubt,
To which all return who travel out."

It is astonishing how "circumstances alter cases," in themselves unchanged. I have seen Sandy Hook from the deck of a steamboat, when the ocean without, and the bay within reflected a cloudless summer sky from their motionless surface; the water was one broad expanse of crystal; the heavens a clear canopy of "glittering blue;" and the brighter faces around composed of gay and joyous a circle of kindred spirits, as the heart of a poet could desire. Sandy Hook then was *sandy* enough; a desert waste, scorched by a parching sun, and ornamented with some three or four forlorn looking excrescences, denominated light-houses and beacons; but, when I approached this despised headland from the sea, after a long absence and a tempestuous voyage, I thought it one of the fairest spots upon earth. When one has endured a long acquaintance with winds and waves, fluttering sails and rolling spars, the eye looks eagerly for some stationary object on which it can "dwell and be at rest;" and when this object is gained, and along with it comes the reflection that this barren spot, deso-

late as it is, is a portion of "native land," that it means and represents HOME, who can wonder that the heart should bound with joy at approaching it, and the eye haply glisten with a tear at beholding what it has so often noted without any conscious emotion.

If Sandy Hook, destitute it is true of intrinsic beauty, looked so fair, it is needless to estimate the similar improvement of other localities surrounding the bay, and terminating with the appropriate climax of this goodly city. Suffice, every thing that I saw appeared to have been touched by some magic pencil, and shone forth in all the fascination of enchantment.

That New-York is a noble city, no American has yet to learn; that it is a beautiful city, will readily be conceded by all who have once seen it; but *how* noble and *how* beautiful no one but the privileged traveler can tell. An acquaintance with some of the far-famed European cities is necessary to a full appreciation of the comforts and elegancies of those of America. It is by comparison we judge all things; and comparison will teach an American not only how to value the blessings of his birthright, but how justly he may pride himself on the excellence of his country's institutions.

The natural air of surrounding objects is the first pleasing impression I felt on entering the city. Houses and streets, men and horses, all have, once again, their respective and appropriate characters and appearance. The rattling of carts comes to the ear with the charm, and I could almost say the sweetness, of music; "the thoughts of other days" are associated with the shrill reverberations, and they speak as truly of home, as the welcome and greeting of the friends to whom I am hastening. Coeval with this satisfaction of return, springs up the proud consciousness of *having been* "abroad." I defy any one to describe the exquisite complacency with which the traveler first hears the sound of his footsteps on his native pavements, and swells with the overpowering thought, *now*, at least, I am a thing to be stared at: I have been to Europe; I have seen a whale; I speak French. Then comes the thought of sundry "great ones," who were wont to *look down* upon me. Thank fortune, a man who has traveled is not so easily looked down. The haughty nod, the cloudy good-morning, are most charmingly modified by the "mellowing hand of time;" and he who once condescended a mere cold smile of recognition, will now dislocate an elbow when I meet him, and want to know all about Paris; nay, *she* who once endured a morning call, will now be happy of my company *at any time*, drown me in young hyson and gunpowder, and "wish that heaven" had made her such a man.

One advantage of long absence is the nice demonstration the return affords of the regard and disregard of friends. The "friend indeed" will meet you with open arms; that is to say, both hands, (hands with hearts in them); and the bright glow of pleasure that sparkles from the eyes, and irradiates the countenance, is not to be imitated by hypocrisy, nor mistaken for a lukewarm emotion. From this superlative degree down to the "cut direct" the grades of declension are manifest to the casual observer; and if he will be at the pains to remember his men, he can know precisely how to estimate every individual of his acquaintance. In the course of this investigation he will find a score of Mr. Such-a-ones, totally unconscious of the event of his absence; and it is quite distressing to burst upon a man with the full cry of "glad to see you," who stares with the honest stupidity of an ass at your extraordinary energy in exchanging the civilities of the day. Such fellows are a great bore, and it is well to be on the look-out for them. A discreet man will neither evince nor feel much chagrin at these occasional cool receptions; but he must entertain a gentlemanly disgust at such supercilious or senseless reserve; while he is justly astonished that the fact of his dwelling twelve months (more or less) in a foreign land is among the somethings which his quondam friends have not yet discovered.

I have often joined the hue and cry against our worthy corporation on the score of "dirty streets;" and many a time have wished the power to inhumane an alderman, boots and spurs, in a mountain of mud; but I now beg pardon of the whole board for my precipitancy. After wading for a season through the *sinuosities* of Paris, it would be mere affectation to complain of those of New-York; they are as clean as an "arcade," and fragrant as a "bazaar." This, to be sure, is comparative. There are, at times, undue portions of mud in the middle of the streets—but that it is not the place for ladies and gentlemen: horses and asses are the only sufferers, and why should human nature fight their battle? If any cavalier tells me *looks* are a desideratum, I can tell him the luxury of our side-walks, balanced against *any* appearances, is neither more nor less than "Hyperion to a satyr;" and I can further tell him, that if he ever comes under the happy necessity of paying *quatre sous* four times a-day for clean boots in Paris, or happens to be run down by a *cabriolet*, because foot passengers have no exclusive privilege in the highways of that metropolis, he will look upon *looks* as very little to the purpose; and, in passing, declare it a most essential abomination that the lords of the creation, in any part of the world, are compelled to walk on the same stones with cattle, and take a somewhat desperate chance of broken bones into the bargain.

The mere comforts of side-walks, however, and the comparative cleanliness of our streets, are not sufficiently momentous to call forth a long dissertation. But the fair embellishment of those walks in the placid loveliness of a spring morning, deserves a volume of "immortal verse." Under ordinary circumstances there is enough of witchery in the fashion and elegance of Broadway to turn a commonplace brain; but oh! after tedious months of absence—months passed in a clime producing no female love-

liness but such as glows on her canvas, or breathes in her marble—who can tell the revivifying and enchanting power of those sunny smiles, heightened and beautified tenfold beyond their original sweetness by the magic force of contrast and transition? It is a holiday, a very feast to the imagination, to be thus restored to the scene of past days, and find it not only unfaded but improved; and I can truly say, that all the fascinating splendors of the French capital and its environs did not inspire me with such a thrill of pleasure as my last stroll in this noble promenade—a street unequalled, as I believe, by any street of any other city on the globe. Such a stroll is not so much to *tell of* as a visit to the magnificent, the indescribable Versailles; but, for a man who loves his home as I do, it is, after all, more to *enjoy*.

It is extremely gratifying to me to find my own countrywomen so superior in point of personal appearance, as well as of intellect, to the boasted beauties of France; and, did I feel myself quite competent to the pleasurable task of pronouncing their eulogium, I would take this opportunity of blazoning it to the four winds. But I have seen too many luckless wights concentrate their *whole genius* on some favorite topic, and yet mistake the ridiculous for the sublime in the essay. I will avoid the catastrophe by avoiding the experiment.

Unhappily, there is an end to perfection here below. Pretty, intelligent, and almost altogether charming as our ladies are, they will wear "fashionable bonnets." Concerning this fashion as a fashion, I beg to remark it is a creature of their own production; it never originated in a foreign land; and how much soever they may flatter themselves with the hope of imitating a people, who, with all their faults, *have* exquisite tastes in dress, they may be assured a French lady would no more deform herself with such a shapeless monstrosity, than "exchange her humanity with a baboon." The extreme of the Paris fashion is the extreme of neatness—no Dunstable can be more so—and if our fair ladies could be induced to believe, could be brought to realize how *much* more becoming it is, they would evince, in that particular, a good judgment, of which, in late days, no gentleman ever accused them.

I have met no old acquaintance with more pleasure than our noble city-hall. This fine edifice has frequently "felt the lash" of criticism, yet there it stands as proudly as ever. A thousand *soi-disant* connoisseurs have enlightened the world with the detail of its barbarisms; but, until they agree in their opinions, I shall venture to believe that among the splendid piles of France, although there are many of greater extent, not one of equal beauty is to be found in that very nursery and school of architecture—of course, I refer to the exterior. The palace and gallery of the Louvre are the finest of the old specimens, the Bourse of the new; but, in my humble judgment, our city-hall, in intrinsic elegance, is as superior to either as St. Paul's church to St. George's. In fact, in regard to this and various other subjects, it may be said in few words—for I am exceeding my proposed limit—the presumption, so *very* prevalent, that European productions are, as a matter of course, superior to our own, is totally false. America enjoys, far more than any other nation, the blessings of liberty, plenty, and peace. The social virtues, with their whole train of domestic comforts and enjoyments are, comparatively, no where else to be found. I would advise any one to visit Europe, and assure him of a rich treat to curiosity, imagination, and taste; but, in the midst of all, he will draw comparisons favorable to his own land; his journey will supply a subject of contemplation and converse in after days, and he will, doubtless, find great pleasure in relating his adventures, around the winter's fireside; but, in despite of all, he will pronounce the day of his *return home* the happiest day of his life. CASSIO.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1832.

Editor's study.—In looking back through the files of our paper, we find this department has been devoted generally to such subjects as might, with propriety, become the theme of conversation in an ordinary family circle. This may be adduced by some as a cause of complaint. We, however, never intended any thing else, as we are excluded from more important matters from the fact that they are treated upon under other heads. Books, theatres, painting, sculpture, music have their separate places, and so with new intelligence of almost every kind. Our sphere here, then, is consequently very confined, and we fear the appetite of lovers of the marvelous, and readers who require the excitement of interesting narratives, will turn dissatisfied from the simple and homely meal which we prepare for them. But we have thought that even the commonplace occurrences of society—the trivial follies—the every-day vices or virtues, or peculiarities passing immediately around us, might occasionally furnish a sketch not wholly without its use. Indeed, there appears to us a large list of local questions to be discussed, or tastes to be reformed, or opinions to be expressed, which could not very properly be wrought into a tale, or disclosed in a poem, yet which, if altogether beneath the notice of a writer; and, we have judged through so many a circuitous story manufactured for the purpose of illustrating a moral which we and every body knew before, that we have grown rather callous to the appeals of authors, and are apt to wish that if a man has anything to say, he would say it at once. Perhaps we are, more than others, steeled against the literary artifices with which our brethren sometimes seek to wind themselves into our hearts, in order to give

us good advice, from the fact that it is our *trade* to read and to analyze them. Habit effectually blunts the edge of the finest feelings, and experience proves much to be false and hollow which at first seemed real. There is a vast deal of quackery in the business of authorship; and the superfluous sentences written in the best of novels merely to fill up—what a fine volume they would form published separately! Mr. Bulwer has a great deal of it even in the last and best of his compositions. Eugene Aram should be half cut out. There is a chapter about a cat which occupies an undue space, unless, as we began to suspect, he was a nobleman in disguise. We think an idea expressed in clear, sententious language, must be, to intelligent people, in most cases, more acceptable than a story written to prove it. We do not require all the thoughts of a man, but the *results* of his thoughts. It is this combination of simplicity and solidity which makes the essays of Addison, Steele and their associates so charming. They relate a fine incident in the briefest and plainest way to illustrate or add force to a train of observations; and you see they are more careful to give the reader real and forcible ideas, than to show what fine authors they are. Their strong, sensible minds were not afraid to select even the most slight foibles of the day as themes of satire, nor the most humble virtues as objects of description and eulogy. They sought no meretricious lustre from fine scenes and romantic feelings, but went boldly and firmly along the road of common life, painting what they saw. It is not that we dare cope with these learned and accomplished essayists that their names have been hinted at here, but simply that we have them for authorities in selecting our subjects, and that we wish they were more read by the young of the present day. A study of their pages would chasten the taste and sharpen and elevate the understanding, and half the authors of this time would either give up the ghost, or adapt their efforts to a higher and a purer standard. Indeed, we think the public will soon be surfeited with the gaudy and superficial banquets spread for them, sometimes by literary men worthy of nobler undertakings. This must be the work of time, assisted by criticism, not blind and angry, but rational and uniform.

Among the follies of the present day which a correspondent thinks call for notice, is one peculiar to our fair readers. We allude to the style of dress prevailing throughout the circles of fashion and beauty. There is room for a fine taste in this particular. Nothing can be more pleasant to observe than the quality of a chaste mind, visible in a lady's apparel. We do not exactly speak of economy, (although fathers and husbands might bear us out in a little disquisition even upon such an impertinent subject,) for elegance and even costliness may be indulged, without infringing upon that simplicity which in woman is so graceful and modest. If we could but impress it upon our fair and lovely readers how much this same simplicity enhances both beauty and virtue, we should not deem these lines vainly written. We admit the letter of Mr. Akerley, in the sentiments of which we fully concur, as a substitute for further remarks of our own.

"MESSRS. EDITORS—I am a gentleman of independent fortune, who have been long on the look out for a wife. Women, therefore, old and young, have been the objects of my particular study, and I flatter myself that I have made many observations upon them, too true to be lost to the world. I have acquired the faculty of reading a character upon a slight acquaintance, and from circumstances which might escape the notice of other men. I shall not trouble you with all the results of my experience, but simply confine myself at present to one subject, which, the more I have considered it, has the more grown upon me in importance. I wish you would, therefore, favor me with a corner in your journal, that I may inform my fair friends that in all the countries through which I have traveled—and I have been something of a wanderer in my day—I never knew ladies whose dress in the street was more conspicuous than that of my countrywomen. It is observed by foreigners as well as myself, and will, I trust, be amended by those among the reigning beauties whose example gives a tone to the fashions of society. I assure you, gentlemen, it is a marked difference between the American and English ladies. Those among the latter of the highest rank study a greater simplicity and reserve in public. No lady should seek to attract attention in the street. Instead of courting the broad gaze of the common crowd, how much more becoming it would be to avoid it. I have sincerely grieved to behold a beautiful girl flashing and rustling with silks and jewelry and feathers and flowers, passing by the steps of a public hotel, where gentlemen from all parts of the world were congregated at the windows and on the steps, to feast their eyes on charms which blushed not under their glances. I notice that even little girls are sometimes loaded with finery, and sent forth as if on purpose to dazzle the multitude, and to fill their own innocent minds with affectation and vanity. Pray, gentlemen, awaken the attention of mothers, husbands, and fathers to this, and remind them how much more fascinating female loveliness appears, when retiring, like a half-opened bud, from the eye of the stranger, than when thus obtruded boldly before every gaze. I have not found a wife yet, being afraid that ladies who dress so splendidly in the street will never be contented companions at home. Your obedient servant, EDMUND AKERLEY."

MESSRS. EDITORS—As happiness often depends on trifles, don't think me impertinent in warning your female readers against being deluded by the appearance of the weather to leave their plants out all night. There have been thousands of dollars worth destroyed in this way by the caprices of this slowly-moving Spring, who seems to be quite successfully imitating the blustering and freezing manners of Winter. I have always found pleasure in cherish-

ing a few sprigs of geranium, &c. They are beautiful ornaments to a house, agreeable companions, and answer as relics of the country and the summer to amuse me frequently with pleasant recollections. A treacherous sunset and mild evening caused me to expose them in the garden till the sound of the snow and sleet beating against the windows the next morning gave me too late notice of their danger. Hoping to cause a greater attention in others, I send you this, as I perceive in some of the truly elegant houses in Broadway numerous embellishments of this kind. In one window, particularly, in the upper part of that street, there has been a large and superb flower blooming amidst leaves of a lively and grateful verdure through all the bleakness and tempests of the winter. Pray excuse the trouble I give you, as it is solely for the preservation of these tasteful decorations. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, LAWRIE TODD.

GENTLEMEN—As a portion of your miscellany is devoted to arts and sciences, please inform me why looking up at the light sky or sun makes one sneeze? When I am shaved my barber sets me opposite a large square window. The light comes glaring in upon my eyes, causing me to agitate myself with these little tremendous convulsions, to which Milton (I believe) likens an earthquake. John came near cutting off my nose the other day, I gave such a sudden twist just as his razor was smoothing my upper lip. Could not some of the *quarterly reviews* take up this subject, as I am told they have resolved, in secret conclave, not to criticize any more poetry? While on the subject of sneezing and (the mention of the reviews reminds me to add) *gaping*, let me beg you to say something excessively severe against a class of fellows who, just as you are in the acmé of that equivocal agony preceding a sneeze, or abandoned almost irrevocably to the luxury of a gape, shout forth *boo*, or slap your shoulders, or place their hand across your mouth, and then burst forth into a horse-laugh at the sight of your distress and disappointment. Beshrew such pert knaves and witlings! I never forgive a man who interrupts me in a yawn, although there be those who will exclaim, "Thank you, sir," or after a sneeze, "Heaven bless you, sir," and similar trifling allusions to you, which make you conspicuous to the company, and turn the laugh against you without any real fault on your part. Pray satirize these fellows, Messrs. Editors, and oblige your obedient servant and constant reader, SAM SLEEPY.

DEAR SIRS—You will pardon the illegibility of this manuscript when I assure you that although I am a bachelor, well off in pecuniary matters, I am at this moment shivering with cold for want of fuel wherewith to make a fire. I occupy a room which contains a grate that will not burn wood, and although I have ordered coal a week ago, and paid for it too, enormously, yet the merchant tells me I cannot be supplied yet. They say there is coal enough within a hundred or two miles of this city to supply the whole world for centuries, yet here we are, the poor, trembling inhabitants, suffering for want of a bushel, or compelled to pay for it a price so exorbitant as to occasion general astonishment. Does not this state of things argue a wonderful degree of sagacity in our population? Some say the coal-merchants have been speculating, others that the canals are frozen so as to prevent the transportation, and others that too much coal was laid in last winter by the merchants, who lost the interest of their money for several months. I do not pretend to judge, only I think it a strange matter that a whole city should sit by cold hearths or comply with extortionary demands, to keep a few individuals from "losing the interest of their money." Yours, &c. ZERO.

GENTLEMEN—I wish somebody would ascertain the names of the corporation members whose business it is to see the streets cleaned, or tell us whether the odium of the shameful neglect on this point rests on the street-inspector. Is it an established impossibility to have our streets as carefully cleaned as those of Philadelphia and Boston? or how long must we walk in mud and dust before some effectual plan is accomplished on the subject? By the way, what has become of the talk about *water*? X.

MR. MIRROR—The whole city was, a year or two ago, flung into quite an excitement respecting a magnificent illuminated clock to be erected in the city-hall cupola. Several flaming descriptions appeared, instigating the public mind to glorious anticipations of the augmenting grandeur of our great and growing country, when lo! the matter turns out to be no more than an ordinary clock, and at night the gaping stranger from the country, who, peradventure, came to "York" on purpose to see so great a phenomenon, finds himself grievously disappointed. This reminds one of the story in Knickerbocker, of a fat and enterprising Dutchman, who took a start and ran three miles to jump over a hill, but on coming to it, being very tired, sat down to rest himself, and then walked round it. Your obedient servant, TEMPUS.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I am a married man, and that I am "tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." Please to let my wife Dorothea know thus publicly what I have too tender a heart to tell her myself at present, that from this time henceforward I shall do my best to extinguish every spark of affection, towards her, remaining in my bosom. Conceive what a tedious thing it is (to say nothing of wounded feelings) to be united to one who lets you see every moment of the twenty-four which you spend in her society, that she is totally cool and indifferent towards you. Even so is my once-loved Dorothea. To prevent her doing any thing, it is sufficient for me to request her to do it. She has no desire to accompany me in my visits abroad, and discovers no gratification when

I stay with her at home. She never allows that I do any thing well. She continually accuses me of blunders and stupidity, and, if you will take her word, I cannot close a blind, or poke the fire as it should be done. She never quarrels with me, but uniformly expresses herself towards me in short contemptuous exclamations or cool silence, by which I am at length convinced that she loves me not. Let her be informed by this, that we shall hereafter be equal. Love can only be kept alive by a reciprocation of sentiment. By itself it dies away, like an unrequited fire, and once extinguished, can seldom be revived. Yours, R.

Here is another, of so opposite a character to the above, that we look upon them as quite a singular coincidence:

GENTLEMEN—The complaint I am about to make is, I know, of a very odd nature. Some of your readers may take a hint from it; therefore I trust you will not refuse it admission. It relates to my wife Susan, in whom I can only discover one blemish; yet that one is of such serious importance, as often to give us many unhappy moments. Perhaps you will smile when I assure you, that what I have to charge her with is loving me too much. She doats upon me with an unreasonable strength and ardor of affection. She is never satisfied when I am out of her sight. She must perpetually monopolize all my words, looks, and actions. My absence, no matter how necessary to my business, she regards as a heavy calamity, the annunciation of which never fails to overcloud her face with shadows, and sometimes to fill her eyes with tears. When I am going to spend the evening out, under circumstances which must prevent her being my companion, I am compelled to use as much tender artifice in breaking to her such a dreadful event, as if I had to tell her of the loss of my fortune, or the death of some dear friend. At dinner I have to stop eating, to give her a kiss; and if I accidentally sit with my back towards her a minute, she pouts, says my affection is cooling, and wishes for the times that are past! She turns pale when I receive a letter directed in a small hand; and almost fainted yesterday morning on finding in my drawer a piece of blue riband, which she thought I cherished for the sake of some other object of affection. Pray, Mr. Editors, what is to be done in such a dilemma? If you cannot tell, please print this, that newly-married wives may be more careful. Your obedient servant, R. D.

One of the most important and best founded complaints alleged by foreigners of discrimination against us Americans, is that we eat with our knives. We regret to confess that their anathemas on this point of domestic economy are but too well deserved; but we must ascribe it to the fact that we have only two, or at most, three pronged forks, with which persons too fastidious on nice points of etiquette must be excluded from many delicacies. A communication on this weighty matter will be found below. We sincerely commiserate the dilemma of the writer, and tell him for his consolation, that the efficacious fork with six prongs is gradually creeping into use, so that he may soon eat whatever is set before him without violating any rule of good breeding.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I have been rather a traveler, and take it upon myself to say that my opinions on fashionable subjects are not to be disputed. Since I arrived in this city from town—from London, I mean—I have been exceedingly annoyed by the obtrusion before me, every day at table, by the waiter, of an instrument of an odd construction as a companion to the knife. On inquiring what it was, he was pleased to call it a *fork*. I found it quite impossible to make my meal with it as I could wish, and to use the knife for any other purpose than *cutting*, is quite out of the question. I was yesterday occupied till my arm ached in ineffectual efforts to convey a few beans on this instrument to my mouth, and obliged at last to give up in despair. An account which you printed lately of an attempt to poison General Washington mentions that he took up some peas on his knife. This proceeding must have greatly injured his reputation in the eyes of all genteel persons. Pray, beg your fellow-citizens in their future purchases to have an eye upon my remarks. Yours, DON WHISKERANDOS.

B. S. I am writing a book of travels.

The following, although without signature, is evidently from a schoolmaster.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I have sometimes known you gentlemen complain of the drudgery to which you are exposed, and assure people very gravely that you have more to test your patience than others. I have no doubt your profession, as well as that of all other men, is subject to various disadvantages, but these are apt on certain occasions to be overrated. Permit me to beg that you will read with attention the annexed affecting display of the evils attendant on the avocations of another class of society. It is copied from one of the British papers:

Schoolmaster—Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japheth? (Boys silent.) You cannot tell. Well, now let's try again. You know Mr. Sparkes who lives over the way? Boys—Oh, yes, sir, yes, sir. Schoolmaster—Silence there. Now then, Mr. Sparkes has three sons, Tom, Jack, and Harry—who was the father of Tom, Jack, and Harry? Boys—Mr. Sparkes. Schoolmaster—That's right! very good boys indeed! Now then—Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth—who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japheth? Boys—Mr. Sparkes.

GENTLEMEN—Will you please ask the common council when the Hall of Record is to be completed. *Sub rosa*, Messrs. Editors, don't you think these gentlemen wonderful fellows for business? Yours in haste, RAPID.

THY PARTING LOOK.

A BALLAD—AS SUNG BY MR. WOOD, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN, IN THE OPERATIC ROMANCE OF THE DEVIL'S ELIXIR—POETRY BY E. FITZBALL—MUSIC BY G. H. RODWELL.

Allegretto grazioso.

I've seen and kiss'd that crim-son
lip, With ho-nied smiles o'er-flow-ing; Enchant-ed watch'd the op'-ning rose, Up-on thy soft cheek glow-ing: Nor e-ver deem'd thy beau-ty's spell A
pu-rer charm could bor-row; But, oh! I had not then be-held Thy part-ing look of sor-row, But, oh! I had not then be-held thy part-ing
look, thy part-ing look, thy part-ing look of sor-row

SECOND VERSE.

Although in nature's garland gay,
A thousand hues betwining,
Can one surpass the snow-white flow'r,
Through dew-drops meekly shining:
Dear maid, thine eye may prove less blue,
Thy beauty fade to-morrow;
But, oh! my heart can ne'er forget
Thy parting look of sorrow,
But, oh! my heart can ne'er forget
Thy parting look, thy parting look,
Thy parting look of sorrow.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

HUMILITY AND PERSEVERANCE.

A FABLE.

FROM the side of a mountain there flowed forth a little rivulet. Its voice was scarcely heard amid the rustling of the leaves and grass around, and its shallow and narrow stream might be overlooked by the traveler. This brook, although so small, was inspired with a proud spirit, and murmured against the decree of Providence, which had cast its lot so lowly.

"I wish I were a cloud, to roll all day through the heavens, painted so beautifully, as those lovely shapes are colored, and never descending again in showers; or, at least, I wish I were a broad river, performing some useful duty in the world. Shame on my weak waves and unregarded bubbling. I might as well have never been, as to be thus puny, insignificant, and useless."

When the brook had thus complained, a beautiful tall flower, that bent over its bosom, replied,

"Thou art in error, brook. Puny and insignificant thou mayest be; useless thou art not, for I owe half my beauty, perhaps my life, to thy refreshing waters. The plants adjacent to thee are

greener and richer than the others. The Creator has given thee a duty, which, though humble, thou must not neglect. Besides, who knows what may be thy future destiny? Flow on, I beseech thee."

The brook heard the rebuke, and danced along its way more cheerfully. On and on it went, growing broader and broader. By and by other rivulets poured their crystal waters into it, and swelled its deepening bosom, in which already began to appear the fairy creatures of the wave, darting about joyfully, and glistening in the sun. As its channel grew wider and wider, and yet other branches came gliding into it, the stream began to assume the importance of a river, and boats were lanch'd on it, and it rolled on in a meandering course through a teeming country, freshening whatever it touched, and giving the whole scene a new character of beauty.

As it moved on now in majesty and pride, the sound of its gently-heaving billows formed itself into the following words:

"At the outset of life, however humble we may seem, fate may have in store for us great and unexpected opportunities of doing good and of being great. In the hope of these we should ever pass on without despair or doubt, trusting that perseverance will

bring in its own reward. How little I dreamed when I first sprang on my course what purposes I was destined to fulfil! What happy beings were to owe their bliss to me! What lofty trees, what velvet meadows, what golden harvests were to hail my career! Let not the meek and lowly despair: heaven will supply them with noble inducements to virtue."

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Review.—A reservoir, wherein disappointed poets and malicious authors pour their complaints against successful rivals.

Respect.—A sentiment which you feel for another man till he does something against your interest.

Anonymous writing.—An ambush, behind which you may slander your foe in safety and honor.

Outrage.—Whatever you don't like.

Decorum.—A path characterized by a strange delusion. We cry out shame against others for leaving it, when we are unconsciously far away from it ourselves.

A Parisian tailor, says a French paper, has recently taken out a patent for a machine, by means of which the human figure is measured for garments with undeviating accuracy.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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No. 42.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BYRON IN THE CERTOSA CEMETERY.

BY MRS. EMERY.

"I found such a pretty epitaph, or rather two; one was—'Martini'—*Implora pace!* The other—'Lucretia Piccini. *Implora eterna quiete!* That was all; but it appears to me that these two or three words comprise and compress all that can be said on the subject. They contain doubt, hope, and humility. Let me have the *'implora pace!'* and nothing else, for my epitaph."—Letter of Byron to Mr. Hopper in 1819.

"*Implora pace!*"—'tis the cry
Of some meek child of want and care,
Whose life has been a long, long sigh,
A weary struggle with despair.
"*Implora pace!*"—'tis the prayer
Low breathed from forth a contrite heart,
When turning from the things that are,
Through death's dark shadows to depart.

"*Implora pace!*"—hark the groan,
Burst from the quivering lip of one
Who proudly stands on earth alone,
Mid many stars the only sun.
He bends above the lowly tomb,
Dark thoughts have dimmed his flashing eye;
His brow wears sorrow's heaviest gloom,
While burst this agonizing cry:

"*Implora pace!*"—I have quaffed
From pleasure's wine-cup maddening high,
But never in the maddening draught
Was found the peace for which I sigh.
In love, earth's best deceit, I sought
The rest for which my bosom pined;
With bliss, deep bliss, the dream was fraught,
Its madness still remains behind."

"*Implora pace!*"—I have run,
With speed unslackened, glory's race;
In the world's wondering sight have won
Its bays my boyish brow to grace;
My name is heard from every tongue,
My words on every heart impressed;
Ye fame brings not my spirit rest.

"*Implora pace!*"—I have tried
All that earth knows of joy and pain,
Its bliss, its woe, its hopes, its pride,
All, all alike are worse than vain.
Withered and old in heart I stand
Upon the brink of death's dark wave;
And hope, ay hope, no better land
Awaits the soul beyond the wave.

"*Implora pace!*"—all I seek
Is rest—my soul's eternal rest—
Thou mouldering clay beneath me, speak!
Say, will death satisfy my quest?
Thou canst not tell—I dare not think;
Childlike at phantom forms I quake,
Yet fain of death's dark stream would drink,
My feverish spirit's thirst to slake.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

THE SICK STUDENT.

FROM A DIARY.

"Look at me. Why, the winds sigh through my bones, and children jeer me; and the boughs that wave and whisper loosely in the summer air, shake their green leaves in mockery, as to say 'These are the longer livers.'"—PROCTOR.

MONDAY, JUNE.—Every day forces upon me a stronger conviction that my existence is almost at an end. I am thin and pale and weak, and my nerves are in a frightful state. The slightest agitation makes me tremble. My mind is also harassed. Certain circumstances haunt me like demons. I am continually oppressed with a dark sense of danger and hopelessness. I cannot depict the prostrating power of this thought, when it has become perpetual. When I am alone at night it affects me the most. I often wish my task was done.

WEDNESDAY.—I overheard a conversation last night, which affected me strongly. I had been in the early part of the evening complaining of the tooth-ache, and had received a visit from a physician. When he took his leave I followed him down stairs, without being observed, to ask him a question, when this brief colloquy arrested me on the steps:

"Well, doctor," said my friend, "can you do any thing for his teeth?"

"Nothing," was the reply.

"They are decaying very rapidly. They will not last long." There was a moment's pause. Then the cold voice again. "They'll last long enough for *his* use. They're poor, white, sickly things, and have the true consumptive look."

"Do you think him so ill?"

"I think he may last the summer, but the first cold will sweep him off."

"And traveling, doctor, would not that have some effect?"

"Well, I don't know; perhaps yes. A summer voyage, and a winter or two in the south of France, might assist him in *lingering out*; but it would be only a reprieve. *He must die soon.*"

Then the street-door opened.

"Ah! it's a fine mild evening."

"You'll have a pleasant walk, doctor?"

"Very. Good night."

"Good night."

The door was closed. I stole back to my room, breathless, not with terror, but with the intense nature of the feelings and thoughts which were concentrated and crowded together in that moment. "*He must die.*" The words rang in my ears. I looked down at my long white fingers. I listened to the beating of my heart, and thought how certainly they must soon be mouldered and still. Strange as it may seem, a feeling of delight and exhilaration crept over me. A spirit of calm defiance against all the miseries which had weighed me down in the dust. Life to me had been no friend, death was no enemy. I stood upon the awful edge of a sublime precipice, from which I was not to be hurled with violence and horror, but I was about to glide off like an eagle, floating on expanded wings, leaving anguish and despair behind. I went to the window. The stars were shining, and the serene blue sky was but delicately stained with a few transparent clouds, which floated like fairy barks on the azure tide. I had been fascinated with the study of astronomy, and there was not a planet, and scarcely a star, which was not familiar to me, and enriched in my gaze with some pure and happy association. At certain periods of my life I had consulted them with that kind of capricious and feigned superstition in which sanguine and solitary young people sometimes indulge. Some, too, were hallowed by their connection with particular events, which I had watched with persons dear to me, which had been the themes of my contemplation in times of health and hope. There they were, all bright in their immortal beauty, and all these I was to leave, to leave them with all their lucid glory—*forever*. Others would gaze on them when the grass should be growing over my cold, dead bosom. The universal hush and mellow lustre of night would come down again on the breathing earth; the rich flowers would burst again from their verdant mass of leaves; and the lulling murmur of waters would charm the lonely wood. Everything I admired, everything I loved—I must be torn from all—then I was overcome, and I wept.

A new feeling grew up in me, opening to my mind like the dawning of morn. A new existence—endless, careless! There is nothing so stupendous as the thought of a hereafter. The tears ceased coursing each other down my cheeks. I was lost, bewildered in wonder. Its exciting nature took from me the power of further reflection, and I slept. The last idea in my mind was that I had the consumption—and even when my heavy eyelids closed and slumber sealed them, the same dark consciousness went into my wild vague dreams. I wandered through pathless wilds with an arrow in my side; often striving to extract it, but in vain. Then I came to a fair city. The crowd were everywhere seeking pleasure in the gayest trifles. How cold and strange it all seemed to me. Now I was in the theatre. Now in the dance. Then in the sunny promenade, listening to laughter and music—but *always the arrow was in my side*, and I had no voice to crave assistance, or make known my awful situation. Then a lovely child, one dear to me in my waking moments, came to me and kissed me, and offered to relieve my suffering by drawing out the fatal dart, but a monstrous, gigantic serpent seized her even from my side, and enveloped her tender form in his loathsome green folds. I cannot go on, although it was but a dream, nor dwell on the sight from which I fled—and wherever I fled, the dragon pursuing me, and my convulsive, yet fruitless exertions to fasten doors after me, which would open and leave me exposed. I awoke, and wiped the cold drops from my forehead.

SATURDAY.—I have been reading to day. How calm I am! Can it result from philosophy? I could spend an existence in reading. My impressions are almost as vivid as reality. To sit in a still room with the summer morning air breathing in upon my forehead gently—what can life afford better? All human passions can be called up in me by a book. By it I am metamorphosed into a different being. But this moment I really deemed myself a healthy, vigorous man. I had become the character I was perusing, when the sight of my skeleton hand shocked me, and recalled my wandering imagination. I no longer feel pleasure in the prospect of death. At first it was a novelty—but I have become too familiar with it. I shrink and tremble. Even now a

cold shuddering ran over my frame. I would give the *world* for health. Compared with it, what is fame? What is money? What the possession of beauty or power? I start when I reflect sometimes that to gain each of these, men have flung it away. Grant me but *health*, fortune, I ask no more. No matter in what lowly station my lot may be cast. No matter how blighted my fame—how poor—how insignificant. All are unworthy a thought to him who can stride free and strong over the green fields, and simply breathe the air of heaven. Free me from disease, and wreck me on a deserted island. I would live on fruits and lie all day in the sun—I would herd with the beasts and be happy in the joy of physical strength—I would be a dunce—an idiot—anything but the dying wretch I am. The thought is too dreadful for endurance.

MONDAY.—The doctor said I might be cured by a voyage. I have been striving to raise the means necessary to go to France. It is impossible. Because I am poor I must die. Some around me waste thousands on the most worthless pleasures. Oh, mysterious world!

TUESDAY.—I learned to-day that but for this disease I might have obtained a most lucrative situation with—

TUESDAY.—It is two weeks since I wrote last in this book. I have been confined to my bed, but am better—much better. My pains are mostly gone, and my spirits much raised. Oh, if I should recover, after all!

THURSDAY.—I am in fine glee to-day. My health is rapidly improving. What a stupid fellow is that doctor who said I must die. To be sure I must die—so must we all—but I hope for many a bright year yet. I took a little walk this morning. How strangely beautiful every thing looks out doors. I never was so happy. The sun warmed my chilled blood. I only want a little care and exercise to be a well man.

FRIDAY.—Still on the recovery. Indeed, I am getting quite hearty again. How kind every body in the house is to me. I am continually receiving little relishes and flowers as presents. How delightful! I certainly regret to leave these excellent people, but I am resolved to spend the next winter at the south.

I called in the dentist to-day. What a curious fellow he is. Why did he refuse to file my teeth?

MONDAY.—Every pain is passing away. I rambled yesterday through a little garden and wood at the seat of my friend, whither he had conveyed me in a carriage. It was delightful to feel the perceptible return of vigor and health. I inhaled the breath of the flowers. I reposed beneath the shady trees. I sat by the murmuring stream, and looked down into its transparent depths. How beautiful—how wonderfully and exquisitely beautiful—how beautiful all nature is, could men but spare time from the common interests and low passions of life to regard it as it deserves. When any one can so far overcome these influences as to give up his soul to the contemplation of nature, he becomes a poet, a painter, an orator—something great, pure, glowing, and elevated—something full of living fire and glory—and why may not I be one? I will—I will. Temperance shall, hereafter, be my aim to insure my health. I will brace up these great and growing energies which I feel stirring within me. I will no more despond, but cope with those who have gone before me in a track of brightness, and whose works have made them immortal. What would Burns have been if, instead of being abandoned to the drifting currents of adversity, like a wrecked ship tossed on the bleak sea, he had been in early youth placed in a counting-house, where mere business had occupied all his time? He would have been lost to the world; and so thousands must be because they do not strive—they do not seek to labor up the dazzling steep, but are content to repose in inglorious indolence at the base. I will breathe out the fire that is in me. My future years shall be—

Here the student dropped his journal, being seized with a cough, which left him a corse.

It is an awful, and yet a consoling symptom of the dreadful disease of which he fell the victim, that exactly in proportion as the sufferer approaches the crisis, he deems himself retreating from the fatal brink. I watched the gleaming up of his spirit, and listened to his confident plans for the future with the most peculiarly melancholy emotions. Often I nearly resolved to reveal to him the certainty of his almost immediate dissolution. But it seemed like a ruthless sacrilege to break with a word the deceitful but soothing spell which now kept him constantly peaceful and happy. Besides, since nature had given it to him, why should I take it away? If death, the loathed monster, approached with his hideous features covered, why should I tear off the veil and disclose the sight of horror?

For a long time his face had assumed an expression of unusual intellectuality. The brightness of his eyes reminded me of the fine description by Proctor:

"Look in my eye, and mark how true the tale
I've told you. On its glassy surface lies
Death, my Sylvestra. It is nature's last
And beautiful effort to bequeath a fire
To that bright ball on which the spirit sate
Through life; and looked out, in its various moods,
Of gentleness and joy, and love and hope,
And gained this frail flesh credit in the world.
It is the channel of the soul; its glance
Draws and reveals that subtle power that doth
Redeem us from our gross mortality."

I followed my poor friend to the grave, one soft summer afternoon, with a heavy heart, and have since perused this little picture of his latest visions with a sad pleasure. If, as the reader follows them to their last dreary termination, he is induced to examine his own calculations for the future, my melancholy task will not have been accomplished in vain.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

BRIEF NOTICES OF DISTINGUISHED WRITERS.

JONSON AND SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is no mental recreation so agreeable to me, as that arising from indulging in those reveries of abstraction, to which all minds are more or less subject. I love that state of mind when our reflection passes without effort, without even volition, from one object to another, presenting

A generation of still breeding thoughts, and offering in each some food for cogitation. This is a true relaxation of the mental faculties. If the mind be free from all subjects, it suffers ennui; if it be strongly bent towards any study, it becomes wearied; but when released from all engrossing points, and "like a chartered libertine," free to roam where it pleases, then it recruits its faculties by enjoyment, and re-animates its spirit wearied by its wonted pursuits. Like the knights of old, I abandon the vessel to the stream, and float through gorgeous scenes and lovely places, careless whither I am hurried, until at last the enchantment becomes broken, and I awaken to the every-day occupations of life. It is pleasing

"to float
Like Pyrrho, in a sea of speculation,"

and to observe the fleecy doubts of the imagination clouding the pure empyrean of reason, and then again to behold them dissipated and driven far away. It is when the mind reposes in this luxurious state of feeling that it can most strongly realize the beauty of the splendid lines of "rare old Ben."

"Wake, fantasy, from thy cave of cloud
And spread thy purple wings
Now all thy colors are allowed
And various forms of things
Create of airy thoughts a stream,
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm,
And let it like an odor rise,
To all the senses here;
And fall like sleep upon our eyes,
And music in our ear."

This splendid apostrophe having been suggested to my mind by the train of thought I was indulging in, it diverted it for a few moments to its comparatively forgotten author. His name awakens at once the idea of no common poet, and such indeed he was; but while every one esteems him such, his works languish in obscurity, except when some heart with fancy warm hunts up the old volumes to gloat upon their neglected charms, or when some lecturer or reviewer recurs to them in his historical sketches, and finding no contemporary Europeans of much celebrity, draws them from their dusty repositories, to "close the wall up with our English dead."

Some account for this comparative neglect by the supposition that the superior effulgence of Shakspeare engrosses such an amount of admiration, that none is left for the minor satellites, whose "ineffectual fire" pales in his beams. But it may be doubted whether Jonson would have been better known had Shakspeare never lived, and whether on the contrary the light of Shakspeare's reputation has not served to elucidate that of his contemporaries, by spreading such a radiant atmosphere around them, that we see clearly and distinctly objects which had else escaped observation. Jonson's, though a great was not an original genius. He was a finished scholar, and a polished wit; but it was the perfection of the finish and the brilliancy of the polish, and not the intrinsic superiority of his mind that attracted attention. If we compare the scenes of the authors we have mentioned, which to us are the most similar, namely, the separation or adieu between Romeo and Juliet, in Shakspeare, and Ovid and Julia, in Jonson, we shall at once perceive wherein the dissimilarity consists, and in what particulars the bard of Avon is super-eminent. The ardent expressions of the Capulet and Montague, their touching exclamations, their spirit-melting softness, seem to spring from hearts overflowing with grief and tenderness. But the aspiring poet and his noble mistress about to be forever banished from each other, dilate upon their affliction with such heartless ingenuity and such labored similes, that it appears rather a ceremonial strife than the mutual outbreathing of two lovesick souls bidding each other an eternal farewell. With the former it is an impulse, with the latter an endeavor. To avail ourselves of a strained metaphor, the words of Romeo and Juliet bubble up from their hearts like the free fountains of the wilderness, while those of the others seem drawn from some artificial reservoir, merely to supply the ordinary purposes of life. Jonson was all art, say the commentators, Shakspeare all nature. Truth lies concealed in the assertion, but the assertion itself is not altogether true. In some of his lyric pieces, Jonson comes as near the natural flow, the "cursosa felicitas" of Horace, as any poet in the range of our literature, while

Shakspeare, in his sonnets, sinks as near to the low flats of mediocrity as a bard of any genius possibly could. Allowing then that Jonson was deficient in nature, but excelled in art, may we not yield something to the supposition that the drama was not his proper sphere, and that in adapting himself to the prevailing and overbearing taste of the age in which he lived, he sacrificed his fame to his popularity? Jonson's characters are individuals, Shakspeare's represent species. Sometimes we discover persons resembling the former, but can always find those akin to the latter, for while Jonson delineated peculiar traits, Shakspeare sketched the general characteristics. A person may be a poet in the full extent of the term: he may have an eye for the beauties of nature, a conception of sublimity and a happy mode of expression, but still be only fitted for some particular species of poetry; for lyric, the epic, or the dramatic. What, for instance, would Milton have made of Hamlet or Othello, or Shakspeare of Paradise Lost? Thus, we think Jonson much mistook his province when he entered upon the drama. The strength of his genius certainly prevents him from appearing contemptible, but its peculiar nature debars him from reaching excellence. No person can be an universal poet, and although Jonson's "Every Man in his Humor," "Epicene and Sejanus" are far above mediocrity, and the former redolent with wit, yet each one of them considered as a whole, is deficient. Probably not one in a hundred readers peruses them, and of a hundred readers of them I believe not more than the same proportion ever recurs to them a second time. Probably Voltaire was as universal an author as ever existed, yet who from its reputation was ever tempted to wade through his *Henriade*, or from their interest to re-peruse his tragedies?—Admiring Jonson as we do, we pity the perverseness or the weakness which led him into such an uncongenial path. Milton, following the minor amatory poets of the times of James and Charles I. would not fashion his genius to the model, but produced a poem, that stands, like a mighty tree, among the stunted productions around. Present penury and neglect might await him; but he was content to suffer every thing, knowing, in the words of Lord Camden, "that the price of his poem was immortality, and that posterity would pay it." But Jonson, yielding to a current that he could not master, borne away by a taste that he was not proficient in, shipwrecked his golden hopes forever, and now suffers that neglect that he incurred without justly meriting it. The world has a sharp and a true judgment, and never forgets that which is worthy of its retention. After a few generations, it corrects the errors into which false taste, or any other cause may have led it, rejects the spurious, and preserves the true genius; for of all the standard works in any language, there are none which are not sterling, and so of all which have passed into oblivion, I believe there are none that suffer an altogether unjust neglect.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CAREY AND LEA'S ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA.

We transfer the annexed article into our columns from the ninth volume of the *Encyclopædia Americana*, partly from its intrinsic interest, and partly as a method of again attracting the attention of our readers to the work itself. The laborious efforts of Carey and Lea in preparing it for the American press, will, we trust, be amply requited. To the sterling merits of this publication we have no where heard a dissenting voice. There are in the following account one or two errors, but almost too trivial to detain the reader with an enumeration.

THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

New-York, the largest and most populous city in the United States, lies in the state of that name, and is situated at the junction of the Hudson and East rivers, at the head of the bay of New-York, and about sixteen miles from the Atlantic ocean, in latitude 40° 42' N., 74° 1' 8" W. longitude, from Greenwich, England; and 2° 54' 23" E. from the city of Washington. It stands on an island formed by the two rivers just named, and a small river called *Haerlem*, which connects them. The length of this island is about fifteen miles, from south to north, and its average breadth about one mile and a half. It is separated, on the north, from the continent, by Haerlem river, which is crossed by several bridges; from New Jersey, on the west, by Hudson river; from Long Island, on the east, by the East river; and from Staten Island, on the south, by the bay or harbor. According to Van der Donck, who published a history of the New Netherlands, at Amsterdam, in 1656, Hudson river was the English name of the great river coming from the north; but the Dutch "called it *Mauritius*, after Prince Maurice, who then presided over the government of Holland." The Indian name of the island was *Manhattan*; the Dutch called the city *Nieuw Amsterdam*; and the English changed it to the name which it still retains. The same writer gives us the following description of the bay of New-York:—"The bay on which Staten Island is situated is the most celebrated, because the East and North rivers flow into it—rivers, a particular description of which will be presently given, together with a number of kills, gats, and creeks, some of which resemble small rivers, and are navigable, as Raritan kill, kill Van Kull, Nieuvesink, &c. This bay is also so formed as to render it safe from all boisterous winds, and a thousand ships of burthen may harbor in it within the land. The entrance into the bay is extensive, and is accompanied with but little danger to those who have once gone, or have been taught the passage. If persons are so inclined, and the wind fair, they may in one

tide proceed from sea to the city of New Amsterdam, which lies five (Dutch) miles from the ocean, and that when deeply laden, with an easy sail, and by ships of the greatest burthen."—The following is the depth of water over the bar, as furnished by the pilot of the United States ship Boston, which passed it in June, 1830, with the wind from the westward:

Carried over the bar.....	26 ft. 6 in.
Tide had fallen.....	1 6—37 0.

The whole island of New-York constitutes one county, which is governed by the city charter, and divided into fifteen wards, each equally represented in the common council, and each electing its own municipal officers. Members of congress and assembly are elected by the whole people, and whoever has the highest number of votes is chosen, whether that number constitutes a majority of the whole or not. The common council sits, and the courts are held in the city-hall, a handsome marble building, finely situated in an extensive park. There is, perhaps, no place in the world where the municipal authority exercises such despotic sway over the property of the citizen, in opening, leveling, widening streets and other alterations and improvements. It is not an uncommon case for property to be assessed, for one or other of these purposes, for more than it is worth; and the only privilege accorded to the owner is that of abandoning it to the corporation, and paying the rest out of his own pocket. Under this system it cannot, however, be denied, that New-York has advanced in beauty and improvements almost beyond example. The population, in 1697, was four thousand three hundred and two; in 1756, thirteen thousand and forty; in 1790, thirty-three thousand and thirty-one; in 1800 sixty thousand four hundred and eighty-nine; in 1810, ninety-six thousand three hundred and seventy-three; in 1820, one hundred and twenty-three thousand seven hundred and six; in 1825, one hundred and sixty-six thousand and eighty-six; and, in 1830, two hundred and seven thousand and twenty-one. In 1769, in a holy contested election of four days, the number of votes taken was one thousand five hundred and fifteen; of the voters, nine hundred and seventeen were freeholders: in 1830, the number of votes for members of congress was upwards of twenty-one thousand; the proportion of freeholders not known, as property is no longer the basis of representation. The revenue of the city, in 1830, was one million thirty-six thousand nine hundred and thirty dollars; the expenditure, one million thirty-three thousand four hundred and nineteen; and the debt, seven hundred and seventy-four thousand four hundred and fifty-five. In the same year the revenue collected at the custom-house was twenty-one million seven hundred and fifty-six thousand seven hundred and nine dollars; the foreign tonnage entering the port, four hundred and fifty thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight tons; the arrivals from foreign ports, one thousand five hundred and ten, of which one thousand three hundred and sixty-six were American. The number of coasting vessels frequenting the port is almost incalculable. For 1810, the assessment of real and personal property was one hundred and twenty-five million two hundred and eighty-eight thousand five hundred and eighteen dollars; in 1824, the number of deaths was four thousand three hundred and forty-one; in 1825, five thousand and eighteen. The proportion of births to deaths is not known as it ought to be, in order to draw any useful practical conclusions from this subject. Of these deaths, one sixth were from consumptions. The greatest number of deaths, in 1824, was in the month of August, the smallest in December. In 1825, the greatest mortality was in July, and the smallest in April. The air of New-York is keen and cold in winter, partly owing to its being entirely surrounded by water, which freezes more or less during that season. The spring is generally lingering and backward, owing to the great prevalence of chilly easterly winds, coming directly from the sea; but the summer is less oppressive than in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and the autumn, for the most part, very pleasant. During the heats of summer, the Battery and Castle-garden afford a never-failing source of coolness, and a prospect equally refreshing and delightful. The nights are almost always rendered comfortable, even in the hottest weather, by the sea breezes, the influence of which is felt very sensibly. On the whole, the climate is not unfavorable to health or long life, except to persons inclined to consumption. To them it is highly dangerous. The water in the lower part of the city is brackish. Columbia college is at present the only institution of the kind in New-York. It is finely situated, on an open square, ornamented with majestic trees; and the standard of classical education is supposed to be higher than in most of the colleges of the United States. The faculty consists of a president, a professor of moral philosophy, rhetoric, belles-lettres, and political economy, a professor of Greek and Latin, a *Jay* professor of ditto, a professor of natural and experimental philosophy and chemistry, a professor of mathematics, analytical mechanics, and physical astronomy, a professor of law, a professor of the Italian language and literature, and a professor of the French language and literature. The number of students is about one hundred. There is a grammar school connected with the college. It was founded by royal charter in 1754, which has been frequently confirmed, with occasional alterations, by the legislature of the state. Columbia college possesses an estate valued at four hundred thousand dollars. The university of the city of New-York is an institution recently established, chartered by the legislature in February 1831. It is projected on the broad and liberal scale of the universities on the continent of Europe, and promises to be of great advantage to the literature of our country. Its funds have been raised by the subscriptions of liberal indi-

viduals. It is governed by a council of thirty-two members, chosen by the subscribers, together with the mayor and four members of the common council of the city. A large amount of money has been raised for its endowment; but none of its officers are yet chosen, except the president, secretary, and treasurer of the council, and the chancellor of the university. There are numerous schools of all kinds in the city, in which all classes and colors may be accommodated; so that it is not too much to say that the means of obtaining such an education as is essential to the ordinary occupations and pursuits of life, are within the reach of all who will exert themselves to make use of them. There are upwards of one hundred churches in the city, of almost every denomination of believers. Of these, some are of a handsome order of architecture, and splendidly ornamented within. The portico in front of the church of the Ascension, in Canal-street, would do honor to any city. It is chaste and classical in the highest degree. The disposition of the people of New-York is very liberal towards the endowment and support of religious establishments, bible and missionary societies, &c. Of all the churches of the United States, Trinity church is the best endowed. It is restricted, by its charter, to an actual revenue of five thousand pounds sterling a year, and has been obliged to alienate a vast property in the city, in order to keep within bounds. But for this, its revenue would probably have amounted to six, perhaps ten times the sum to which it is restricted by charter. The nature of this work does not admit of particularizing the different charitable institutions and societies for the relief of human misery. It is sufficient to say, that there is scarcely a want or infirmity to which our nature is exposed that has not a resource in some one of these institutions, which are supported either by public munificence or private charity. Neither is New-York behind her neighbors in the number of her literary and scientific institutions, although her almost exclusively commercial pursuits might furnish some apology if she were. The most ancient of these, it is believed, is the society library, founded in 1754, and containing upwards of twenty-two thousand volumes; the historical society, incorporated in 1809, and which has collected and preserved a vast number of records, appertaining to the early history of the United States, and the state of New-York particularly. It is to be regretted that the society has languished for want of funds: this circumstance, it is believed, has prevented its giving to the world many of these interesting memorials of old times. It seems now, however, on the point of a revival to usefulness, owing, in no small degree, to the activity and exertions of Mr. John Delafield, the present treasurer. The lyceum of natural history has been very successful in the pursuit of its objects, and its collections and publications do it great honor. The Clinton-hall association is an incorporation for the promotion of literature, science, and the arts, which has but lately attained to an existence which it is hoped will be prosperous; and the mercantile library association can hardly fail of being eminently useful, if properly conducted. There are two academies of the fine arts in New-York—the American and the National—the former supported by amateurs, the latter composed of artists, with a few exceptions. It is hoped and expected they will do something towards the advancement of the great objects of their original formation. In 1827, the returns made, according to law, to the comptroller of the state, made the total of banking capital in New-York amount to fifteen million nine hundred and sixty thousand four hundred and three dollars. Since that period, several new banks have been chartered, adding largely to this sum. The number of insurance companies is upwards of forty. There is no city in the United States, perhaps in the world, which possesses greater advantages of situation than New-York, both for external and internal commerce. These advantages have been improved by a vast line of canals connected with the Hudson, and concentrating the produce of an immense region on its bosom, all of which at length finds its way to the great mart of domestic and foreign trade. It is here that merchants and traders resort from all quarters; from the shores of the Atlantic, the confines of the lakes, and the banks of the Mississippi, with a certainty that they can dispose of their own produce, and supply themselves with every article they require. It is here, too, that strangers and travellers congregate, as the place of departure to every part of the world, attracted by the facilities offering themselves at regular stated periods. It may serve to give some idea of these to state that there are opportunities by regular packets to Liverpool four times a month: to Havre three times; to London twice; to Hull, Greenock, Belfast, Carthage, Vera Cruz, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Mobile, Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, and, indeed, to almost every place of note in the United States, in lines of vessels, sailing at stated times, which may be relied upon with almost perfect certainty. The advantageous situation of New-York naturally inclines the inhabitants to commercial pursuits; but of late years large capitals have been invested in manufactures, which are daily becoming objects of attention. But the probability is, that it will long remain in a great degree a central point for the commerce of the United States. That part of the coast of America which comprehends the state of New-York, was first discovered by Sebastian Cabot, who was employed by Henry the Seventh of England, in 1497. But he made no attempts at landing, or forming settlements, contenting himself with claiming the country for his sovereign, by right of discovery. In 1608, Henry Hudson, an Englishman, acting under a commission from the king of England, entered the bay of New-York, and sailed up the river as far as latitude 43° north. The English writers maintain that he was employed by their government, and that he sold the country thus discovered to the Dutch, without authority. The

Dutch writers, on the contrary, maintain that he was in the service of the Dutch East India Company at the time. Be this as it may, the English made no opposition for some time to the settlement of the country by the Dutch. The right of the English was, however, in some measure recognised, by the Dutch applying for, and receiving permission from James the First, in 1620, "to build some cottages on Hudson's river, for the convenience of their vessels engaged in trade with Brazil." Under this license they settled a colony, to which they gave the name of the *New Netherlands*. Various disputes about boundaries, &c. occurred, for several years afterwards, between the English, the Dutch, and the Swedes; but these are no longer subjects of interest. The first buildings erected in New-York, were in 1621, near the junction of the East and North rivers, about Whitehall and Broad-street, and Coenties and Old slips. The first Dutch governor was Wouter Van Twiller, in 1629, who was succeeded by William Kieft, whose successor was Peter Stuyvesant, the last of the Dutch governors. King Charles the First having made complaints of the encroachments of the Dutch on New England, the states-general declared the settlement of New Netherlands "to be only a private undertaking of the West India Company of Amsterdam." The twelfth of March, 1664, Charles the Second granted to his brother James, Duke of York, "all Mattawacks, now Long Island, all Hudson's river, and all the lands from the west side of Connecticut river to the east side of the Delaware bay, together with the royalties and rights of government." The duke sold that part of the grant which comprehends New Jersey, and the remainder, which comprehended the present state of New-York, was retained by him, and so called in honor of the proprietor. The possession was guaranteed to him by the states-general, by the treaty of Breda, in 1667. Previous to this, however, in 1664, the New Netherlands was taken by the English. In 1673, it was retaken by the Dutch, and in 1674, on the ninth of February, it again fell into the hands of the English, and so remained until the revolution. In 1683 the first colonial legislature was convened in New-York. In 1765, a congress of deputies from the colonial assemblies met at the same place to consult about grievances. In 1770, the liberty pole, which had been set up by the citizens, was cut down by the soldiers, and a new one erected, secured with iron. About the same time the assembly gave great offence by voting five thousand dollars for the supply of the king's troops quartered in the colony. On this occasion an address was published "To the betrayed inhabitants of the city of New-York," signed "A Son of Liberty," which the assembly pronounced a "false, seditious, and infamous libel." Captain, afterwards General McDougall, was brought before the chief-justice as the publisher, refused to give bail, was committed to prison, and afterwards admitted to bail. He was ordered before the bar of the assembly at their next meeting, refused to ask pardon, was committed to prison for contempt, and there remained until the assembly was prorogued, in 1771. About the middle of December, 1773, seventeen chests of tea, which had been brought to the city from a tea-ship lying at Sandy Hook, were seized by the citizens, and thrown into the river. In the year 1775, the assembly of the province met in New-York, and renounced all concern in the proceedings of the congress that convened at Philadelphia the preceding year, declining choosing members to the new one. At the same time they petitioned the king, in their own names, for a redress of grievances; remonstrated in behalf of the people of Massachusetts; and concluded by disavowing all ideas of independence. This course gave great offence to the popular party, denominated the *sons of liberty*, who called a meeting, March sixth, which eventuated in an appeal to force, in which the Tories were put to flight by the sons of liberty, armed with hoop-poles; and the scale from that moment turned in favor of the popular party, under Captain Sears, or *King Sears*, as he was familiarly called. On receipt of the news of the affair at Lexington, Sears, in conjunction with captain, afterwards General Lamb, called a meeting, in which it was resolved that the custom-house should be closed. A committee of one hundred persons was appointed to preserve order in the city, and an association entered into to stand by the continental congress. But the citizens were far from being united. There was a strong party among the more wealthy, which only awaited an opportunity to thwart these measures. Captain Sears, who had been ordered, by the convention appointed to direct the affairs of the colony, to remove the cannon from the battery, succeeded in his object, though fired upon by the Asia, seventy-four, which lay off in the river. The conduct of the citizens of New-York not being quite agreeable to the sons of liberty, Captain Sears advised General Washington to send a body of troops to secure the city; but the general could not spare them. General Lee, however, by the assistance of Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, collected a body of twelve hundred militia for the purpose. Being detained at Stamford, he sent a part of these on under the command of Captain Sears, and followed soon after. The inhabitants were greatly alarmed at their arrival, the British naval commandant having declared that he would fire the city if any continental troops entered it. To this Lee answered, "that if the man-of-war should set one house on fire in consequence of his coming, he would chain a hundred of their friends together by the neck, and make the house their funeral pile." The seventeenth of March, the British having evacuated Boston, Washington dispatched General Heath, with five regiments, and shortly afterwards followed, with nearly all his army, to New-York. After the defeat of the Americans on Long Island, and the masterly retreat of Washington across the East river, he was obliged, by a series of operations on the part of the enemy, to retreat across Haerlem river to the continent. This left the city at the mercy of the British, who ac-

cordingly took forcible possession, which they retained until the twenty-fifth of November, 1783, when they finally evacuated it. The day has ever since been commemorated by a military procession and public rejoicings. The fourth of December following, Washington took leave of the officers of the army, at Francis's hotel. Calling for a glass of wine, he thus addressed them:—"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you, devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former have been glorious and honorable." The ceremony was in the highest degree affecting, and few of the officers could refrain from tears. In 1789, the first congress, under the new constitution, met at New-York, and Washington was sworn into the office of president of the United States, by Chancellor Livingston. From this period, the city, which, at the time of its surrender by the British, was estimated to contain little more than twenty thousand people, has continued to advance in wealth and numbers, with a pace as steady as it has been rapid. Its history is a continuation of prosperity, only occasionally arrested or disturbed by those inevitable evils which every where, at times, cross the path of life; and its future prospects, like its past history, furnish abundant reasons for its inhabitants to be thankful to Providence.

WILLIAMS'S REGISTER.

This valuable work for the year 1832, is just published, greatly improved. It furnishes a mass of information, indispensable to nearly every business-man, on about two hundred different subjects connected with this state, and the United States, and contains, in addition, a number of beautifully executed wood engravings, by Mason, Anderson, and others.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

The thirtieth number of this universally popular work, published by the brothers Harper, consists of the "Lives and Voyages of Early Navigators, with a History of the Buccaneers," with steel plates of Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier. It furnishes accounts of a most interesting nature of these celebrated men.

TRANSLATED POETRY.

THE original of this poem, according to the statement of the French gentleman to whom the translator is indebted for the copy he has made use of, was written at Paris some years ago, but the vigilance of the police prevented its circulation. Whatever might have been the consequence of the circulation of the original in France at the time it was written, the present publication of the translation cannot be supposed to have any other object or effect than to give the reader some idea of a highly-spirited poem, which might otherwise be altogether lost to the world, as it is uncertain whether a proper time for the publication of the original will ever arrive.

LE FILS DE L'HOMME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY JAMES MACK.

March forward! march forward!
Ye children of France!
The voice of your country
Commands your advance!
March forward, exclaiming,
In triumph and joy,
"Down! down with the Bourbons!
And up with our Boy!"

The boy of our worship,
The son of the man
Who marshaled our fathers
In victory's van!
That son let us follow,
Acclaiming in joy,
"Down! down with the Bourbons!
And up with our Boy!"

How great was the glory
Napoleon wrought!
How great the dishonor
The Bourbons have brought!
The pride of our country
'Tis theirs to destroy;
Then down with the Bourbons,
And up with our Boy!

The sun of our glory
Napoleon gave;
That sun for a moment
Has set in his grave;
But forth shall burst on us,
While shouting in joy,
"Down! down with the Bourbons!
And up with our Boy!"

The hosts of the stranger
Our tyrants shall aid,
But we have before us
The conqueror's shade;
The power of his presence
Shall thousands destroy—
Then down with the Bourbons!
And up with our Boy!

That boy is our brother—
His father was proud
To call us his children,
As oft was avowed;
Then on with your brother,
His foes to destroy—
Down! down with the Bourbons
And up with our Boy!

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER TWELVE.

Place Louis XV.—Panoramic view of Paris—a Literary Club Dinner—the guests—the president—the exiled Poles, &c.

I HAVE spent the day in a long stroll. The wind blew warm and delicious from the south this morning, and the temptation to abandon lessons and lectures was irresistible. Taking the *Arc de l'Etoile* as my extreme point, I yielded to all the leisurely hindrances of shop-windows, beggars, book-stalls, and views by the way. Among the specimen-cards in an engraver's window I was amused at finding, in the latest Parisian fashion, "HUSEIN-PASHA, *Dey d'Algiers*."

These delightful Tuileries! We rambled through them, (I had met a friend and countryman, and enticed him into my idle plans for the day,) and amused ourselves with the never-failing beauty and grace of the French children for an hour. On the inner terrace we stopped to look at the beautiful hotel of Prince Polignac, facing the Tuileries, on the opposite bank. By the side of this exquisite little model of a palace stands the superb commencement of Napoleon's ministerial hotel, breathing of his glorious conception in every line of its ruins. It is astonishing what a godlike impress that man left upon all he touched!

Every third or fourth child in the gardens was dressed in the full uniform of the National Guard—helmet, sword, epaulettes, and all. They are ludicrous little caricatures, of course, but it inoculates them with love of the corps, and it would be better if that were synonymous with a love of liberal principles. The *Garde Nationale* are supposed to be more than half "Carlists" at this moment.

We passed out by the guarded gate of the Tuileries to the *Place Louis XV*. This square is a most beautiful spot, as a centre of unequalled views, and yet a piece of earth so foully polluted with human blood probably does not exist on the face of the globe. It divides the Tuileries from the *Champs Elysées*, and ranges of course in the long broad avenue of two miles, stretching between the king's palace and the *Arc de l'Etoile*. It is but a list of names to write down the particular objects to be seen in such a view, but it commands, at the extremities of its radii, the most princely edifices, seen from hence with the most advantageous foregrounds of space and avenue, and softened by distance into the misty and unbroken surface of engraving. The king's palace is on one hand, Napoleon's Arch, at a distance of nearly two miles on the other, Prince Talleyrand's regal dwelling behind, with the church of Madeline seen through the *Rue Royale*, while before you, to the south, lies a picture of profuse splendor; the broad Seine, spanned by bridges that are the admiration of Europe, and crowded by specimens of architectural magnificence; the chamber of deputies, and the *Palais Bourbon*, (approached by the *Pont Louis XVI* with its gigantic statues and simple majesty of structure,) and, rising over all, the grand dome of the "Invalides," which Napoleon gilded, to divert the minds of his subjects from his lost battle, and which Peter the Great admired more than all Paris beside. What a place for a man to stand, with but one bosom to feel and one tongue to express his wonder!

And yet of what that should make a spot of earth sink to perdition, has it not been the theatre? Here was beheaded the unfortunate Louis XVI., his wife, Marie Antoinette, his kinsman, Philip duke of Orleans, and his sister Elizabeth; and here were guillotined the intrepid Charlotte Corday, the deputy Brissot, and twenty of his colleagues, and all the victims of the revolution of 1793, to the amount of two thousand eight hundred! and here Robespierre and his cursed crew met at last with their insufficient retribution; and, as if it were destined to be the very blood-spot of the earth, here the fireworks, (which were celebrating the marriage of the same Louis that was afterwards brought hither to the scaffold,) exploded, and killed fourteen hundred persons! It has been the scene, also, of several minor tragedies not worth mentioning in such a connection. Were I a Bourbon, and as unpopular as king Philip I. at this moment, the view of the *Place Louis XV* from my palace windows would very much disturb the beauty of the perspective. Without an *equivoque*, I should look with a very ominous dissatisfaction on the "Elysian fields" that lie beyond.

We loitered slowly on to the *Barrier Neuilly*, just outside of which, and right before the city gates, stands the Triumphal Arch. It has the stamp of Napoleon—simple grandeur. The broad avenue from the Tuileries swells slowly up to it for two miles, and the view of Paris at its foot, even, is superb. We ascended to the unfinished roof, a hundred and thirty-five feet from the ground, and saw the whole of the mighty capital of France at a *coup d'œil*. Churches, palaces, gardens; buildings heaped upon buildings clear over the edge of the horizon, where the spires of the city in which you stand are scarcely visible for the distance.

I dined a short time since, with the editors of the *Revue Encyclopedique* at their monthly reunion. This is a sort of club dinner, to which the eminent contributors of the review invite once a month all the strangers of distinction who happen to be in Paris. I owed my invitation probably to the circumstance of my living with Dr. Howe, who is considered the organ of American principles here, and whose force of character has given him a degree of respect and prominence not often attained by foreigners. It was the most remarkable party, by far, that I had ever

seen. There were nearly a hundred guests, twenty or thirty of whom were distinguished Poles, lately arrived from Warsaw. Generals Romarino and Langermann were placed beside the president, and another general, whose name is as difficult to remember as his face is to forget, and who is famous for having been the last on the field, sat next to the head seat. Near him were General Bernard and Dr. Bowring, with Sir Sidney Smith, covered with orders, from every quarter of the world, and the President of Colombia. After the usual courses of a French dinner, the president, Mons. Julien, a venerable man, with snow-white hair, addressed the company. He expressed his pleasure at the meeting, with the usual courtesies of welcome, and in the fervent manner of the old school of French politeness; and then, pausing a little, and lowering his voice, with a very touching cadence, he looked around to the Poles, and began to speak of their country. Every movement was instantly hushed about the table—the guests leaned forward, some of them half rising in their earnestness to hear; the old man's voice trembled, and sunk lower; the Poles dropped their heads upon their bosoms, and the whole company were strongly affected. His manner suddenly changed at this moment, in a degree that would have seemed too dramatic, if the strong excitement had not sustained him. He spoke indignantly of the Russian barbarity towards Poland—assured the exiles of the strong sympathy felt by the great mass of the French people in their cause, and expressed his confident belief that the struggle was not yet done, and the time was near when, with France at her back, Poland would rise and be free. He closed, amidst tumultuous acclamation, and all the Poles near him kissed the old man, after the French manner, upon both his cheeks.

This speech was followed by several others, much to the same effect. Dr. Bowring replied handsomely, in French, to some compliment paid to his efforts on the "question of reform," in England. Cesar Moreau, the great schemist, and founder of the *Academie d'Industrie*, said a few very revolutionary things quite emphatically, rolling his fine visionary-looking eyes about as if he saw the "shadows cast before" of coming events; and then rose a speaker, whom I shall never forget—he was a young Polish noble, of about nineteen, whose extreme personal beauty and enthusiastic expression of countenance had particularly arrested my attention in the drawing-room, before dinner. His person was slender and graceful—his eye and mouth full of beauty and fire, and his manner had a quiet native superiority, that would have distinguished him any where. He had behaved very gallantly in the struggle, and some allusion had been made to him in one of the addresses. He rose modestly, and half unwillingly, and acknowledged the kind wishes for his country in language of great elegance. He then went on to speak of the misfortunes of Poland, and soon warmed into eloquence of the most vivid earnestness and power. I never was more moved by a speaker—he seemed perfectly unconscious of every thing but the recollections of his subject. His eyes swam with tears, and flashed with indignation alternately, and his refined spirited mouth assumed a play of varied expression, which, could it have been arrested, would have made a sculptor immortal. I can hardly write extravagantly of him, for all present were as much excited as myself. One ceases to wonder at the desperate character of the attempt to redeem the liberty of a land when he sees such specimens of its people. I have seen hundreds of Poles, of all classes, in Paris, and I have not yet met with a face of even common dullness among them.

You have seen by the papers, I presume, that a body of several thousand Poles fled from Warsaw, after the defeat, and took refuge in the northern forests of Prussia. They gave up their arms under an assurance from the king that they should have all the rights of Prussian subjects. He found it politic afterwards to recall his protection, and ordered them back to Poland. They refused to go, and were surrounded by a detachment of his army, and the orders given to fire upon them. The soldiers refused, and the Poles, taking advantage of the sympathy of the army, broke through the ranks, and escaped to the forest, where, at the last news, they were armed with clubs, and determined to defend themselves to the last. The consequence of a return to Poland would be, of course, an immediate exile to Siberia. The Polish committee, American and French, with General Lafayette at their head, have appropriated a great part of their funds to the relief of this body, and our countryman, Dr. Howe, has undertaken the dangerous and difficult task of carrying it to them. He left Paris for Brussels, with letters from the Polish generals, and advices from Lafayette to all Polish committees upon his route, that they should put all their funds into his hands. He is a gallant fellow, and will succeed if any one can; but he certainly runs great hazard. God prosper him!

AMERICAN NAVY.

Since the last war, the growth and improvement of our navy has kept pace with our national prosperity. We could now put to sea, in a few months, with a dozen ships of the line—the most spacious, efficient, best, and most beautiful construction that ever traversed the ocean. This is not merely an American conceit, but an admitted fact in Europe, where our models are studiously copied. In the United States, a maximum and uniform calibre of cannon has been lately determined on and adopted. Instead of the variety of length, form and calibre still used in other navies, and almost equal to the Great Michael with her "bassils, mynards, haggles, culverings, flings, falcons, double dogs, and pestilent serpents," our ships offer flush and uniform decks, sheers free from hills, hollows, and excrescences, and complete unbroken batteries.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

REMINISCENCES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE KEEPER OF THE PRISON-SHIP JERSEY.

"But he, the favorite, the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in his face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To board my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day,
Was withered on the stalk away."

AMONGST the number of perishing creatures immured in that vilest of prisons, the old ship *Jersey*, were two persons whose appearance and manners excited a feeling of deep interest in the minds of all around them—both as it respected their present situation and the fate which awaited them. They were brothers, bearing the name of —. I shall call it Vernor. The one, a man of about twenty-seven years, strong and vigorous in his frame, and possessing a mind buoyant with energy and enthusiasm. The other was still a youth of, at most, not more than nineteen, although tall and well-informed. His face was fair and beautiful, while the rising of his features and the down upon his chin proclaimed his approach to manhood. His disposition was full of gaiety and sweetness, and, like the lark, did he carol for several mornings after his imprisonment, protesting that the enemy should not rejoice in a conquest over his spirits. Yet, afterwards, when reclining upon the shoulder of his brother—their faces nearly meeting—with such fondness would he talk of their kind mother—then hastily dash the tear from the corner of his eye-lid, and smilingly chide the elder for his melancholy, who would reply with a look full of anxiety,

"Dear Frank, did the weight of misfortune fall on me alone, I could bear it with heroism—but you are not fitted for this abode—so tenderly reared, so little accustomed to privations. As for me, I have been long inured to fatigues and hardships. So early did I bid adieu to my home, that I left you yet a child, smiling in the lap of an indulgent mother. Oh, would to heaven that you were still the same! Scarcely has that mother recovered from the shock occasioned by the death of our poor father, when, alas, she is doomed to feel the pain of a second trial, which in its effects may prove but little less torturing."

"The delights of home, and the tenderness of my mother are ever present to my memory," replied Frank, with feeling; "they serve to light up this region of misery and gloom—to give a cordial warmth to the cold and nauseous vapors around us; they sweeten my cup of bitterness—feed the cravings of my appetite, and change the dying groans of my companions in captivity into scarcely audible murmurs, while sleep conveys me to the arms of the guardian of my infancy, and the sharer and soother of my early cares—I revel in all the luxuries of home—fold my brother to my heart, and welcome him to liberty and light! The social board is spread and laden for our comfort, and a mother's smile invites us to partake—when I awake to hunger and the depths of a dungeon!"

A sigh from the oldest was the only reply to this lively description of fantasies—and after closing their arms about each other, they sunk into silence.

Day after day the morning broke and the evening closed upon their sufferings! Even mercy was withheld from the wretched prisoners in their latest extremities; and each rising sun saw heaps of human corpses, blackened by pestilence and famine, borne up to the deck of the *Jersey*, to be interred in one common shallow-scooped grave upon the heights of Brooklyn—their bones to whiten there beneath a score of winter snows, unnoticed, unhonored!

Still, each day the younger of the Vernors would sing his song, and try to deck his countenance with cheerfulness—but in vain! His attempts became less and less effectual; and the smile that was wont to irradiate his features, like an expiring light, cast only an uncertain gleam: a strain of melancholy mingled with his song till at last it ceased.

"The poor bird," observed he, one morning, upon finding that his voice had failed him, "although confined to his cage, may sing if well fed and cared for; but the imprisoned starveling, however sweet his note, can feel but little relish for song."

Sad indeed were the inroads that cruelty and oppression had made on the spirits of the youth, while a death-like paleness had taken the place of the rosy bloom which he had brought to the prison.

He, too, was fully sensible of the change, and with a forced smile would say to his brother, as he folded his coat about his wasted form, "If hunger feeds so fast, George, I fear there will be left but a scanty meal for the worms to revel on."

"Alas, my dear Frank," replied Vernor, "speak not of your death—the thought drives me to madness. Mother's life hangs upon yours. She demands of you to sustain yourself under the evil star that reigns over us—bear up yet awhile, my dear boy, with cheerfulness, and we may ere long possess the power and opportunity of punishing our oppressors."

But poor Frank Vernor—the load of oppression was even then too tightly strained upon him—a painful tear swelled in his eye, and he mentally cursed the fate inflicted upon him by the tyrant foe, as he yielded his soul to hopelessness and despair. A few days after, his eyes became languid, and the hectic flush upon his cheek spoke the feverish pulse, which his anxious brother observed with the deepest concern, and while he endeavored to support

his wasting form and drooping spirits by tender and consoling words, he perceived that little hope remained for the life of the youth unless he were immediately liberated from confinement, and his disease treated with skill and attention.

Two days more elapsed of severe trial, when a fatal delirium seized his brain, and the soothing of his brother could only restrain him from violence. At length his frenzy subsided, and languor and weakness ensued—cold chills, attended with sensations of intense pain, and the clammy dews of death were upon his forehead.

The night, with all its horrors, had closed around the wretched victims—had shrouded their prison in darkness, and all was silent, except now and then the groan of a dying man—or a half-suppressed murmur of suffering—or the sound of a solitary footstep in the apartment. Young Vernor had clasped his dying brother in his arms, and had bared his own warm bosom to pillow the sufferer's head. Thus a few moments' slumber beguiled that portion of his sad hour—and when he awoke he was quite rational, and perfectly sensible of his approaching dissolution.

"I am going, George," he said, "tell our dear—"
Mother, he would have added, but the overpowering word swelled at his heart, and died away upon his quivering lips.

"I know, my dearest Francis, all that you would have me say," cried the agonized brother, "but do not bid me despair of your life—for, alas, we must not part so, my brother! Oh, should you die, what words of consolation could I convey to our poor mother—what tidings that would not kill her?"

"Say that I loved her—that I revered her with my latest recollection—and that we will assuredly meet in heaven, where virtue finds a rich reward, and where the wretched prisoner is free! Say, too, that even amid the pains and dread of death, I feel a consolation in the thought that it is for my country I perish. We cannot all hope to live to enjoy the blessings that liberty will give—but we leave them as a sacred inheritance to the rising generation—may they guard with care that which we shall so dearly have purchased! And now, brother, a draught of cold water that I may die quietly."

Here he raised his exhausted head, and held forth his hand as if to receive it.

"You shall have it," replied the unhappy Vernor, as he arose, and laying his brother gently along the floor, he quickly ascended to the entrance of the prison, to ask water of the keeper. It was some time before he received any reply to his repeated knocks and calls. At length the keeper appeared, and harshly inquired the cause of the disturbance at so improper an hour.

"My brother is dying," answered Vernor; "in the name of heaven let me have some water that he may slake his thirst."

"He must wait till morning—it is not our custom to open to the prisoners after night fall—so go your ways and let us have no more noise," was the surly reply.

"But, God of mercy! you surely will not refuse me the water? He will die before the morning!"

"Then he will not need it long," answered the keeper coldly; as he turned away—and muttering that he would not break through his rules to save a hundred of their lives, he left the agonized Vernor to grope his way back as well as he could.

As he turned to descend, his attention was arrested by sounds of riotous mirth issuing from a distant part of the ship, which seemed to mock his sufferings, and convey a double stab to his grievously wounded heart.

When he reached the spot where his brother lay, and had raised him in his arms, he perceived that the youth's reason was again bewildered.

"Never mind the water, George," he said, "the purest streams are before me; I shall soon overtake them;" and he endeavored to moisten his parched lips with his tongue, which Vernor perceiving by the sound, burst into tears.

"Is this my mother?" said the dying lad. "Are these her tears that mingle with the cold dews on my forehead? Is that her warm breath that I feel upon my cheek? Oh, give me your hand, mother!" and snatching that of his brother he pressed it fondly to his lips. "Go—get a light that I may behold her," he added, and attempted to rise. "If you love me, George, get me a light," he repeated, "that I may see your faces before I die."

The half-distracted Vernor could no longer resist his entreaties, and therefore laying him gently down, he made a second attempt to awaken a sense of feeling in the breast of the obdurate keeper, who demanded with a terrible oath, who it was that dared to disturb his repose.

"My good fellow," said Vernor, in a voice of entreaty and conciliation, "I have come in search of a light. My brother is dying—and it is a dreary thing to be near so dear an object and to be unable to look upon his features. He, too, asks it of you as a precious gift."

"Down—down, you foul rebel! I tell you it cannot be done."

"What—not at the request of a dying man?"

"No. Let him die—a rebel deserves no better fate. Away, I say, go back to your berth, and give me no more trouble."

"A single inch of candle only, I pray you for heaven's sake!" cried Vernor, subdued by affliction.

"I tell you again that you cannot have a light! Begone!" and the cruel keeper hastened from the iron-grated partition that separated him from his wretched prisoner.

"Heaven grant me patience!" cried Vernor, as he descended the steps to the prison, his brain burning with revenge, and his heart surcharged with the most painful feelings.

He returned once more to his brother, and seating himself beside him, placed the cold and dying head upon his aching breast, and by fond caresses and words of the sweetest affection sought to soothe away the pangs of disappointment, and to soften the anguish of the last sad moments of the youth, which were now fast approaching. After a few struggles, a few agonizing sighs, he breathed the name of his mother and expired.

"Alas! and is it over? Be gracious, holy heaven, and receive to thyself that pure essence which but now breathed in this cold form—animated the kindest of hearts! Farewell, sweet flower! Thou hast been rudely torn asunder—a fell blight has destroyed thee in the bud! No friend will deck thy bier—no prayer will hallow thy grave!"

Vernor laid the body down in an agony of grief, and breathing an oath of vengeance, fell upon the neck of his ill-starred brother.

The second day after the battle of York Town, (that memorable event which put a period to our long protracted war) late in the afternoon, a young volunteer of the American corps was moving along the ravine in front of the town, when his attention was attracted by the groans, as it were, of a dying creature. Upon searching around he perceived a soldier, wounded and expiring, lying in a hole, or rather a chasm in the ground, which had been broken up. The young man raised the head of the poor fellow, and placed it in an easier and more natural position, and so that he could distinguish the features of the face, which was distorted and livid from suffering and exposure. The volunteer gazed for a moment upon its lineaments, and then recoiled back with horror. A bitter pang shot through his heart! He could not be mistaken—it was the keeper of the prison-ship Jersey!

"Ah, God!" he cried, as he threw himself upon his knees on the earth, "avert my hatred, and let me now return good for evil! Already have I revenged thy death, my brother! fully avenged it! Yea, more than a hundred of the enemy have these hands slain to thy manes on the battle-field! Then pass in peace, beloved shade!"

He arose, and once more approached the wretch, whose groans had become dreadfully audible. It would seem as if he had not only heard and understood, but had also felt the impressive language pronounced by the agitated Vernor, for, amidst the agonies of death, his eyes rolled as if in search of the being he had injured.

"What would you have me do for you, miserable man?" cried Vernor.

"Pardon my offence, and give me a drink that I may not die a thousand deaths. Two whole days have I lain in this pit sorely wounded; and in the posture you found me, and no creature was there to bring me aid or comfort. Many have passed by, but none perceived or heard me—and now, alas, it is too late."

Vernor, moved to pity by this appeal, attempted to raise him from the chasm, but found it impossible; he was too closely wedged in, and his wounds were in a state of putrefaction, while the sufferings of his body could be exceeded only by his overlaid conscience, which feared to meet the death it but too justly merited.

Vernor hastened to a spring, and taking water in a gourd, bore it back to the unhappy man that he might drink ere he died. When it met his lips, his eyes glared wildly upon Vernor, and pushing the water from him, he cried,

"Alas, I cannot swallow it—God's punishment is just!" and, in writhing and torture he soon after expired.

P. J.

FASHIONABLE FRIENDSHIP.

SCENE—Palm's Restaurateur—a half-dozen Italians, Spaniards, and Frenchmen taking chocolate, and gibbering aloud—at one table sits a merchant, sipping his coffee most sonorously; at another a German is smacking his lips over a goblet of *kirschenwasser*; and a dandy trying to drink a glass of *maraschino* in the prettiest way possible, while ever and anon he casts his eye, with a self-satisfied air, into one of the numerous glasses that surround the *salon*. The German is Baron Von Bumble, and the dandy is Vavasour Mulrick, Esq. son of the late Obed Mulrick, ex-chandler, who died and left his son a cool plumb. This is safely secured, while the interest allows the hopeful young gentleman to keep the finest rooms in the city-hotel, drive a *quidquid* wagon, and exhibit every day a clear pair of white kids on the *pavé* at the regular hour of one. It is said that he was exceedingly amiable, promising, and sensible, until he unfortunately came in possession of his money, when his brain was completely turned, and he became lost in the highway to Dandyland. The German rose, and bade "*Gute nacht*." After he had gone, Mulrick turned his eye lazily around, and his lip slightly curled as he saw that no addressable person was present, so dividing his attention between the reflection of his diamonds in the opposite mirror, and a lazy criticism on the whiteness of the marble pillars, he appeared as if awaiting some person with whom he had made an appointment.

Soon after the door opened, and a young man, with an amiable face, made still more expressive by a pair of large deep-blue eyes, entered. He was dressed with all the *mode* and taste of Mulrick, without that *je ne sais quoi* of puppyism, which leaked out in all the said gentleman's actions. There was a melancholy cast upon his features, which seemed as if moulded to a continual smile. This was Robert Unwin.

Mulrick.—Well, Bob, you are punctual to vulgarity. But what's the matter with you? Has Mary proved cruel? Have the cues and balls been running counter? Is Pelham spavined? Have you been caricatured? Tell me, my dear fellow; you are

a friend, and if I have a morsel of consolation in my disposition, I will banish every sorrow you can conjure up.

Unwin.—Then you do feel a friendship for me, Mulrick? You will stand by me—

Mulrick.—Steadfast, steadfast, Unwin; no change shall move me, and we will die the same good friends we have always lived. Use me as you would yourself. My time, breath, purse, horses, all as if they were your own.

Unwin.—I have something to make me unhappy; though still I have not one half the reason to complain that many poor fellows have, and I will not be down-hearted. You must sleep with me to-night, Mulrick, I have something to tell you. As we go down along we will leave word at the hotel, that you will not be at home; and you must make yourself as comfortable as possible. It's a great misfortune to be penniless, Mulrick. Supposing I have—

Mulrick.—Oh, a truce to these suppositions; a man of your blood and money should never be chop-fallen; besides, you know, Unwin, a penniless man (excuse the pun) is always *sans sous-ci*.

Unwin.—*Semper laetus*, Vavasour; I hope it will always last. What's the news?

Mulrick.—Peter Muddleigh's new stanhope is smashed to splinters by a Broadway omnibus. The Lincoxs are affronted at not receiving invitations to the Almacks. S—H— has refused Nick L—. That puppy Glebitz, the Londoner, has accused Tom Curric of cheating at cards, and has refused a challenge. Paul Villy has joined the church, out of pure sorrow for the marriage of Lily Primrose. There is a misunderstanding between Mrs. X—and her mother, about settlements; and Bill Grundy is engaged to Miss F—. Kate V—, the *parvenue*, has cut Gus Siphthorp, the other *parvenue*, dead, dead, dead. They say J—H—and his wife quarrel; and that—

Unwin.—Take breath, Vavasour, your words go upon a railway; I rather think that Palmo has spiritualized his *maraschino*, for I never saw you so free and easy.

Mulrick.—Happiness opens the month, as the sun does an oyster. I am happy, perfectly happy. No debts, no losses; lucky at faro, and out of love. By the way, how is Mary, your little queen?

Unwin.—Tush.

Mulrick.—Why, Unwin, you must have been born at Delphos, for I never heard such *pythian* responses. You have been to see Chabert, perhaps, and are initiated into the secrets of Pandemonium? By the way, did you hear that Chabert and Mademoiselle Proserpine had had a *liaison*; and that Pluto, in rage, had invented a new species of sulphur to "fry men's souls;" and that Chabert, having found no species of Siberian cabbage to nullify this new fire, had sent for a recipe from Georgia; and that Mr. Van P—is to fix the letter? Do you know that Boston is in tears at the absence of Mrs. —, and a memorial is "being made" to pray for her return? — is desperate; — has grown savage; and — threatens to blow senate, congress, and cabinet sky high, unless they cease session, and send home their queen. Why don't you laugh, Bob? To use a borrowed joke, you are as down in the mouth as the roots of my tongue. Still mum? Do you think me unworthy your confidence? There is something which depresses you, and still you will not tell your bosom friend?

Unwin.—You shall know all soon; too soon, perhaps, Mulrick. It is a great, indeed my greatest consolation, to know that I have one person to cling to, happen what may.

After this conversation they gathered the ample folds of their cloaks about them, and were soon walking toward Beekman-street, where Unwin resided. On their way they encountered Jack Hiddlewell, in his purple riding-coat and gilt spurs. He bowed distantly to Unwin, but greeted Mulrick with all the cordiality of a ten-year friend; after a few civilities, a little scandal, and a few compliments, he passed on.

Mulrick.—How's this? I thought you and Jack Hiddlewell were intimate friends?

Unwin.—So we were. He is also a distant connexion of mine. When the piers go, the bridge must drop. Jack Hiddlewell has a very fashionable reason for declining my acquaintance.

Mulrick.—What, an affair of gallantry?

Unwin.—No, a better one, which you shall know anon.

Mulrick.—This is truly mysterious; it is only the second time that I ever met the gentleman, and he greets me with all the familiarity of an old friend.

After dropping in at the city-hotel, and fortifying themselves with a sip of Willard's extra-extra peach-brandy punch, they set sail again for Beekman-street.

An half hour found them in the chamber of Unwin, each in a dressing-gown and cloth slippers. A dosamytos was wasting itself in precious perfume from each mouth, and the latter end of a wax candle was lighting the room, as a small genius does the world.

Mulrick began to hum Sprague's address to his cigar, when his *cadenza volante* was broken by a deep sigh from Unwin.

Mulrick.—Come, Bob; tell me what has happened?

Unwin.—Well, Vavasour, I will tell you all. You know my father, the well-respected John Unwin, left me at his death a clear three thousand per annum; better than this, he left me a good name, and gave me a good education. I have lived always respectably, and have never in my life passed an hour in self-reproach; you have always given me credit for an amiable disposition; I believe, nay I hope, I may assert without vanity that I have it. I made many friends, and have those around me who, I believe, esteem me more for myself than my money, or even

what little talent I may possess. They have all professed the strongest regard for me; and among them all, there is not one to whom I can turn with better trust and better satisfaction than yourself. You have a good heart, a clear head, an even temper, and (forgive me) a spice of vanity.

Mulrick.—Well, Bob, conclude the exordium, and I'll forgive your charge of vanity. Tell me, now, the *primum mobile* of the matter in hand?

Unwin.—Those fifty thousand dollars, the groundwork of my sinecure, the bower anchor of many of my visionary plans, the hard-earned money of my deceased father, are gone, scot and lot. One-half was invested in Windsor funds, ten thousand in a cargo to Palermo, ten more vested in the hands of Checkplate & Co., London, and five was the cost of that little mansion in the Bowery, which I have given rent-free to my old schoolmate and friend of hard fortune, John Livy. The Windsor funds have gone to the deuce; the Ariel sunk in the straits of Messina; John Livy has been burned out; and a lawsuit, held against me by Checkplate & Co., was last night, by some cursed conniving of the British litigants, decided against me. If out of all the pelf I held so sure I save one thousand hard dollars, I am a richer man than I hope to be. I am young, but penniless. Mary Hauton, hearing of my losses, sent me to-day a dismissal, with her father's sanction. I have sold all my jewels and equipage to satisfy the demands of my landlady, laundress, and tailor. I am destitute, and almost friendless. Now is the time, dear Vavasour, to show your generosity. I ask not your money, I mean to earn my living. I only ask that regard which I value so much, and which shall cheer me while using my hands in that unusual occupation, gaining a livelihood. You may be sorry for my poverty, but you shall respect my pride. You know now the reason of my melancholy, and why Jack Hiddlewell cut me.

Mulrick.—Well, Unwin, I am really sorry for you. I do feel for you from the bottom of my heart. I am in a great deal of anguish, I assure you. I would do anything in the world to assist you, but my income is limited to ten thousand a year, and I find it very, very difficult to make both ends meet. You may use my name, *Mr. Unwin*, and I will not see you suffer; (throwing off his slippers and drawing on his boots;) indeed I won't. I have a great, very great sympathy (taking off the dressing-gown) for fellow-mortals in distress. I gave a starving schoolmate a dollar the other day, and a ten dollar bill to a country relation; (putting on his cloak;) I do think I have a good soul, *sans doute*; we shall meet, now then, and I will always bow to you, I will.

Unwin.—What does this mean? Won't you stay all night?

Mulrick.—Oh no, I only meant to sit an hour or so. I must meet Tom Curricule at a rub of billiards, precisely at ten; can your servant call me a coach?

Unwin.—I have no servant. I will call you one.

Mulrick.—Oh no, no; I will walk, thank you; it is only to Warren-street. Good night, *Mr. Unwin*. I should be happy to see you sometimes, *chez moi*. There's a shilling for your cigars. *Bon soir*.

Unwin stood aghast as the door closed behind the retreating form of Mulrick. He took up the proffered shilling, and tossed it into the fire; and, contemptuously exclaiming, "I'm ruined," went to bed with the heart-ache.

Soon after appeared the marriage of Vavasour Mulrick, Esq. to Mary, only daughter of Martin Hauton, Esq. V. U. V.

SKETCHES BY A BRIEFLESS LAWYER.

UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

It is a truth, with which my professional experience very soon made me acquainted, that a modest man in the clash and jostle of life is very likely to be trampled on. I have had occasion to regret this in a thousand instances. The very members of the profession seem so well convinced of it, that when they enter their offices they are at once metamorphosed. They get infected with the consciousness of power; they are supported by the "great image of authority." That natural ingenuousness and courteous feeling, so graceful in the domestic circle, are laid aside, and when you enter a lawyer's office or a court of justice, you are breathing the atmosphere of suspicion and insult. Beware what you say, for your words are watched:

"Set in a note-book, learn'd, and cona'd by rote,
To cast into your teeth."

The most ordinary and insignificant trifle, which every body who knows any thing of the affair, or of you, can see meant nothing, and might have occurred in the same way to themselves, is tortured out of shape, and made to teem with the most exaggerated and enormous conclusions; so that a court, which professes to be the place of all other places where the essence of truth is to be extracted, is sometimes the scene of the strangest mistakes; where characters appear in the most false lights; where impudence and malice wear with impunity the mask of virtue, and the trembling of innocence is mistaken for the agitation of guilt. It is here where the members of our profession are most powerfully tempted to violate every moral duty. Their keen sagacity, springing from experience; their knowledge of every turn and winding of the law; their presence of mind and practised cunning, with which they can at a glance comprehend all the advantages of which the nature of their case will admit, all give them an immense influence over their opposing party, so that unless the latter come to the conflict equally supported by professional ability, their innocence would be no defence whatever.

The trial is one of mental strength, and the weaker individual must but too frequently be borne down and crushed, like a victim beneath the wheels of the juggernaut. But many wronged persons are strangers to this fact; are foreigners, perhaps, totally unacquainted with the usages of our country; or are poor, and consequently being unable to pay for assistance, so indispensably requisite, are compelled to submit in silence.

I have seen examples in this way of the most distressing nature. I have had my feelings harrowed, without being able to furnish a remedy, or even to offer aid, for they came to my notice generally after the evil was perpetrated. I did on one occasion apply to the counsellor, who had been most instrumental in one of these cruel triumphs of law over justice. He told me, superciliously, that the people had their remedy; that is, they could institute a counter suit, or seek redress at a higher tribunal. The courts were free to all. Alas! the individual in whose behalf I had made this futile exertion, was poor and unfortunate. To gain redress, funds were requisite. It would be a heavy tax on his time, which was perseveringly devoted to the support of a large family of children, and the effort might eventually prove a failure. I, too, was poor and young. I could not presume to cope with the matured knowledge and genius of his antagonist. The poor old white-headed man asked me, with tears in his eyes, if there was no hope. I cannot define the pain and humiliation with which I told him there was none. He was perfectly overcome. I thought his old heart would break. It is at such moments that my wishes for great eminence in my profession are most vivid. Fame in the abstract, or the acquisition of wealth, are, it is true, inducements, but of a more remote kind. It is the sight of tears flowing for wrongs unredressed; an aged head bent down in anguish by oppression; a child robbed of its right, in the face of the day, through a quibble; the fame of a pure woman blighted:—these (and they are what we are often compelled to endure) are what make me burn for knowledge and eloquence. I would risk my life sometimes for the high gratification of standing forth in such a cause, and hurling the bolt at the haughty heads of men, whom nature has made bad, and accident powerful. But these are the dreams of the young: dreams, alas! too soon chilled and dispersed by time. But for me, I question whether there is, in all the multiplicity of human feelings, one more difficult to endure in calm silence than that with which a young and lively mind yields to an inexorable necessity of witnessing a direct act of oppression, which cannot be redressed. But as we grow old and wise, (for wisdom seems to consist in caring for no one but ourselves,) we learn to shake our heads, shrug our shoulders, and say, "It is the way of the world."

A lawyer may sometimes find a coloring over an incident totally foreign from the truth. I once saw this forcibly illustrated. I happened to be reading the calendar in court, when I observed the title of a suit in which was the name of a particular friend of mine as defendant in a case of trespass. I remained to hear the trial. It was very brief, and there was but little of a defence.

The counsel for the plaintiff was a learned and an eloquent man, skilled in all the chicanery of the law from his earliest youth. He was of an advanced age, and a deportment which discovered a disposition temperate and benevolent. I think before he commenced speaking, the jury had received a prejudice against the other party. He opened the case. His client, he said, was a female, alone in the world, an unprotected, friendless woman. She had been induced to occupy a house as tenant in common with a gentleman and his family, whose cruel conduct had given rise to the present action. The defendant was a monster. He had been guilty of the most dreadful cruelty towards her in many respects, and had at last attacked her in a fury, placed her in danger of her life, and rendered it indispensable for her to apply to a tribunal of her country for protection and redress. All this was very strange to me. What! my little friend, Tom Regent, a monster? I knew him for one of the best fellows in existence. A witness was called. It was the servant of the plaintiff; a low, insolent, intemperate creature, who swore to any thing. The counsel employed by the defendant was a giddy, ignorant, conceited, young man, who knew nothing of his profession. He had no witness. He made a long speech about nothing, and the jury found heavy damages against him. I was thunderstruck, and went to see my friend immediately. He still resided in the same house with the plaintiff, and when I rang at the door it was opened by a woman about six feet in height. I had no sooner mentioned the name of my friend than she burst into such a torrent of abuse against both him and me, that I began to be in terror for my bones.

"You are a beggar," she exclaimed, flourishing her brawny arm in the air, and keeping me at a most respectful distance, "you are a disreputable beggar; a mean, poor, filthy wretch, or you would never call on such a vagabond. I'll let you know who I am. I am the mistress of this house. I'll crush the wretches. Oh! the villains."

So saying she slammed the door in my face, and I heard her voice, as she mounted the stairs, shrieking, "I'll show the wretches law."

Dear reader, this was the identical defenceless, friendless female, a romantic description of whose distress and weakness had in the morning in court nearly drawn tears from my eyes. I found my friend, who told me she had conducted herself in the same way through the whole affair, only that she took care to conceal the violence of her disposition whenever a witness was present, and thus deprived him of defence.

I thought for some time I should take good care not to meddle with any "unfortunate, defenceless, unprotected women."

THE DRAMA.

DRAMATIC IMPROBABILITIES.

I HAPPENED some time ago to attend a theatrical representation, by a company of itinerant performers, who had been quite importunate in their demands on the patronage of the public. The play advertised in the bills being Richard the Third, the gentleman who personated the Duke of Gloster delivered his opening speech,

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the son of York."

A voice from the audience interrupted him, pointing out the error. The duke came forward, with a low bow, and explained. He was "perfectly aware," he said, "that, by Shakspeare, the line was written

"Made glorious summer by the son of York,"

but," he added, "when he played it here, he always said *New-York*, to compliment the country."

His odd ideas of civility occasioned a general smile, which the deformed usurper took in very ill part; but I could not help thinking he was not more ludicrous than many of his brethren further advanced in the profession. The incident insensibly led my mind on to a recollection of the innumerable little inconsistencies and impossibilities which I have seen pass on the stage, without exciting any attention in the audience, who have, from long habit, I suppose, become familiarized with their occurrence, and thus completely overlook their folly. This strikes me more forcibly from the circumstance that I am not a frequenter of the theatres, and look upon the violations of common sense, (as well as of decency, which I have occasionally remarked there,) as complete novelties.

The other night, in a spirit-stirring opera, one young man was stabbed to the heart, in the early part of the evening, under aggravated circumstances, while performing his duty. As I was pitying his sad calamity, and entering (as my custom is) into several apposite and sentimental reflections on the subject, I was rather puzzled by the sight of the dead man in a new uniform, marching in high spirits at the head of the enemy's army! "Why, the cunning rascal!" thought I to myself; "he only feigned to die, and has deserted for a commission! That is the way of the world."

I cannot say I pitied him in the least when he received the contents of at least a dozen muskets in his bosom, besides more wounds than Cesar, from the daggers of the enemy; for I thought it no more than his treachery merited; but, I must say, that I was greatly astonished in the next scene to behold my friend officiating at a banquet, and very effectually, too, considering he had been twice murdered in the last hour. He was killed again towards the end of the piece; but I saw his face afterwards through a hole in one of the columns, giving a brother actor the cue. I think they called him *Durey*, a clever little fellow, highly appreciated as a prompter.

I do not know any thing more amusing than to see a regular stage hero or heroine, read or write a letter. When they open one, purporting to contain a long story, they peruse the whole three pages at half a glance, gaining by intuition a knowledge of all the details before any other human being could get further than "dear sir." Nothing can exceed their rapidity in reading it, except their despatch in answering it. Such people would be invaluable in a counting-house.

Besides these useful faculties, stage-players possess numerous others, which seem the peculiar gifts of fortune. They can hear footsteps, for instance, long before they approach; and that, too, by cataracts and in tempests; and I have known a sharp-eyed fellow make no ceremony of seeing through a wall, with a distinctness that cannot be too highly commended. There is one gentleman who, in this particular, really deserves well of the audience. He was the other evening enjoying himself in the idea that his uncle was in a foreign country, when he suddenly started up, looking at a closed door, clasping his hands together, and exclaiming, "Gracious heavens, my uncle!" after which the door opened, and his uncle made his appearance. The person who sustained the same part on a subsequent occasion, however, rather outdid him. When he clasped his hands together, and cried, "Gracious heavens, my uncle!" he looked steadily to the right side of the room, while his uncle was coming on from the left. By this means he had an opportunity of giving a second start, much more natural than the first, and thereby got a round of applause.

The characters on the stage are different, in a great many other respects, from those every-day people whom we meet with in real life. A gentleman in the outer world, when he is really intent on glory, and resolved to contribute all in his power towards gaining a battle, generally falls to work forthwith, and stands his chance with the rest of being knocked on the head, run through the body, or shot down. Theatrical warriors are not always in such a hurry. It has often struck me, that Richard the Third was rather getting out of the scrape, in the last scene of that play, when he leaves the noise of the battle at a distance, and comes in alone, notwithstanding his bragging that there must be six Richmonds in the field, five of whom he has just slain. But in this he merely follows the fashion of his companions, as I have several times remarked a prodigiously valorous hero, on the eve of an engagement, shouting out "victory or death!" so fiercely, that I thought the enemy had better keep an eye on their own affairs; but, instead of following his soldiers into the midst of the conflict, according to their expectation as well as mine, he would stay behind and sing a song, sometimes with an *encore*,

eaving his army to get along by themselves. It is astonishing, too, what respect a general often receives in the very fury and lash of a fight. You shall hear at one moment all the horrid din of war; but, on the next, when the general begins to speak, the drummers and trumpeters on both sides drop their instruments; the parties remain silent; the dying cease to groan, till the speech is spoken, after which the awful confusion is renewed more dreadfully than ever. This example in good breeding is very properly adopted by the elements; as you may observe the sky always undrers in the right place, and stops until the hero before the audience has finished delivering his opinions upon any subject. I must confess here, however, that notwithstanding the usual raise the wind gets for swiftness, I have known it to be a little fiercer its time; as, for example, a short period since, as a lady in an old castle was sitting up very late for her lover, she broke in upon a dead silence with the exclamation, "Bless my soul, how the wind blows!" or something more elegantly expressed, but to the same effect, whereupon the wind, as if it had forgotten its art before, and intended then to make up in energy for its want of punctuality, commenced blowing such a sudden and boisterous blast, accompanied by the washing of rain, as drew from the house several manifestations of delight.

There is a young gentleman in one of the theatres often set to personate robbers, who, I think, deserves the thanks of the human race, for having greatly improved upon and mollified the manners of that wicked profession. They used to be extremely rough and brutal in their address; but, in his hands, they have a mildness of demeanor, and a general grace, very interesting. It never fails to soften me with an agreeable surprise when he comes on as that one of the murderers in Macbeth, who tells the tyrant,

"I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world."

While delivering this amiable confession, he is so careful to turn his toes out, and step like a gentleman, that you cannot help thinking the poor cut-throat was brought up in good society, and could dance very prettily, if he only had a mind. The same original taste which metamorphoses his assassins into such decent fellows, makes him play servants like heroes. I am certain if my cotman should enter to announce company with such a majesty of stride, or hand me a letter, or a cup of coffee, with such an elegant flourish, I should set him down for some great nobleman in disguise, and if I had a daughter, she should be looked to.

There is one point for which the subordinate members of our dramatic companies in this city have never been sufficiently appreciated. I mean the wonderful success with which they have disciplined themselves in the practice of the stoical philosophy. We have numerous anecdotes of ancient worthies, who met the most appalling reverses of fortune with composure; but my opinion is, that our supernumeraries could, as the saying is, beat them and five them ten. With what a noble tranquillity they pass through a revolution, or an earthquake; and how some of the ladies hold up their dress from the dust, while flying from the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The assassination of a man, the falling of a castle, or even the rising of a ghost or two, has no more effect on their even nerves than if they were so many statues. So careless, indeed, are they of those influences which affect other men, that when the French army, in a late spectacle, were climbing Mount St. Bernard, where, if there is any truth in appearances, the thermometer must have been ten degrees below zero, the guide, after having stamped his feet and breathed on his finger ends, sat down on a piece of ice, and took off his hat while he ate his dinner. But this is nothing to the boldness of a thief, who crept one night into the house of a rich burgher; and, when once fairly in, instead of taking what he came for, stopped to make a speech, in which he regretted exceedingly that he had not been able to hit upon some better expedient for raising the wind, in a tone of voice loud enough to have awakened even a New-York watchman.

I have several other observations to make on this subject, which, as I do not write long articles, I shall postpone for some future communication. I mean to attend the theatre occasionally hereafter, and let the public know what is going on. In this I acknowledge two objects, being at once desirous of amusing the reader, and purifying theatricals from certain blemishes which have long remained in them unnoticed. I am sorry to observe there are some things as offensive to delicacy as contrary to reason; when I next witness any of these I promise the public to note them down, for special reprobation.

SEDLEY.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE, ETC.

PARK.—As divers inquiries have been made of us touching the forthcoming opera announced at the Park theatre, we have taken the trouble to procure information on the subject from the gentleman who is adapting the music, through whose politeness we have been favored with an inspection of the full score, and acquainted with the intended arrangements of the musical department. The following is a short account of the piece:

Monsieur Scribe, whose prolific pen has produced more dramas than that of any other man of the present day, which has well entitled him to the name he bears, wrote the opera called "*La Dame Blanche, opera comique, en trois actes, mis en musique par L. Boieldieu, Chevalier de l'Ordre royal de la Legion d'Honneur, membre de l'Institut, premier Compositeur de la chambre de M. l'Altesse Royale Madame Duchesse de Berry*," and heaven knows what else. Monsieur Scribe has taken the idea of a lady in white, from Sir Walter Scott's white lady, and has made a

decent drama, which Boieldieu has immortalized by setting to very delightful music. The French are exceedingly partial to Sir Walter Scott, and *Les Ecosais*; out of compliment to one or the other, we presume, they have made Weber's *Der Freischütz* a Scotch piece, and turned the most legitimate of all German devils, Zamiel, into a breechless Highland bogle, and called him *Robin des Bois*!

The White Lady, and the Castle of Avenel, are retained in the opera, but having so far complimented Sir Walter, he proceeds to lay the scene in Scotland, in the year 1759, and he has thereon worked up a drama, which Howard Payne has closely translated for Covent Garden theatre.

Scribe's drama has been adhered to in the forthcoming opera, as far as Boieldieu's music is concerned; the situations and the sentiments are the same, and every care has been taken to render the music justice; but, in addition, as in Cinderella, much has been introduced. The spirit of Avenel appears, and the works of Auber, Rossini, and Weber furnish the music for fairies; and those deficiencies which the idiom of the languages, and the different taste of the audiences, render unavoidable, are supplied in the same way—it remains to be seen how successfully, and for that of course we reserve ourselves. Suffice it to say, that all the chief *morceaux* of Boieldieu are retained; the three *finales* to the three several acts are translated without a note being changed, or the meaning of a word altered; and the celebrated auction scene is rendered exactly note for note, and word for word, according to the French score. The piece is under the direction of Mr. Barry, and Mr. Evers is employed in the scenic department. The band will be increased, and a harpist, Mr. Trust, has been engaged; in short, if the piece is produced with the care and attention for which the reputation of those under whose care it makes its appearance, ought to be a sufficient guarantee, the public may reasonably expect a rich musical treat. The chorus at the Park is stronger and better at the present moment than it ever has been previously; the band is admirable; and when we add that Mrs. Austin is the *prima donna*, Jones the *tenore*; and that Mrs. Sharpe, Messrs. Placide, Thorne and Richings have all prominent parts, we must consider the programme as very inviting; indeed, the introduction of such a classical composition to our boards is an event of importance to amateurs, and forms a feature, even in this age of musical improvement.

Among the attractions produced at this theatre, during Mr. Maywood's engagement, is the tragic drama of *Hernani*, adapted from the French by Kenney. It was received with decided marks of approbation, and is the same piece which, several years ago, created such a lively sensation in Paris. That city was deluged with *Hernani* shawls, *Hernani* hats, &c. Mr. Maywood's able personation of the principal part, Don Leon, sealed its popularity with the audience.

Mr. Forrest closed his very successful engagement on Wednesday evening.

AMERICAN.—Every body praises Miss Vincent and Mr. Blanchard. The former has succeeded surprisingly. She is young, gay, pretty, and graceful, full of life, and evidently gifted with that natural intelligence and power which study may improve, but can never bestow. Her *debut* before a New-York audience is said to have been her twelfth appearance on any stage, and as such must be considered an unusual pledge of future excellence. With her *material* she requires care not yet to attempt too much. Her action discovers (the usual fault of inexperience) an occasional exuberance, which her good sense will, doubtless, soon see the necessity of subduing. Good acting consists comparatively but little in gestures; those which are undertaken certainly cannot be too graceful and appropriate; but the genius of the performer may better display itself in the face and reading. The most impressive and affecting points we have seen executed on the stage were done almost without the motion of a limb. As a vocalist, also, nature has been liberal to her; but there is a fault in the management of her voice, which may be easily corrected with proper instruction; at least the attempt should be made. We advance these observations in the most friendly spirit, as we have rarely been so favorably impressed with the early efforts of any performer. Mr. Blanchard is increasing the number of his friends. The affairs of this house altogether wear a promising aspect.

RICHMOND-HILL.—This seems to be a season fertile in charming young actresses. Among these Miss Mary Duff will not be overlooked, by those on whom a most promising person and a pleasing style of playing can make any impression.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. PAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1832.

New novel.—The author of the "*Dutchman's Fireside*" has another novel in the press. The scene is laid at first in Virginia, and subsequently in Kentucky. The almost unprecedented favor with which the last has been received in Great Britain and France, as well as in this country, will undoubtedly ensure to the present work an immediate sale. Every one knows the graphic power of the writer in depicting American scenes, characters, and events. This gives his productions an additional currency, and is acknowledged by the foreign critics as peculiarly fresh and charming. He was among the first to strike out upon a track which even yet is but too little trodden. The various circumstances attending the

establishment and wonderful growth of a nation, separated from European influences, and which have modified our character and manners, and made us different from every other people, afford a deep mine of materials, which, in the hands of such a terse and sterling writer, proves of rich value. A translation of the "*Dutchman's Fireside*" has appeared in France, under the title of "*Le Coin-de-feu de l'Hollandais*," and is in favor with the French critics. The forthcoming story may be soon expected from the press of the Harpers, who have lately turned more of their attention to domestic compositions, instead of occupying themselves, as heretofore, almost entirely with foreign reprints. For this they deserve all praise, especially when, as on the present occasion, they present the country with the productions of its best writers.

Feline sagacity.—De la Croix relates the following almost incredible instance of sagacity in a cat, which, even under the receiver of an air pump, discovered the means of escaping a death that appeared to all present inevitable. "I once saw," said he, "a lecturer upon experimental philosophy place a cat under the glass receiver of an air pump, for the purpose of demonstrating that very certain fact, that life cannot be supported without air and respiration. The lecturer had already made several strokes with the piston, in order to exhaust the receiver of its air, when the animal, that had begun to feel herself very uncomfortable in the rarefied atmosphere, was fortunate enough to discover the source from whence her uneasiness proceeded. She placed her paw upon the hole through which the air escaped, and thus prevented any more from passing out of the receiver. All the exertions of the officer were now unavailing; in vain he drew the piston; the cat's paw effectually prevented its operation. Hoping to effect his purpose, he let air again into the receiver, which, as soon as the cat perceived, she withdrew her paw from the aperture; but when he attempted to exhaust the receiver, she applied her paw as before. All the spectators clapped their hands in admiration of the wonderful sagacity of the animal, and the lecturer found himself under the necessity of liberating her, and substituting another in her place, that possessed less penetration, and enabled him to exhibit the cruel experiment."

Lamp glasses.—To prevent the cracking of lamp glasses, by a sudden expansion of heat, an effectual remedy is found in running a point of a diamond along the base of the tube. By this solution of continuity, it is relieved from the violence produced by the sudden effects of the heat. A glazier can best perform the operation with the diamond.

Oregon Territory.—A resolution was lately passed by the house of representatives, requesting the president to inform that body "whether possession has been taken of any part of the territory of the United States on the Pacific Ocean by the subjects of any foreign power," to which he replies, under date of the second inst. that there is no satisfactory information on this subject now in the possession of the executive, and that none is likely to be obtained, except by a mission set on foot for the express purpose, which would be attended with "very considerable expense."

Vulgar ridicule.—To turn delicate and beautiful sentiments or expressions into ridicule, is the easiest, and, at the same time the meanest task an author can descend to. It discovers only the superiority of a ruffian, in mere brute force, over the tender weakness of a woman, although her looks and her entreaties, which have no sway over his rough unpolished breast, might bring a hero to her feet. Some people think feeling is effeminate, and find a kind of manliness in being callous to the various surrounding influences. It is a most mistaken opinion. No one need be ashamed of the sensibilities of human nature—of sympathy, of pity, of horror against cruelty, or attraction towards virtue, grace, and beauty. This yieldingness of the soul, proves only that it is fresh and pure—that it is alive to those impressions which lead to noble action, and by which heaven intended that it should be affected; that it is not yet worn out and hacknied by common-place thoughts. The boasted stoical philosophy of the ancients teems with distorted and unnatural precepts.

Flirts.—"I shall be at home next Sunday," said a young girl, desirous of keeping in her train a country lad, who began to find out that he was rather jilted. "So shall I," was the reply.

A disinterested hint.—The editor of a country newspaper gives the public a broad hint in the annexed paragraph:

"It is not simply by a numerous subscription list that a paper is to be supported, and the interests of a town promoted, but by a generous and general habit of advertising in its columns. It is this which gives support to a paper, and character to a town. But suppose a paper to be printed here, week after week, and month after month, and not a solitary trader of the town to announce in its columns a willingness to dispose of merchandise, what would be the inference out of town? Surely there are no traders and no merchandise here."

Journal of a Naturalist.—This amusing work is worthy of the general praise with which it has been received. We are indebted to it for the two first paragraphs on our last page.

Obituary.—The late decease of Mr. John Hone has drawn forth numerous tributes in praise of his enlarged and liberal mind, his keen sagacity, and great benevolence of disposition. We cannot omit the opportunity of uniting our sympathy with that of the wide circle of friends by whom his death is deeply lamented throughout the Union. His high standing in society was entirely owing to his intrinsic goodness and ability; and his many virtues and acknowledged talents justly rendered him the pride of an extensive family connexion.

ADIEU, MY HAPPY HOME.

AS SUNG BY MR. JONES, IN THE OPERA OF MASANIELLO, NOW PERFORMING AT THE PARK—MUSIC BY AUBER—ARRANGED FOR THE PIANOFORTE, AND PRESENTED TO THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, BY AN AMATEUR.

[Now first published.]

Moderato con esp.

pia. A - dieu, my hap - py home, a - dieu, my low - ly dwell - ing; In quit - ting thee, my tears will flow. In deep and swell - ing sighs, my sad - don'd heart fore - tell - ing, I ne'er a - gain thy joys shall know. I ne'er a - gain thy joys shall know.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BUTCHER-BIRD.

THE great shrike, or butcher-bird, breeds annually near my dwelling. It is one of our late birds of passage, but its arrival is soon made known to us by its croaking, unmusical voice, from the summit of some tree. Its nest is large and ill-concealed; and during the season of incubation the male bird is particularly vigilant and uneasy at any approach towards his sitting mate, though often by his clamoring anxiety he betrays it and her to every bird-nesting boy. The female, when the eggs are hatched, unites her vociferations with those of the male, and facilitates the detection of the brood. Both parents are very assiduous in their attentions to their offspring, feeding them long after they have left the nest; for the young appear to be heavy, inactive birds, and little able to capture the winged insects, that constitute their principal food. I could never observe that this bird destroyed others smaller than itself, or even fed upon flesh. I have hung up dead young birds, and even parts of them, near their nests; but never found that they were touched by the shrike. Yet it appears that it must be a butcher too; and that the name "*lanius*," bestowed on it by Gesner two hundred and fifty years ago, was not lightly given. My neighbor's gamekeeper kills it as a bird of prey; and tells me he has known it draw the weak young pheasants through the bars of the breeding-coops; and others have assured me that they have killed them when banqueting on the carcass of some little bird they had captured. All small birds have an antipathy to the shrike, betray anger, and utter the moan of danger, when it approaches their nest. I have often heard this signal of distress, and, cautiously approaching to learn the cause, have frequently found that this butcher-bird occasioned it. They will mob, attack, and drive it away, as they do the owl, as if fully acquainted with its plundering propensities. Linnæus attached to it the trivial epithet "*excubitor*" a sentinel; a very apposite appellation, as this bird seldom conceals itself in a bush, but sits perched upon some upper spray, or in an open situation, heedful of danger, or watching for its prey. This shrike must be most mischievously inclined, if not a predatory bird. May twenty-third—A pair of robins have young ones in a bank near my dwelling: the anxiety and vociferation of the poor things have three times this day called my attention to the cause of their distress, and each time have I seen this bird watching near the place, or stealing away upon my approach; and then the tumult of the parents subsided; but had they not experienced injury, or been aware that it was meditated, all this terror and outcry would not have been excited.

ANIMAL LIFE.

Of the natural duration of animal life it is, from many circumstances, difficult to form an accurate statement, the wild creatures being in a great measure removed from observation, and those in a condition of domestication being seldom permitted to live as long as their bodily strength will allow. Herbivorous animals probably live longer than carnivorous ones, vegetable food being most easily obtainable in all seasons in a regular and requisite supply; whereas animals that subsist on flesh, or by the capture of prey,

are necessitated at one period to pine without food, and at another, are gorged with superfluity: and when the bodily powers of rapacious creatures become impaired, existence is difficult to support, and gradually ceases; but with herbivorous animals in the same condition, supply is not equally precarious, or wholly denied. Yet it is probable that few animals in a perfectly wild state live to a natural extinction of life. In a state of domestication, the small number of carnivorous creatures about us are sheltered, and fed with care, seldom are in want of proper food, and at times are permitted to await a gradual decay, continuing as long as nature permits; and by such attentions, many have attained to a great age; but this is rather an artificial than a natural existence. Our herbivorous animals, being kept mostly for profit, are seldom allowed to remain beyond approaching age; and when its advances trench upon our emoluments by diminishing the supply of utility, we remove them. The uses of the horse, though time may reduce them, are often protracted; and our gratitude for past services, or interest in what remains, prompts us to support his life by prepared food, of easy digestion, or requiring little mastication, and he certainly by such means attains to a longevity probably beyond the contingencies of nature. I have still a favorite pony—for she has been a faithful and able performer of all the duties required of her in my service for upwards of two-and-twenty years—and, though now above five-and-twenty years of age, retains all her powers perfectly, without any diminution or symptom of decrepitude; the fineness of limb, brilliancy of eye, and ardor of spirit, are those of the colt, and though treated with no remarkable care, she has never been disabled by the illness of a day, or sickened by the drench of the farrier. With birds, it is probably the same as with other creatures; and the eagle, the raven, the parrot, &c. in a domestic state, attain great longevity; and though we suppose them naturally tenacious of life, yet, in a really wild state, they would probably expire before the period which they attain when under our attention and care. And this is much the case with man, who probably outlives most other creatures; for though excess may often shorten, and disease or misfortune terminate his days, yet, naturally, he is a long-lived animal. His "threescore years and ten" are often prolonged by constitutional strength, and by the cares, the loves, the charities of human nature. As the decay of his powers awakens solicitude, duty and affection increase their attentions, and the spark of life only expires when the material is exhausted.

A FABLE.

A thistle happened to spring up very near to a sensitive plant. The former, observing the extreme bashfulness and delicacy of the latter, thus addressed her:

"My good neighbor, why are you so modest and reserved, as to withdraw your leaves from the approach of strangers? Take example and advice from me; if I liked not their familiarity I would make them keep their distance, nor should any saucy finger provoke me unavenged."

"Our tempers and qualities," replied the sensitive plant, "are widely different. I have neither the ability nor inclination to give offence; you, it seems, are not destitute of either. My desire is to live peaceably in the station wherein I am placed; and

though my humility may cause me a moment's uneasiness, it tends on the whole to preserve my tranquillity and safety. The case is otherwise with you, whose irritable temper and revengeful disposition will probably be the cause of your destruction."

While they were thus arguing the point, the gardener came with his little spaddle in order to lighten the earth round the stem of the sensitive plant, but perceiving the thistle, he thrust his instrument through the root of it, and directly tossed it out of the garden.

MADAME MARS.

A great deal has been written about Madame Mars, the celebrated French actress. I remember an anecdote of her which I have never seen printed. She had, in the course of her representations, made some allusion against the king, which was exceedingly offensive to the audience, who insisted on her repeating the words "long live the king." After a considerable disturbance, she found the performance could not proceed unless she complied, and coming forward in a manner full of the arch grace peculiar to herself, she succeeded in gaining a moment's silence, and said—

"You wish, gentlemen, that I should say, 'long live the king,' well, then, I have said it." This equivocal repartee was received in good humor, and gained her thunders of applause.

BREVITIES OF NAPOLEON.

Opinion makes men brave—nature forms them intrepid. What is called the law of nature is made up simply of two things—self-interest and reason.

To be a great man requires only courage enough to support adversity.

Every thing is easy, if you follow the current of opinion: a shallow bark neither wants canvas nor oars to glide down the stream.

Nothing is more imperious than weakness, when it fancies itself upheld by strength; some weak people, on the contrary, are sensible of their weakness, and are able to make a good use of it.

On a reverse of fortune we always respect those who have respected themselves in prosperity.

That would be a most singular book in which no falsehood could be detected.

THE GIGANTIC BOOK.

The following is copied from the Globe into the London Literary Gazette:—"The largest book that ever went to press will appear next year in London. It will be entitled 'The Pantheon of English Heroes.' Every page will be twenty-four feet high by twelve broad, and the letters half a foot long. It has been necessary to construct a machine expressly for the fabrication of the paper. This gigantic work will be printed by means of a steam-engine, and instead of black ink, gold varnish will be used. Only one hundred copies will be struck off, intended as the ornaments of the principal English libraries."

LIBERAL TRANSLATION.

A youngster just from college being asked what was the Latin for ma-hog-an-y, answered, *Mecus porcus et ego*.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1832.

No. 43.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MY HARP.

HARP of the mournful strings!
I cannot tune my numbers ev'n to thee!
There has a deep and sluggish lethargy
Crept o'er my spirit's wings.
Some incubus is on them—whence its birth,
I know not; but it bears them down to earth.

My thoughts no longer soar
To Fancy's regions, when the mists of gloom
Gather in shadows o'er them, to relume
Their dying light once more.
Chain'd, as by magic, to one "wildring dream,
They powerless lie, without ev'n hope's faint beam.

Canst thou not break the spell,
Once potent lyre, and bid them rise again?
Is there no chord, I may not touch in vain,
Where song was wont to dwell?
Awake, awake once more thy siren art,
Give back thy distant echoes to my heart.

Flow o'er the silent hour;
For crowded thoughts lie dark and heavily
Upon my mind—their weight oppresses me
With an unusual power.
Let me cast off their galling bondage now,
And only to thy master-spirit bow.

Harp of the mournful strings!
Thou hast a charm in every music-tone,
A soothing spell for every bright dream frown,
Giving to sorrow wings.
Friend of my better days, I turn to thee,
As the lone star, o'er life's dark destiny.

All other lights depart,
Or prove but treach'rous guides to happiness;
Luring through dangers to some strange excess
Of feeling in the heart.
Kindling awhile a wild and scorching fire,
Over the sear'd hope's ruins to expire.

But thou, my harp, so long
Companion of my thoughts, canst change at will
The thronging memories, on thy chords that thrill,
Till yielding to thy song,
The past flings back a mild and soften'd glow,
Divested of its bitterness and wo.

Forsake me not, my lyre!
I seek not fame in thy rude minstrelsy,
Not in ambition do I ask of thee
My numbers to inspire.
But thou canst bring relief, and teach my heart
How, with its idle dreams and hopes, to part. ESTELLE.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

If wealth is full of pleasures, it is also full of danger. I should wish my son to possess riches, but not until after he had suffered poverty. A man can best examine the real naked features of human nature from a low hovel or beneath a humble dress. He will then make a thousand wonderful discoveries, which are secrets to one bred up in luxury. He will detect the worthlessness of much that is showy, and find greatness of soul and beautiful displays of virtue and talent where he least expected. The flatterer pulls off his mask when he comes into his presence. The virtues of the meek and the good shine out to his eyes with their true lustre. The deceits, the hollow show, and all the artificial appearances which are kept up before the powerful, are laid aside for the humble, who see them in their real shapes and color. The former resembles a spectator in the boxes of the theatre during a representation; the latter a wanderer behind the scenes, who beholds the performers in their actual characters. Wealth exercises several bad influences upon young men. It deprives them of the stimulus to severe application, and crowds their path with temptations to pleasure. How many strong intellects must have lain idle thus, like laborers in the sunshine, their work undone because their wants were supplied. How many more noble characters, who are now seen through past history like beacon lights over a sea, would have gone down to obscurity undistinguished, but that want urged them onward to exertions, in the course of which their talents were developed and their integrity brought to the test. Plutarch relates that when Mark Antony was in adversity, he voluntarily yielded to the severest toils and privations to which the meanest of his troops were subjected, and discovered so many noble qualities, that had we seen no more of his life, we might justly set him down as a great and virtuous hero; but when the tide of fortune again

turned in his favor, he became again enervated, licentious, and cruel, so that he now appears one of the most degraded of men.

To the conclusion which we naturally draw from this occurrence, there are doubtless numerous exceptions. The rich are not necessarily bad, or the poor great, but we speak only of the influences of the two circumstances of being.

George and Thomas were friends at school. Both were young, clear-headed, and good-humored, neither being remarkable for any quality of person or mind. They were just like other boys, having nothing in their bearing to indicate whether they were to turn out corsairs, poets, or orators. If there was observable in them any thing worthy of remark, it was the general similarity of their tastes, minds, and dispositions. They were both satisfied to beat the hoop, fly the kite, and spin the top without wearing out their school-books by any unnecessary application, for both would rather have their ears boxed than study a lesson.

I sometimes think what a strange sight it would be if we could actually behold, over the crowds of human beings forever shifting around us, the influences by which their lives are, or are to be guided. How interesting this would be in a group of school-boys, who, while playing in their unconscious innocence and carelessness together, are each one already entangled inevitably, inextricably in some viewless destiny which shall, in time, with irresistible power, draw on his young and feeble footsteps—perhaps to misery and perdition, perhaps to greatness and glory. To the eyes of one so gifted, how would Bonaparte have looked in his boyish shape? What gleaming light—what dark gloom would have by turns attended on his infant steps? But these are idle speculations.

The two boys at school were early handed over to the different influences which colored their future career, and these were not long in becoming perceptible in their conduct and character.—George and Thomas were placed at school by their parents at about the same period. Thomas was brought by his mother. The carriage door was opened by a livery footman, who helped the young master down the steps with particular care, paying him at the same time the most respectful deference.

"I have brought you my boy, Master Thomas, Mr. Robertson," said the fond parent to the conductor of the academy, while her eyes glistened with maternal affection. "I have brought you my boy, and I shall leave him in your care, I hope, for several years."

"We will do all we can to repay your confidence, Mrs. Green. What are your particular wishes respecting his studies? Will you have them selected with a view to any particular profession?"

"Why, my dear sir, it has pleased Providence to endow us with an ample fortune, and he is our only hope; of course, we wish him to receive the education of a gentleman; but it is not probable he will ever have to work for his living."

"Then, I suppose, a thorough English course of lessons. Let him be well grounded in rhetoric, mathematics, and—"

"Oh, my dear sir, no. There is no use of his straining his tender mind with such hard studies. Make a gentleman of him, but not a pedagogue, (I beg your pardon, sir.)"

Mr. Robertson smiled and bowed.

"If there was the slightest possibility of his ever having to earn his own bread, it would alter the case; but you know, my dear sir, there must be a difference between poor people and rich."

"He must learn music then, I suppose," said Mr. Robertson?

"Oh, music! certainly, divine music. I wish him to read it at sight. You will find a guitar among his things; and I wish you to see particularly that he practises. You know that keeps him busy, and does not hurt his eyes. See," she added affectionately, placing her hand, glittering with jewels, beneath the youngster's chin, and pushing back the hair from his forehead, "dear little fellow, his eyes are already very, very weak."

"Do you wish him to study any of the classical languages, madam?"

"Who? what?" said Mrs. Green, looking up.

"Latin and Greek, madam. Or should you prefer Spanish and French?"

"Should you like to study Latin and Greek and Spanish and French, my dear Tom, or any of the other classical languages?"

The boy sulked a little, put his finger in his mouth, and looked down on the floor. The mother kissed him again.

"Dear little, sweet little fellow; do just what you like with him, Mr. Robertson; only never punish him, if you please; he is very tender dispositioned, and can't bear to be whipped; and of all things don't let him study nights, and make him attend to his music and dancing; and I wish very much to have him study Italian, it's so useful in singing. Pray, my dear, stand up straight, and be a good boy, and behave like a gentleman; and here's some money for you, my dear, and you shall often come home and see us."

So saying, although the tears were in her eyes, (for mothers are still mothers, whether learned or unlearned,) she smiled gra-

ciously on Mr. Robertson; kissed little Tom again and again; went away a few steps, came back exclaiming, "the dear, dear little dear," kissed him again, and disappeared. The boy was conducted among his companions, in due form, and soon began to be interested in the sports.

A short time afterwards a man, dressed in a plain gray suit, with a cane, and feet dusty from an apparently long walk, stopped before the door of the academy. He held by the hand a little boy. The new comers entered, and the elder addressed himself to Mr. Robertson, with whom he had been previously acquainted, with the brevity of a man of business.

"My son, Master George Steele, sir. I wish to place him at your school. His trunk will be here immediately from the neighboring town, where the stage left us."

The conversation usual on such occasions then ensued. Inquiries into the boy's age, tastes, capacities, &c. were made and satisfied, and the directions of the parent given respecting the course of study to be pursued.

"Above all things," said Mr. Steele, "let him form habits of strictly moral conduct and of severe industry, and subject himself to the discipline of the school without a murmur. If he does not like the place he may quit it, but while in it he must make no disturbance of any kind, but treat every one with respect. He will have to fight his own way through the world. I have been unfortunate, and have nothing whatever to leave him but a good education. If he is worth any thing, this will be sufficient; if he is idle and irresolute, he will sink into poverty and neglect. Remember, George, what you learn here will be your only fortune. At an expense which I can scarcely sustain, I furnish you with this opportunity of obtaining credit in the world. For all else that makes man respectable and happy, you must depend upon yourself."

They shook hands and parted, and so the two boys commenced their education.

The next important era in the lives of these young gentlemen, was the period of their quitting school. It was five years after the preceding circumstances, and they were both about sixteen years of age. It happened that at the same time there was a general examination in the academy, and the various attainments of George and Thomas were thereby disclosed. The latter showed to advantage in nothing except a declamation, recited with a considerable flourish of theatrical elegance, and a translation from the Italian, for which he received a medal. George, on the contrary, discovered a pervading knowledge in all the necessary branches. He excited some astonishment by the rapidity and ease with which he replied to the casual interrogatories of several men of science, who chanced to be present, in arithmetic, algebra, and the mathematics. Two essays from his pen, on law and political economy, were listened to with attention and interest; and in geography, astronomy, and the various other ordinary departments of learning, he appeared perfectly at home.

The parents of both boys attended this exhibition of their knowledge, and both were pleased.

"Come, Tom," said the mamma, kissing her darling, "good-by to books and school forever, and now for pleasure."

"Come, George," said Mr. Steele, shaking the modest boy by the hand, while a quiet smile of pride and pleasure stole over his features, "come, my boy, so far you have done well. I am satisfied with you. I am more than satisfied. I am proud of you. But," he added, checking himself, "my dear boy, you must not fall into the error that your education is complete. You have things to learn yet of which you have no idea. Do not be vain of what you have acquired. Although I am praising your past exertions, I praise you more for what I expect you to do than for what you have done."

"I know, father," replied George, "it would be foolish in me to be proud, for I recollect having read the other day that Sir Isaac Newton said, even of all his knowledge, that it seemed no more than a pebble is to the ocean."

"Right, George, right, my son, perfectly right; so now let us return home, and teach you business and the world. All that you have learned here is but as weapons, which must now be used."

"But, father, Tom says he has finished his education."

"No man's education is finished till he is in his grave," said the father.

And so the boys started in life.

We will imagine, if the reader pleases, that another period of five years has elapsed. The schoolboys have now grown up to manhood, both inspired in all their actions with the precepts of their parents. The one, that he would "never have to work for his living," the other, that "for all that makes man respectable and happy he must depend upon himself."

At the age of twenty-one, George was taken into partnership with the house which for five years he had served with the purest integrity and the most unremitting care. While he devoted an ample portion of his time to the necessities of his avocation, he still found leisure occasionally to run through a book, keeping alive his taste and amusing his fancy. He had reviewed his school studies with great profit. His more matured understanding and experience let in light upon many passages which were before dark to him. Sometimes, indeed, he sighed, as he beheld the fine equipages around him, and wished heaven had blessed him with a fortune; but again he felt that he was exempted from many temptations which surround the path of those more prosperous. His necessities had drilled him into a severe system of economy and habits of abstemiousness, by which means his health remained firm and his mind cheerful, so that when the rewards of his unceasing labors began to flow in upon him, he was prepared to avail himself of them to the best advantage.

While this gradual but steady improvement was working in the situation of George, Thomas was leading a life of pleasure. He had grown up into an elegant looking young man, of great taste in points of fashion. His will was law touching the cut of a coat or the shape of a beaver; and a woman might fall in love with him desperately till he opened his mouth, when his first sentiment would break the spell. How had he spent his life? What had he studied? What had he thought? What did he know? What could he do? He was a proficient in horse-flesh. He could drive a tandem superbly. You could not touch him at billiards, and his dress was always exact and perfect; but his mind was uncultivated and so was his heart. He was prodigal, not generous; and he had never known friendship, because he had never felt want.

He was once trying a pair of splendid bays before a gig, on a pleasant summer afternoon. The long train of gay promenaders on either side of Broadway looked, admired, envied. No one ever appeared better while driving. You might take him for Pelham.

A foot passenger, plainly but neatly dressed, paused in the middle of the street to give him way. It was George. They had seldom met since their school-days, but nevertheless recognized each other, and bowed. George was carrying a large book under his arm.

"What a fool is that plodding fellow," said Tom, as he quickened the pace of his horses with a resounding crack of the whip. "How I hate a bookworm. Step, you rascals!"

"How finely Tom looks," thought George. "I almost envy him those superb horses; but no matter."

They both passed on; one to Cato's, to spend afternoon and evening in smoking, drinking, and carousal; the other to his humble home, to drink in with secret delight rich draughts of instruction from a work of genius.

At this period I happened to be well acquainted with them, and had the opportunity of watching the different degrees of happiness produced, on the one hand by industry, intelligent study, and moderation in all life's pleasures, and on the other by luxury and idleness.

I caught Thomas one day alone. He seemed sad and even thoughtful—a strange thing for him.

"Well, Tom, what's the matter?"

He yawned, and stretched his limbs.

"Really, I don't know, but I am wretchedly dull and stupid."

"How can you be dull with every thing delightful at your command, you who hold the key to every avenue of pleasure?"

"Well," he yawned again, "what you say is very true. I don't know how it is, but I am fairly tired out. I can't contrive to get rid of my time."

"Have you nothing to do?"

"Nothing; positively nothing."

"It's a fine day, why not walk?"

"I'm tired of walking. I hate walking. I never enjoyed a walk in my life. Riding has grown tedious, and sailing is horrid."

"Suppose you try reading?"

"Oh, dreadful! I could no more sit down and read a book than I could fly. I did drag through Waverley, but I was asleep, fast asleep, when I got to *Jenis*. I can't read. I've lost the relish. My mind wanders away over a thousand objects. I must have excitement, or I am miserable. The day to me is like a long, unpleasant journey; I am always tired to death before I get to the end. Oh, if some one would invent a method of passing away the time!"

I bade him good by, and left him, again yawning and stretching his limbs.

Some time afterwards I had occasion to spend an evening with George. I reproved him for not having visited me.

"I blame myself," he said, "but I have scarcely leisure to visit any one. My time is occupied continually. I never get through business till late in the afternoon, and sometimes in the evening; and as every prospect of my prosperity in the world depends upon my care and attention at the counting-room, I am very industrious, I assure you."

"Are you not afraid," I asked, "that a too severe application will warp your mind, and injure your health?"

"Oh no, I am prudent enough to avoid that. I have a most cheerful succession of employments, each in some way uniting pleasure with utility. The only difficulty I have is to get time for them all. The more I apply myself in this way, the more pleasure I take in applying myself. The most melancholy reflection I have is that, knowing as I do how short life is, the weakness of my body compels me to devote so much of it to sleep, or I re-

gret that fortune has not placed in my hands the means to study with less interruption, to educate myself according to a higher standard, to travel, and thus obtain a wider field of observation."

About a year had elapsed when the elegant Mr. Tom Green suddenly abandoned all his old haunts about town, left off smoking, drinking, and swearing, cut off his mustachios and whiskers, and made the following soliloquy to the moon one night, as he was returning from an evening visit to Henrietta B—.

"She is poor, but I have money. I love her, and it will be a noble action to choose such a creature, from no motive more selfish than admiration. How surprised and delighted she will be when she receives my offer—when she is raised from her humble and quiet sphere to my splendor and fashion. I think I ought to marry. I think I will marry her—I will marry her."

Having settled the matter thus to his satisfaction, he entered his home, and went to bed. The next day he wrote her and her father a letter.

"The old gentleman will be out of his wits with joy," said he, as he pressed down the seal upon the yielding wax.

The next morning the servant brought a letter. He reached out his hand, with the most self-complaisant feeling imaginable.

"Poor little thing! Let us see how passion looks in the pretty periods of the charming Henrietta."

He read, with a start, and sudden change of countenance—

"Deepest regret—highest estimation—valuable as a friend"—Great heavens! "Painful necessity of declining."

He swore a round oath of horror and astonishment at an event so totally unexpected. How a man with a hundred thousand dollars, and such a person, could be refused by a quiet, modest little girl like Henrietta B—, was beyond his conception. But he was not a man to die of love.

"There are others as good as she, and not quite so particular, so, John, saddle Surry, and bring him to the door immediately. Fly, you scoundrel!"

A few weeks afterwards, Mr. George Steele's marriage with Henrietta B— was announced in the daily prints.

"Saddle Surry, John; quick, you rascal," said Mr. Tom Green, when he read the paragraph.

I have one more picture to show of each. Years passed on. One day a gentleman stepped from a gig, which had stopped before the door of an elegant mansion, and inquired for Mr. Green.

"How is he to-day?" asked the doctor of the nurse.

"Worse, sir, much worse; his pains are excessive. He is peevish and disagreeable to his best friends."

"Ay, ay," observed the physician, "the gout is a dreadful complaint."

As he spoke he entered the chamber where the poor invalid sat, writhing with the anguish of his excruciating disease, which had been brought on by inaction and high living. His face was bloated and flushed, and exhibited symptoms of excessive agony.

We break away abruptly from so unpleasant a scene, and stand for a moment within the halls of congress. A deeply interesting question engages their attention, and a speaker rises. It is George. His words carry conviction to every heart. The murmur of acquiescence and approbation runs round among the crowd. He obtains the object for which he has exerted himself, and his name is full of honor.

This is but a simple sketch, Messrs. Editors, but it is founded on real life; and if I have attempted to introduce no startling incident or marvellous character, more strongly to arrest the reader's attention, it is because I have adhered closely to the true career of two of my friends, one of whom has been ruined by affluence, the other elevated by poverty.

SKETCHES BY A BRIEFLESS LAWYER.

MY FIRST SUIT

Was in the court of love. At one and twenty I was an old practitioner there; and when I had taken my admission as an attorney at law, experience certainly gave me a claim to the degree of *counsellor* in matters of the heart. The years of my clerkship were not entirely given to Coke and Blackstone. I mingled poetry with law, and sentiment with the study of feudal tenures. In short, I now shrewdly suspect that when I became of age, and added esquire to my name, I was a superficial lawyer, and a male coquet. I had frittered away my best feelings in casual attachments, which were formed in society, and rarely endured a fortnight, and I began, at length, to fear that I should never love a woman as I wished to love a wife. But my time had not yet come. I wish I could put on paper my impressions of E— H—. I cannot think of a single feature of her person or character sufficiently prominent for me to seize upon, and by a few touches give an idea of her. Her figure was too short, her eyes too small, her nose too long; and I might proceed, and point out an imperfection in every feature and limb, and yet the combination of them all, produced one of the most lovely females I ever knew. Her person, though short, was exquisitely formed; her small eyes were so sparkling and intelligent, that I preferred them to all the "soft, black, mild blue," or "gloriously rolling orbs" I ever saw; and even her nose, if it had been shorter by a hair's breadth than it was, would have spoiled her face. If there was any fault in her character, it was that, in the strict sense of the term, it was too perfect. She possessed too few of the foibles and hardly enough of the weakness of her sex. I cannot think of a single thing that she ever said or did, during my acquaintance with her, that was improper, or which she could have wished unspoken or undone.

I do not now recollect whether it was a poet or a lawyer that said,
"Great streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;"

but I know that the trite sentiment contained in this rhyme was verified in my case. The most trifling occurrence imaginable first checked me in my giddy thoughtless career, and directed my attention to E— H—. I was introduced to her at a party at her own house, by a young lady who took me with her, that we might continue there a flirtation in which we were engaged. Written mottoes, or sentiments selected from the productions of different authors, were introduced in the course of the evening; and one, containing a couplet from one of those beautiful and highly poetical episodes, occasionally to be met with in Don Juan, was playfully handed to me by my fair hostess. The selection happened to be from a passage that I particularly admired, and on receiving it I repeated, in continuation, the remainder of the sentence. I found that it was one with which she also was very much pleased. I do not recollect precisely how it happened, but during the conversation which ensued about the works of Byron and other poets, I gradually divested myself of the affectations of speech and manner I had adopted in society, and at the close of a somewhat protracted *tele-a-tele*, found that I had been speaking very naturally and sincerely of my tastes and feelings.

I should be repeating more than a "twice-told tale," were I to describe the gradual ripening of the partiality, with which I regarded Miss H— after our first interview, into love. Every incident of my acquaintance with her is still fresh in my recollection. When the lapse of years, and the pursuits of active life, have dampened the warm and enthusiastic feelings of youth, and the cares, hopes and fears of manhood have exercised their full influence over the heart, and left it seared with disappointment, and dead to the generous feelings which flowed with the warm blood of earlier life, the recollections of that period, and the pursuits which then engrossed the mind, recur to us in the glow and brilliancy of youthful coloring. They alone, when the occupations of manhood, and ambition, with its maddening influence, have passed away and are forgotten, retain their influence. Such, at least, is the vividness with which the occurrences of this period of my life are brought back to me, even after many years, that I am incapable of continuing the relation of them in the light tone in which I commenced.

It has been said that love cannot exist without encouragement; but I loved not only without it, but almost without hope. That perfect propriety of manner and speech, to which I have before alluded, as one of the characteristics of Miss H— prevented a discovery whether my feelings were reciprocated until I had openly declared them. This I could not do. The truth must come out—I was too poor to support a wife; and until I could have placed Miss H— in a situation equal in comfort and elegance to that which she then occupied, I felt that I should have acted dishonorably in seeking her hand. She was possessed of a very considerable fortune. I had but my profession, into the practice of which I was then about entering. Upon my success in it, which years alone could determine, depended not only the possibility of my forming any connexion, but even my subsistence in life. Such was my situation, and such (when I thought) were my reflections on it; yet, with a strange infatuation, I still lingered near Miss H—, without any definite object; without acknowledging to myself that I sought her love, yet daily becoming more and more fascinated.

I was at length rescued from utter imbecility by the workings of what had hitherto been my master passion. I know not whether I should say I have been blessed or cursed by a continued and burning ambition. It has been productive of more misery to me, than all the misfortunes of my life. It has pallied the enjoyments of the present by hopes and aspirations for the future. It has been with me at all times and in all places. In its ragings it has driven me from the amusements of my youth, from the spell of wit and beauty, and from the converse of the learned and wise; from the former by telling me that my time was wasting; from the latter, by mortifying comparisons between them and myself, and the still more mortifying conviction that I was as yet nothing. The struggle between these two passions, so opposite in their character, and so powerful in their influence over the mind, was long and fierce. Ambition for a period triumphed. I tore myself from the presence of the being I loved; and with a heart which, though bereaved of every softer feeling, was still filled with aspirations for distinction and power, I sought their gratification in professional advancement. I commenced the practice of the law, and by devoting myself ardently and diligently to professional duties, and to the attainment of legal knowledge, partially succeeded in driving from my mind the remembrance of my love.

My life, from this passage in it, took a different and a darker hue: its romance was at an end. I felt my heart withering with the hopes which had heretofore given to existence its charm; the chills of reality soon froze up the warm current of social affections, and the selfishness of the world, and the common ties of a common life usurped the places which before had been given to power and holier feelings. But at times the current of ambition was at a stand. The desire of power and fame was extinct; and a vision which had before, at intervals, "few and far between," flitted through my mind, would be present. It was of domestic happiness, of reciprocated love, of affections won and cherished. A bright form would be present in it, and a countenance which had always been turned towards me in kindness, would then be leaning with love, and its glance would rest upon a "briefless lawyer."

M.

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.

"For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth."

I really do not know any thing more serious than getting married, unless it be getting hanged, and yet, many pretend to consider it as an excellent joke, which, merely to mention, is enough to set a whole company into a titter. This, it is true, is more peculiar to the younger portion of humanity, and those who have not put their free condition "into circumscription and confine," as I have observed, that the married people laugh much less, when the subject is started, than the rest. As for the young single ladies and gentlemen, matrimony is quite a standing theme of ridicule with them, and when they behold an individual on the eve of entering into that happy state, they take credit to themselves if they don't laugh in his face. The two sexes also, I have observed, have different methods of expressing their interest on these occasions; the female rather blushing and smirking when the discourse turns towards it, the male letting their feelings escape in little brisk repartees, and popping opinions which have got to be common property, and indispensable at a wedding. Their usual flashes of wit are apt to be replied to by the fairer portion of the company; so that there are many "keen encounters," very agreeable for a quiet lover of humor like myself to listen to. I happened, but a few days ago, to be present at a charming connubial festivity, where, when the impressive ceremony was over, the general sombre cast began to give place to lively bursts of mirth, and a great deal was said by the bridesmaids, and the groomsmen, which I should be pleased to lay before the faithful readers of the Mirror, if it were possible to arrest the shifting scene, and fix it on the page. I could not help laughing, however, at the discomfiture of a beau, in an attempt to get the upper hand of a sweet young girl, who, from her modest downcast eyes, and unpresuming demeanor, he doubtless thought a fair butt for his shafts of wit.

"Do you know what I was thinking of all the time during the ceremony?" asked he.

"No, sir—what?"

"Why, I was blessing my stars that I was not the bridegroom."

"And I suppose the bride was doing the same thing," rejoined his fair antagonist.

I am a great admirer of wit in women, where, as in the present instance, it is only used to repel aggressions.

It has been my fate to witness a large number of marriages, and to have officiated at many, in the capacity of groomsmen, a station I must add very awkward for a plain man. It is but holding the torch for our happy friends to enter into the heavenly tenement of Hymen, the gates of which close immediately, leaving us on the outside; but whether or not this is a misfortune, people may not all agree. Surgeons, in medical colleges, find dissecting a body to be one of the most efficacious modes of instruction; and by exhibiting the organization of the human frame, and the various circumstances which cause disease and death, fling a valuable light upon the minds of those whose business it is to effect a cure. I think that much good might be effected, on the same principle, by any one who would trace the history of two hearts, from the glow and agitation of early love, to the coolness and quiet into which that portion of the man and woman is apt to sink after marriage.

I was talking with a friend of mine, who has been fortunate enough to live in a state of wedded bliss for about fifteen years. Fifteen years—that's a very long time. A man might change much in fifteen years. He told me he had kept a little journal, from the first moment he saw Juliana until a year after they were indissolubly united in the tenderest bonds, when, from some cause, which he did not state, he stopped it, and has never had time to resume it.

He handed me the manuscript, one afternoon, in a hurried manner, when the companion of his prosperity and sharer of all his woes, had quitted the room for a moment.

"For heaven's sake," said he, in a whisper, and looking round him in a hurried manner, with some appearance of alarm—"for heaven's sake, don't let my wife see it, or there'll be the devil to pay."

She entered at the moment, and I could not help smiling at the suddenness with which the doating husband changed his attitude and expression, from that of alarm and haste, to perfect placidity and innocent indifference. It must have required a vast practice to reduce his nerves to such a pliability; and if it had not been for the meek and submissive deportment of Mrs. —, I should almost have concluded that her husband was in the dilemma which Byron ascribed to the mates of all intellectual wives.

"Say, oh ye lords of ladies intellectual,
And answer truly—have they not hen-pecked you all?"

I have drawn upon the diary of the husband and lover pretty freely, but if not too copiously for the wish of the reader, my friend, I am assured, will excuse me.

June, Wednesday, 1816.—Every body is talking to me about Juliana—telling me to beware of her eyes; that there is death in her smile, and all that. I should like to see this proud beauty.

Saturday.—Well, I have seen Juliana, and she is infinitely more beautiful and bewitching than I had conceived. What a head for a picture!—what thrilling eyes! Did you ever see such lips?—and, heavens, her voice, like the *Æolian* harp, which—but I am interrupted.

July, Tuesday.—Rode with Juliana.

Wednesday.—Walked in the morning before breakfast with Juliana.

Thursday.—Walked in the evening through the grove, with Juliana—moonlight. *Mem.*—Remember the little turn in the lane as long as I live.

Friday.—Spent the afternoon reading to Juliana, afterwards took a walk; need I say with whom?

Saturday.—Dreamed all night of Juliana.

Sunday.—Went to church with Juliana. Walked on the Battery—a spot which from this time shall be ever sacred to the purest and sweetest recollections.

Wednesday.—I was too much agitated yesterday to write—too excited—too exquisitely happy. On Monday evening we sat together on the sofa, and to my surprise and delight alone. Alone, oh, word sweet to lover's ears. Oh, could we be for ever alone! Oh, could we have "some dear little isle of our own," and there spend existence in wandering about together. I squeezed her hand; I reminded her of the little turn in the lane—and—we are to be married. What fools men are for living single. Why, I could be happy only conversing with her. "With thee, conversing, I forget all time," as John Milton says. By the way, one thing for which I love Milton so is his pure pictures of connubial happiness. And yet they say, Mrs. Milton cut up some capers, and that they actually separated. I'll not believe it.

August, Monday.—We have been married two weeks. I have not spent an evening from home—how charming! domestic peace. All we want now is a cat. I wish Juliana loved music though.

September, Monday.—I never knew business so dull as it is at present. L. & M. have failed, and the Communipaw Granite Rock Bank has broke. Alas, what are the hopes of man!

October, Tuesday.—Mrs. B.—is really a charming woman; but it's devilish dull at home. Yet I dare not go out for fear of her displeasure. I caught it last night, I think, for staying over my time. "By the Lord, Hal," she made me open my eyes. I believe in that story about Mrs. Milton. I should like to know what John did to bring him into trouble. How he must have laughed when he wrote that about "wedded bliss." Poor fellow!

June, 1817. Wednesday.—There is something very ludicrous in the common hum-drum, matrimonial conversations.—Fancy me ready to go to the counting-room soon after breakfast, wife says—

"What will you have for dinner to-day, my dear? I want some money for marketing."

"Well, dear, I don't know. Suppose we have steak and onions?"

"We had steak and onions yesterday, my dear."

"Well, then, my dear, a leg of mutton."

"Shall we have a wedding, my dear?"

"Yes, my dear."

Then there are other subjects which do not terminate so amicably.

"My dear."

"Well, my dear."

"I have taken board for you at Communipaw. I wish you to stay a month there with little Bob."

"My dear—"

"Yes, my dear, it's so much cheaper."

"But, my dear—"

"But, my dear, I have already taken board, so there is no use in saying any thing about it."

Monday.—She's gone, and I have had a week's peace. Poor John Milton.

AMERICAN ANECDOTES.

CAPTAIN PETER POWERS AND HIS WIFE.

The first settlers of Hollis, on the southern borders of New Hampshire, were Captain Peter Powers and Anna, his wife, who made a settlement in the wilderness in 1731. Their trials were oftentimes very great—and the dangers and hardships to which they were sometimes exposed, may be learnt from the following anecdote, derived by the writer from the adventurous female who is the subject of it. It was originally communicated for the Historical Collections published in Concord, New Hampshire, but appeared in the Journal at Plymouth, after the former work was discontinued.

WHEN this couple first pitched their tent in Hollis, which was a little north-west of the present meeting-house in that town, the traces of which are still visible, their nearest neighbor lived in the eastern part of Dunstable, New Hampshire, a distance, probably at this time, of ten miles, and could not be made at that period much less than twelve, as they had no road but a single track, and spotted trees for their guide. This journey could not be made in the summer season without fording the Nashua, which was done at a place a little south-east of a small island, visible at the left as you now pass the bridge leading from Hollis to Dunstable, Massachusetts; and here the river was fordable only when the streams were low. Of course, the lonely adventurers made their visits but seldom, and never with a view to be absent from their habitations during the night, as they were then the parents of two children, whom they were necessitated to leave at home in a cabin surrounded with Indians. Indeed, seldom, if ever, did both parents leave their children and perform this route in company. Now it happened on a summer's morning in the month of August, that the wife, Anna, found it necessary for her to visit her neighbor, and mounting at an early hour, a fine Narraganset, a faithful and tried companion in adventures, the river was soon forded, and the whole distance was made long ere it was high noon. The interview was such as characterized the first settlers in this new country, where

warmth of affection more than supplied the place of a thousand ceremonies, and a sense of dependence prompted to the discharge of kinder offices than mere refinement would recognize as obligatory on her. The hours passed swiftly away—they lived fast—they ate, they drank, they talked much, and blessed God and their king. Nor did a single occurrence tend to interrupt their festivity until about three past meridian, when all were suddenly aroused by a distant, though heavy discharge of heaven's artillery. All rushed to the door to witness the aspect of the elements, when lo! it was most threatening and appalling. Nature all around slept, or seemed to be awed into a death-like silence. Not a leaf moved but when the foundations of the earth responded to the voice of heaven. Already from north to south, the whole western horizon was mantled in black, and the gathering tempest moved forward as slowly and sublimely as though fully conscious of its power to deride all resistance. Not until this moment did anxious concern possess the breast of Anna for the objects of her affections, whom she had left in that lone, dear cell. In a kind of momentary distraction, she demanded that Narraganset should be panned, for she must return to her family that afternoon, whatever might be the consequences to herself. She had rather brave the tempest returning, than endure her foreboding with her sheltered friends. But a sudden change in the elements did more to dissuade her from so rash an attempt than the entreaties and expostulations of her friends. From an apparent calm, nature now awoke and seemed to be rushing into ruin. As though the north called unto the south, and the west unto the east, the four winds came on to the conflict. Clouds were driven hither and thither in angry velocity, and all seemed to be propelled in directions counter to each other. The tempest soon burst upon them, and on the whole adjacent country, in an unparalleled torrent. Nothing was heard but the crack or roll of thunder, and the roar of winds and waters—nothing seen but the successive blaze of lightning—*Intenvere poli, et crebris micat ignibus aether.* The said Anna lived until rising somewhat of ninety years, and could remember distinctly, perhaps eighty-five years, but in all this time she never witnessed such a scene, nor could she relate anything which seemed to raise such sublimity of feeling in her mind as this.

The tempest lay upon them with unabated force several hours, nor did it appear to spend itself until the sun was just sinking below the horizon, when it broke in upon drowned nature in all its smiles, and reflected its golden beams upon the black cloud at the east, in the most enchanting manner. This was the moment for Anna to renew her resolve of returning to her family that night, and contrary to all reasoning and persuasions, she instantly put it in execution. She mounted her horse, and bidding adieu to her friends, she entered the twelve-mile forest just as the sun took his leave of her. She calculated upon a serene and star-light evening, and the extraordinary instinct of her beast, as well as her experience in the way and at the fords. But in regard to the former she was wholly disappointed. The wind soon shifted and rolled the same cloud back again, the rain recommenced as the night set in, and the wind ceased. At that season of the year the time of twilight was short; the earth being warm and moistened, evaporation was rapid, and a dense fog arose which soon obstructed vision, and long before she arrived at the fords she was enveloped in total darkness. Her only guide now was her faithful Narraganset, and the beasts of the forest her companions. She however made the best of the circumstances. She entered into conversation with her mare, as was her custom when riding alone, and when her beast stopped suddenly, tossed up her head and snorted at some wild animal crossing the track before her as was supposed, Anna would exhort her to possess courage, assuring her "that nothing could harm her, for the beasts were mere cowards in the presence of a brave horse," &c. After this manner the long way to the ford was passed over in Egyptian darkness; nor had the thought once occurred to Anna that so considerable a river as now rolled before her would be materially affected by a thunder storm of a few hours; whereas, so great was the fall of water in this time, that the river, although wide at this place, was bank full, and swept on in great rapidity. Nor could the rushing of the waters be heard by reason of the rain still pouring upon the forest around her. She therefore determined to give the rein to her experienced beast, believing that she would keep the ford and land her on the opposite shore at the proper place. The horse entered the stream as soon as at the bank, and in a moment lost her foothold of terra firma, and was plunging in the waves at a full swim. Such, however, was Anna's presence of mind, that she made no exertion to rein her beast, but endeavored simply to retain her seat, which was now under water, whilst the waves beat with violence against her waist. The faithful animal made for the opposite shore, but so strong was the current, that she was either carried below the ford, or in her exertions to resist it, she overacted and ascended above it, where at one sweep of her fore feet she struck upon a rock in the bed of the river, which suddenly raised her somewhat from the water forward, but she as soon plunged again, for the rock was cleared the second sweep. This plunge was so deep that Anna was borne from her pannel by the gravity of the water; but pitching forward, she seized Narraganset's mane, as she rose, nor did she quit her grasp until they were both safely landed on the happy shore. Adjusting her clothes, she remounted, and soon found that her beast was in her accustomed track, and in little more than one hour she alighted at the door of her peaceful cabin, where, by her well known signal, she broke the slumbers of her husband and babes, and upon entering, related in no purer gratitude, or greater joy, than they experienced in hearing the result of that adventurous night!

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

The Gambling houses of Paris.

I ACCEPTED last night from a French gentleman, of high standing, a polite offer of introduction to one of the exclusive gambling clubs of Paris. With the understanding, of course, that it was only as a spectator, my friend, whom I had met at a dinner party, dispatched a note from the table, announcing to the temporary master of ceremonies his intention of presenting me. We went at eleven, in full dress. I was surprised at the entrance with the splendor of the establishment—gilt balustrades, marble staircases, crowds of servants in full livery, and all the formal announcement of a court. Passing through several ante-chambers, a heavy folding-door was thrown open, and we were received by one of the noblest looking men I have seen in France, Count—. I was put immediately at my ease by his dignified and kind politeness; and after a little conversation in English, which he spoke fluently, the entrance of some other person led me at liberty to observe at my leisure. Every thing about me had the impress of the studied taste of high life. The lavish and yet soft disposition of light, the harmony of color in the rich hangings and furniture, the quiet manners and subdued tones of conversation, the respectful deference of the servants, and the simplicity of the slight entertainment, would have convinced me, without my Asmodeus, that I was in no every-day atmosphere. Conversation proceeded for an hour, while the members came dropping in from their evening engagements, and a little after twelve a glass door was thrown open, and we passed from the reception-room to the spacious suite of apartments intended for play. One or two of the gentlemen entered the side-rooms for billiards and cards, but the majority closed about the table of hazard in the central hall. I had never conceived so beautiful an apartment. It can be described in two words, *columns* and *mirrors*. There was nothing else between the exquisitely painted ceiling and the floor. The form was circular, and the wall was laid with glass, interrupted only with pairs of Corinthian pillars, with their rich capitals reflected and re-reflected innumerable. It seemed like a hall of colonnades of illimitable extent—the multiplication of the mirrors into each other was so endless and illusive. I felt an unconquerable disposition to abandon myself to a waking reverie of pleasure; and as soon as the attention of the company was perfectly engrossed by the silent occupation before them, I sank upon a sofa, and gave my senses up for a while to the fascination of the scene. My eye was intoxicated. As far as my sight could penetrate, stretched apparently interminable halls, carpeted with crimson, and studded with graceful columns and groups of courtly figures, forming altogether, with its extent and beauty, and in the subdued and skilfully managed light, a picture that, if real, would be one of unsurpassable splendor. I quite forgot my curiosity to see the game. I had merely observed, when my companion reminded me of the arrival of my own appointed hour for departure, that, whatever was lost or won, the rustling bills were passed from one to the other with a quiet and imperturbable politeness, that betrayed no sign either of chagrin or triumph; though, from the fact that the transfers were in paper only, the stakes must have been any thing but trifling. Refusing a polite invitation to partake of the supper, always in waiting, we took leave about two hours after midnight.

As we drove from the court, my companion suggested to me, that since we were out at so late an hour, we might as well look in for a moment at the more accessible "hells," and, pulling the cordons, he ordered to "*Frascati's*." This, you know of course, is the fashionable place of ruin, and here the heroes of all novels, and the rakes of all comedies, mar or make their fortunes. An evening dress, and the look of a gentleman, are the only required passport. A servant in attendance took our hats and canes, and we walked in without ceremony. It was a different scene from the former. Four large rooms, plainly but handsomely furnished, opened into each other, three of which were devoted to play, and crowded with players. Elegantly dressed women, some of them with high pretensions to French beauty, sat and stood at the table, watching their own stakes in the rapid games with fixed attention. The majority of the gentlemen were English. The table was very large, marked as usual with the lines and figures of the game, and each person playing had a small rake in his hand, with which he drew towards him his proportion of the winnings. I was disappointed at the first glance in the faces. There was very little of the high-bred courtesy I had seen at the club-house, but there was no very striking exhibition of feeling, and, I should think, in any but an extreme case, the whispering silence and general quietness of the room would repress it. After watching the variations of luck awhile, however, I selected one or two pretty desperate losers, and a young Frenchman, who was a large winner, and confined my observation to them only. Among the former was a girl of about eighteen; a mild, quiet looking creature, with her hair curling long on her neck, and hands childishly small and white, who lost invariably. Two piles of five-franc-pieces, and a small heap of gold, lay on the table beside her; and I watched her till she laid the last coin upon the losing color. She bore it very well. By the eagerness with which, at every turn of the last card, she closed her hand upon the rake which she held, it was evident that her hopes were high; but when her last piece was drawn in to the bank, she threw up her little fingers with a playful

desperation, and commenced conversation even gaily with a gentleman who stood leaning over her chair. The young Frenchman continued almost as invariably to win. He was excessively handsome; but there was a cold, profligate, unvarying hardness of expression in his face, that made me dislike him. The spectators drew gradually about his chair; and one or two of the women, who seemed to know him well, selected a color for him occasionally, or borrowed of him and staked for themselves. We left him winning. The other players were mostly English, and very uninteresting in their exhibition of disappointment. My companion told me that there would be more desperate playing towards morning, but I had become disgusted with the cold selfish faces of the scene, and felt no interest sufficient to detain me.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TOO EARLY.

PEOPLE talk about this fallacy and that fallacy, but of all the fallacies in the world there is not one that equals that prodigious prejudice that has for some hundreds of years been running in favor of getting up early. I could show by a thousand reasons, that instead of such a practice being praiseworthy, it rather gives token of a want of that syllogistical clear-headedness which enables a man to look thoroughly, and at once, to the bottom of a subject. "And mind you get up early, my dear," cries Mrs. Tomkins to her eldest born, just as he is on the point of quitting his native village for the great world—"mind you get up early, for it is so unwholesome to lie in bed of a morning." Foolish matron! never was so great a mistake pronounced with so grave a countenance.

"But why, sir, why?" exclaims Mrs. Tomkins, or some one of my readers for her. Now, for my own part, I am very considerably the friend of a system that is daily gaining strength in this admirable world, of making assertion not only stand in the place of, but actually take precedence of all argument; and I would therefore protest with Shakespeare's fat knight against giving any reason "on compulsion;" but that, in this case, the other side happens to have the start of me on the ground of assertion, and I must, therefore, content myself with having the whole of the argument on mine.

So now for the "why, sir, why?"

The "why" consists in these five reasons. It is unwholesome, it is unsafe, it is uncomfortable, it is impolitic, it is unwise.

First—it is unwholesome. I once had a great-grandfather—the last of our family that was ever so foolish as to indulge in what he used to call the luxury of early rising—and what was the consequence? That nature one day summoned him to pay for the luxury, by bestowing on him such an admixture of cold and catarrh as carried him in one week to his grave. And how could it be otherwise? If, from your comfortable bed-room window you chance to observe some unfortunate wretch whose cruel destiny compels him to quit his wholesome couch for the crude morning air and its drizzle-tailed dew, you first see him striving, as it were, to shrink within himself in the hopes of avoiding the raw atmosphere that salutes him on every side, and then—all escape, in spite of his ingenuity, proving fruitless—you next perceive him suddenly struck with a sort of ague-fit that dances him along, groaning and grumbling, at the rate of seven miles an hour, while his teeth chatter and jar against each other at a still more rapid pace. And after all, what is his remedy? He has none, till the day has marched on, and the sun has nearly approached his highest elevation: then he feels himself a little relieved from the swamp in which he has been buried, and he begins to find out that his clothes hang about him damp and dreary, like a lady's handkerchief that has undergone the ordeal by water through a five-act tragedy in the dog-days: he lifts up his leg, and resting it against a stile, surveys with rueful countenance the streamy drops that trickle from it, till a deep and dangerous puddle is formed beneath; while thus he gazes, he calls to mind how he has seen a washer-woman handle a sheet, and he longs to try and wring his leg, that he may have one limb dry at least: or "with curious busy eye" he carries his reflections yet further, and quitting the survey of his leg for that of his general condition, he sorrowfully petitions heaven to send some Brobdignadian housemaid that way, that she may take him up in her brawny arms, and twirl the moisture from him as an English wench twirled her mop. And this is what my poor great-grandfather used to call the luxury of early rising! Well, well, he paid a dear penalty for his mistake; so let us hope that he is by this time in another and a better world, and never gets up till half-past nine.

Second—it is unsafe. And here, again, let me refer to the example-giving career of my great-grandfather. Three times within the last two years of his early rising, the consequence of his being abroad at such unseasonable hours, was his being attacked by highwaymen. The first time he was sauntering along Hornsey-lane long before any decent person (except himself) was stirring, when he suddenly perceived the muzzle of a horse-pistol immediately under his nose, while as suddenly he heard, "Stand, and deliver!" growled in his ear by as rugged a descendant of Blackbeard as Hockley-in-the-Hole ever produced; my great-grandfather, satisfied with one glance, ran for it, and when he got home, had the satisfaction of finding that the bullet, which had been sent whizzing after him, had only carried off an inch and a half of his pig-tail, and about a quarter of the collar of his coat. The second occasion of his being attacked was in the neighborhood of Hounslow heath, and from that clerk of St. Nicholas he

water and three parts mud, and vigorously kicking his way through slime and duck-weed to the opposite bank. His third adventure of this description was on the banks of the Lea river; but by this time my great-grandfather had learned prudence; and, therefore, instead of running, or swimming, or being shot, he peaceably resigned his valuables, "on demand," to the amount of three shillings and twopence-halfpenny of the current coin of the realm, an old tobacco-stopper, a silver tooth-pick, and a penknife with only half a blade to it. Let, then, the rising generation take warning by these mishaps that followed my great-grandfather's early hours, and particularly remember that of all highwaymen those that are in practice about five in the morning are the most dangerous—and for this simple reason—that they have had bad luck through the night, and are beginning to get sulky.

Third—it is uncomfortable. Are you a bachelor, my excellent reader? If you are, I grant you a pause * * * * just so much, to bring back to your recollection the mistake that you probably once in your life have made—not oftener, I can well believe you—of coming down to your snug apartment before your usual time. Oh! the powers of patience, what a reception there awaited you! Chairs in threefold confusion—the sad remains of a foregone supper—the ashes of defunct cigars overlaying sofa, table, and floor—and the smoke of the aforesaid defunct still hanging like a heavy vapor in the atmosphere of the apartment! Or, is the honest gentleman that is now honoring this paper with his perusal, happy enough to be married? If so, I trust for his own sake, as well as that of his amiable lady, that he keeps good hours, both by morning as well as by night. I trust, said I? Nay, I am sure! and therefore the observation that I am now going to make is hypothetical—not practical—something thrown out for the abstract consideration of my married reader—not for his censure. Let us, for the sake of argument, suppose a wedded gentleman so in love with wrong-headedness as to forestall the household economy by quitting his bed when none but chimney-sweepers, milkmen, and housemaids have honest licence to be stirring.—What does he take by his motion, as a lawyer would say? He tries one apartment, from which he is driven by the cloud of dust, that the busy broom is raising; he seeks another, where he is greeted by the fire-iron-rattle of the scullery-maid, who hates to work—even at lighting a fire—without some sort of music as an accompaniment; he attempts a third, which appears to offer a mock repose, if that can be called even so much as mock repose, where all the windows are set open to a mizzly north-easter, where all in the neighborhood of the fire-grate is vacuity and dreariness, but where the ear-drum is well nigh cracked at intervals—anything but "few and far between"—with shrill or blustering vociferations of that sundry assortment which classes under the general appellation of "London cries."

Fourth. It is impolitic.—This assertion is nearly self-evident, and hardly requires a word to be said in its support; for all mankind, through all ages, have agreed that the really prudent man is he who steers the middle course, neither diverging too much to the right hand nor to the left, or, in this instance, neither going to bed too late, nor getting up too early. This is the judicious lie-a-bed's doctrine; nor only his doctrine, but his practice too; and, like Green's "jolly church-parson," he will never be found priding himself on holding that equable balance which bringeth the wise man's conclusion—

"If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither—
The first is in error, the last a deceiver:
That ours is the true church, the sense of our tribe is,
And surely in medio tutissimus ibis."

I never was more convinced of the truth of this principle than on hearing a ludicrous anecdote that some years ago happened to a friend of my own. Dick Lambert had but one hobby in the world, and that was angling:—winter, spring, summer, autumn—hail, rain, blow, snow—if Dick could but spare the time (and often, indeed, when he could not spare it,) away he would trudge, with a walking-stick rod in his hand, and a large basket slung over his shoulder, in pursuit of his favorite pastime. At the time of which I am speaking, he had been obliged, on account of Mrs. Lambert's state of health, to take a cottage for her at the pretty village of Carshalton; and, shortly after, he was fortunate enough so to arrange his own affairs in town, that he was able to promise himself a six weeks' residence at his new country abode. Every one who knows Carshalton knows that there is a delightful little trout stream running through it as clear as crystal, and as richly stored with Dick's speckled prey as the heart of angler could desire; and it therefore need be no matter of wonder when I tell that every morning regularly, at four o'clock, Dick was stirring before the sun, and might be seen through the first break of the morning wending his way to the brook. Now if ever there was a simple-hearted fellow in this world, it was Dick Lambert; and, as the prejudice goes, if ever there was a simple sport in this world, it is angling. Yet, with all this simplicity on his side, Dick's bad (early) hours brought him into suspicion. Fortune so willed it, that next door to Dick's cottage lived the very Paul Pry of the place. For the first week or two, when no one but sick Mrs. Lambert and her maid were the inmates of the newly-occupied cottage, Mr. Paul thought it rather odd that, with all his watchfulness, he could scarcely ever see any one come in or go out of the cottage; and, just as his curiosity began to be whetted by this circumstance, Dick's daily morning egress met his observant eye. Mr. Paul thought it very odd that, every morning before day-break he should hear the cottage-door bang to; and when that circumstance primed him to quit his comfortable bed, and peep through the casement, he thought it still more odd that he should always see one solitary man stealing through the scarcely-dissi-

it, "how unfortunate! This billet is from the ministerial whipper-

in, and he says that I am wanted at the house without a moment's delay, as the division is expected to come on directly. How very unfortunate!"

"Pray don't stand on any ceremony with me," quoth Purvis.

"How very good you are!" said my lord; "just like your respected father! But, at all events, I can do something for you. My carriage is at the door, can I set you down anywhere?"

"Nowhere, thank your lordship; I have—ahem!—I have several friends in this neighborhood; so I will not detain your lordship." And then, after a thousand flowery excuses, his lordship allowed his guest to withdraw—dinnerless—and more and more convinced of the evil of being "too early."

But, still, there was the evening to be got rid of. What should he do with it? Ha! a lucky thought! He would go to the theatre—whither, indeed, he had predestined himself when his lordship's invitation was found by him at the Swan-with-two-necks.

As he trudged down Oxford-street, he stopped at his old ally—a pastry cook's; and while they were putting half-a-dozen Bath buns into paper for him, he took an opportunity of reading the playbills—"Doors open at half-past six—performance to begin at seven."

"Very well," cried he to himself, "now in this there can be no mistake—for I have often read of the house being crowded with the first rush, and of people waiting for hours before the doors opened: so, egad, I will hurry there with my best speed, that I may secure a good place."

By dint of a smart Yorkshire, rattling pace, he contrived to arrive at Drury-lane by six o'clock; and, as he had heard that it was to the pit that all the critics and good judges went, he resolved to go there too, in the hope of picking up some valuable remarks to go hand in hand with the play. But when he arrived at the pit door, there was scarcely a soul to be seen that appeared to be waiting for admission. There was something very odd in this! He had expected to see hundreds, and there was not a score. What could it all mean? It was certainly the pit-door, for he saw the words written up; it was certainly Drury-lane, for he had made his acquaintance with it in the morning, as a prelude to his visit in the evening. Then what could the present desertion portend? The play of "Pizarro," and the afterpiece of the "Miller and his Men," ought, in his opinion, to have attracted half London: they must be popular, for he had heard of both of them nearly as long as he could remember. What, then, could it all mean? He looked about for some congenial face that might win him into addressing a stranger, for the purpose of obtaining an explanation; but he saw none that looked sufficiently promising: there was no one there on the lines of whose countenance seemed to be written, "I can pity and feel for the ignorance of a Yorkshireman." While he was in this state of hesitation, a beautifully-dressed young gentleman of amazingly insinuating address approached him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the new comer, "you seem to be a stranger; perhaps you have lost your party."

"No, sir," quoth Purvis, "I have no party to lose; but, perhaps, you will be so good as to inform me—"

His further utterance was interrupted by the stranger jolting suddenly against him in such a manner as to bring the sharp point of his elbow full into the pit of the Yorkshireman's stomach, the natural result of which was so sudden a dismission of the vital air from his interior, that his speech of inquiry came to a conclusion perforce; and he stood, gasping like a fish when, in lieu of water, it has nothing but the thin atmosphere to draw in; while his new acquaintance hastily pronounced,

"Ten thousand pardons, sir; this infernal piece of orange peel nearly threw me off my legs. Ah! egad, there goes Will! Will Smith! Will Smith! Pray excuse me—a particular friend. I must follow him!" and away shot Mr. Purvis's new acquaintance with a rapidity that was really delectable to behold.

While this quiet little scene had been passing between these two, the pit-lobby had been gradually filling; and, a moment after the disappearance of Will Smith's friend, Purvis heard a gruff voice at no great distance from him exclaim, "Take care of your pockets, ladies and gentlemen!"

"Good heavens!—Pockets!—My watch!" quoth the Yorkshire gentleman; and, as he spoke, he pressed his hand on his fob. Alas! it was all "flat and unprofitable." Will Smith's particular friend had ejected the timepiece at the same moment that he had ejected the breath from Master Henry Purvis's body.

But there might yet be time to save it; and, at the thought, Mr. Purvis rushed forth, to the infinite detriment of an old lady and gentleman who were just entering the door; and as he ran along, hardly knowing which way he went, he belowed "stop thief," at the loudest height of his stentorian lungs.

The cry of "stop thief" once raised in London, and no man shall tell where it may end. A thousand echoes seemed to rise in answer to Mr. Purvis's shout. Drury-lane, Russell-street, Vinegar-yard, Bridges-street, Covent-garden market, Bow-street, and Broad-court all rang in unison, and nothing was heard but "stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!" while scores, guilty and guiltless, were to be seen running in every direction. As to our hero, he followed the direction of his genius at the height of his speed; and, just as he turned into Hart-street, he began to think that he caught a glimpse of the gentleman who had absconded with his watch. Desirable thought! and at its coming again, he roared more lustily, "stop thief!" Yes, it certainly was the runaway whom he had in sight; he presses on him—he nearly reaches him—the pursued turns abruptly into a narrow court—Mr. Purvis turns after him, confident that at length he has caught him; when, lo! he finds himself caught full in a policeman's arms.

After puffing half a minute for breath enough to speak—"There he goes!" quoth Mr. Purvis.

"Never mind him, my lively," said the policeman; "I have caught you, and that is something: so just please to walk yourself along with me to the station-house."

"But I haven't got the watch," puffed Mr. Purvis.

"That remains to be seen," replied the man in blue, with 131 on his collar; "so just come along, will you?"

"What, without the thief?"

"Come, come, master," quoth the officer, "this won't do. I don't think any one that looks in your face will say that we are without the thief."

Mr. Purvis finding that all remonstrance was vain, accompanied his *custos* to the station-house, where he was treated with a detail of his own loss before he was allowed to say a word for himself. At length, when there seemed to be a slight cessation in the plot, he managed to be heard thus far.

"But it is I, gentlemen, that have lost the watch, after all."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the inspector, "that's pretty well, however. I'll tell you what, my fine fellow, if the tribe of pick-pockets should ever elect a king, and impudence should be the qualification, you'll carry the day against the field—I'll pound it."

"Say what you will," exclaimed our hero, "it is I that have lost the watch; but as I see what sort of justice I am to have here, I beg to wish you good night."

"Not so fast—not so fast, my worthy," cried the inspector; "you've got to be searched yet; and, when that's over, we've a delightfully comfortable black-hole for you, where you may pass the night free gratis, for nothing."

Master Henry Purvis was pretty nearly at the height of despair at this announcement, when his good stars seemed for once to predominate. The constable, whose warning voice in the pit-lobby had reminded him to see whether his property was safe, just at this moment entered the station-house, and confirmed his statement that he was the *robber*, not the *robber*—upon which Master Henry Purvis was graciously permitted to take his departure. He did not, however, go without vowing ten thousand vengeance for the scurrilous manner in which he had been treated.

"I wonder you should complain," said the constable who stood his friend.

"What!" cried Purvis, "have I not been taken up as the thief?"

"That shows our vigilance."

"Have I not been threatened with the black hole?"

"That shows our determination."

"Was I not told that I looked like a thief?"

"That shows our penetration."

"And have I not been robbed of my watch?"

"Oh, sir, as to that," quoth the constable, "what can gentlemen expect if they come too early to the theatre!"

This last reply quite silenced Master Henry Purvis. He had been a day in town, and, quite satisfied with the experiment, he resolved to return to Yorkshire by the next morning's coach. Dinner-less, Lord Spanker-less, watch-less, Drury-lane-less, the events of that single day gave occupation to his thoughts for many, many months; and, indeed, to the very end of his life it was one of his most constant resolutions—that nothing in the whole world should ever again tempt him to be "too early."

A MODERN TIMON.

There is at present an extraordinary character existing in the French capital, who divides the public attention with Louis Philippe, the Poles, and the heroes of July. He is named Chodruc-Duclos, and his description and history are as follows:—He is a modern Timon. His dress consists of a few miserable rags; and his beard, which has not been trimmed for many years, reaches to his middle. Every evening he walks round the Palais Royal, offering, in the meanness of his attire, a strange contrast to the magnificence and splendor of that celebrated place. Yet this specimen of wretchedness was, in former times, a leader of fashion—a man celebrated for his multifarious accomplishments, remarkable for his beauty, and no less renowned as a first-rate exquisite! The history of Chodruc-Duclos offers, even in this age of wonders and strange events, one of the most striking examples of the caprices of fortune. He is a man of family, and was the heir to a handsome estate. In his early life he was *recherche* to a proverb in his exquisitism. He was a good musician and dancer, and an adept in the use of arms. He made himself famous at Bordeaux by an adventure at the theatre. A lady having been insulted in his presence, he lifted the offender in his arms, and threw him from the first tier of boxes into the pit. He fought many duels, and killed one of his antagonists. He was the intimate friend of the ex-minister Peyronnet, to whom, on more than one occasion, he was of essential service. In early life they were inseparable companions, and made sundry vows of eternal friendship. During the supremacy of Buonaparte, Duclos proved himself one of the most strenuous partisans of the exiled family. In the advancement of their cause he exposed himself to the greatest peril, besides expending upon it every franc of his large fortune. On the return of Louis XVIII. to the throne of France, he, with many others, presented himself to receive the reward of his services and fidelity to the royal cause. His claims, however, were disregarded, or the offers made were such as he considered totally inadequate to his merit. Disappointed and indignant, he withdrew from court. The accession of Peyronnet to power revived his hopes. He waited on his former friend, but his mission was one of those with which men in power are very willing to dispense. Peyronnet received the

bosom friend of his youth in a most statesmanlike manner, and, on receiving a hint from his visitor that his wants were most pressing, magnanimously presented him with two hundred francs (eight pounds.) From that moment his life has been an enigma. No one can tell who provides for his subsistence, since, so far from ever asking alms, he is never known to speak a word. His sole occupation appears to be to perambulate the splendid galleries of the Palais Royal. He has twice been taken before the tribunals, on a charge of outraging public decency by his insufficient attire; but he was not subjected to any punishment, and he still continues to parade his rags and misfortunes. He expends two francs per day; and his landlady, the owner of a miserable tenth-rate inn, declared, on his trial, that he is so punctual that he will not allow a day to pass without paying the said sum. Trifling as the pittance is, it afforded matter for speculation how Duclos could procure it, since it is notorious that every sous of his property had been spent. It is surmised by some that a small pension is allowed him by the lady whom he protected at the theatre of Bordeaux.

LORD BYRON'S LETTER TO A YOUNG AUTHOR.

The editors of the London Athenæum remark, that through the kindness of a friend they have been enabled to publish the following "original letter from Lord Byron to a young author, on the receipt of a little volume dedicated to his lordship." The letter is worded so tersely, kindly, and sensibly, that it would be an act of injustice to the character of the noble poet not to put it in evidence, at the world's great trial. The young author of 1814, grown older and wiser now, has done with torturing the English language into verse and ruining booksellers; and he only regrets that the noble poet did not live to see, that the object of his advice had common sense enough to withdraw himself from the splendid hunt of poetry, before his brains were wholly dashed out through bad riding.

February 20, 1814.

"SIR—My absence from London till within these last few days, and business since, have hitherto prevented my acknowledgment of the volume I have lately received, and the inscription which it contains, for both of which I beg leave to return you my thanks, and best wishes for the success of the book and its author. The poem itself, as the work of a young man, is creditable to your talents, and promises better for future efforts than any which I can now recollect. Whether you intend to pursue your poetical career, I do not know, and can have no right to inquire—but, in whatever channel your abilities are directed, I think it will be your own fault if they do not eventually lead to distinction. Happiness must of course depend upon conduct—and even fame itself would be but a poor compensation for self-reproach. You will excuse me for talking to a man perhaps not many years my junior, with these grave airs of seniority; but though I cannot claim much advantage in that respect, it was my lot to be thrown very early upon the world—to mix a good deal in it in more climates than one—and to purchase experience which would probably have been of greater service to any one than myself. But my business with you is in your capacity of author, and to that I will confine myself.

"The first thing a young writer must expect, and yet can least of all suffer, is *criticism*. I did not bear it—a few years, and many changes, have since passed over my head, and my reflections on that subject are attended with regret. I find, on dispassionate comparison, my own revenge more than the provocation warranted. It is true, I was very young—that might be an excuse to those I attacked—but to me it is none: the best reply to all objections is to write better—and if your enemies will not then do you justice, the world will. On the other hand, you should not be discouraged—to be opposed, is not to be vanquished, though a timid mind is apt to mistake every scratch for a mortal wound. There is a saying of Dr. Johnson's, which it is as well to remember, that 'no man was ever written down except by himself.' I sincerely hope that you will meet with as few obstacles as yourself can desire—but if you should, you will find that they are to be *stepped* over; to *kick* them down is the first resolve of a young and fiery spirit—a pleasant thing enough at the time—but not so afterwards: on this point I speak of a man's own reflections—what others think or say, is a *secondary* consideration—at least, it has been so with me, but will not answer as a general maxim: he who would make his way in the world, must let the world believe that it was made for him, and accommodate himself to the minutest observance of its regulations. I beg once more to thank you for your pleasing present, and have the honor to be your obliged and very obedient servant,

BYRON."

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE, ETC.

FORREST has been the leading attraction at the Park, drawing crowded and fashionable houses. His Othello, with Maywood's Iago, brought upwards of seventeen hundred dollars. Opera is again taking its turn. Jones and Miss Hughes have re-appeared in Masaniello. The tragedy of Werdenberg, introducing Mr. Pelby as the hero, has been brought out. Miss Vincent, at the American theatre, has gained unusual favor. That really delightful actor, Blanchard, is rapidly becoming one of the most popular, as he is certainly one of the most sensible and chaste of all our comic performers. We have witnessed, with great pleasure, the exertions of Mrs. Duff and her pretty and *naïve* daughter, at the Richmond-hill.

A party of gentlemen gave a dinner, at the Boston exchange, last week, to Mr. Sinclair, of the theatre, as a testimony of their respect for his private worth and professional talents.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ROSS COX'S ADVENTURES ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

THIS is one of the most interesting works which the Harpers have published for months. It comprehends an account of a six years' residence on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, among various tribes of Indians, of whom little or nothing was previously known. Indeed the whole region over which the author, Ross Cox, wended his protracted journey, has been almost like an undiscovered country to the world; and, as he affirms in the preface, of a great portion we have been in entire ignorance. Our readers will acquiesce with us in the opinion, that narratives of this kind may claim nearly the highest rank among all species of delightful composition. Novels amuse for a time, and poetry elevates the imagination, but here the mind is accumulating actual experience in the world of reality. We commend the work to attention.

RENWICK'S ELEMENTS OF MECHANICS.

The author of this useful volume, which is just from the press of Carey and Lea, is well known and highly respected as professor of natural philosophy and chemistry in Columbia College. We had lately the pleasing duty of welcoming to the scientific department of our literature, an able treatise on "Linear Perspective," by Mr. Davis, professor of mathematics at West Point, and we congratulate ourselves on the laudable disposition thus evinced by competent individuals to furnish the world with the results of their experience. It is not only new and original discoveries or ideas upon these subjects which we may expect from authors who have been engaged in institutions of learning, but also simplified arrangements of facts, adapted to the immediate wants of the pupil. We therefore look upon the present work as stamped with a double value; and for the accuracy of its details, the name of the compiler is an ample pledge.

THE CHAMELEON.

We are indebted to an unknown friend in Scotland for the gift of a very beautifully printed volume, thus entitled, printed by Longman & Co., London. From the fact that it is a second edition, we may presume it to be popular in the old country. It is ornamented with a prettily executed plate of Rolandseck and Frauenworth, by W. Miller, and is made up of numerous short articles, in poetry and prose, of a light and amusing character, on very tempting subjects, some of which are handled with much ingenuity.

FROM A LATE NUMBER OF THE LONDON ATHENÆUM.

Poems by William Cullen Bryant, an American Poet. Edited by Washington Irving. London, 1832. Andrews.

We have done our best to make English readers acquainted with the literature of America, and among other works which we thought especially deserving our attention, were the poems of Bryant, reviewed some months since in our paper. It was, therefore, with no common feeling of satisfaction, that we received this beautiful volume, in which his scattered treasures are collected and recommended to the attention of Englishmen, by one whose name and fame are dear to them as the honored of their own country. We have only room, at this last hour, for the dedication—next week we shall cull our samples.

"TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

"MY DEAR SIR—During an intimacy of some years standing, I have uniformly remarked a liberal interest on your part in the rising character and fortunes of my country, and a kind disposition to promote the success of American talent, whether engaged in literature or the arts. I am induced, therefore, as a tribute of gratitude, as well as a general testimonial of respect and friendship, to lay before you the present volume, in which, for the first time, are collected together the fugitive productions of one of our living poets, whose writings are deservedly popular throughout the United States.

"Many of these poems have appeared at various times in periodical publications; and some of them, I am aware, have met your eye, and received the stamp of your approbation. They could scarcely fail to do so, characterized as they are by a purity of moral, an elevation and refinement of thought, and a terseness and elegance of diction, congenial to the bent of your own genius and to your cultivated taste. They appear to me to belong to the best school of English poetry, and to be entitled to rank among the highest of their class.

"The British public has already expressed its delight at the graphic descriptions of American scenery and wild woodland characters, contained in the works of our national novelist, Cooper. The same keen eye and fresh feeling for nature, the same indigenous style of thinking and local peculiarity of imagery, which give such novelty and interest to the pages of that gifted writer, will be found to characterize this volume, condensed into a narrower compass and sublimated into poetry.

"The descriptive writings of Mr. Bryant are essentially American. They transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest—to the shores of the lonely lake—the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate, fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes. His close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the graphic felicity of his details, prevent his descriptions from ever becoming general and common-place; while he has the gift of shedding over them a pensive grace, that blends them all into harmony, and of clothing them with moral associ-

ations that make them speak to the heart. Neither, I am convinced, will it be the least of his merits in your eyes, that his writings are imbued with the independent spirit, and the buoyant aspirations incident to a youthful, a free, and a rising country.

"It is not my intention, however, to enter into any critical comments on these poems, but merely to introduce them, through your sanction, to the British public. They must then depend for success on their own merits; though I cannot help flattering myself that they will be received as pure gems, which, though produced in a foreign clime, are worthy of being carefully preserved in the common treasury of the language. I am, my dear sir, ever most faithfully yours,
WASHINGTON IRVING.
"London, March, 1832."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1832.

Editor's study.—Our correspondent, "Philo Johnson," wishes to be informed whether the Americans speak generally with as much accuracy as the English. We agree with him in the affirmative, though rather from the testimony of others than from our own observation. We question whether any people in the world can boast a more uniformly correct pronunciation than the inhabitants of the United States. Although our country comprehends such a vast space, the traveler will distinguish by no means the same diversity of speech which may be discerned in passing through other nations, yet there are, notwithstanding, several instances, even in the first circles, of inelegant exceptions. Some arise from a want of proper familiarity with standard authorities, others from the desire to exhibit a superior grace and accuracy in their elocution. One delivers his words with a too deliberate execution of each particular syllable, which, however it may enhance the distinctness, greatly diminishes the grace and ease of conversation. There is a difference to be observed between an orator addressing a crowded assembly, and a gentleman speaking to his friend or a private company. Some in a parlor, and treating upon trifles, ape the profound gravity of a tragedian. We have heard a person of this kind declare, "I will thank you, madam, for another cup of tea," with as much effort at theatrical elegance, as if he were about to swallow poison instead of hyson; and another observe, he was "fond of tripe," with a solemn dignity of expression, rolling the *r* off his tongue in such a manner, that a foreigner, unacquainted with our language, might naturally conclude something very serious was going on. But this, although a fault among colloquists, is preferable to the practice which we must allow to be prevalent here, of giving words, however properly accented, a certain turn of an ungraceful character. There is a class of words to which this observation particularly applies, but we are scarcely able to make the reader understand by letters those precise distinctions of sound which we would here illustrate. In the proper manner of giving such words as *ensue*, *suit*, &c. there will be audible to an attentive ear a slight softening of the *v*, bringing it nearer to the same letter in *unite*. Our mother tongue contains many words of the same character, wherein there is room for a scholar to discriminate nicely between the two extremes. We have now in our recollection a highly accomplished lady, whose remarks are generally so full of intelligence and wit, that it is painful to hear them marred by so trivial a defect. She tells you that the *doors* of evening had scarcely fallen from the *skoi* when the *koind gurl*, at whose *soote* she had undertaken the journey, began to grow afraid of being *pursood*; but she *knoo* nobody was there, although she was *pootly* well prepared to *endoore* every thing that could *ensoo*, from a principle of *dooty*. She says she cannot abide a *doolist*, although last *Toosday* she saw one in the street for the *just* time.

Our fair friend is not at all singular in this way of speaking. It may be remarked continually in the most polished individuals of both sexes.

We are acquainted with another of equal attainments, who, a short period since, had her attention directed to this point, and consequently has fallen into the opposite extreme, which, of the two, we think more offensive. The one seems the result of carelessness, but the other of affectation. She tells her friends that *Se-usan* is a sensible *ge-irl*, and a *se-uperlative* singer; that there is extraordinary *ne-use* from England arrived last *Choosday*, but of a *jubious* character. She thinks one who fights a *jewel* is more to be pitied than blamed, as no gentleman can *enjure* an insult. She was one day at dinner going on in these displays of her newly acquired colloquial graces, when she created a general smile, which even courtesy could not disguise, by asking the servant to help her to "a little *se-oup*." We must also protest against those innovations on settled points of orthoepy, which occasionally appear among fashionable people, as if to make the barrier between them and the *profanum vulgus* more obvious and impassable. It is to such classes, as well as to the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, that we look for models in the art of speaking correctly; and they should be especially cautious not to lead astray, from any idle affectation, those who appeal to them as examples. We heard a lawyer in court the other day make the *i* in *pirate* rhyme with *y* in *lyric*, and a high-bred lady asking for *Bee-ron's* poems.

True elegance of pronunciation, like that of dress, consists in a modest simplicity. This is a safer guide than mere dictionary knowledge. We knew a poor pedant, who never opened his lips without saying something outrageously ludicrous, or pronouncing

his words in a way that set every one laughing, yet the fellow could quote some lexicographer for whatever he said. We therefore deem the dictionary not the only thing to be studied, but also the usages of the persons with whom we associate, so that we may not appear, at every sentence, to rebuke their ignorance, or expose our own.

As it is the misfortune of our language that the pronunciation of many words is not regulated by any rule, but is entirely arbitrary, it becomes necessary for him who would speak at once with ease, grace, and correctness, to study in early youth the forms of expressions and modes of pronunciation prevalent in the polite world, as books cannot instruct him concerning those faint lights and shades of speech, to which we have alluded above.

It is certainly much to be regretted that the English tongue is infested with such a variety of authorities on dubious points, and that the construction of many words is so excessively awkward. A schoolboy is punished one day for not speaking according to the orthography, and the next day for the contrary error. Such intricate words as *clough*, *trough*, *usquebaugh*, *turkoids*, *qualm*, &c. are a disgrace to the vocabulary, and have a vast deal to answer for, touching hasty bursts of disapprobation from young French gentlemen and other foreigners, who undertake to learn our vernacular. We recommend all cavaliers at the pronunciations of their friends to examine their dictionaries before they express their opinions, as the contradictions among the learned compilers, from Jameson to Webster, are very palpable and consolatory to ambitious colloquists caught tripping. We lately heard a horse-laugh brought to a very abrupt termination, by a reference to Walker. We may add, in conclusion, that a few words mispronounced weigh but little against the good sense sometimes conveyed by them, and that he who watches, for the purpose of ridiculing the casual peculiarities of speech which may be detected more or less in every man, discovers a more intimate acquaintance with Webster than with Chesterfield, and is more learned in words than in politeness.

Old jokes.—The London Athenæum presents its readers weekly with a collection of *bon mots*, gathered from every source.—Nearly all the jokes are familiar to most people, and the following, in particular, may claim more praise for their antiquity than their wit; but *originality* in these trifles is difficult of attainment.

An irritable man went to visit a sick friend and asked him concerning his health. The patient was so ill that he could not reply; whereupon the other, in a rage, said, "I hope that I may soon fall sick, and then I will not answer you when you visit me."

A speculative gentleman, wishing to teach his horse to do without food, starved him to death. "I had a great loss," said he, "for just as he learned to live without eating he died."

A curious inquirer, desirous to know how he looked when asleep sat with closed eyes before a mirror.

A young man told his friend, that he dreamed that he had struck his foot against a sharp nail. "Why, then, do you sleep without your shoes?" was the reply.

A robust countryman meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall; being asked the cause, he replied, "it is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

A gentleman had a cask of American wine, from which his servant stole a large quantity. When the master perceived the deficiency, he diligently inspected the top of the cask, but could find no trace of an opening. "Look if there be not a hole in the bottom," said a bystander. "Blockhead," he replied, "do you not see that the deficiency is at the top, and not at the bottom?"

A young man meeting an acquaintance, said, "I heard that you were dead." "But," says the other, "you see me alive." "I do not know how that may be," replied he; "you are a notorious liar, but my informant was a person of credit."

During a storm, the passengers of a vessel that appeared in danger, seized different implements to aid them in swimming, and one of the number selected for that purpose the anchor.

One of twin-brothers died; a fellow, meeting the survivor, asked "Which is it, you or your brother that's dead?"

A man whose son was dead, seeing a crowd assembled to witness the funeral, said, "I am ashamed to bring my little son into such a numerous assembly."

The son of a fond father, when going to war, promised to bring home the head of one of the enemy. His parent replied, "I should be glad to see you come home without a head, provided you come home safe."

A man wrote to his friend in Greece, begging him to purchase books. From negligence or avarice, he neglected to execute the commission; but fearing that his correspondent might be offended, he exclaimed, when next they met, "My dear friend, I never got the letter that you wrote me about the books."

A wittol, a barber, and a bald-headed man traveled together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he slept; he then woke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, "Here's a pretty mistake, rascal!—you have waked the bald-headed man instead of me."

A citizen, seeing some sparrows in a tree, went beneath and shook it, holding out his hand to catch them as they fell.

Subscribers who intend to change their place of residence on the first of May, will please leave notice at this office, stating where the paper is now left, and where it is to be sent hereafter.

I AM TWINING.

A GERMAN AIR—ARRANGED FOR THE SPANISH GUITAR, AND PRESENTED TO THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, BY S. KEENE.

I am twin-ing, I am twin-ing The flow-ers of the sea; They are pin-ing, they are pin-ing For sweet-ness from thee.

Oh! breathe o'er them light-ly, 'Twill make them more rare; Oh! gaze on them bright-ly, 'Twill make them more fair.

I am twin-ing, I am twin-ing The flow-ers of the sea; They are pin-ing, they are

Ad lib.

pin-ing For sweet-ness from thee.

SECOND VERSE.

They were sleeping—they were sleeping,
With the dews on the plain;
They are weeping—they are weeping
For home, love, again;
Then take them, and cherish
The flowers of the sea;
They never can perish
Whilst treasured by thee.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

Salmagundi.

EXTRACT FROM PAULDING'S AZURE HOSE.—Mr. Lightfoot Lee was particular in boiling his eggs, which he was accustomed to say required more discretion than any other branch of the great art of cookery. The preparations for this critical affair were always made with due solemnity. First, Mr. Lee sat with his watch in his hand, and the parlor door, as well as all the other doors down to the kitchen, wide open. At the parlor door stood Juba, his oldest, most confidential servant. At the end of the hall leading to the kitchen, stood Pomp the coachman; at the foot of the kitchen stairs stood Benjamin the footman; and Dolly, the cook, was watching the skillet. "It boils," cried Dolly; "It boils," said Benjamin; "It boils," said Pompey the great; and "It boils," echoed Juba, prince of Numidia. "Put them in," said Mr. Lee; "Put them in," said Juba; "Put them in," said Pomp; and "Put them in," cried Dolly, as she dropt the eggs into the skillet. Exactly a minute and a half afterwards, by his stop watch, Mr. Lee called out "Done;" and done was repeated from mouth to mouth as before. The perfection of the whole process consisted in Dolly's whipping out the eggs in half a second from the last echo of the critical "done." In this manner the eggs were always boiled to his entire satisfaction.

HOW TO BE SAFE.—"Doctor," said a patient, "about five years ago, after reading over the prescription of a distinguished friend of temperance, whom ill health had obliged him to consult, 'Doctor, do you think that a little spirits, now and then, would hurt me very much?'" "Why, no, sir," answered the doctor, deliberately; "I do not know that a little—now and then—would hurt you very much; but, sir, if you don't take any, it won't hurt you at all."

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.—In the debate on the removal of Washington's remains, in the house of representatives, Mr. Howard, of Maryland, related the following interesting historical anecdote: "When the British fleet was passing up the Potomac, with hostile intent, during the late war, the commander directed that when he arrived opposite Mount Vernon, he should be informed of the fact. When he was told that the ship was passing the tomb of Washington, the officers assembled upon deck, and passed by uncovered and in silence."

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

BY MOORE.

Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,
Gentle river, thy current runs;
Sheltered safe from winter gales,
Shaded cool from summer suns.
Thus our youth's sweet moments glide,
Fenced with flowery shelter round;
No rude tempest wakes the tide,
All its path is fairy ground.
But, fair river, the day will come,
When, woo'd by whisp'ring groves in vain,
Thou'lt leave those banks—thy shaded home,
To mingle with the stormy main.
And thou, sweet youth, too soon wilt pass
Into the world's unsheltered sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mixed, alas!
All hope of peace is lost for thee.

A PRINTER'S EXTREMITIES.—The editor of a western newspaper says—"the printer wants grain, pork, tallow, candles, whiskey, linens, bees' wax, wood, and anything else that he can eat."

EXCESS OF JOY.—A poor woman in a French provincial town, lately gained about forty thousand francs in the lottery, and, at the moment she received the money, died through excess of joy.

A SLEEPY HAT.—"Is't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin, of a gentleman with a shocking bad one on. "No—why?" inquired the gentleman. "Why, because I think it's a long time since it had a nap," was the answer.

THE WAY TO DISPERSE A MOB.—The Boston Post has discovered an infallible remedy to disperse a mob. It consists merely in carrying round a contribution-box.

HORSE-JOCKEY WIT.—"I say, old chap," said a London cockney to a coachman, "will you let us have a drive?" "Well, what will you stand?" "A tanner," (a sixpence.) "Done," said the driver. The young fellow mounted the box, and strove in vain to flog the jaded nags into a trot. At length he spied a little place where the skin was rubbed off, and he touched them on the spot skilfully with the end of the lash. They went off at a brisk pace. "I say!" said the driver, "pull up, and give me the reins, my fine fellow. I don't stand that, I can tell you, sir. That's a little bit I keeps for myself when I wants to show off."

HOOK AND HATCHETT.—Theodore Hook lately dined with Mr. Hatchett. "Ah, my dear fellow," said his host, deprecatingly, "I am sorry to say that you will not get to-day such a dinner as our friend Tom Moore gave us." "Certainly not," replied Hook; "from a Hatchett one can expect nothing but a chop."

A GRAND AFFAIR.—A masked ball was given at the Russian court on the first of January last, which was attended by thirty thousand persons. Notwithstanding the number assembled, the greatest order prevailed throughout.

THE GARRICK CLUB.—A discussion recently took place at this famous London club of wits, respecting the jewels of a fashionable actress; several gentlemen asserting them to be real, and, consequently, of enormous value. The poet Campbell, having been silent during the conversation, was at length applied to for his opinion. "I had rather say nothing about it," said Mr. C. "for it is plain that either the diamonds or the lady must be good for nothing."

SPECIMEN OF A MALTHUSIAN.

FROM THE COMIC ANNUAL.

My dear, do pull the bell.
And pull it well.
And send those noisy children all up stairs,
Now playing here like bears.
You George and William, go into the grounds,
Charles, James, and Bob are there—and take your string,
Drive horses, or fly kites, or any thing,
You're quite enough to play at hare and hounds—
You little Mary, and Caroline, and Poll,
Take each your doll,
And go, my dears, into the two back pair,
Your sister Margaret's there—
Harriet and Grace, thank God, are both at school,
And as far off as Pouty Pool—
I want to read, but really can't get on;
Let the four twins, Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John,
Go—to their nursery—go—I never can
Enjoy my Malthus among such a clan!

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,

To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscriptions received for a less term than one year.

J. Seymour, printer, John-street.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

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FOUR DOLLARS PER ANN.] SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, THE NEW FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, CORNER OF NASSAU AND ANN STREETS. [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1832.

No. 44.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

THE FATHER'S LESSON.

"I AM sick of human nature already," said Frederick St. John to his father. "Every day's experience teaches me that mankind are villains, with but few exceptions."

"In which honorable minority," replied his father, "Mr. Frederick St. John ranks himself, of course."

"Most assuredly I do. If I were so low-minded, so base—so—(I have no words to express my horror and contempt for them) as nearly every one around me, I should, I positively believe, put an end to my existence."

"No," said the parent, "if you were base-minded, like them, your estimation of meanness would be different, and you would be contented to live on any terms."

"Never."

"I tell you, Fred, you are but a youth and know little of the world. There are doubtless an ample sufficiency of rascals about us, but they form only a small part of *human nature* which you speak of so decisively. You are not competent to comprehend all the influences which have made them what they are."

"But, sir, I know what I am."

"I am not so sure of that, Fred. I hope no dreadful experience will ever undeceive you. You know what you *wish* to be—not what you *are*."

"But, my dear sir, by taking such a view of my character as you seem to have of it, I am reduced in my own estimation to a level with the very persons I despise. You deprive me of pride, which is at once my support and my reward."

"If I would diminish your pride," replied Mr. St. John, "it is to supply its place with modesty and watchfulness, which, if not so agreeable, are at least more safe and useful qualities. A young man setting out in life is like the navigator of a ship whose way lies over dangerous seas. It is good for him to be fully aware of the perils which he must encounter, and that others as wise and well-conditioned as himself have gone down into the deep."

"But surely, my father, you do not deem me capable of submitting to the degradations and committing the crimes which mark the beings about me?"

"I know, Frederick, that nature has gifted you with a clear understanding and an affectionate heart. Your hopes are high—your passions warm—your feelings pure; but you are yet young, and cannot conjecture how these may change when you shall have gone farther on in the dark world. You cannot tell to what withering influences you may hereafter be subjected. You know not what sophistry may corrupt your principles, what temptations may overcome your virtue. Now I trust your piety is strong, and your views of right and wrong just and noble. Yet beware how you trust too implicitly even to these. What tree stands so lofty, but it may be blasted by thunder? What river leaps from its source so pure and clear, but other streams may flow into its bosom and soil its sweet waters?"

"There are some things," rejoined the youth, after a pause, "which I am certain I could not bear. Some misfortunes—some crimes. I could not bear a disappointment in love—or a blow—or the recollection of a criminal action. I could not, for example, exist if I had killed a man. Shame and remorse would sink me into the earth. I could not dwell with a tainted reputation. I could not perpetrate a cruelty, even to save my life. I could not—"

"Hold," interrupted the father, "you have said already too much. Each word you speak is a dagger to my soul."

"My father!"

"Look not so surprised, my son. I will relate to you my history. You have sometimes remarked that I am not a happy man."

"I have, my father. Often I have felt my very heart cold to watch the livid paleness pass over your face even in the midst of the gayest scenes. I have mourned secretly over the certainty that you were miserable."

"You have judged me rightly, boy. I am miserable. Life is a load to me, like the cross and the crown of thorns which one better than man bore in his last mortal time. You have now arrived at years of reason. You are enthusiastic and inexperienced. I love you better than myself. For your sake I will relate briefly my own life. May it prove a lesson to you—may it be a light to your feet in the darkness through which the career of man but too often leads. Listen, Frederick, and hereafter, instead of boasting of your virtue, watch over it in silence, but with a never-sleeping care."

"When I was of your age I was sanguine and joyous like you. Nothing would satisfy me but a place among the highest and the best. I was proud and haughty, and confident in my own powers and my own honor. I regarded nature with a universal love; and you will not suspect me of vanity in adding that my face and per-

son were as commanding and beautiful as my mind was gifted and my ambition aspiring. I had always been educated in the midst of careful and affectionate friends, and the general submission which I was accustomed to meet in all my desires from every one around me, had, perhaps, given my disposition a slight despotism and tyrannical turn. I was impatient of every difficulty and contradiction; and although when I loved at all it was with a deep tenderness, yet my bursts of passion were irresistible. I lost my self-command, and was ready to plunge into any—the most desperate deed. Alas! alas! how time has subdued me. I can scarcely yet realize whether I myself am changed, or whether the revolution is in the surrounding objects. However it may be, my fiery hopes, and passions are all extinguished. I live no more for myself, but for others, and shall welcome the moment wished for so oft, which shall lay me in the grave."

"I lived till the age of twenty without knowing the passion of love. I even laughed and scoffed at it. I deemed it implied something unmanly in the character to bow down thus before a pair of eyes, or the sound of a voice, or the fascination of a smile. I branded it as a delusion, and that is one among the very few of my early opinions which I retain still. If there is any thing actually so high and irresistible in the charm of a female, why do not all men go mad for her? Why, but from a species of delirium, should I thrill beneath the looks of a girl who gazes at another without vibrating a chord of his feeling, unless, peradventure, precisely contrary to that with which I regard her? A man shall put an end to his existence for the love of a fair creature, whom her daily associates regard with the most absolute indifference. It is a dream—this love—a wild fever—a vain thirst after a bliss which the object of your affection suggests to you, but cannot supply you with: gratifying it, cures it; for marry, and it is gone. Friendship supplies its place, of a higher kind, it is true, but still only friendship. What *husband* suffers the vague but delicious aspirations of the lover? The latter feels the thin delight of years condensed into one intense bliss at the sound of her voice. The former sits with her till time hangs heavy on his hands, and he is obliged to resort to ordinary means to pass it away. Ay, love is a brief enchantment—a sweet, but dangerous disease. Beware of it, boy. Whatever it may be, at this period I felt it. I, who had esteemed myself above so idle a feeling, passed the night in sleepless anxiety and the day in pining care for the enticement of a soft young face. Adeline was her name. She was rich, and great above my sphere. I loved her deeply without her suspecting it. I mistook her natural benevolence of disposition for attachment. I saw not that the same remembered smile which she bestowed on me was equally the gift of others. I only knew that she *had* smiled on me. My wildness and my pride were alike forgotten, and one day when we were alone, I knelt down to her and poured out my soul with the lowliness of a slave. The fallen angels in Paradise Lost, who sprang upon the trees in the place of eternal desolation to gorge on their tempting fruit, and found them ashes, could not have been more struck with amazement and horror than was I at the manner in which my suit was received—the surprise—the merriment, which her sweet soul strove to disguise—but in vain—the utter indifference and contempt lurking out under the usual protestations of friendship. They were enough to drive any lover to despair—but on one like me—proud and haughty to fierceness—revengeful, although I knew it not—and vain when I thought I was only noble—they came with a dark and deadening power that might have quailed the heart of an evil spirit. It made mine reckless. I cannot express how the recollection of that moment would intrude upon my better hours like a ghost, and make me, like Macbeth, fling away the cup of joy. My temper became gradually embittered, my whole mind overshadowed. With such principles as mine were then, you may ask me why I still lived on? It was for revenge. Not against her person or her fame. I would not have injured her for the value of a thousand worlds. But I sought to show her that he whom she had rejected with scorn was a higher being than she dreamed of. I panted to place on my brow some glorious wreath of honor. I wished to fill a wide space in the world's favor, that she might say with regret, "I knew him not." Then I would that she might behold me contented and happy with another. That reflection might go into her mind how much I despised myself for what I had done, and how pleased I was that fate had denied me my wish. For this I married your mother. Think, Frederick, with what a struggle I, who had learned to think love so sacred, submitted tamely to be spurned by one and to take to my bosom another who was to me but one of the million."

"At all events," said I, "she who has trusted her happiness in my hands shall not be disappointed. I will watch over her with all the care of love, though without its real devotion."

"As I said this I stood by a house famous for gambling, and a friend beckoned me in. I was weary of myself, and complied

without any intention of becoming involved in the game. From a mere shame of refusing so trifling a favor as my companion requested of me, I pledged money to a small amount, and lost."

"I will play," said I, "till I win back my own, and no longer."

"I left the room at midnight—a bankrupt."

"The winner quarreled with me when we settled his demands. He was a powerfully formed man—a professed boxer, and practised duelling, and I soon discovered, in addition, a noted sharper. In the rage of a moment I struck him. He knocked me down as easily as if I had been a child. I challenged him—we fought."

"I will break your right arm," he said; "but if you persevere, I will kill you."

"His exquisite skill enabled him to keep his word. I went home with a fractured limb."

"When I recovered, I had resolved to watch my opportunity, and end his life. To be trampled on with such utter impunity, was more than I could bear. I forgot the divine precepts of my religion. I forgot the ordinary feelings of humanity and honor, which would have led me to make any sacrifice of personal inclination, rather than plunge my wife, whom I had already rendered poor and helpless, yet further into distress and degradation. I even went so far as to fix upon the hour, when, in the face of day my insults were to be righted, and my infuriated passions satiated by a gory revenge. Yes, my son," continued the narrator, with a face of ashy hue, while the son sat shuddering by his side, and hanging on his accents with fearful interest, "your father would have been a murderer, and might have perished on the gallows, but for the gracious interference of heaven. A fever seized me. I was confined many months 'at death's door.' It would be needless to explain the reflections which then passed through my mind. When I recovered, I was an altered man. I had been too near the chilly grave for passion. I shuddered at the escape I had made, and in relating it to you, I expect so dreadful a recollection will, in some degree, quell your self-confidence, as well as alter your opinion of the world. It may teach you the important lesson, that the good as well as the bad, are in danger, and that no man must ever sleep on his post."

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

At the close of one of those mild days of late autumn, which, in New England, are the loveliest of the year, the setting sun, seen only as a spot of brilliant red, through the transparency of a long line of purple mist, shed its light over trees of many colors, and on some, whose less lasting foliage lay scattered beneath them. Under one of these, on a high bank, which shelved precipitously down to the road, stood a girl of about eight years of age, engaged in gathering ripe chestnuts from among the shrivelled leaves, and the innumerable sharp coverings, which lay, now that their rough guardianship was over, with their velvet linings turned outwards.

A good-natured looking boy, somewhat older, was earnestly expostulating from the road below—"Amy, you must go home; see, it is almost dark," and, as if to add force to remonstrance, he began to ascend the steep bank where she stood.

A voice from the tree subjoined—"I think so too, cousin Amy, and I shall not shake any more nuts for you. I am coming down."

The child raised her head suddenly, and darting to the bank, gave her brother an impulse which rendered his descent very rapid, while a sharp chestnut burr, thrown upwards into the tree, intimated to the last speaker that his remark was not agreeable.

"For shame, Amy," said the fallen hero, as soon as he could stand upright; "there is a gentleman coming, who has seen your conduct."

The rustling of leaves, and the quick step of a horse, verified his words, and drew the rude girl from curiosity again to the edge of the bank. A stranger, of highly respectable appearance, rode under the spot unmolested, till an impudent "there!" from her brother, inspired in Amy a noble emulation for new deeds of daring. The apron, which she had firmly grasped, was suddenly lowered, and its prickly contents rested on the head and shoulders of the unfortunate rider, or buried themselves in the long mane of the steed. The gentleman reined his startled horse, bowed politely, then, with a somewhat sarcastic smile said, "Can you tell me, polite young lady, in which of yonder houses Mr. Atherton lives?"

Amy instantly retreated—George looked up in dismay, when the elder boy sprang from the tree, and in a very respectful and obliging manner complied with the request.

"Now, Amy, here is a fine business," said George, as soon as the horseman was out of hearing, "this is our rich uncle, whom father has been expecting. Come, you had best go home now, this is sport enough for one evening."

The three walked on in silence, till Amy, taking a handful of chestnuts from the basket which her cousin carried, offered them to George, looking up from beneath her bonnet with a very arch expression, as she said, "Don't tell mother."

The good-hearted boy could not resist the appeal, and bursting into a loud laugh, in which Henry joined, he promised silence. They soon reached their humble dwelling, which they found in a bustle, from the recent arrival. Neither commands nor entreaties could force Amy into the presence of her new relative till the hour of evening prayers, when the family were all expected to assemble.

Herbert Atherton was a man of about forty; ill health and foreign residence made him appear even older. He was small, but well-formed. His person evidently received great attention from himself, though it could hardly command it from others. His dress (alas, for manliness, when that is the most noticeable object in one's appearance) was neat in the extreme, and had an air of fashion and polished refinement. His sallow countenance was enlivened by piercing black eyes; and his smiles, though not pleasant, revealed a row of brilliant teeth. Amy gained all this information, as she sat, during the whole of family worship, with her large eyes fixed on him; she noticed too, that he was evidently uninterested in the service, and, as she afterwards expressed it to her brother, "looked as if he had never learned to sit still in prayer-time." The new uncle had also been forming his opinion of her, for he was a man of keen observation. Her elder sisters interested him little; they were active, tidy country girls; comely, but not attractive. But he had seen a specimen of the childish Amy, which showed *character*, and he now discovered that she possessed rare external beauty. "What a perfect creature she might be made!" was the result at which he arrived, just as the family were dispersing. He longed to form an acquaintance with the beautiful sprite, but she vanished from the room.

As he wandered the next morning about the limited enclosures of the humble farm, he saw Amy, surrounded by the congregated multitude of the poultry-yard, to which she was distributing their portions, with impartiality and deep interest. She reasoned with a duck, which seemed dissatisfied—checked the arrogance of some presuming turkeys, and encouraged the timid chickens to come forward and assert their rights. He spoke to her, and her basket of grain was abandoned to the fowls' own discretion, and she darted away with a graceful rapidity, that fascinated, while it vexed him. But fortune at length favored him. His really fine taste led him forth to enjoy the rich autumnal scenery of New England woods. Long absence gave an air of novelty to the vividness of coloring found upon every bough at this season, and he gazed, almost with surprise, at the glowing branches of the maple, lifting themselves against the clear blue sky, while the thought forced itself upon him, that they were like earthly passions and hopes in the presence of pure and heavenly happiness.

A slight rustling among the dead leaves drew his attention, and he discovered the cause, in the blooming face of his lovely niece, peeping at him from under a bush which afforded but partial concealment. He instantly seized the child, lest she should escape him as before, though there was now less danger, as the scarlet winter-green berries which she held in her lap, were treasures too highly valued to be thrown down for flight. After half-an-hour's intercourse with the child, in which he found need of more winning words and insinuating caresses than he had ever before believed necessary to make himself tolerated, he ventured to advance a proposal, that as he had no little girl, Amy should belong to him instead of her parents. As an inducement, he enlarged upon the impropriety of rude manners, and the advantages of being sent to school, where she would become elegant and accomplished. As this seemed either incomprehensible, or not very delightful, he spoke of the pleasure of having every thing she wanted, and the opportunity she should possess of bestowing gifts upon those whom she loved.

"Will you take George, and my dear cousin Henry?"

"No, I only want one."

"Well," said Amy, deliberately, "shall I have to live with you always?"

Atherton could hardly suppress his mortification, but replied, that she would be placed at school, where he should visit her only once or twice in the year, and that he should bring her such beautiful presents, that she would be happy to see him.

It was next necessary to gain her parents' consent to his proposal, and Atherton found it a difficult task to win away the favorite child. The fond and pious mother wept bitterly; and, had the decision rested with her, Amy had never left her sight. But the father had an eye to worldly wealth. He was tasting the bitterness of poverty, while trying to supply the wants of a large family; and though he was disappointed that the benefits he had expected from his recently recovered relative did not extend themselves over his whole field, he could not find it in his heart to check the tide of liberality, although it did not flow in a channel of his own choosing.

Amy's parting with home and friends, was that of a child, too volatile for reflection and deep grief. She wept as she hung on her mother's neck, and would have been pathetic in her farewell to George and Henry, if she had not interspersed so many charges about rabbits, chickens, nuts, and behaviour. She would not see that this separation from a mischievous child, whom they had idolized, was a different and weightier circumstance to those whom she left behind, though the boys asserted that there were

glistening drops on her round ruddy cheeks, as she gave them her last looks from the carriage window.

At a splendid private ball in one of our southern cities, a stranger's eye wandered carelessly over many gay groups, when his attention seemed absorbed by the movements of two who had just entered. An elderly gentleman, whose deportment seemed to indicate a wish to be thought more youthful than his countenance warranted, watched, with more than fatherly care, the beautiful young lady who held his arm. A lovely creature she was, slightly, but exquisitely formed—dressed with that simple elegance which denotes tasteful refinement; and as she returned the salutations of her numerous acquaintances, with a self-possession, which showed she was accustomed to command attention, the color glowed in her cheeks, and smiles lit her dark eyes into a brilliancy that accorded with her arch and playful manner. Her companion was constantly by her side. He evidently enjoyed the admiration she excited, while at the same time he seemed hardly pleased with those who looked too deep, or expressed too open an admiration. Though he followed her like a shadow, he seldom spoke to her, and when he did, a shade passed over the beauty's face, slight, but still visible. The stranger had looked longer than was consistent with politeness, for an acquaintance remarked, "She is indeed a creature to be worshipped, but the rites must be performed in secrecy and silence. Miss Atherton is universally admired, and I suspect would be a coquet if she might, but her old uncle will not allow any one to approach her. See, her bright eyes are turned towards us, after that inquisitive glance at the direction of his. Mr. Morland, what does this mean? Miss Atherton certainly recollects you; she is fainting."

A group immediately collected about the object of their remarks, and intercepted their view for a few moments.

"Will you do me the favor to introduce me to Mr. Atherton?" said the stranger to his companion, as the gentleman re-appeared.

"Certainly, Mr. Morland; but do not flatter yourself with a hope of success." As they crossed the richly-furnished saloon, he added, "That beautiful niece is reserved for some mysterious destiny. Wealth and high respectability are no passport to the favor of her guardian. I have seen many unsuccessful experiments of their power," while a bitter smile gave emphasis to his words.

Mr. Atherton received Mr. Morland with great politeness; but to his request for permission to renew a former acquaintance with his niece, replied, that Amy was indisposed, and was going immediately from home.

Morland stood in the embowered portico, when the uncle conveyed Amy to the carriage, and heard him say, in a tone more like that of cutting reproach than of the kindness due to one so young and fascinating, "Amy, I too saw the 'dear cousin Henry,' of former times."

Yes—it was Henry Morland—the devoted cousin of childhood became as devoted a lover as before Amy's childhood had passed away. During the only visit the adopted child had been permitted to make to her humble home, Henry had confessed to himself, and confided to Amy, the certainty that he should never know human happiness without her, and had received in return, a promise, made in the simple sincerity of fourteen years old, that she would never marry till he came to claim her. Henry Morland knew what he undertook when he resolved to raise himself from country obscurity to a rank which should enable him to hope for the niece of Mr. Atherton, and his efforts were proportioned to his aim.

In our country, honors and fortune are not hereditary—and the intelligent and energetic Morland appeared, at the age of twenty-three, possessed of both, in a degree equalled by few in his native land. Still, as the events of the evening had shown him, his success was doubtful, though he believed with satisfaction that Amy had never forgotten him. He left the crowded rooms of the house in which he was a guest, and wandered into the garden. Flowers were there, of every hue and perfume; the moonlight gave them a paler and more chastened beauty, while the heavy dew pressed out from them a richer fragrance. The snowy cape jessamin shone from among its polished leaves, in the elegance of perfect purity, and innumerable roses covered the arbor, and trailed their loaded branches along the path. "Beautiful, beautiful!" thought Morland; "but the little sweet-briar of the New-England woods is dearer. That name will not apply as it did once to Amy—this is a better emblem;" seizing a long wreath of the multiflora he shook the dew-drops from its clustered flowers. "Well, it is a wreath worth the wearing, and others will admire it more than my simple flower."

The appearance of Miss Atherton on this evening was long recollected by those who saw her, for it was her last. There was a report in C—that the stranger had asked her hand of her uncle, and received an immediate assent, but had been unable to obtain her own consent. It was evident that something very agitating had occurred, for she was attacked with delirium and violent fever, and when she was sufficiently recovered, Mr. Atherton and his niece left the city, and never returned to it.

"Mother," said the invalid, "draw aside the curtain, and let me look abroad once more." The light fell on an emaciated figure, supported by pillows. A flush, deeper than that of health, was on the countenance, but in the large dark eyes and clustering locks, which disease had spared, there lingered some resemblance

to the blooming Amy Atherton. "Mother," said she, after a pause, "can you see the chestnut bank? There—there my misery began. I shall die soon—yes—die a victim to parental ambition."

"Amy," said the mild-looking mother, "I should think you unkind, if I did not know this to be the wildness of disease."

"Mother, I did speak hastily; and it is wrong to reproach those who meant me only kindness, though they have been my destroyers. I might have been innocent and happy if you had not sent me from you; and instead of watching over me, surrendered me to the guardianship of a stranger."

"Amy, this is either raving, or you have some meaning which I cannot penetrate."

"Listen, then, mother, for I find I cannot go down to the grave as I had resolved, with my tale untold. You gave me away in my childhood, but I did not forget you, nor my simple happiness. I might have loved my uncle, if he had not irritated me by perpetual contests, about what seemed to me, mere trifles. The constrained manners and ceaseless application which he inculcated, as the great duties of life, were as intolerable as they were incomprehensible to a child of nature."

"I hated the gifts with which I was loaded, because he gave them; and while I was envied by my schoolmates, I was unhappy almost beyond endurance. At the times when I expected the visits of my uncle, I was so wretched that the christian principles you early gave, hardly had power to restrain me from some rash deed for relief. My uncle knew that I hated him, and I believe that the knowledge piqued him to overcome my dislike, for his course of conduct towards me was entirely changed. After leaving school not the slightest restraint was exercised over me, and every wish was gratified almost before it could be definitely formed. It was not in my nature to be ungrateful, and I soon felt that I had acted very wrong. I found that my uncle's peculiarities had prevented my acknowledgment of his powerful and highly cultivated intellect; and to atone for my injustice, I gave him credit for virtues which he had not. When he took me from home, I believe his only wish was to gratify himself by an experiment upon his peculiar views of education. My waywardness had defeated his scheme, but the effort he had made to overcome it had its natural effect in exciting a deeper interest than he had intended in the object. I believe he would have spared the sacred fabric of religious faith my early instructions had reared, had not a reverence for human laws been twined around it. He admired female piety, as it was associated with innocence and purity. But this pillar of hope must be levelled, and he set himself assiduously to undermine it. He made me an infidel, and then urged me to become his wife! Mother, you shudder at this illegal union; so did I. I had, moreover, solemnly vowed to marry another; but Herbert Atherton, the soul of honor, urged the obligations under which his bounty had laid me, and in this he appealed to the only principles he had left me. I acknowledge that my vanity was gratified by his admiration; for he had often declared that he had remained single only because he had never seen the woman whom he would make his wife. I felt, also, that I was too degraded for the destiny I had once engaged to share, and in an evil hour I became the wife of Atherton. Our marriage was private, as the proud spirit of my uncle shrunk from the contempt which he knew must follow an exposure of this outrage upon public opinion. Mother, do not look reproachfully upon me. I was a child, and I should have been sheltered from evil in the bosom of my home. What was to be expected from such a union but remorse and misery? I sought happiness in gaiety and admiration. Jealousy and angry expostulations were the natural consequences, and I plunged again into extravagant pleasures for relief. I despised myself for the imposition I was practising, and I despised Herbert for the want of better principles, for the want of moral courage, and for the words of affection he lavished on me in public. Mine was a lot of glittering wretchedness; misery without the hope of future relief. It was then that I saw him—Henry Morland—and felt that he had come, in his unsuspecting uprightness, to claim one whom he believed incapable of change. Atherton immediately recognized him as the cousin whom I had loved in childhood, and all his evil passions were roused. With an infernal expression of countenance, he told me that he did not consider the marriage tie indissoluble, and bade me bestow myself and happiness on 'dear Henry,' for I had brought no happiness to him. He even gave his consent to Morland, when he asked him for permission to address me. I do not distinctly recollect what passed at my distracting interview with Henry, but I remember well what followed. I lay at death's open portal, but my thoughts were all of life. An earnest longing for my early home possessed me. I pined for the shade of green trees, for the rippling of cool streams. I agonized for home, for purity, and piety. Then, in my frenzy, I cursed Herbert Atherton, as my destroyer for time and for eternity. I sent him shuddering from my presence, and I have never seen him since. When the violence of disease had spent itself, I was told, in reply to my inquiries for him, that he had left C—, directing that when sufficiently recovered I should be sent home, under the care of George. And, mother, never let that noble-hearted brother know my wrongs. He must never exchange the gratitude he feels for Atherton for the indignation he owes him on my account. And now, mother, take the precious Bible, and soothe me from it, as you often do. Thanks to infinite mercy, in death there is hope of that peaceful rest which life has denied to me."

In the churchyard of W—, a simple stone is inscribed to "Amy, daughter of Robert Atherton, aged nineteen." This is the only memorial of the fair 'adopted child.'

LITERARY NOTICES.

SISTERS' BUDGET.

THE brothers Neal, of Baltimore, have reprinted a couple of neat little duodecimos, consisting of a collection of tales in prose and verse, by the authors of the "Odd Volume," and bearing the above title. It contains contributions from several popular writers of Great Britain. We make room for the

MYRTLE CORRESPONDENCE.

A lady offered a young clergyman, of high scholastic attainments, a sprig of myrtle for his lady-love; he declined the gift, and sent her the following stanzas by way of accounting for his refusal:

Oh, give not me the myrtle spray
To deck a gentle maid;
I will not bear one leaf away,
Though I love its fragrant shade.

Rather in soft Italia's strand,
Where Tiber's waters flow,
Still let it crown the Cyprian band,
Or deck the wanton brow.

The Paphian Queen's unhallowed shrine
May still the myrtle wear;
The Grecian Helen well might twine
The blossoms in her hair.

Be mine the flowers that blush unseen
Down in the vale below;
The primrose peeping from between
The blue-bells where they grow.

Give me the snow-drop, fair and bright,
Chaste as the morning dew;
Give me the flower that shuns the light,
The violet, white or blue.

These be the floral gems I seek,
I ask no other aid;
The purest emblems of a meek,
A soft, retiring maid.

Then, lady, keep thy myrtle spray
To grace some other brow;
I will not bear one leaf away
To mock a lover's vow.

REPLY BY MISS MITFORD.

Scorn not the fragrant myrtle bough,
Oh, gentle minstrel, scorn not thou;
Nor change for blossoms frail and brief,
The bright imperishable leaf,*
Emblems of things that dearest be—
Of love, and truth, and constancy.

For be that maid as snow-drop fair,
As the first wintry primrose rare;
With eyes that share the blue-bell's hue,
Or morning violets steeped in dew;
Yet shalt thou own the myrtle bough
May well besem a virgin brow.

Let the dark wreath, with buds so pale,
Sit crown-like on the nuptial veil;
That verdant bay thyself mayst claim,
Large portion of that tree of fame;
Add laurel spray and orange flower,
And fair befall the bridal hour!

WORKS OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.

On the appearance of the first volume of sermons, from the press of the Harpers, and before we had any opportunity of examining it carefully for ourselves, we noticed its publication, and quoted opinions of the writer by Dugald Stewart and Dr. Parr. We have since perused it, and to say that we have derived from it gratification of a very unusual and elevated nature, would be but the most ordinary praise which it may claim from every reader. We commend it to the attention of all who can appreciate deep and earnest eloquence of thought, and the most polished beauties of diction. It is not now our design to review the work; but simply again to call attention to its publication, and thus induce some to procure it, who otherwise might pass it by with neglect. Faultless it certainly is not; but its few defects are nearly invisible amid its power, reason, poetry, and moral splendor. It materially strengthens the estimation in which Mr. Hall is held, that he delivered all but one of these discourses extemporaneously. Dr. Gregory observes that "he generally set down on a sheet of letter-paper the plan of the proposed discourse, marking the divisions, specifying a few texts, and sometimes writing the first sentence. This he regarded as 'digging a channel for his thoughts to flow in.' Then calling into exercise the power of abstraction, which he possessed in a degree I never saw equalled, he would, whether alone or not, pursue his trains of thought, retrace and extend them until the whole were engraven on his mind; and when once so fixed in their entire connexion, they were never after obliterated." He adds, that the most "striking and impressive passages were often strictly speaking, extemporaneous."

That he was an extraordinary man, the ardent eulogies of the first literary individuals of the day may be regarded as a satisfactory testimony; of the beauty of his style the subjoined extract will afford our readers some idea. It is from the first sermon, in the book, which is a kind of treatise upon modern infidelity, founded on the text, "without God in the world."

After a few pages of logical reasoning he regards the dreadful

* Vide Chaucer's beautiful poem of "The Flower and the Leaf," or the still more beautiful version of it by Dryden.

consequences of skepticism on society, and enumerates two of an important nature, which must follow the general prevalence of this system, viz. the frequent perpetration of great crimes, and the total absence of great virtues.

"In those conjunctures which tempt avarice or inflame ambition, when a crime flatters with the prospect of impunity, and the certainty of immense advantage, what is to restrain an atheist from its commission? To say that remorse will deter him is absurd; for remorse, as distinguished from pity, is the sole offspring of religious belief, the extinction of which is the great purpose of the infidel philosophy.

"The dread of punishment or infamy from his fellow-creatures will be an equally ineffectual barrier; because crimes are only committed under such circumstances as suggest the hope of concealment: not to say that crimes themselves will soon lose their infamy and their horror under the influence of that system which destroys the sanctity of virtue, by converting it into a low calculation of worldly interest. Here the sense of an ever-present Ruler, and of an avenging Judge, is of the most awful and indispensable necessity; as it is that alone which impresses on all crimes the character of *folly*, shows that duty and interest in every instance coincide, and that the most prosperous career of vice—the most brilliant successes of criminality, are but an *accumulation of wrath against the day of wrath*.

"As the frequent perpetration of great crimes is an inevitable consequence of the diffusion of skeptical principles, so, to understand this consequence in its full extent, we must look beyond their immediate effects, and consider the disruption of social ties, the destruction of confidence, the terror, suspicion, and hatred which must prevail in that state of society in which barbarous deeds are familiar. The tranquillity which pervades a well-ordered community, and the mutual good offices which bind its members together, are founded on an implied confidence in the indisposition to annoy; in the justice, humanity, and moderation of those among whom we dwell. So that the worst consequence of crimes is, that they impair the stock of public charity and general tenderness. The dread and hatred of our species would infallibly be grafted on a conviction that we were exposed every moment to the surges of an unbridled ferocity, and that nothing but the power of the magistrate stood between us and the daggers of the assassins. In such a state, laws, deriving no support from public manners, are unequal to the task of curbing the fury of the passions; which, from being concentrated into selfishness, fear, and revenge, acquire new force. Terror and suspicion beget cruelty, and inflict injuries by way of prevention. Pity is extinguished in the stronger impulse of self-preservation. The tender and generous affections are crushed; and nothing is seen but the retaliation of wrongs, the fierce and unmitigated struggle for superiority. This is but a faint sketch of the incalculable calamities and horrors we must expect, should we be so unfortunate as ever to witness the triumph of modern infidelity.

"This system is a soil as barren of great and sublime virtues as it is prolific in crimes. By great and sublime virtues are meant those which are called into action on great and trying occasions, which demand the sacrifice of the dearest interests and prospects of human life, and sometimes of life itself: the virtues, in a word, which, by their rarity and splendor, draw admiration, and have rendered illustrious the character of patriots, martyrs, and confessors. It requires but little reflection to perceive, that whatever veils a future world, and contracts the limits of existence within the present life, must tend, in a proportionable degree, to diminish the grandeur, and narrow the sphere of human agency."

Since the above notice was written, the publishers have issued the second volume, which we have read with unabated gratification. It would please us to make copious extracts, did not the narrowness of our space admonish us to desist—but we suggest to all, and especially young females, to steal a few hours from the fashionable novels of the day, and open these pages as an experiment. They are worth a thousand romances.

VIOLA—FROM THE ITALIAN.

She had a form; but I might talk till eve,
Young as the sun is now upon our watch,
Ere I had told its beauties; it was slight,
E'en as yon willow, and like its soft stem,
Fell into thousand motions, lovely all.
But for her cheek—look on those streaks of rose,
Tinging the white clouds o'er us; now and then
A flush of deeper crimson lighting up
Their lovely wreaths like wind-kissed lilies fair:
And now and then a long, rich, ebon tinge,
Floating between them. There I think I see
Still, though she's in her grave, the cheek I loved,
With the dark tress that veild it. When I sat
Beneath her eye, I felt its splendor on me,
Like a bright spell. 'Tis not the diamond's ray,
Nor vespers starlight, nor aught beautiful
In this ascending sun, or in this world
Can bring me back its image; 'twas the soul
That has no portraiture in earth, a beam,
As we have heard of angels, where no lips
Are wanted to give utterance to the thought.
Her eye was radiant thought; yet when her voice
Spoke to me, or at ev'ning o'er her lute
Breathed some old melody, or closed the day
With music to the virgin, I have turn'd
E'en from the glory of her eye, to weep
With sudden keenness of delight. Those tears
On earth I weep no more. She's in the grave.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CONFESSIONS.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF A SEXAGENARIAN.

In youth, when pen and fingers first
Coined rhymes for all who choose to seek 'em,
Ere luring hope's gay bubbles burst,
Or Chitty was my *vade mecum*.
Ere years had characterized my brow
With the deep lines, that well become it,
Or told me that warm hearts could grow
Cold as Mont Blanc's snow-covered summit.

When my slow step and solemn swing
Were steadier and somewhat briaker;
When velvet collars were "the thing,"
And long before I wore a whisker;
Ere I had measured six feet two,
Or bought Havanas by the dozen,
I fell in love—as many do—
She was an angel—hem—my cousin.

Sometimes my eye, its furtive glance
Cast back on memory's short-hand record;
I wonder—if by any chance
Life's future page will be so checkered!
My angel cousin!—ah! her form—
Her lofty brow—her curls of raven,
Eyes darker than the thunder storm,
Its lightnings flashing from their haven.

Her lip, with music eloquent
As her own grand upright piano;
No—never yet was peri lent
To earth like thee, sweet Adriana.
I may not—dare not—call to mind
The joys that once my breast elated,
Though yet, methinks, the moaning wind
Sweeps o'er my ear, with thy tones freighted;

And then I pause, and turn aside
From pleasure's throng of pangless-hearted,
To weep! No. Sentiment and pride
Are by each other always thwarted!
I press my hand upon my brow,
To still the throbbing pulse that heaves it,
Recall my boyhood's faltered vow,
And marvel—if she still believes it.

But she is woman—and her heart,
Like her tiara's brightest jewel,
Cold—hard—till kindled by some art,
Then quenchless burns—its fuel—
So poets say. Well, let it pass,
And those who list may yield it credit;
But as for constancy, alas!
I've never known—I've only read it!

Love! 'tis a roving fire, at most,
The *cuervo santo* of life's ocean;
Now flashing through the storm, now lost—
Who trust, 'tis said, rue their devotion.
It may be, 'tis a mooted creed—
I have my doubts, and it—believers,
Though one is faithless—where's the need
Of shunning all—as gay deceivers?

I said I loved. I did. But ours
Was felt, not growled hyena fashion!
We wandered not at moonlight hours,
Some dignity restrained the passion!
We loved—I never stooped to woo;
We met—I always doffed my beaver;
She smiled a careless "how d'y'e do—"
Good morning, sir—I rose to leave her.

She loved—she never told me so;
I never asked—I could not doubt it;
For there were signs on cheek and brow;
And asking! Love is known without it!
'Twas understood—we were content,
And rode, and sung, and waltzed together!
Alone, without embarrassment,
We talked of something—not the weather!

Time rolled along—the parting hour
With arrowy speed brought its distresses;
A kiss—a miniature—a flower—
A ringlet from those raven tresses;
And tears that would unbidden start,
(An hour, perhaps, and they had perished.)
In the far chambers of my heart,
I swore her image should be cherished.

I've looked on peril—it has glared
In fashionable forms upon me,
From leveled aim—from weapon bared—
And doctors three attending on me!
But never did my sternness wane
At pang by shot or steel imparted.
I'd not recall that hour of pain
For years of bliss—it passed—we parted.

We parted—though her tear-gemmed cheeks,
Her heaving breast had thus unmanned me—
She quite forgot me in three weeks!
And other beauties soon trepanned me.
We met—and did not find it hard
Joy's overwhelming tide to smother—
There was a "Mrs." on my card,
And she—was married to another!

DRAWING.—A London star, on entering the treasury of the theatre, and demanding the arrears of his enormous salary, a proprietor thus addressed him—"You really, Mr. M. ought to remember that you have not *drawn* during the whole season." "Very true," was the reply; "and, therefore, it is high time to begin, I come to draw now!"

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

The Garden of the Tuileries—Prince Moskowa—Sons of Napoleon—Cooper and Morse—Sir Sidney Smith—Fashionable women—Close of the day—The famous Eating-houses—How to dine well in Paris, &c.

It is March, and the weather has all the characteristics of New-England May. The last two or three days have been deliciously spring-like, clear, sunny, and warm. The gardens of the Tuileries are crowded. The chairs beneath the terraces are filled by the old men reading the gazettes, mothers and nurses watching their children at play, and, at every few steps, circles of whole families sitting and sewing, or conversing, as unconcernedly as at home. It strikes a stranger oddly. With the *privacy* of American feelings, we cannot conceive of these out-of-door French habits. What would a Boston or New-York mother think of taking chairs for her whole family, grown-up daughters and all, in the Mall or upon the Battery, and spending the day in the very midst of the gayest promenade of the city? People of all ranks do it here. You will see the powdered, elegant gentleman of the *ancien régime*, handing his wife or his daughter to a straw-bottomed chair, with all the air of drawing-room courtesy; and, begging pardon for the liberty, pull his journal from his pocket, and sit down to read beside her; or a tottering old man, leaning upon a stout Swiss servant girl, goes bowing and apologizing through the crowd, in search of a pleasant neighbor, or some old compatriot, with whom he may sit and nod away the hours of sunshine. It is a beautiful custom, positively. The gardens are like a constant *fête*. It is a holiday revel, without design or disappointment. It is a masque, where every one plays his character unconsciously, and therefore naturally and well. We get no idea of it at home. We are too industrious a nation to have idlers enough. It would even pain most of the people of our country to see so many thousands of all ages and conditions of life spending day after day in such absolute uselessness.

Imagine yourself here, on the fashionable terrace, the promenade, two days in the week, of all that is distinguished and gay in Paris. It is a short raised walk, just inside the railings, and the only part of all these wide and beautiful gardens where a member of the *beau monde* is ever to be met. The hour is four, the day Friday, the weather heavenly. I have just been long enough in Paris to be an excellent walking dictionary, and I will tell you who people are. In the first place, all the well dressed men you see are English. You will know the French by those flaring coats, laid clear back on their shoulders, and their execrable hats and thin legs. Their heads are right from the hair-dresser; their hats are *chapeaux de soie*, or imitation-beaver; they are delicately rouged, and wear very white gloves; and, those who are with ladies, lead, as you observe, a small dog by a string, or carry it in their arms. No French lady walks out without her lap-dog. These slow-paced men you see in brown moustaches and frogged coats are refugee Poles. The short, thick, agile looking man before us is General —, celebrated for having been the last to surrender on the last field of that brief contest. His handsome face is full of resolution, and, unlike the rest of his countrymen, he looks still unsubdued and in good heart. He walks here every day an hour or two, swinging his cane round his forefinger, and thinking, apparently, of any thing but his defeat. Observe these two young men approaching us. The short one on the left, with the stiff hair and red moustache, is *Prince Moskowa*, the son of Marshal Ney. He is an object of more than usual interest just now, as the youngest of the new batch of peers. The expression of his countenance is more bold than handsome, and indeed he is any thing but a carpet knight; a fact of which he seems, like a man of sense, quite aware. He is to be seen at the parties standing with his arms folded, leaning silently against the wall for hours together. His companion is, I presume to say, quite the handsomest man you ever saw. A little over six feet, perfectly proportioned, dark silken-brown hair, slightly curling about his forehead, a soft curling moustache, and beard just darkening the finest cut mouth in the world, and an olive complexion, of the most golden richness and clearness—Mr. R. is called the handsomest man in Europe. What is more remarkable still, he looks like the most modest man in Europe, too; though, like most modest looking men, his reputation for constancy in the gallant world is somewhat slender. And here comes a fine looking man, though of a different order of beauty—a natural son of Napoleon. He is about his father's height, and has most of his features, though his person and air must be quite different. You see there Napoleon's beautiful mouth and thinly chiselled nose, but I fancy that soft eye is his mother's. He is said to be one of the most fascinating men in France. His mother was the Countess Walewski, a lady with whom the emperor became acquainted in Poland. It is singular that Napoleon's talents and love of glory have not descended upon any of the eight or ten sons whose claims to his paternity are admitted. And here come two of our countrymen, who are to be seen constantly together—Cooper and Morse. That is Cooper with the blue surtout buttoned up to his throat, and his hat over his eyes. What a contrast between the faces of the two men! Morse, with his kind, open, gentle countenance, the very picture of goodness and sincerity; and Cooper, dark and corsair-looking, with his brows down over his eyes, and his strongly lined

mouth fixed in an expression of moodiness and reserve. The two faces, however, are not equally just to their owners—Morse is all that he looks to be, but Cooper's features do him decided injustice. I take a pride in the reputation this distinguished countryman of ours has for humanity and generous sympathy. The distress of the refugee liberals from all countries comes home especially to Americans, and the untiring liberality of Mr. Cooper particularly is a fact of common admission and praise. It is pleasant to be able to say such things. Morse is taking a sketch of the Gallery of the Louvre, and he intends copying some of the best pictures also, to accompany it as an exhibition, when he returns. Our artists do our country credit abroad. Greenough and Morse and Cole, and a young man of whom I hear a great deal, though I have not met him, *Mr. Chapman*, are men to do honor to any nation. The feeling of interest in one's country artists and authors becomes very strong in a foreign land. Every leaf of laurel awarded them seems to touch one's own forehead. And talking of laurels, here comes *Sir Sidney Smith*—the short, fat, old gentleman yonder, with the large acquiline nose and keen eye. He is one of the few men who ever opposed Napoleon successfully, and that should distinguish him, even if he had not won by his numerous merits and achievements the gift of almost every order in Europe. He is, among other things, of a very mechanical turn, and is quite crazy just now about a six-wheeled coach, which he has lately invented, and of which nobody sees the exact benefit but himself. An invitation to his rooms, to hear his description of the model, is considered the last new bore.

And now for ladies. Whom do you see that looks distinguished? Scarce one whom you would take positively for a lady, I venture to presume. These two, with the velvet pelisses and small satin bonnets, are rather the most genteel looking people in the garden. I set them down for ladies of rank the first walk I ever took here; and the two who have just passed us, with the curly lap-dog, I was equally sure, were persons of not very dainty morality. It is precisely *au contraire*. The velvet pelisses are gamblers from Frascati's, and the two with the lap-dog are the Countess N. and her unmarried daughter: two of the most exclusive specimens of Parisian society. It is very odd—but if you see a remarkably modest looking woman in Paris, you may be sure, as the periphrasis goes, that "she is no better than she should be." Every thing gets *travestied* in this artificial society. The general ambition seems to be to appear that which one is not. White-haired men cultivate their sparse mustaches, and dark-haired men shave. Deformed men are successful in gallantry, where handsome men despair. Ugly women dress and dance, while beauties mope and are deserted. Modesty looks brazen, and vice looks timid; and so all through the calendar. Life in Paris is as pretty a series of astonishments as an *ennuyée* could desire.

But there goes the palace-bell—five o'clock! The sun is just disappearing behind the dome of the "Invalides," and the crowd begins to thin. Look at the atmosphere of the gardens. How deliciously the twilight mist softens every thing. Statues, people, trees, and the long perspectives down the alleys, all mellowed into the shadowy indistinctness of fairy land. The throng is pressing out at the gates, and the guard, with his bayonet presented, forbids all re-entrance, for the gardens are cleared at sundown. The carriages are driving up and dashing away, and if you stand a moment you will see the most vulgar-looking people you have met in your promenade, waited for by *chasseurs*, and departing with indications of rank in their equipages, which nature has very positively denied to their persons. And now all the world dines, and dines well. The "*chef*" stands with his gold repeater in his hand, waiting for the moment to decide the fate of the first dish; the *garçons* at the restaurants have donned their white aprons, and laid the silver forks upon the napkins; the pretty women are seated on their thrones in the saloons, and the interesting hour is here. Where shall we dine? We will walk towards the Palais Royal, and talk of it as we go along.

That man would "deserve well of his country" who should write a "Paris Guide" for the palate. I would do it myself if I could elude the immortality it would occasion me. One is compelled to pioneer his own stomach through the endless *cartes* of some twelve eating-houses, all famous, before he half knows whether he is dining well or ill. I had eaten a week at *Very's*, for instance, before I discovered that, since Pelham's day, that gentleman's reputation has gone down. He is a subject for history at present. I was misled also by an elderly gentleman at *Havre*, who advised me to eat at *Grignon's*, in the *Passage Vivienne*. Not liking my first *coquilles aux huitres*, I made some private inquiries, and found that his *chef* had deserted him about the time of Napoleon's return from Elba. A stranger gets misguided in this way. And then, if by accident you hit upon the right house, you may be eating a month before you find out the peculiar triumphs which have stamped its celebrity. No mortal man can excel in every thing, and it is as true of cooking as it is of poetry. The "*Rochers de Cancale*" is now the first eating-house in Paris, yet they only excel in fish. The "*Trois Freres Provencaux*," have a high reputation, yet their *colettelettes provencale* are the only dish which you cannot get equally well elsewhere. A good practice is to walk about in the Palais Royal for an hour before dinner, and select a master. You will know a *gourmet* easily—a man slightly past the prime of life, with a nose just getting its incipient blush, a remarkably loose, voluminous white cravat, and a corpulence more of suspicion than fact. Follow him to his restaurant, and give the *garçon* a private order to serve you with the same dishes as the bald gentleman. (I have

observed that dainty livers universally lose their hair early.) I have been in the wake of such a person now for a week or more, and I never lived, comparatively, before. Here we are, however, at the "*Trois Freres*," and there goes my unconscious model deliberately up stairs. We'll follow him, and double his orders, and if we dine not well, there is no eating in France.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE EARLY PRODUCTION OF A FAMOUS NOVELIST.

THERE is not a more versatile writer in the world than Mr. Mushroom, (the author of the *Fly-market Loafer*). The style of his last work differs extremely from that of his former compositions. He is most generally known by his later productions, but there is one effort of his early years which, we presume, will be republished, and extensively read, now that he has established a reputation; although, at the time of its first publication, it was consigned by the critics to a cold and undisturbed slumber. We say we presume this will be the case, for who ever heard of Cooper's "Precaution," or "Bulwer's "Falkland," except their booksellers, until the Spy and Pelham had made decided hits? If authors complain of the difficulties they encounter in obtaining the "good graces" of the public, we can tell them in return that the task is far more difficult to lose them after they have obtained them. For instance, Scott has inflicted more things on the public than any other man. His life of Napoleon had sunk any one but a whale of literature, (we would say leviathan, "but the phrase is somewhat overworn," as Shakspeare's clown says of "the welkin.") It would have sunk any one but a whale of literature, but with him it buried itself in the blubber of his reputation, where it will become subservient in furnishing oil for the lamp or sperm for the candle of his immortality. By our genius, astonished readers, and that is the most potent spirit we know, by our genius, we are unrivalled at similes. But to return to our subject, like an exploded Montgolfier to earth. The early production of Mushroom, (fame already bids us pretermitt the christian name, because, as we suppose, her goddesship is herself a heathen,) the early production of Mushroom, we repeat, and this is the second time we have been so bewildered in the labyrinth of a parenthesis, that we have been forced to make wings for our meaning, and by the spirit of Dædalus we are fast again. The early production of Mushroom, we reiterate, to which we allude, is entitled "The adventures of Anna-Chronism." As Byron remarks of Christobel, it is a singularly wild and originally beautiful production; of which epithets, as regards the poem, we confess the singularly wild and original, but would not suit the "beautiful," by proving a tender of the term "unintelligible." But to return again. It was a remark of Butler's, in regard to the authors of his day, that

"Some force whole regions in despite
Of geography to change their site,
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after."

Now many captious writers assert, that the literature of the present day is a degenerated bantling of the "giant of old." Let their remarks be met by the following extract from the adventures of Anna-Chronism, which standing no anomaly among that despised modern literature, incontestably proves that our authors, whatever their faults, have not, in one particular at least, degenerated from the contemporaries of the amiable and gentle Hudibras.

EXTRACT FROM THE ADVENTURES OF ANNA-CHRONISM.

CHAPTER THREE.

In the conclusion of the last chapter, we stated that Solecism was obliged to flee. He turned from the Bridge of Sighs into the garden of the Tuileries, where he met Pericles and Genghis Khan alternately exercising themselves on a velocipede, and perusing Shakspeare's treatise on the Indian languages of the south of Africa.

"Save me," cried Solecism. I fly from tyranny—the police of Owhyhee are after me; they have in pursuit of me a band of subsidized Gauls hired of Montezuma, the great mogul of Nova Scotia. The Marquis of Hastings, the lily-livered Kamschatkan has lent himself to the plot against me, and his friend, Sir Philip Sidney, autocrat of Ireland, has proffered the native elephants of that peninsula to assist."

"Dunder and blixen," exclaimed Pericles.

"Corpo di Baccho," ejaculated Genghis Khan.

"I cannot go far to assist you," continued Pericles, "I am on the limits, and should I trespass, Plutarch and John Wilkes, who are my sureties, would be mulcted."

Solecism turned imploringly to Genghis.

"Alas," exclaimed the Switzer, "I can do nought; I am myself obnoxious to the police; last evening I broke into the city of Mexico, and stole thence the statue of Minerva. I have, on this account, been concealed the last forty-eight consecutive hours in the ruins of the coliseum, and am now venturing forth to lave my burning limbs in the cool waves of the Caspian."

"Alas, alas," exclaimed Solecism, "whither shall I hie me? If I seek for shelter in the prairies of the Caucasus, blood-thirsty aligators, rushing from its summit will devour me; if I plunge into the Dismal Swamp, the marauding Cossacks will destroy me."

"Of what crime have you been guilty?" inquired Pericles.

"Crime," repeated Solecism; "I have but tweaked the nose of a base-born Amalekite for soiling the copy of Justinian's code I lent him. May the curses of the Manitto follow him."

"Calmly, calmly," interrupted Genghis; "listen to me, and learn to control thy passions. When Tecumseh insulted me in the streets of Algiers, in the presence of Tacitus, Anacharsis the younger, and Columbus; yes, even there, where the battlements of St. Petersburg yawning beneath our feet, published my glory to the world, I did not thrust my swivel through the heart of the Greenlander, but turned to Goldsmith, and exclaimed, 'You and Achilles are the only men living, beside myself, that would swallow such an insult.' Then Goldsmith, who was a Roman archon drew his Scotch plaid around him, and exclaimed, 'Glory of the age of Queen Anne, I applaud thy coolness.'"

"But see," hastily exclaimed Solecism, "they are upon us already; I see the Polish tomahawks gleaming on my track, and the Esquimaux cimexes flashing in the pan."

And again Solecism fled, and soon was lost to the eyes of Pericles, and the spectacles of Genghis Khan, as he turned from the Prado into High Holborn road.

SKETCHES BY A BRIEFLESS LAWYER.

MORALITY OF THE PROFESSION.

The law is one of the highest and noblest of the professions. Casual observers are apt to suppose that a lawyer is confined to the study of a few legal writers and the statutes; and it is a common jest against us, that we live on the sorrows of the community, and not always with honesty. The charge of falsehood is also frequently brought against us, from the fact that we are compelled to fight on one side of the question, right or wrong—to blind our ears to testimony—turn our eyes from truth, because we are compelled to exercise all our sagacity and knowledge in behalf of the party in whose employ we are hired. I shall remark upon these opinions successively and with as much brevity as possible, and illustrate my meaning by one or two anecdotes.

In the first place, the belief that a lawyer's mind must necessarily be filled with mere musty technical phrases and points of practice, is widely distant from the truth. His profession comprehends a vast extent and variety of knowledge. There is scarcely any art or science, a familiarity with which would not be made subservient to him, promote his efforts, and add lustre to his character. The mere circumstances which are developed to him in the course of a long practice make him acquainted with the secrets of many trades and modes of sustaining a living which could scarcely be exposed by any other process than law proceedings. Besides, if he studies law philosophically, he at the same time studies human nature. He obtains a vast insight into the motives and character of mankind. He is, as it were, admitted behind the scenes of society—beholds the coarse workmanship of many of its materials, and detects the multifarious springs and impulses by which the vast and glittering machinery is kept in operation. All other avocations are comparatively theoretical. His is a continual combination of theory and practice. In pursuing his avocations, law knowledge is certainly requisite, but not all-sufficient. With a large portion of his duties, indeed, it has little or nothing to do. In these his necessities lead him perpetually on to the examination of subjects at first of apparently the most opposite description. He must sometimes investigate the sources of statutes, in order to give force to his construction of them. He must be acquainted thus with history, which of itself tends wonderfully to elevate, as well as to enlarge the mind. He becomes thus possessed of facts which at the same time strengthen his memory, employ his reason, and furnish him with high and proper themes of reflection.

In the next place he wants logic—the potent cunning by which he wields multitudes. This is another strengthening study, but it does not alone answer his purpose. He must direct his attention to language, and become familiar with the use of words—weapons which admit of most skillful handling, and which few know how to use properly—or, to change the figure, strings of a mighty instrument which is seldom played on as it might be.—Hence he becomes inspired with a new ambition, and strives to be an orator; and about a master of eloquence there has ever been to me a grandeur. While I am under his influence, he seems brighter and higher than other men: as he unfolds the great truths which it is his purpose to illustrate, and one prejudice after another disappears from my mind like night shadows at the lucid touch of morning, he seems almost a superior being—as if a halo were burning around his forehead. As far then as adding dignity and strength to talents, setting up lofty objects of ambition, and opening extensive fields of industry can entitle a profession to respect, that to which I belong is entitled to it.

We come now to consider it in its relation to the morals of the practitioner, and examine into the validity of the objection that we live upon the sorrows of the community, and that in the natural path of our duty we lose the nice discrimination between right and wrong, and become callous to the claims of justice. It is true we thrive on the contentions of our fellow-creatures; but the fact should never be advanced in the spirit of reproach, for the physician, in the same way, profits by their diseases, and the divine by their sins. So every trade has its origin in their wants, but it is in supplying, not fostering them. If any of my brethren promote litigation, they are within limits of the censure; and a pettifogger in law, like the quack in medicine and the hypocrite in religion, is only prevented from being contemptible by the opportunities which he sometimes possesses of perpetrating evil. That this charge cannot be brought against our profession as a body, I most sincerely trust. I may here, however, be permitted to add that the injudicious pressure towards its ranks by all classes of society,

without any reference to education, abilities or morals is a main cause in overflowing our numbers and degrading our character. It is also to be particularly observed by parents thus inspired with a mistaken ambition for their sons, that the danger of thrusting them into a profession where they are not wanted and for which they are not fit, is twofold; for while, as I have before stated, the effect upon the whole body is to mix it up with a variety of inefficient minds and doubtful and irresponsible characters, it is even to the honest youth himself fraught with serious risk. He enters upon the practice with high hopes. These are soon disappointed. For he perceives men, altogether his superior, distinguished also by more valuable advantages of friends and fortune, living and dying before him in the path he has chosen, and that without either honor or wealth. He then begins to narrow the circle of his aspirations, and instead of fame, riches, and power, is contented if he can procure an ordinary support. I say it with regret, not altogether unalloyed with horror, that there are hundreds in this state who cannot by any honest measures succeed in this design. I do not deem the word *horror* at all too strong to express my meaning. For there is something awful in the contemplation of so many young men doomed to a path of such dangerous temptations as that which lies before these disappointed and helpless cumberers of society. It involves a certainty of *moral* ruin by far more gloomy than could attach to their temporal destruction. Could this multitude be selected from their homes in early youth, brought out at mid-day into a public square and shot to death, the dreadful deed would make nations shudder, and hold a prominent rank in the history of mankind! but my mind beholds a sight of a less striking, but more gloomy and repulsive character in the prospect of so many virtuous souls gradually led to the state of wretchedness and desperation which urges them on to groveling frauds and base vices—to the extinguishing in them of all the beautiful light of virtue, of mercy, and principle—making them vile tools, ever ready to be used by the designing in executing cruelties and oppressions, and all the filthy tasks of avarice, vengeance, and guilt. As we have frequent opportunities of committing moral crimes silently and secretly, we are also blest with similar occasions of doing good. The sacrifice of a little lucre—the indulgence of gentle enthusiasm in the cause of right—the fostering of benevolence and general philanthropy, afford us the most delightful tasks of checking evil in its birth, of reconciling the estranged, of protecting the weak, of crushing a bad design, of encouraging a noble undertaking. The right character of a lawyer should be almost as sacred as that of the clergyman. He should, it is true, be in the midst of strife, but he should act there like a friendly spirit in hushing the fury of the passions. I speak now of his moral duty before a suit is regularly commenced, for as when that crisis is past, he owes all his knowledge and power to his client, he need not embark in a speculation which he does not deem just. But for this, the law or custom which makes his duty to his client a paramount consideration, would be as wicked as absurd. I acknowledge there are certain situations dangerous to the integrity of a poor beginner, and I shall close this article by mentioning one.

A plain, uneducated man, much advanced in years, came to me one day for my professional assistance.

"I want you to take me through the act, sir," he said.

"What amount do you owe, sir, and in what sums?"

"I do not know."

"That's strange. To whom do you owe them?"

"I do not know, sir."

I looked up to see if he was in his right mind.

"You are surprised, sir," he continued; "but what I tell you is true. The debts are not of my own contracting. I have been cheated most dreadfully. I took a friend of mine in whom I foolishly placed the most implicit confidence, into partnership a few years ago, and I find he has turned out a great rascal. He has incurred the most enormous expenses in all quarters, and has gone off, the Lord knows where. People tell me that I am liable."

"You are, sir, I am sorry to say. The law supposes that no one would be so imprudent as to enter into business with a dishonest man, and therefore makes the firm liable for the debts of the individual."

"Well, sir, this I know," said my client; "but I must say it is cruel. No one knows how cruel. I am a poor man, sir, and have been a hard-working man. I am turned of sixty now, and since I was ten years of age, I have toiled always like a beast of the field. Misfortune after misfortune pursued me in youth, but I never despaired. I always trusted in the overruling Power. I knew, at least I believed, that honesty and persevering industry must be successful in the end—and so they were. After I got married, the clouds seemed to break away a little from around me, and wife and I have been gradually getting up and up in the world. We've two children—a boy who has gone to sea to get an honest living by the sweat of his brow, as his father did before him, the other a girl. We don't like to praise what's our own, but, nevertheless, Mary has been a good child, and I have even now in my old age toiled and toiled from daylight to dark—and why did I toil so?"

I perceived the unfortunate man had on his first entrance mastered his agitation with a powerful effort, but that by thus dwelling in his narrative on the subject of his wrongs, he was gradually working himself up into a strong and very natural excitement. I also noticed his appearance more particularly as his face lighted up with emotion. He was a noble specimen of old age, and in a white head to me there is always a beauty that speaks to my heart.

His hair was nearly silvered over with time, but here and there the raven color showed what it had once been. His forehead was high and receding, bold and wrinkled. Large black eyes looked forth with flashes from under gray brows, so thick that they almost curled. His nose was aquiline—his complexion darkened and bronzed over by healthy labor and exposure, and the outline of his head had a striking grace and picturesqueness of which the simple old veteran himself had probably no idea. His voice was rich and mellow—and he answered his own interrogatory with a deepening color and flashing eyes.

"Why did I toil so? Not to purchase for me any idle luxuries. I have lived like a plain man, and so I will die. No, sir, I had no care for myself. I even overlooked my old wife. For she too has few wants—easily supplied—and neither of us expect or wish to be here long to want any thing. But for our poor daughter—we worked for her. She has been educated as well as money could do it, and we looked to leave her the mistress of a good competency when we went down—but all these long and strong hopes are nearly blasted by the base treachery and ingratitude of a villain!"

He struck the palm of his hand down forcibly on the table as he spoke the concluding word, and the tone of his now elevated voice rang in the air as he ceased speaking.

Like the physician, the lawyer must guard against the contagion of excitement. They must both tread among the despairing, the dying and the dead, with a cool step and unwearying eye. They must become familiarized to anguish of mind and body. Their duty calls them among the fragments of wreck and ruin. It is a difficult and painful task to keep up this habitual quietude and cheerfulness in the midst of surrounding distress—this apparent callousness to woe—but it is one imperatively necessary, and which is amply rewarded in the advantage it affords to observation and reason. I continued my inquiries of Mr. Armstrong without appearing to regard his statement except in its legal relations; although to confess the truth, I felt the flesh creep around my shoulders and the blood moving on more rapidly to my finger's ends at the thought of such a family as his thus wrecked by perfidy as he was about quitting it forever.

"What is the amount of debts contracted by your partner?" I asked.

"I cannot say, sir; but this I know, the bills already brought in amount to five thousand dollars."

"And what are you worth?"

"About that sum."

"Then, to discharge these liabilities will leave you without any means of support?"

"Ay, sir—without a penny; like an old horse, who, after he has been worked till he is useless, is turned out in the winter, on the barren heath—to die—and Mary too!"

His manner suddenly changed to that of hope, and drawing his chair close to mine, looked around—made an attempt to speak—looked around—drew his chair still closer, and said, in a whisper:

"Are you sure no one hears?"

"There is no one present, sir, except ourselves; but what if there were?"

"I'll tell you what. Let me ask you a few questions before you give me any advice."

"Go on, sir."

"Does not a man owe a sacred duty to his family, to support them—to educate them, and when he dies, which I may to-morrow—to leave them enough to shelter them from this dreadful world—to keep them safe and happy, and out of the way of temptation? Cheated, spurned, baffled, and trampled down as I, although a man, have been by the villains who compose society, do you imagine I can leave Mary—a delicate, tender thing, full of beauty and hope and affections—all those dangerous qualities to such young girls; do you think I can leave her behind me without a farthing, just leaving her to shift for herself, as chance and the rascality—I say it, sir—the rascality of the world can determine?"

I could not but admire how beautifully real emotion makes the plainest people deliver their thoughts.

"I think it would be hard—cruel—but how are you to avoid it?"

"I ask you again—do you think my very bones would lie still in their grave if any shame should come to Mary?"

"My dear sir, I feel for you sincerely, but what do you propose to do?"

"Let me first ask you another question, sir—I'll not keep you long. What is law made for?"

"Why, for the happiness and safety of the people."

"It's made for justice, sir," he added, with a Spartan sententiousness. "Law is certainly for justice. Now, let me ask you, sir—is it just then that any man should be made to pay another man's debts?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, sir, I'll tell you what I wish you to do. You shall take me through the insolvent act. I will convey away my property to a friend. I will give it to him. He will shelter my child, and, when I am gone, will be her father. Tell me, sir—can I do this? It is the strongest wish of my soul."

"I grieve—I sympathize with you, Mr. Armstrong, from my heart; but this cannot be done. You will have to break an oath."

"Manage it for me," he said, "in any way," (it was a weak moment, when I am sure he knew not what he said) "and I will pay you five hundred dollars cash."

There was a deep silence. I had no idea how my interest in the scene had been wrought up.

"Mr. Armstrong," I said, at length, "in doing what you propose, you must commit perjury, violate the law, and expose yourself to a criminal prosecution, besides the stings of your own conscience. I warn you against it. I would not, for millions, lead you into such a heinous error."

"Then," he exclaimed, in a broken voice, "I am a ruined man," and leaning his head down on the table, he wept bitterly. I obtained a discharge for him under the insolvent act afterwards, but all his little fortune was surrendered.

THE JUNIUS QUESTION.

We admit the annexed communication, as our columns are open to all controversy of a literary nature, fairly conducted. Of the "Junius question" we are rather wearied, and should indeed be almost sorry to see the covered head, so exciting to the imagination, usually published with the letters, reprinted, with the veil lifted, and the "*stat nominis umbra*," removed from beneath. Our correspondent, however, is learned and intelligent; and as he and many others feel the subject to be not yet divested of interest, his review of the reviewer is given without further comment.

A writer in the last number of the North American Review, commences an article on the subject of the Junius question, as follows:

"An attentive examination of the theories and arguments which have been put forth on the subject of the authorship of Junius, will detect certain *prevailing fallacies*, which have run through nearly all of them." If these fallacies did not extend to the whole, why did he not designate those which were free from them? "If the true theory have ever been advanced, it wears the same colors of sophistry as the false, and is not at present distinguishable from them." How can a *true theory* put on the colors of sophistry? Here is a *false theory* of the writer, so very apparent that there is no danger of its being taken for truth by any discriminating mind. If the writer is unable to distinguish truth from falsehood in this controversy, it only shows that he is uninformed on the subject, and therefore incapable of writing upon it intelligibly. "It remains to be proved, as much as it did when Junius ceased or began to write, and when men were watching for external indications of the author, instead of *studying his works, and searching contemporary writings for resemblances*." After making this wise declaration, he subsequently occupies nine pages of his review in showing the fallacy of the rule laid down by himself. This he heads as follows: "They, (the writers on this subject) have not sought the author of Junius, but plausible arguments to support the pride of pre-conceived opinion. The favorite, and almost the only means which have been employed for this purpose, has been the collating of parallel phrases, and identical words and ideas; and in this consists the third and most dangerous fallacy on this subject." Is not this *studying the works of Junius, and searching contemporary writings for resemblances*? The fact is, the writer deals in bold assertions, without regard to consistency. "Most of the examiners of this question have thought it necessary to place an implicit reliance on each of the assertions which Junius made touching himself." Each writer has usually selected those which were favorable to his theory, and without attempting to discredit the remainder, has omitted them in the discussion." By the words *most* and *usually*, he just kept this side of truth, but he should have had candor to name those who strenuously resisted arguments drawn from this source. "We give full credit to his (Junius's) declaration in the dedication to the English nation, 'I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me.' There is an earnestness and solemnity in these words, which convey a strong impression of their truth." An untruth, in order to gain credence, is generally pronounced with solemnity. This was the way that Junius deceived credulous men of his day, and the deception has continued in their posterity to the present time. The writer continues—"to suppose that when the danger of discovery was nearly over, or greatly diminished, when his machinery had been tried, and found safe and adequate to its purpose, and when there was no need of multiplying precautions to suppose that Junius would sit down to his dedication, and falsely make to the people of England that solemn asseveration, is to suppose what is inconsistent, not only with the sagacity, wariness, and practical good sense of Junius, but with the common-sense of mankind. No motive, apart from its truth, can be assigned for the declaration. It could no longer contribute to the safety or liberty of writing and publishing. The work was done and bequeathed to Woodfall, as one of the last acts of the author."

Does this writer not perceive that a re-publication of those letters, in a permanent form, calculated to hand down, with infamy, to posterity, the characters therein assailed, was an offence of far greater magnitude than their ephemeral publication in a daily paper? Because the author had bequeathed the work to Woodfall, was he out of danger? Junius had said, in a letter to his friend Woodfall, "I am sure I should not survive a discovery three days; or, if I did, they would attain me by bill. Change to the Somerset coffee-house, and let no mortal know the alteration. I am persuaded you are too honest a man to contribute to my destruction. Act honorably by me, and at a proper time you shall know me." The letter containing this passage was written after Junius had completed his letters, for he says in a letter to Woodfall, immediately preceding the foregoing, "At last I have concluded my great work, and I assure you with no small labor. I would have you begin to advertise immediately, and publish before the meeting of parliament; let all my papers in defence of

Junius be inserted." Junius, it seems, knew the danger he still had to encounter better than this reviewer; and he, no doubt, made the declaration in question, in order to prevent his enemies, if possible, from further pursuit.

"Some have been brought forward, (as Junius,) because they esteemed a man or men whom Junius praised; others, because they hated men whom Junius hated; others, because Junius defended their personal rights or interests on some occasions, where their rights or interests involved public principles. Among these, the real Junius may be embraced; but if he be, this *partial and narrow* method of proof does not establish, but rather obscures his claims, and sinks him to a level with a multitude of vain pretenders. The same remark is applicable to this as to the preceding species of fallacy. It gives us too many Juniuses." The remarks, as applied to the American authors whose works the writer was reviewing, are without force. Of the men brought forward here, as Junius, three were lords; Sackville, Chatham, and Temple. The first was a member of the English government with Lord North, during the American revolution, and the very man who recommended the employment of Indian savages against us, as asserted by the person who advocates his claims. Chatham was out of place, and wished to get in, and of course was opposed to the administration and its measures towards America; but he said, "the Americans should not be permitted, if it were possible to prevent it, to manufacture a hob-nail." Temple possessed better principles than the other two, but I know of no particular claims that he has to the partiality of Americans. But then among the persons advocated, there was John Horne Tooke, who, although in favor of a monarchical government, as has been fully proved in the "Posthumous Works of Junius," was a bitter enemy to oppression, and opposed the government in its violent measures towards this country: and a republican might be supposed to be actuated by partiality towards him in searching for a man on whom to bestow the honor of the authorship of Junius's letters. This, I will venture to say, created a suspicion in the reviewer's mind which caused the above remarks. Such a narrow method of considering the subject, however, cannot invalidate claims, fully established by circumstances and facts. As to the motives which influenced English writers on this subject, the reviewer, of course, must be perfectly ignorant; but that, it appears, made no difference with him.

"We have read," says this reviewer, "fifteen volumes, written expressly to establish the authorship, and many incidental discussions in other works. There are several, which we know only by their titles; and in addition to these, various claims have been brought forward in magazines and other periodicals, which never emerged into an independent volume. These discussions are at least amusing; they are not without their use in an historical point of view, and they go to increase the great sum total of literary taste and liberal study." If this writer has paid the same attention to literary subjects generally, that he has to this on the authorship of Junius, he must have acquired some very equivocal species of knowledge. And moreover, as he has stated about twice the number of volumes that have been written in the English language on the subject, the others must be in Latin, Greek, or some foreign living language.

Of the works reviewed by this critic, I shall take notice only of his remarks upon the two issued in New-York, viz. "Memoirs of John Horne Tooke," &c. by Dr. Graham, and "Posthumous works of Junius," &c. anonymous.

"The remainder of this article," he says, "we shall devote to our own countrymen, who have very considerable claims to attention on this subject." Why, this is the very thing he proposed to have undertaken in the beginning of his article. He has now got on thirty-five pages of his work, in copying, from his *fifteen volumes*, what had been said by others on works upon the subject of Junius; which, for the most part, have no affinity whatever to what he undertook to do. The fact is, he was writing for fame, and not with a view of throwing any light upon the subject in controversy. He wished to make it appear that he knew more of the subject by skimming over a few volumes than those who had made it a particular study. And all he pretends to believe is that Junius never will be known. This common opinion is supported by him on the declaration of Junius himself, that the secret should perish with him. Not reflecting that the preservation of his life, at least in his estimation, depended upon his not being found out, and that this deception was the readiest way to prevent farther search for him, which at that time, by all accounts, was as great as at any former period.

The critic proceeds, "the first in the order of time is Mr. Graham. He supports Horne Tooke. The book is a respectable one, but, three-fourths of its contents consist of extracts from the letters of Junius, and the political writings and speeches of Tooke." Here is hot and cold in the same breath. The writer evidently meant to throw a slur upon the work by the manner in which he mentions its contents. Now, I ask what better mode of ascertaining the author could be taken than that which Dr. Graham has adopted? Was it not within the rule given out by this critic himself, as above mentioned?

"There is a great similarity of opinion between Tooke and Junius; so there is between Junius and Glover." To substantiate this, the writer adduces a solitary instance in the use of the word *indecent*, which is applied by Junius and Glover in the same manner as every body else applies it. But this quotation shows much reading. "Tooke is said to have declared that he knew who Junius was; so have several others." Who are they? He says something of George the Third's stating that he knew

him, which is perfectly ridiculous. It is true, that it is said, papers have been lately discovered in the possession of the Grenville family which indicate the author of Junius, and of this I have no doubt, because the fact has been published in the English papers, and not denied. None of that family, however, are suspected of writing the letters of Junius. Is this fairly reviewing a work, or quibbling?

The critic, in taking notice of the "Posthumous works of Junius," gives it as his opinion that the compiler of this and the former book is one and the same person; and he asserts that both maintain that the abuse bestowed by Junius upon Horne Tooke was solely for the purpose of preventing any suspicion that the latter was Junius himself; or that the abuse is depended on as evidence of the fact; than which nothing is more false. The pretended quarrel is placed upon entirely different ground. The contest between Tooke and John Wilkes is first given. It is shown that Wilkes prevailed with the populace, and became high-sheriff of London. That he then writes to Tooke as follows: "Whether you proceed to a thirteenth or thirtieth letter is to me a matter of the most entire indifference. You will no longer have me your correspondent." That Tooke addressed a thirteenth letter to his opponent—but being mortified that he had not convinced the public of the unworthiness of Wilkes, and wishing to expose his character more fully, he, on the day preceding the date of his last letter, brings forward Junius to attack himself, and vindicate Wilkes. That, in order to make the quarrel wear the appearance of being in earnest, it was necessary to abuse Tooke in set terms of invective. That Junius, however, made but a weak defence of Wilkes, suffering Tooke to get the better of the argument, and to establish what he first undertook to do. The object of this pretended quarrel is so obvious that it is surprising that any man of common understanding, who has paid the least attention to the investigation, does not immediately perceive it.

The writer speaks of the notice taken of the circumstance of Junius's attacking himself in defence of the Earl of Hillsborough, and says, "this could contribute nothing to the concealment of Junius." Who could be so stupid as to suppose it could? Nothing of this kind was intimated by the compiler; but the critic adds, "or to answer any other valuable purpose." Here he discovers a want of discernment. If it be shown, as it has been in many other instances besides that alluded to, that Junius was in the habit of attacking himself weakly, for the want of an opponent, and then refuting his supposed antagonist, it is adding cases directly in point to support the alleged attacks on himself in the person of Horne Tooke.

I feel confident of being able to invalidate every position taken by this writer in regard to the above works; but I think enough has been said to prove that no confidence can be placed in his opinions on the subject upon which he has undertaken to criticize. He has made up an article of forty-seven pages, to do which he has extracted largely from the preliminary essay of George Woodfall's Junius, and other works respecting characters that had formerly been suspected of being Junius, but had long since been abandoned; and, among the rest, has made out a list of parallel phrases of different authors which include nine pages of his laborious article; which generally neither prove nor disprove any thing. In some cases, however, parallel phrases and similarity of sentiment may be made use of as strong circumstances in corroboration of other facts, which may be adduced in proof of authorship. Had the writer confined himself to the works which he undertook to review, and given an honest and candid critique upon them, he would have saved the reader much useless trouble, and done more honor to himself.

The following is extracted from Miss Landon's "Romance and Reality," just published by the Messrs. Harper:

ANATOMY OF A BALL.—It is a melancholy fact for an historian, that though balls are very important in a young lady's career, there is exceedingly little to be said about them; they are pleasures all on the same pattern—the history of one is the history of all. You dress, with a square glass before you, and a long glass behind you; your hair trusts to its black or brown attractions, either curled or braided—or you put on a wreath, a bunch of flowers, or pearl bandeau; your dress is gauze, crape, lace or muslin, either white, pink, blue, or yellow; you shower, like April, an odorous rain on your handkerchief; you put on your shawl, and step into your carriage; you stop in some street or square; your footman raps as long as he can; you are some little time going up stairs; you hear your name, or something like it, leading the way before you. As many drawing-rooms are thrown open as the house will allow,—they are lighted with lamps or wax-lights; there is a certain quantity of china, and a certain number of exotics; also a gay-looking crowd, from which the hostess emerges, and declares she is very glad to see you. You pass on; you sit a little while on a sofa; a tall gentleman asks you to dance—to this you reply, that you would be very happy; you take his arm and walk to the quadrille or waltz; a succession of partners. Then comes supper; you have a small piece of fowl, and a thin slice of ham, perhaps some jelly or a few grapes—a glass of white wine, or *ponche a la romane*. Your partners have asked you if you have been to the opera; in return, you question them if they have been to the park. Perhaps a remark is hazarded on Miss Fanny Kemble. If you are a step more intimate, a few despairing observations are made on the entertainment and the guest. Some cavalier hands you down stairs; you re-cloak and re-enter your carriage, with the comfortable reflection that, as you have been to Miss So-and-so's ball, Mrs. Such-an-one may ask you to hers.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE, ETC.

The managers of the Park do not seem inclined to afford critics and fault-finders much opportunity of exercising their acumen. They continue to present, night after night, their sterling operas. These being but repetitions, have already been noticed in this journal, and consequently our dramatic department is not unfrequently left with but slender materials for animadversion. We must not, however, by the way, forget the sensations with which we observed the other evening in Masaniello, that this splendid but unfortunate opera made its re-appearance "like the sun, shorn of his beams." The general effect was diminished. The revolution went on without any red light, and there was no horse for Mr. Jones. Why, divers worthies go on purpose for these scenic displays, and we heard a disappointed amateur declare, that the piece was nothing without the red light! These instances of carelessness were rendered less pardonable by the attendance of an audience both numerous and fashionable. We are waiting, with all reasonable patience, for the White Maid, which will probably be produced during the present month.

Mr. Forrest is in Boston. A general desire prevails here that he should, on his way to the south, repeat his masterly delineation of Othello, and also furnish us with an opportunity of witnessing his Falconbridge, a character in which he has gained the highest encomiums from all parties, and which he seems, we know not why, to have lately laid aside. Cannot the managers effect this?

Miss Vincent draws full houses at the American theatre, and very deservedly receives great applause. The managers of this establishment have also a sovereign antidote to sentiment and pathos in the pantomime of "Mother Goose." Mr. Gay is a graceful Harlequin, and Miss Louisa Johnson both pretty and interesting as Columbine; but we solemnly protest against the hornpipe which Mrs. Gay inflicts upon the spectators; it is the worst we ever saw on any stage, or off either. The music of the piece is celebrated in England, and he who watches the amusing development of the story without merriment, must be worse than "old Cassius."

The Richmond Hill was closed on Monday evening, and, as the bill quaintly informed us, "for the benefit of the manager." Mr. Russel has won general esteem by his exertion in catering for the public taste, and his irreproachable deportment in the performance of his duties.

As some reparation for the paucity of our own theatrical information, we take a clever article from the London Tatler, on Madame Vestris. It contains both wit and fancy.

"Madame Vestris is an oddity?" That is strange, says the reader, and what is strange is odd; let that content you. Is it not odd that she is the only manageress; is it not, also, odd that she is more successful than all the managers collectively; is it not odd that she has produced no piece that failed; is it not odd that her theatre boasts of the loveliest woman (herself) and the ugliest man (Liston) on the stage!

Miss Bartolozzi was born in Marylebone, and was so lovely when little, that she was called "little love;" her heart was as light as her eyes were dark; she was beautiful as a butterfly, and as wild as one. When only fourteen, lovers came by streams (one went the same way, for he drowned himself); amongst others a certain gigantic attorney "sighed and looked;" but she objected to his size, and he never spoke aloud of his love, because his love was not allowed. She then adored nothing but music, which, I suppose, must have arisen from hearing her own voice, for there is no music like it. She studied the piano, though that was not her forte;—in dancing "she snatched a grace beyond the reach of art," for she had artless grace. Thus she proceeded making samplers and breaking hearts; reading romantic tales and turning romancer's heads; captivating all who heard her, without condescending often to hear from those she had captivated, until she was fifteen. Then when she was indeed

"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded,"

she saw Armand Vestris, "the dancer." His pirouettes turned her brain; and, ere she was sixteen, she became his wife. He was rather gay, that is, he led a *sad life* (which means, a short and merry one). Madame Vestris found no resource in her husband, and began to husband her own resources. She did not go to Doctors' Commons, her own will was her prerogative court. As her husband was absent she embraced the stage, and appeared as *Proserpina* at the King's theatre: after brilliant success, she went to Paris. Helen never delighted the ancient Paris as Madame V. did the modern. Helen contributed to the ruin of a war, but Madame was content with promoting the run of a piece. In that city of pleasure, she had many a suitor that did not suit her. Philosophers forsook the love of science to study the science of love—Poets sang in measures of their measureless affection—Béranger was *derangé*—Deputies came in person; and she was three times offered to be made a countess, the moment the manager made her appear. But Monsieur V.'s finances ceased to go right, so she left, and in 1820 appeared at Drury-lane theatre. There, at the Haymarket and Covent garden, was she many a season the envy of one sex, and the delight of the other, when a serious event occurred. I saw her, I remember, all sunniness and song, as usual: a week after, what a reverse—her hair was no longer bedecked with flowers, for her form was enveloped in weeds. She was a widow. Her beautiful face peeping forth from her sables, like Aurora from a dark cloud, or Venus

from the black sea. She looked more bewitching from the absence of any apparent witchery:—sickness had subdued the fire (not the beauty) of her eye; her voice was more touchingly tender—the very moonlight of sound; detraction said much of the years of coldness between her and her husband. "How could she regret him from whom she had been so long estranged?" Precious reasoners! Death flings a veil over error—recalls every image of former joy: the sins of the careless husband lie with him in the oblivion of the narrow house, whilst every tender word, every kind deed, returns with a sweet melancholy, and, knocking at the lonely heart, cries "remember!"—She resolved to become a manageress. In vain did woosers sigh: beaus came full of tears—her thoughts were on *tiers* full of beaus: they spoke of a marriage—she of the Chamberlain's! At length (it is said) amid a host of lovers, she chose one "whose love is indeed a host" (though her sister only is in America, it is well understood that both the ladies are in "the united state.") The Olympic theatre opened—how many have been jammed to death I know not; but the erection of the King's college so close, is of course to give immediate relief to the nightly sufferers. She must certainly have studied the art and mystery of a packer, or she never could have placed individuals to the amount of 180l. nightly, in a domus calculated but to contain 150l.

Madame V. is the best actress that ever sang, and decidedly the best singer that ever acted. She was born to fascinate the world, and possess a world of fascination. A man might be satisfied with the charms of her mind, could he avoid minding her charms. With talent to transcend beauty, she has beauty as transcendent as her talent. Those most ready to frame faults can find no fault with her frame. Her foot is not half a foot. Her eyes have all the fire of love, with yet a lovelier fire—a subduing softness, that melts while it captivates—the very pupils (unlike most pupils) seem to love their lashes. Her lips are severed cherries, imbued with their own dew; and the commentary they form on Horn's song of "Cherry ripe" gave to that song its popularity. Her ear seems revelling in her ringlets, as though it loved the curls it reposed among. She is so peer-less, you cannot laud her. She will never grow old; for Time, that flies with others, stands to gaze at her; his wings are idle, while he is loitering at hers.

She has wit enough to excuse severity, yet good nature enough to check her wit. One instance of a tart remark is on my memory. An actress and a spinster (who is very prudent and very ugly) was speaking illiberally of some ladies. "You mustn't wonder," said Mrs. O., "you know she is still a virgin."—"Yes, verging upon fifty," replied Madame.

Madame V. as a singer follows no school, she has formed one—a school in which the heart breathes music through the lips. In her own garb she is the *beau-ideal* of woman; in male attire she is indeed an *ideal beau*—the personification of Ganymede or *Adonis* in their juvenilia. She makes love like an angel—Moore caught his notion of the "Loves of the Angels" from her. As an actress she imitates no one; and (though many attempt) no one has succeeded in imitating her, for she is inimitable. Her laugh is sunshine to the eye, and music to the ear. She dances as if she did not belong to this world, and walks as if this world belonged to her. As a manageress she is the *leader* (and Jove's *Leda* was nothing to her); but who is to follow her footsteps? Others might rival at the Olympic, but who could rival her "Olympic Revels?" She is a magnet that attracts at each pole. Steele (though dwelling amid beauty) was never attached to such a loadstone. Her fame will never die (would she never might!) for the name of Madame Vestris will be remembered when all other vestries are forgotten.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WELLS.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1832.

England and the United States.—The time has been when a book of American travels was received in England with credit; at least, some classes read with respect, when they read at all. This period is now verging rapidly to its close. The general bad character of the needy and nameless tribe of foreign scribblers who have since deluged the press with idle and conflicting opinions, has, at length, spread odium over the fraternity, the whole of whom are, consequently, in this country, held in such disrepute, that the entrance of one suspected of being employed in any of these fabrications, is the signal for a general merriment. Their honest prototypes, *Faux*, *De Roos*, and the good-humored bungler, *Hall*, have left characters with which their successors are immediately identified; and they are, in nearly all companies, although themselves perhaps unconscious of the fact, objects of much sly ridicule and amusing observation. No individual has more contributed to bring them down to their proper level, and to connect them in a thousand ways with burlesque and ludicrous associations, than Mr. Paulding, whose "John Bull in America," stands as a fair specimen of these accurate and impartial book-makers, and should be in every body's hands.

The papers are, at present, commenting on a volume of travels by a Mrs. Fanny Trollop, the recollection of whose name calls forth these remarks. During the stay of the fair traveller in this city, we met her occasionally in private life, and immediately set her down as one of the disciples of *Faux* and *Hall*, from the eager avidity with which she occupied herself in ferreting out trifles, and the perpetual fever of sarcasms and discontent which marked

her conversation. She came to the country, as has been stated elsewhere, with a famous female orator, or in accordance with some of their joint speculations, the failure of which set her adrift, leaving only one alternative, namely, to write a book. In order to procure materials for this undertaking, it was necessary for her to say that she had, at least, seen the places and the people which were to figure in her descriptions; and the rapid flying visits which she made for this purpose, occasioned, to our knowledge, not a little mirth among those who comprehended the object of her careful and valuable investigations. As an instance, however, of the general discrimination with which her literary researches had been directed, we may mention a trifling circumstance which would have amply satisfied us had other proof been wanting, of the respect due to her as a writer. When she was on the point of leaving this city for Liverpool, in the course of a debate upon several American authors, we ascertained that she was almost entirely ignorant of Dr. Channing, and she expressed much surprise to hear the earnestness with which we spoke of his abilities, notwithstanding the positiveness with which she mentions them in her work. We handed her a composition from his pen, but never obtained an opportunity, subsequently, of being instructed by her opinion. We do not mean to be extravagant, however, in observing that a professed book-manufacturer, residing in the United States to form an estimation of the character and talents of the inhabitants, and departing without any acquaintance with Dr. Channing's productions and fame, may be considered no better than a traveler who should leave Egypt with no knowledge of the pyramids.

The work of the ingenious satirist mentioned above, as might have been expected, teems with one-sided statements and coarse exaggerations, and it has also a very powerful pledge of respectability and recommendation to credit, in a number of caricatures. The lady had in her train an unhappy-looking artist, who endeavored to paint his way through the country, and who, we presume, is justly entitled to the immortality due to that portion of the work.

In these remarks we do not wish to be understood as reviewing the book, but rather as noticing the subject of the disagreement which has existed between the English and American nations, on various points. We deprecate every attempt to perpetuate these unfriendly sentiments. It is not a poor individual attack from an irresponsible female, like the present, although aided by the praise of the Quarterly Review and other tory journals in Great Britain, which can produce any perceptible evil; but it is the principle in its broad aspect, by which we are beginning to look upon every English stranger, who publishes concerning our nation, as an enemy, prejudiced against us, and feeding his prejudices with every casual occurrence. The citizens of the United States are much too sensitive on this theme. Editors and reviewers are altogether too easily aroused. The adventitious importance which these pennyless pretenders derive from such notice is the very thing they wish. It sells their book, it fills their pockets, it spreads their name, and invests them with a kind of spurious notoriety which they cannot distinguish from fame. So long as there is a sensation produced, they care not how, for their object is accomplished. They do not labor for the diffusion of truth, for the increase of happiness, for the building up of an honest reputation, but simply for a livelihood. The more discussion and clash they cause by their statements, the surer they are of more employment. Unable to attract notice without committing crime, they resemble Erostratus, although urged by more groveling motives, who was willing to destroy a magnificent temple rather than remain in obscurity. Their proper punishment, then, should be neglect. The opinions of such venal foreigners can be of little consequence to Americans, however highly they may appreciate the friendship of the more intelligent and respectable orders. That the latter is the case, is apparent from the endeavors of the enlightened circles of both nations to produce an interchange of good feeling. Americans are invariably received in Great Britain with every kindness, which is warmly reciprocated on this side the water to those visitors whose absurd demeanor does not forfeit every claim to respect. It is evidently the interest, as well as the inclination of the two countries, to cultivate mutual sentiments of friendship and respect. Such a disposition is fraught to both parties with innumerable advantages, which a state of animosity precludes, and changes to offices of petty ill nature, in all the points where we come in contact. It is to be regretted that, while the most gifted and amiable, both here and there, are using their strongest efforts to unite us in a durable friendship, a few hungry adventurers should succeed at all in counteracting them. The blame of this must be borne partially by publishers and reviewers. The former should not reprint works from a vulgar source; or if they find it for their interest to do so, editors ought not to notice them. We should not have done so, but for a casual acquaintance with the writer, and in the hope that our brethren of the press will suffer the work to go quietly down into oblivion. Those who wish to find themselves abused "in good set terms," will pay the Harpers, and be gratified. We have understood that the renowned Mrs. Anna Royal, the legitimate leader of that class of vagrant book-makers who belong to the lovelier sex, is about to review the publication of Mrs. Trollop. We trust the respectable conductors of newspapers will not interfere, but stand by and see fair play, as the soldiers in ancient armies dropped their weapons and breathed, while their leaders fought. We wager on the fair American, who, when she is really roused, is no ordinary opponent; and we are convinced that we cannot commit the reputation of the country, as far as Mrs. Trollop is concerned, to more appropriate hands.

THE DISCOVERY.

WORDS BY SPORZA—MUSIC BY VON WEBER—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

Con moto.

They say, while thou art sleep-ing, Thy cheeks are wet with weep-ing, That breath-ing sighs thou'rt heard, And some-times, one low

Sempre legato.

word, And yet, when morn-ing bright-ens, Thy cheek in co - lor heigh-tens, Thine eyes fresh bril-liance gain, Like spring flow'rs af-ter rain.

3d v.—Of what canst thou be dreaming,
To set thine eyes thus streaming?
Ah, would I watch'd thy sleep,
And saw thee sigh and weep,

For then, if love reads rightly,
Thy heart would beat more lightly,
And not a tear should stray,
But to be kissed away.

3d v.—I guess the name thou'rt spoken,
'Tis I thy rest have broken,
Oh, truth, as dear to me
As doubt was sad to thee!

Then hide, thou blushing blossom,
Thy head upon this bosom,
And breathe again the word
That night so oft has heard.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

Salmagundi.

EXTRACT FROM PAULDING'S TALE OF THE POLITICIAN.—I was called out of my bed, early one cold winter morning, by a person coming on business of the utmost consequence, and dressed myself in great haste, supposing it might be a summons to a cabinet council. When I came into my private office, I found a queer, long-sided man, at least six feet high, with a little apple head, a long queue, and a face, critically round, as rosy as a ripe cherry. He handed me a letter, recommending him particularly to my patronage. I was a little inclined to be rude, but checked myself, remembering that I was the servant of such men as my visitor, and that I might get the reputation of an aristocrat, if I made any distinction between man and man.

"Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?"

"Why-y-y I'm not very particular; but some how or other, I think I should like to be a minister. I don't mean of the gospel, but one of them ministers to foreign parts."

"I'm very sorry, very sorry indeed; there is no vacancy just now. "Would not something else suit you?"

"Why-y-y," answered the apple-headed man, "I wouldn't much care if I took a situation in one of the departments. I wouldn't much mind being a comptroller, or an auditor, or some such thing."

"My dear sir, I'm sorry, very sorry, very sorry indeed, but it happens unfortunately that all these situations are at present filled. Would not you take something else?"

My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to bring down the soarings of his high ambition to the present crisis. At last he answered,

"Why-y-y, ye-s-s; I don't care if I get a good collectorship, or inspectorship, or surveyorship, or navy-agency, or any thing of that sort."

"Really, my good Mr. Phippeny," said I, "I regret exceedingly that not only all these places, but every other place of consequence in the government, is at present occupied. Pray think of something else."

He then, after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger to one of the public offices. Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in vast perplexity, and looked all round the room, fixing his eye at length on me, and measuring my height from head to foot. At last, putting on one of the drollest looks that ever adorned the face of man, he said,

"Mister, you and I seem to be both pretty much alike, haven't you some old clothes you can spare?"

JEANIE DEANS.—Sir Walter Scott has ordered a monument to be erected to the memory of Helen Walker, the original of his Jeanie Deans. In his epitaph he says, "this humble individual practised in real life the virtues with which fiction has invested the imaginary character of Jeanie Deans."

HOW TO GET RID OF A COLLECTOR.—A woman in Westminster, being at a loss what excuse to make about the twentieth application for rates by one of the collectors of the Chelsea water works, at length informed him, that her "poor husband had recently died of the cholera, and that she had also been seized with that dreadful disorder; but," added she, "if you'll walk in, I'll see if I can make up the money." The collector, however, was almost petrified with terror, and shutting up his book *instantly*, bolted out of the house much faster than he entered.

A MAN OF BUSINESS.—A friend of ours, says the Sportman's Magazine, was in treaty with G. the horse-dealer, (who died the other day,) for the purchase of a mare, but could not agree by ten pounds. Next morning, however, making up his mind to split the difference, he posted off to the yard, when the first person he met was the groom. "Master up, Joe?" said he. "No, master be dead," said Joe, "but he left word you're to have the mare."

DIFFICULT QUESTION TO ANSWER.—A New-Bedford paper says, a sea-captain of our acquaintance once took on board a large number of passengers at a port in the Emerald Isle, to bring to this country. On approaching our coast he, as usual sounded, but found no bottom. "And did ye strike the ground, captain?" inquired one of the Irishmen. "No," was the reply. "And will ye be so good as to tell us," rejoined Pat, "how near ye came to it?"

PUTTING YOUR FOOT INTO IT.—According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in one of which the lawyers on either side put one of their feet, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is the client and not the lawyer who "puts his foot into it."

CURIOUS CLOCK.—It was customary formerly, in several French towns, to make the clocks tell the hour by means of one or more statues, who struck the bell with hammers. A similar custom prevails in Italy; and it is the case in the little town of Lambese. There is on the top of the tower a man, who strikes the hours in this manner; at the same instant a woman appears, and makes him a low curtsy; she then walks once round him. The people of the country call these figures Gincomar and Giacomarda.

ANSWERS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.—The following are the extraordinary answers to questions proposed to some of the elder pupils of the "Deaf and Dumb Institution of Paris," at a late examination:

What is *eternity*?

It has neither birth, death, youth, infancy, nor old age. It is to-day, without either yesterday or to-morrow; the circular day without succession, the *non-age*.

What is *difficulty*?

A possibility with an obstacle.

What is *ingenuousness*?

Ingenuousness is being natural, frank, and candid, without cunning or disguise, and free from subterfuge in word or action. Peasants and country people are generally *simple*, because their mind is not cultivated; children and youths of good family, who have been well educated, are *ingenuous*, because their hearts are not corrupt.

What do you understand by *idea*, *thought*, *judgment*, *reasoning*, and *method*?

Idea is the result of attention, and paints the object to the mind: *thought* unites two or more ideas in comparison: *judgment* decides upon their value: *reasoning* connects these comparisons and judgments, deduces one from the other; and *method* is the art of doing anything according to rule.

What is *grace*?

Grace is something divine diffused over the whole body, and apparent in motion and gesture.

Grace is a gift—a favor.

Grace is the aid of divine inspiration.

What is *modesty*?

Modesty, the most interesting of virtues, colors the brow of an honest man, or that of a young girl, with a delightful carnation. It is a legitimate antipathy, evinced by an amiable blush, at the sight of anything repugnant to virtue.

What is *clemency*?

A magnificent pardon.

What is the difference between a *handsome* woman and a *pretty* one?

A *handsome* woman has a powerful charm which excites our admiration. She strikes us by the noble and regular proportions of her body, and by the roses and lilies of her complexion. A *pretty* woman pleases and interests us by the delicacy of her features and the grace of her manners. She is like a jewel which we love more than we admire. A *handsome* woman is handsome only in one way; a *pretty* one is pretty in a thousand.

What is the difference betwixt *fine* and *magnificent*?

For works of art or productions of the mind to be *fine*, they must have regularity, a noble simplicity and grandeur; but *magnificence* adds to them an extraordinary splendor arising from an assemblage of perfections and proportions, which we cannot help admiring. A union of the *fine* and the *magnificent* produces the *sublime*, which elevates, ravishes, and transports us. The sublime is always natural.

What is *happiness*?

To taste of the enjoyments of life, is only pleasure. *Happiness* is the peace of conscience.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR,

To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscriptions received for a less term than one year.

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No. 45.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DAVID.

THE proud Philistine lay upon the earth,
Food for the hungry ravens, and his huge
Proportions, wherein dwelt a champion's strength,
Drew down th' admiring gaze of Judah's host;
And when they saw the life-stream ebbing fast
From the big severed veins, some did suspend
The swift pursuit till heaven were praised.

King Saul
Stood in the midst, erect; and, like the pine
That lifts its top above the forest trees,
Excelled in stature and in beauty, all
Of Israel's people. His dark hair flowed down
Gracefully, and his chin and delicate lip
Were shaded by his beard. He was arrayed
As it became a warrior and a king.
A battle blade was in his hand, its point
Upon the ground; and on his brow the helm,
Whose brazen front flashed brilliant in the sun,
Sat lightly as it were an ornament;
And while he rested by the champion,
Joy lighted up his eye, and he beheld
The foes of Israel pressing from the field,
With unstained armor gleaming in the light,
And banners streaming on the hills and through
The valleys, as the impetuous throng commixed—
Proud leaders, soldiers, and the affrighted horse
Rushed onward to the mountains, while there came,
With shouts sent far through heaven, victorious hosts
Athirst for slaughter, treading down the strong
Mailed ranks of warriors, till the flowery fields
And the way-sides of Gath were strewn with slain.

The conquerors returned rejoicing—hymns
Of praise arose, and every heart was warm
With thanks to Him who made them strong to war.
The king sought out the valiant youth whose arm
Struck down the proud Philistine that had dared
To battle e'en a champion of that race
Beloved of the Most High. So David came
Before King Saul, attired as he had been
On the hill-side amidst his father's flocks.
A youth he was, whose gentle spirit burned
To serve the righteous cause; and when he heard
The warrior's challenge uttered boastfully,
He bound on his light sandals, and without
Sword, shield, or helm, or cumbrous mail, took up
His simple sling, and, trusting in his God,
Stood forth to battle.

Saul looked on the boy
With a pleased eye, and questioned of his birth,
His parentage, and country; and did seem
To listen with a willing ear of flocks
That range the pastures, and of rural cares,
And humble pleasures of the pastor's life;
And kindly heard the shepherds' artless tale
Of peril when from out the wilderness
A famished savage beast rushed angrily
Amid the bleating lambs, and but for him,
Whose tender arm was nerved by heaven itself,
They all had perished. While the king beheld
The stripling formed for mighty deeds, though round
His haughty lip there played half scornful smiles,
Wrath kindled at his heart; and every pulse
Beat quicker with unnatural throb. He saw
And recognized God's humble instrument,
And felt his own bright glory had been dimmed
By that meek shepherd; jealousy took flame
Within his breast, and as they journeyed home
He silent grew, and almost sullenly
Made answers; and his thoughts were tinged with hues
That darkened rapidly, when from the towns
And cities while they passed, fair maidens thronged
Along their path rejoicing, and with songs,
Commingling with sweet sounds from cymbals struck,
Making their gladness known; and whispering
High praise of David, whose ten thousand slain
Upon the gory field, out-numbered Saul's.

The king was resting on his couch, o'ercome
By a dark spirit's mastery; his brow
Was clouded, and his lips compressed into
A settled sternness; on his arm reclined
His head, his gloomy eyes half-closed and fixed,
Seemed heavy with unquiet thoughts. His hand
Clenched firmly in its grasp a javelin;
And though he slept not, yet he seemed to dream
Of a fierce contest with an enemy.
The helmet and broad shield were thrown aside
Carelessly; 'gainst the wall an uncleansed sword
With its gay baldrick idly hung. Throughout
The palace reigned deep silence; there were forms
Stole in the spacious chambers anxiously;
And round the royal couch there lingered those
Who ministered in vain. Then David came,

Bearing a minstrel's harp, and he passed in
And stood before the king, and made rich tones
Rise from the chords touched skilfully, and sang
Melodiously a gentle song like those
A shepherd warbles to beguile the hours
Of watching mid the pastures. On the brow
Of Saul there gathered a new cloud of gloom,
For music to his ear did then convey
No thrill of pleasure—nor a balm instil
Into his heart to soothe its fevered rage.
He raised himself with a strong effort; then,
Fierce glances darting from his angry eyes,
He muttered words almost inaudible,
And balancing the missile with a firm
And practised hand, drew back and aimed a blow
At the unarmed minstrel. Swiftly flew and whizzed
The pointed javelin winged for David's heart;
Yet only raised with its quick breath a lock
Of his dark hair. The youth turned from the king,
And sought again the hills, and sat him down
Beneath the palm tree's shade, and mournfully
Gave to the silent woods his minstrelsy.

W. H. W.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

In one of the French prisons, before the revolution, a young Englishman was immured in solitary confinement for life, on suspicion of having committed some crime, of which many believed him innocent. So much sympathy had been excited in his behalf that, in accordance with a previous request, he was allowed to receive writing utensils, by the same means by which he was supplied with food. He remained thus imprisoned many years, and at length finished his existence there. In the course of the revolution a search took place, and a blotted and scrawled manuscript was taken from beneath a heap of bones and dust; and, by a prying searcher into such treasures, a portion of it was at length rendered intelligible. How much more there was of it cannot say, nor what space of time is embraced in it. Certainly it terminates very abruptly; but that might be the result of various causes. It passed through many hands, always as a great curiosity, and has lately, by circumstances which it is not necessary for me now to relate, fallen into mine. I am certain it has never been in print, and I take pleasure in presenting it, with my best respects, to the editors of the Mirror. It appears, although it is commenced in the regular form of a diary, that the unhappy author soon became bewildered in his calculation of time, and wrote in wild fragments from the impulse of the moment, with scarcely any idea of the season.

JUNE.—Yes, I am awake. I am—I am. **** There! I have wept. I who have been the fiercest in anger, the haughtiest in principle, the merriest or the boldest in all adventures, have wept child-like tears, and sobbed bitterly, and wished my heart would break while I thought it was breaking. It is an incomprehensible creation, this human soul. I am happier now here, in this small stone cell, with only yonder single stream of light falling from that narrow aperture, suffering the realization of my worst forebodings—I am less miserable than I have been for months, months before. The suspense is ended. I had rather be broken on the wheel at once than live in that suspense; besides, these tears have relieved me. Yet even now my mind is thronged with images—the court-room, the vast heaving crowd, the faces all gazing, the hum and murmur of multitudes, the voices of the contending parties, the judge, the hushed silence, the condemnation, the strange eyes fastened on me—my brain teems with them all yet, with a dreadful vividness and reality. I cannot close my eyes against them. I cannot drive them from my imagination. Sleep itself affords me no cessation, for they pass all with exaggerated importance into my dreams, and so haunt me. Wonderful images of the outward world, that world which I am never to see again. Never—never. *****

JUNE.—Two nights have passed since I wrote the above. I have been too wretched; my reflections have been too excruciating to admit of writing. Sometimes I have paced up and down my cage. I must have exercise or I die, so I walked and leaped and stamped, to put my blood in motion. Then I laid down for hours, and thought. My past life has been all in review before me. I have slept, too, and dreamed—not of the faces—oh no! a sweet, sweet vision of early youth—of my mother. While I write, the big tears are bursting out from my swollen eyes, and coursing each other down my cheeks. They fall, like the heavy drops of a shower, on the paper. Well, let them. It is fitting it should be stained with tears. Some one when I am dead and mouldered, even here where I am now sitting, will see the sheet; will know of the anguish that now heaves and swells my bosom, and blinds my eyes; will regard the heap of ashes at his feet, and breathe a

sigh of commiseration at my dreadful fate. How wonderfully are we human beings bound together, that the pity even of strangers, people whom I shall never see—nay more, that the hope, the dim possibility of it, should soften the rugged horrors by which I am encompassed, and shoot a momentary ray of cheerful feeling through the passages of my crushed and dreary heart. If we are thus knit together by mysterious ties, what a fate is mine! Solitude! *****

Deep, utter, eternal, unchangeable solitude; perpetual shadow and confinement. Never again to see the human face, to hear the human voice; never again to look on nature; never to see the sky, to feel the breeze, to tread on the elastic grass, to lean my ear to the rustle of leaves, to watch the rippling of brooks, and be lulled by the warbling of birds. It is impossible. It cannot be that any one, even if I had been guilty of the charge alleged against me, it cannot be that they will really doom me to this fate, till death. Ah see! night is coming on. I have already become familiar with all the little changes perceptible in this dim sepulchre. I can detect the change of light. The shadows will now thicken rapidly. My invisible keeper will presently send in my pittance of food and drink. These shadows have now darkened many times, and wrapped me in complete gloom. See how dimly the bleak rough walls look already. Ah, now the magnificent sun is verging towards the western horizon, signing millions of weary and grateful laborers to leave their toil. The eyes of my happy fellow-creatures are turned on him from the land and the sea. His disc is broad and round; half the heavens is overflowed with rosy waves, and reflects its subdued splendors down upon the earth, kissing fragrant flowers, and painting velvet grass with the lengthened shadows of a thousand peaceful and lovely objects. In some places silver waves are washing up gently, and breaking on the sparkling beach; in others the cottager—happy, happy man—is returning to his simple home; his affectionate wife, his dear and beautiful children. Gradually the twilight steals over the scene, and then the round moon and many stars commence their still courses in the ascending heavens, hushing all to silence, and touching every thing with quiet lustre; and lovers rove through paths perfumed with flowers, while these gushing tears—with their source never dry? It grows darker and darker. I will lie down and hide my face. God of the innocent, assist me. Thou canst humble the proud, thou canst lift up the penitent—calm the anguish of my thoughts. If I must drink this bitter cup to the dregs, cheer me in my affliction with thoughts of thee. *****

Days have passed. Dreadful, still, lonely; a monstrous monotony. My greatest joy is to watch for the first sign of morning. I always wake before it approaches, and am almost happy when I discover it. Oh, if the direct sunbeams could visit this dark chamber! If I might once more see his lucid touch on the wall. But no, the light which comes to me must be reflected from some other wall. I cannot see from the high window, if window it may be called. I shall never see sunshine again! *****

I have found a new amusement. I refrain from eating till I am more than usually hungry, and my scanty meal then affords me a sort of temptation, against which to struggle.

I have made a list of all the books I ever read, and put down every thing I can remember concerning them. This I have committed to memory. *****

I believe I shall be released from these horrors, at least I often reason myself into that opinion. It makes me very happy. I used to be exceedingly fond of singing. I have sung all my old songs over and over again. This I do till I am fatigued, fatigue begets the want of sleep, and rest gives me refreshment and new strength. *****

It is unusually dark to-day, and I am certain I heard thunder, so there is a storm without. How strange to feel that it is nothing whatever to me, unless it would roll these stupendous towers from their base, and restore a poor wretch to the blessed, blessed light of day. It is extremely annoying, but I cannot at this moment remember where I am. I was conveyed here in a carriage, nearly delirious with horror, and I neglected to observe the way. It would be something of a consolation for me to know where I am, that I might fancy what is passing without the walls. *****

I have been delighted—strange word to use in such a place—but nevertheless I have been delighted with the plan, which suddenly struck me, of composing new words to all the old songs with which I am acquainted. What an amusement! I shall confine myself to one in three days, so as to vary the employment with others of a different kind. *****

The shadows of night have often darkened on the walls since the above. I have produced many songs. I compose them aloud, without the pen. I think several of them are good. If I ever get free, with what emotions I shall recollect them. *****

Time rolls on. I am yet in this solitary dungeon. No tears come to me now. I have no more impulses of feeling. The current of my sensibilities is stagnant. My soul is benumbed. I had a presentiment last night that I was to be released: I watched all night to hear the slightest sound, leaning my ear down against the bottom of the door. Father of heaven, will they *never* come?

What strange reflections I have had lately. The incidents of my early life seem uppermost in my mind. Ten years ago!—it seems but yesterday—ten years ago I was a happy, glowing boy. God! if I had been told, while I stood on the hill side, looking down into my native valley, that in ten fleeting years I should be doomed to perpetual, solitary confinement, what horror would have seized my faculties? I can see, absolutely see before me the forms of those with whom I then used to associate. My father, my mother, my brother. Where are they now? Are they at all? Sometimes I think they never had existence, except in my own brain, that I have never been outside this cavern, that nature placed me here, and that all the remembrances of mankind, which crowd on me sometimes, are only dreams; at least they are no more to me. I shall never see them, never hear them, or know any thing of them again. Suppose they are all destroyed—well, I am in all respects the same. They live to me only in idea. They are phantoms—beautiful, dear, beloved—but still phantoms. Perhaps they never did live. Perhaps they once lived, but are now ashes; or they are yet moving in life, smiling, loving, rejoicing. They have mourned me as dead; they have talked of me, and regretted me, and now their grief is quelled, and they are happy again, because I am forgotten. Oh! could I hear the voice of but one creature I loved, but for a single moment, even though it was not addressed to me, I, too, should be happy, exquisitely happy. But I never shall hear it. I am the most crushed and wretched of all beings. I have the horrors of death, without its peace. I am *buried alive*. The future—awful reflection. In this existence a blank, an utter waste of precious life, of great capacity and energies. My faculties are losing their keenness, and becoming rusty. I am growing to be something different from other human beings. Could these massive walls be suddenly rent apart, and I appear to some festive assembly, what a sight of horror I should present. My gaunt, emaciated face and shrivelled limbs, my masses of knotted and shaggy hair, my long beard, my hollow eyes and blighted form. Oh! beautiful, happy boyhood; dream of delight; when my limbs were round, and full of health and strength; when my cheeks glowed with crimson, and my lips were full of joy; when my playful sister parted the glossy curls of hair from my forehead, to kiss that forehead with her sweet mouth; even herself would start away and shrink at this hideous, filthy, loathsome reptile—this ghostly and blasted creature—this—*****

If I am never to revisit the world, what is to be the manner of my death? How will this life, this mysterious consciousness, this power by which I remember and suffer, how will it leave me? Will my enemies come in, tired at length of feeding me, and give me poison, or stab me, or strangle me? It would be easy and safe for them to do either, and they may well think it would be merciful. Horror of horrors! They surely *will* massacre me. Who would know, who would care? Whose hand would be stretched out to protect me? Let me turn from so agonizing a reflection. Yet which way shall I turn? Suppose they have no such design, what, then, will be my fate? I must wait the slow hand of time. Years and years must drag on, perchance, till some execrable disease, engendered in darkness and filth, shall steal over my limbs, and corrupt my feeble body. When it comes I must meet it alone and unaided. No kind hand to touch my feverish forehead; no dear eyes to watch while I sleep; no friendly voice to cheer me; no beloved bosom, on which sinking nature may breathe its last sigh of affection, and receive its parting caress. No—no—no—madness—darkness—cold stones. Merciful God! my senses are deserting me. I hear a noise. *****

Fool—fool. I have been ill; how long I know not, but I am better, and firmer, and calmer. So far from *fearing* death, I court it, and defy it. I am regardless in what form it may come. Men have died before, and will again; ay, and to all those now in the midst of riot and joy, to all the time will come. There is no one of them but death must grapple with, and bear down with him into his unknown gulf. He will stretch out his hand to the triumphant palace, and drag down the proud and noble; he will go to the sweet cottage, and take the father from his helpless family. Beauty, too; radiant, glowing beauty; lips of coral, eyes of light; voice enriched with silvery music; how his skeleton hand will change their warm perfections into motionless and haggard marble! He will touch the child's golden head, and the lover in his hopes, and the hero, and the poet, and they shall all go to the land of shadows, with those monsters who have buried me here. Why shall I shrink? I fear *nothing* but bodily pain. The rest—feeling, affection, hope—are all fancy. Is it not better to be thus here, sitting in peace, than writhing and quivering on the dreadful rack? *****

A calm has stolen over me. I feel no more yearnings to leave this dungeon vault. My senses are clear, my mind is full of easy, and I believe rational thoughts. I know perfectly where I am, and what I am. Yes, yes—my name is Walter Hubert. I have been imprisoned a long, long time, in a solitary dungeon, for a crime of which I am entirely innocent. My spirit has at length sunk under the weight of torture. I have been sick, wretched, mad, mad, mad—but now my senses are returned, and I am *dying*. God prepare me, and bless those I love. I would—the pen—I can scarcely hold it—and the little light from my window is beginning to be darkened. *****

UNOWNED ARTICLES.

HUMORS OF A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

NUMBER FIVE.

THE DECLARATION.

I LEFT the ball, as late it wore,
And glad to be in her boudoir
From surveillance exempt, I
Gazed on the books she last had read,
The chair her form had hallowed,
And grieved that it was empty.
And Sleep his web was round me weaving
While listening to that wind-harp's breathing,
Whose melody so wild is,
When one, whose charms are not of earth,
(Her father just a plum is worth,
And she his only child is)
With stealthy step before me stood,
As if to kiss, in mad-cap mood,
My eyes, in slumber folded.
Her form was large—too large you'd say,
Yet know not whence to pare away,
So finely was it moulded.
Her eyes were of a liquid blue,
Like sapphires limpid water through
Their softened lustre darting:
Her mind-illumined brow was white
As snow drift in the pale moonlight;
The hair across it parting
Was of that paly brown we're told
By poets takes a tinge of gold
When sunbeams through it tremble,
While round her mouth two dimples played
Like—nothing e'er on earth was made
Those dimples to resemble.
And there she stood in girlish glee
To win a pair of gloves, or see
How odd I'd look when waking,
When I her round her taper waist
So unexpectedly embraced,
The bond there was no breaking.
Her swelling bosom heaved at first,
As if her bodice through would burst
Its angry little billows,
Her eye was fired beneath its lashes
As streams on which the lightning flashes
Will sparkle through their willows;
But when I loosed the eager grasp
In which I to my breast did clasp
Her struggling and unwilling,
I felt somehow her fragile fingers,
(The tingling in my own yet lingers)
Within my pressure thrilling.
I spoke to her—she answered not—
I told her—now I scarce know what—
I only do remember
My feelings when in words expressed,
Though warm as August in my breast,
Seemed colder than December.
But how can words the thoughts express
Of love so deep, so measureless
As that which I have cherished?
Oh, God! if my seared heart had given
The same devotedness to heaven,
It would not thus have perished!
I said, "you know—you must have known
I long have loved—loved you alone,
But cannot know how dearly."
I told her if my hopes were crossed,
My ev'ry aim in life was lost—
She knew I spoke sincerely!
She answered—as I breathless dwelt
Upon her words, and would have knelt,
"Nay, move not thus the least,
You have—you long have had"—"Say on,
Sweet girl! thy heart?"—"Your foot upon
The founce of my *battiste*." H.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

SELBORNE is an English parish. The present volume was originally printed in 1789. It was written by the Rev. Gilbert White, at the request of several gentlemen of science, and consists of a series of letters addressed to them, comprising numerous pleasing incidents and facts, related in an agreeable style, and is a charming work for all classes. Publishers furnishing such chaste, amusing, and at the same time rational and instructive volumes, merit patronage as well as praise. Mr. White's letters have been several times reprinted. The edition before us is from the press of Carey and Lea. It is much in the general style of the "Journal of a Naturalist." Here are a few passages, which speak for themselves. We have a brief letter on the propensity of brutes to herd together.

"There is a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation; the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance.

"Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbor's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavoring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable-window after company, and yet in other respects is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves, but

will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance sheep, which constantly flock together.

"But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species; for we know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows; with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues; while the master smiles to see his favorite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture.

"Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in an orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other; so that Milton, when he puts the following sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems to be somewhat mistaken:

"Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape."

One or two facts in the annexed little treatise on "Echo," will be new to many readers:

"In a district so diversified as this, so full of hollow vales and hanging woods, it is no wonder that echoes should abound. Many we have discovered that return the cry of a pack of dogs, the notes of a hunting-horn, a tunable ring of bells, or the melody of birds, very agreeably; but we were still at a loss for a polysyllabical articulate echo, till a young gentleman, who had parted from his company in a summer evening walk, and was calling after them, stumbled upon a very curious one in a spot where it might least be expected. At first he was much surprised, and could not be persuaded but that he was mocked by some boy; but, repeating his trials in several languages, and finding his respondent to be a very adroit polyglot, he then discerned the deception.

"This echo, in an evening before rural noises cease, would repeat ten syllables most articulately and distinctly, especially if quick dactyls were chosen. The last syllables of

"Tityre, tu patulae recubans—"

were as audibly and intelligibly returned as the first; and there is no doubt, could trial have been made, but that at midnight, when the air is very elastic, and a dead stillness prevails, one or two syllables more might have been obtained; but the distance rendered so late an experiment very inconvenient.

"Quick dactyls, we observed, succeeded best; for when we came to try its powers in slow, heavy, embarrassed spondees of the same number of syllables,

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens—"

we could perceive a return but of four or five.

"All echoes have some one place to which they are returned stronger and more distinct than to any other; and that is always the place that lies at right angles with the object of repercussion, and is not too near, nor too far off. Buildings, or naked rocks, re-echo much more articulately than hanging woods or vales; because in the latter the voice is as it were entangled, and embarrassed in the covert, and weakened in the rebound.

"The true object of this echo, as we found by a curious experiment, is the stone-built, tiled hop-kill in Gally-lane, which measures in front forty feet, and from the ground to the eaves twelve feet. The true *centrum phonicum*, or just distance, is one particular spot in the King's Field, in the path to Norehill, on the very brink of the steep walk above the hollow cart-way. In this case there is no choice of distance; but the path, by mere contingency, happens to be the lucky, the identical spot, because the ground rises or falls so immediately, if the speaker either retires or advances, that his mouth would at once be above or below the object.

"We measured this polysyllabical echo with great exactness, and found the distance to fall very short of Dr. Plott's rule for distinct articulation; for the doctor, in his 'History of Oxfordshire,' allows one hundred and twenty feet for the return of each syllable distinctly; hence this echo, which gives ten distinct syllables, ought to measure four hundred yards, or one hundred and twenty feet to each syllable; whereas our distance is only two hundred and fifty-eight yards, or near seventy-five feet to each syllable. Thus our measure falls short of the doctor's as five to eight; but then it must be acknowledged that this candid philosopher was convinced afterwards, that some latitude must be admitted of in the distance of echoes according to time and place.

"When experiments of this sort are making, it should always be remembered, that weather and the time of day have a vast influence on an echo; for a dull, heavy, moist air deadens and clogs the sound; and hot sunshine renders the air thin and weak, and deprives it of all its springiness; and a ruffling wind quite defeats the whole. In a still, clear, dewy evening, the air is most elastic; and perhaps the later the hour the more so.

"Echo has always been so amusing to the imagination, that the poets have personified her; and in their hands she has been

the occasion of many a beautiful fiction. Nor need the gravest man be ashamed to appear taken with such a phenomenon, since it may become the subject of philosophical or mathematical inquiries.

"One should have imagined that echoes, if not entertaining, must at least have been harmless and inoffensive; yet Virgil advances a strange notion, that they are injurious to bees. After enumerating some probable and reasonable annoyances, such as prudent owners would wish far removed from their bee-gardens, he adds,

—'Aut ubi concava pulsus
Saxa sonant, vocisque offensa resultat imago.'

"This wild and fanciful assertion will hardly be admitted by the philosophers of these days, especially as they all now seem agreed that insects are not furnished with any organs of hearing at all. But if it should be urged, that, though they cannot hear, yet perhaps they feel the repercussion of sounds, I grant it is possible they may. Yet that these impressions are distasteful or hurtful, I deny, because bees, in good summers, thrive well in my outlet, where the echoes are very strong; for this village is another Anathoth, a place of responses, or echoes. Besides, it does not appear from experiment that bees are in any way capable of being affected by sounds; for I have often tried my own with a large speaking-trumpet held close to their hives, and with such an exertion of voice as would have hailed a ship at the distance of a mile, and still these insects pursued their various employments undisturbed, and without showing the least sensibility or resentment.

"Sometime since its discovery, this echo is become totally silent, though the object or hop-kiln remains; nor is there any mystery in this defect, for the field between is planted as a hop-garden, and the voice of the speaker is totally absorbed and lost among the poles, and entangled foliage of the hops. And when the poles are removed in autumn the disappointment is the same; because a tall quick-set hedge, nurtured up for the purpose of shelter to the hop-ground, entirely interrupts the impulse and repercussion of the voice; so that till those obstructions are removed, no more of its garrulity can be expected.

"Should any gentleman of fortune think an echo in his park or outlet a pleasing incident, he might build one at little or no expense. For whenever he had occasion for a new barn, stable, dog-kennel, or the like structure, it would be only needful to erect this building on the gentle declivity of a hill, with a like rising opposite to it, at a few hundred yards' distance; and perhaps success might be the easier insured could some canal, lake, or stream intervene."

THE OMNIBUS—A UNIVERSAL NEWSTELLER.

We commend this work to lovers of fun and frivolity. It is more witty than any thing since Salmagundi. Where can it come from? Some touches about it are altogether Addisonian. There is a subject of great interest to every body. It is handled below with great delicacy, as it always should be.

"Noses.—The nose, of all the features of the human face, being an organ with which mankind is most usually dissatisfied, and anxious to amend or exchange, the subscriber has been induced at a vast expense of time, thought, and money, to commence a regular manufacture of the article; and he now confidently offers to the public a large collection, that will suit all tastes. He has at this moment on sale a beautiful variety of the Grecian, Roman, Ethiopian, &c., the genuine aquiline, and true witty *nez retroussé*. He requests all who desire an improvement in this prominent feature, to call immediately, when he is certain they can be suited to a very hair.

"In a few days he will have ready for inspection several noses, with the real *satirical sneer* for theatrical critics, (these will also answer for writers of reviews.) A few of the *exalted kind*, drawn up with dignity, suitable to the *nouveau riche*, and recently appointed to office. Also, a large number will be ready about the first of June, of a very stout texture, and made perfectly invulnerable to odors of all sorts, particularly adapted to be worn during the warm weather in New-York, (the patentee intends to petition the common council for a handsome remuneration for this last invention.) Snuffers can be accommodated with *dress noses*; but it would be tedious to enumerate the various species of olfactory organs that have been, or are about being manufactured. The inventor will conclude the list of those already enumerated, by very earnestly recommending to the notice of a discerning and liberal public, his late invented *gum elastic nose*, warranted to stand pulling or wringing to any amount. From the nature of the material used, and by the aid of a concealed spring, it immediately resumes its pristine beauty, and is ever better and handsomer for the operation; as they are expected to be in great demand during the ensuing election, those in want should apply as soon as possible. The southern and western markets will be supplied on fair terms with the above; and a liberal reduction made to those who will enter on the trade. He takes this opportunity of informing his friends and the public in Virginia, North Carolina, &c. that he contemplates manufacturing very well-looking artificial eyes, made expressly to bear gouging, without the slightest inconvenience to the wearer."

We should like to know the gentleman alluded to in the subjoined advertisement. How well he must have lived!

"SALE.—At auction this first day of April, at number ten Fancy Row, the furniture belonging to a gentleman going abroad.

"Two very rich grates for stone coal, made of the best Bristol board, and ornamented with beautiful borderings of gilt paper.

"Belonging to the above, two sets of wooden tongs, shovels,

and pokers, painted and gilded to match. Also an excellent guage bellows, and two white satin coal-scuttles, the handles ornamented with wreaths of roses; a comfortable and convenient sofa for winter use, of Parian marble, with porphyry cushions; two elegant blue satin dining tables; twelve book-muslin chairs; two superb cut paper carpets, of the finest texture; three substantial French crape bedsteads, with light polished tin draperies for musketo nets, with a great variety of splendid and useful articles of the latest fashion.

"The kitchen furniture is quite new, and of the best kind; among which are three highly-finished curled-maple gridirons, a handsome pair of ivory andirons, a beautiful bobinet frying-pan, with strong filagree paper pot-hooks and trammels of the last mode; a lot of richly embroidered rose-colored silk dish-cloths, and kitchen rollers will also be sold.

"N. B. The sale is peremptory."

The following advertisement will be eagerly read by a majority of our mothers and nurses:

"SCHOOL.—Whereas there are many parents and guardians who prefer having their infants frightened into good behavior, and a knowledge of their A B C, and are often at a loss how to put the plan into execution, Mrs. Tabitha Tantrabobus begs leave to inform them, that she has taken *Scareim Hall*, and will open it in a few days as a nunnery and preparatory seminary, and will receive children of either sex from their weaning till five years of age, and by methods peculiarly her own, undertakes, by progressive reform, to frighten her little charges into the best possible order. She begins her scaring course by the mildness of sweeps with soot bags, and ragged old men with deep pockets. When these fail, she has a choice assortment of dark closets, furnished with *boogaboos* and raw head and bloody bones of the most terrific kind, who are always waiting to eat up naughty little children. She has machinery for chopping them up and making sausages of the pieces. Her assistants are all from the country, and well versed in stories of ghosts and hobgoblins. She takes the greatest pains, too, to make them afraid of thunder and lightning, so that she is able to insure that the little darlings committed to her care shall when the time comes to send them to boarding-school, not dare to go one yard after sunset, or to bed without being watched, nor see a cloud in the sky without a panic. For terms apply at the institution.

"N. B. Children taken by the day, and frightened out of their wits, or into fits, on reasonable terms."

The publication is from the press of P. Body; and, as the title-page informs us, is to be sold all over the world, and in some parts of Kentucky and Oregon territory.

NEW-YORK ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1832.

This useful compilation, which has now been several days before the public, commands a rapid sale. Every body praises it, and, what is better, almost every body buys it. The legislature of the state, and also the corporation of this city, have shown a good example in taking a suitable number of copies of the work. Mr. Williams deserves his success.

COBBETT'S FRENCH GRAMMAR.

This is a collection of letters to the son of the author, and every where shows marks of that extraordinary man's mind and peculiar mode of thinking. It has had a rapid sale in Great Britain, and is calculated to excite here not a little attention. The volume before us is a reprint from the English edition, in a very neat form, and from the press of Mr. John Doyle.

Mr. T. Towndrow has issued from the press of Jocelyn, Darling, & Co. a second edition of his complete guide to Stenography.

IN PRESS.—The Brothers Harper have in press, and will soon publish the following works:—"Conversations with an Ambitious Student in Ill Health, with other pieces;" being articles written for the New Monthly Magazine, by Mr. Bulwer, before he became its editor, and published anonymously. "Tales of the Early Ages;" by Horace Smith, Esq. author of "Brambletye House," &c. "Adventures of a Younger Son;" by Mr. Trelawney, formerly an associate of Lord Byron—a spirited novel.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

PUBLIC EXHIBITION OF INFANTS UNDER SIX YEARS OF AGE.—This is an age of novelties—the whole ingenuity of man appears to be at work to produce something new. Last week we were astonished to hear Signor Paganini produce sounds from a fiddle, such as that instrument was hitherto thought incapable of producing. Yesterday we heard and saw children, under six years of age, sing half-a-dozen tunes, which had been taught them in the short space of five weeks—explain perpendiculars, horizontals, pentagons, triangles, squares, hexagons, octagons, and describe the shape of the room with the greatest facility. When asked if the lustrous were suspended or supported, they all shouted out—*suspended!* and explained the difference to the satisfaction of as numerous and respectable an audience as ever met within the walls of the assembly rooms. The babies marched into the rooms in military order, along a raised gallery—kept the step, and were seated in an instant, at the sound of a whistle. Not a whisper was heard. Mr. Wilderspin stamped his foot, and they all rose—the whistle sounded again, and they were seated as before.

Mr. Wilderspin briefly addressed the assembly, and stated, that the institution lately opened in Aberdeen was an infant school in two senses—being composed of infants, and itself in its infancy. The Rev. Mr. Foot then opened the meeting with a short and impressive prayer, during which the children closed their eyes, and remained perfectly quiet. They rose again at the sound of the

bell, and sang a simple and beautiful hymn, to an equally simple tune, with such correctness, time, and, withal such touching and artless strains, that we could perceive many persons moved to tears; no doubt, that beautiful passage in Scripture occurred to their memory—"out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise;" and we are quite certain that no person present could have previously supposed it possible that such little creatures could have sung as they did. When we add to all this, that they went through the pence table, multiplication table, scripture lessons, and numeration, up to thousands of billions, with brass figures, &c. &c., the next question will be, what is there that young children may not be taught? We have stated nothing but facts, which were witnessed by at least six hundred of the most respectable and influential persons of our city. Not a single child cried during the whole course of the exhibition, which lasted nearly two hours. The smiling faces, sparkling eyes, and happy countenances, at once prove the absurdity of the objections too commonly raised by persons unacquainted with the subject, against the system. Indeed, such was the interest excited, that numbers of persons could not get admittance, and we understand that the directors, in order to meet the wishes of many of our fellow-citizens, have requested Mr. Wilderspin to conduct a second exhibition on Monday next, when our readers may have an opportunity of judging whether we have overstated the matter. We have no doubt, when Mr. Wilderspin's system becomes generally known, it will be generally adopted; and if seeing the children perform their exercises will not remove the prejudice which still exists against the propriety of these institutions, we envy not the man who retains it. The labor Mr. Wilderspin must have undergone to have brought about such results must have been very great, and the time will come (though not in his lifetime, perhaps,) when these labors will be properly valued. We think mothers, nurses, and even fathers, might get some useful lessons from him.—*Aberdeen Observer*.

FEMALE HEROISM.—"One day," said Massena, "being at Buezhengen, I perceived a young soldier belonging to the light artillery, whose horse had just been wounded by a lance. The young man, who appeared quite a child, defended himself desperately, as several bodies of the enemy lying around him could testify. I immediately despatched an officer, with some men, to his assistance, but they arrived too late. Although this action had taken place on the borders of the wood, and in front of the bridge, this artillery-man had alone withstood the attack of a small troop of Cossacks and Bavarians, whom the officer and men I had despatched had immediately put to flight. His body was covered with wounds inflicted by shot, lances, and swords. There were at least thirty. And do you know, Madame, what this young officer was?" said Massena, turning to me.—"A woman!—yes, a woman—and a handsome woman too! although she was so covered with blood, that it was difficult to judge of her beauty. She had followed her lover to the army. The latter was a captain of artillery; she never left him; and when he was killed, defended, like a lioness, the remains of him she so ardently loved. She was a native of Paris; her name was Louise Bellet; and she was the daughter of a fringe-maker in the Rue du Petit Lion."—*Memoirs of the Duchess of Angantes*.

MUSICAL AUTHORSHIP.—The following bit of pleasant information came out in the course of the evidence in an action brought for the recovery of compensation for adapting certain bars to certain airs, in a certain musical annual. John Whittaker said he was a composer and publisher of music. Published "Paddy Carey," "Oh, say not woman's love is bought," and many others. Thought ten guineas far too much for "We met;" it was not an original air, for he had heard it in a snuff-box; there were some additions put to it by the plaintiff. The whole book was composed of common-place musical trifles. He should think two guineas enough for each, and two guineas extra for orchestral accompaniments. It was a common thing to get Miss Paton (or some other person of celebrity as a singer) to allow her name to be fixed to the song, as being sung by her, in order to give it a sale, and the singer was, on such occasions, paid a sum of money for her name!—*London Times*.

RICH AND POOR.—In a conversation which Madame Campan had with Napoleon, he said: "It is not the poor, but the rich, who require to be looked after in a state. It is the higher ranks who demand attention. If they were not reined in, they would pull down the sovereign in no time. I hold them with a firm hand, and keep them at a due distance, for they are full of ambition. They are pleasant companions, but they have keen appetites. The poor must be protected, for they would be devoured. They have every advantage in society; their rank and wealth protect them but too well. The power of the throne is in the lower ranks, and all the dangers that threaten it proceed from the great."

FAMILY HEIRLOOMS IN THE HIGHLANDS.—At Calder you may yet see the bed in which King Duncan was murdered; at Moy the sword of King Charles and Dundee; at Dunmoly the brotche which was torn from Robert the Bruce, in the battle of Strathfillan; and at Dunvegan, the little four-legged black oak cup, called "*Gluin dubh*," in which the "Mighty of the Isles" have drunk *Hoel* at the christening and *rest* at the funeral of twenty Mac Leods.—*Royal Lady's Mag.*

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.—Professor Hayne, of Gottingen, used to relate that the first impressions on his mind were made by the tears of his mother lamenting that she was not able to find bread for her children.

The oldest monument of an English king, which Great Britain contains, is that of King John, in Worcester cathedral. The tomb was opened some years ago, when the skeleton was found in good preservation, and in precisely the same dress as that represented in the statue.

A HUMAN PRIVILEGE.—Brutes never make themselves ridiculous; that is the peculiar prerogative of man. The former, in their strangest vagaries, act according to nature; while the latter, in trying to go beyond her, render themselves contemptible in the eyes of others, just in proportion as they excel in their own.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER FIFTY-THREE.

Hospital des Invalides—Monument of Turenne—Marshal Ney—A Polish lady in uniform—Females masquerading in men's clothes—Duel between the sons of George the fourth and of Bonaparte—Gambling propensities of the French.

THE weather still holds warm and bright, as it has been all the month, and the scarcely "premature white pantaloon" appeared yesterday in the Tuileries. The ladies loosen their "boas," the silken greyhounds of Italy follow their mistresses without shivering, the birds are noisy and gay in the clipped trees—who that had known February in New-England would recognise him by such a description?

I took an indolent stroll with my friend, Mr. Van B— this morning to the *Hospital des Invalides*, on the other side of the river. Here, not long since, were twenty-five thousand old soldiers. There are but five thousand now remaining, most of them having been dismissed by the Bourbons. It is, of course, one of the most interesting spots in France; and of a pleasant day there is no lounge where a traveler can find so much matter for thought, with so much pleasure to the eye. We crossed over by the *Pont Louis Quinze*, and kept along the bank of the river to the esplanade in front of the hospital. There was never a softer sunshine, or a more deliciously tempered air; and we found the old veterans out of doors, sitting upon the cannon along the rampart, or halting about, with their wooden legs, under the trees, the pictures of comfort and contentment. The building itself, as you know, is very celebrated for its grandeur. The dome of the *Invalides* rises upon the eye from all parts of Paris, a perfect model of proportion and beauty. It was this which Bonaparte ordered to be gilded, to divert the people from thinking too much upon his defeat. It is a living monument of the most touching recollections of him now. Positively the blood mounts, and the tears spring to the eyes of the spectator as he stands a moment, and remembers what is around him in that place. To see his maimed followers creeping along the corridors, clothed and fed by the bounty he left, in a place devoted to his soldiers alone, their old comrades about them, and all glowing with one feeling of devotion to his memory, to speak to them, to hear their stories of "*L'Empereur*"—it is better than a thousand histories to make one feel the glory of "the great captain." The interior of the dome is vast, and of a splendid style of architecture; and out from one of its sides extends a superb chapel, hung all around with the tattered flags taken in his victories alone. Here the veterans of his army worship, beneath the banners for which they fought. It is hardly appropriate, I should think, to adorn thus the church of a "religion of peace;" but while there, at least, we feel strangely certain, somehow, that it is right and fitting; and when, as we stood deciphering the half-effaced insignia of the different nations, the organ began to peal, there certainly was any thing but a jar between this grand music, consecrated as it is by religious associations, and the thrilling and uncontrolled sense in my bosom of Napoleon's glory. The anthem seemed to him!

The majestic sounds were still rolling through the dome when we came to the monument of *Turenne*. Here is another comment on the character of Bonaparte's mind. There was once a long inscription on this monument, describing, in the fulsome style of an epitaph, the deeds and virtues of the distinguished man who is buried beneath. The emperor removed and replaced it by a small slab, graven with the single word *TURENNE*. You acknowledge the sublimity of this as you stand before it. Every thing is in keeping with its grandeur. The lofty proportions and magnificence of the dome, the tangible trophies of glory, and the maimed and venerable figures, kneeling about the altar, of those who helped to win them, are circumstances that make that eloquent word as articulate as if it was spoken in thunder. You feel that Napoleon's spirit might walk the place, and read the hearts of those who should visit it, unoffended.

We passed on to the library. It is ornamented with the portraits of all the generals of Napoleon, save one. *Ney's* is not there. It should, and will be, at some time or other, doubtless; but I wonder that in a day when such universal justice is done to the memory of this brave man, so obvious, and it would seem necessary a reparation, should not be demanded. Great efforts have been making of late to get his sentence publicly reversed, but though they deny his widow and children nothing else, this melancholy and unavailing satisfaction is refused them. *Ney's* memory little needs it, it is true. No visitor looks about the gallery at the *Invalides* without commenting feelingly on the omission of his portrait; and probably no one of the scarred veterans who sit there, reading their own deeds in history, looks round on the faces of the old leaders of whom it tells, without remembering and feeling that the brightest name upon the page is wanting. I would rather, if I were his son, have the regret than the justice.

We left the hospital, as all must leave it, full of Napoleon. France is full of him. The monuments and the hearts of the people, all are alive with his name and glory. Disapprove and detract from his reputation as you will, (and as powerful minds, with apparent justice, have done,) as long as human nature is what it is, as long as power and loftiness of heart hold their present empire over the imagination, Napoleon is immortal.

The promenading world is amused just now with the daily appearance in the Tuileries of a Polish lady, dressed in the Polo-

nais undress uniform, decorated with the order of distinction given for bravery at Warsaw. She is not very beautiful, but she wears the handsome military cap quite gallantly; and her small feet and full chest are truly captivating in boots and a frogged coat. It is an exceedingly spirited, well-charactered face, with a complexion slightly roughened by her new habits. Her hair is cut short, and brushed up at the sides, and she certainly handles the little switch she carries with an air which entirely forbids insult. She is ordinarily seen lounging very idly along between two Polytechnic boys, who seem to have a great admiration for her. I observe that the Polish generals touch their hats very respectfully as she passes, but as yet I have been unable to come at her precise history.

By the by, masquerading in men's clothes is not at all uncommon in Paris. I have sometimes seen two or three women at a time dining at the restaurants in this way. No notice is taken of it, and the lady is perfectly safe from insult, though every one that passes may penetrate the disguise. It is common at the theatres, and at the public balls still more so. I have noticed repeatedly at the weekly *soirees* of a lady of high respectability two sisters, in boy's clothes, who play duets upon the piano for the dance. The lady of the house told me they preferred it, to avoid attention, and the awkwardness of position natural to their vocation, in society. The tailors tell me it is quite a branch of trade—making suits for ladies of a similar taste. There is one particularly, in the *Rue Richelieu*, who is famed for his nice fits to the female figure. It is remarkable, however, that instead of wearing their new honors meekly, there is no such impudent puppy as a *femme deguisee*. I saw one in a *café*, not long ago, rap the *garçon* very smartly over the fingers with a rattle, for overrunning her cup; and they are sure to shoulder you off the sidewalk, if you are at all in the way. I have seen several amusing instances of a probable quarrel in the street, ending in a gay bow, and a "*pardon, madame!*"

There has been a great deal of excitement here for the two past days on the result of a gambling quarrel. An English gentleman, a fine, gay, noble-looking fellow, whom I have often met at parties, and admired for his strikingly winning and elegant manners, lost fifty thousand francs on Thursday night at cards. The Count St. Leon was the winner. It appears that Hesse, the Englishman, had drank freely before sitting down to play, and the next morning his friend, who had bet upon the game, persuaded him that there had been some unfairness on the part of his opponent. He refused consequently to pay the debt, and charged the Frenchman, and another gentleman who backed him, with deception. The result was a couple of challenges, which were both accepted. Hesse fought the count on Friday, and was dangerously wounded at the first fire. His friend fought on Saturday, (yesterday,) and is reported to be mortally wounded. It is a little remarkable that both the *losers* are shot; and still more remarkable, that Hesse should have been, as he was known to be, a natural son of George the Fourth; and Count Leon, as was equally well known, a natural son of Bonaparte!

Every body gambles in Paris. I had no idea that so desperate a vice could be so universal, and so little deprecated as it is. The gambling-houses are as open and as ordinary a resort as any public promenade, and one may haunt them with as little danger to his reputation. To dine from six to eight, gamble from eight to ten, go to a ball, and return to gamble till morning, is as common a routine, for married men and bachelors both, as a system of dress, and as little commented on. I sometimes stroll into the card-room at a party, but I cannot get accustomed to the sight of ladies losing or winning money. Almost all French women, who are too old to dance, play at parties, and their daughters and husbands watch the game as unconcerned as if they were turning over prints. I have seen English ladies play, but with less philosophy. They do not lose their money gaily. It is a great spoiler of beauty, the vexation of a loss. I think I never could respect a woman upon whose face I had remarked the shade I often see at an English card-table. It is certain that vice walks abroad in Paris, in many a shape that would seem, to an American eye, to show the fiend too openly. I am not over particular, I think, but I would as soon expose a child to the plague as give either son or daughter a free rein for a year in Paris.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

GLANCES AT THE DRAMA.

In a paper headed "*Dramatic Improbabilities*," and published not long since in the *Mirror*, there are remarks which I learn some persons, who suppose themselves alluded to, take very much to heart. The young gentleman who personates robbers, on perusing the allusions to his style of playing them, I am told, looked and acted more naturally like a desperate fellow behind the scenes than he had ever done on the stage. Indeed, a friend of his was heard to observe that if he would put on the same expression and attitude before the audience which he assumed on that occasion, he might go to Brooklyn as a *star*, and instead of playing the robber, even appear as *Macbeth* himself. I should, however, sincerely regret to see him lay aside that genteel address which marks every part he is put in. If there must be throats cut and people poisoned, why not have it done in a gracious and quiet way? It must greatly diminish the horror of assassination in the eyes of the unfortunate victim, to have the deed perpetrated with a scrupulous attention to those little elegancies of manner which add so

much to the enjoyment of life. It is well known that a man who had been rescued from drowning by the exertions of a passenger, once brought an action against his deliverer, in consequence of the injuries which he had inflicted on his person while taking him from the stream. If, then, saving one's life roughly, be a cause of anger, why may not destroying it in a polite way, induce a species of gratitude? For my part, I think the young man is right. So far from wishing him to pay the slightest attention to those critics who sneer at all improvement, and are unable to keep pace with the march of intellect, the next time he is cast in a murderer, instead of blacking his face with burnt cork, and glueing on the usual ferocity, in the shape of beard and mustachios, I advise him to wear small-clothes, silk stockings, and a powdered wig, and never to end any mortal's existence without first giving a satisfactory reason and apologizing for the liberty he takes. If he will do this, I here pledge myself to stand by him against the critics, as the Scottish tyrant observes, "*come what, come may.*"

My informant also adds that the ladies who, I said, held up their dresses from the dust, while flying from the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, discover considerable triumph at a species of anachronism in which they have detected me, and wish me to explain how they could hold up their garments when every one knows that the prevailing fashion of female attire renders such a proceeding altogether unnecessary.

Besides these, the man that manages the wind and thunder, says his feelings are much hurt at the notice I took of one of his tempests, which happened to be a little behind hand. He declares that on that occasion the individual who works the moon sent it up ten minutes before the time, which compelled him to wait.

Notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, I am resolved to go on with my design of exposing to view what ever I can detect contrary to reason or modesty. Common sense, perhaps, cannot always be consulted, that is, the strictness of reality may be sometimes waived. Imagination must assist in deceiving the audience, and they must tacitly consent to connive at the fraud. Thus years may pass in hours. We follow an adventurer around the world, while in fact we know he has been all the while in the same place—and rocks and mountains, woods and skies, come and go as the contingencies of the piece require. We must also be content, in watching the progress of any story illustrated in a play, to find every occurrence excluded but such as relates to the particular plot in which we are interested. Real life presents a medley of strangely complicated and heterogeneous incidents—the most common-place trifles and stupendous events are mixed up together—and scenes of anguish and of merriment not only follow each other closely, but are so mingled, that we cannot observe one without, at the same time, being struck with the other. It is one of the wonders of Shakspeare that he often succeeded in imitating this medley. Every body has read "*Romeo and Juliet*," and will remember that touching dialogue between the lovers in the opening of the fifth scene of the third act; but, perhaps, every one has not dwelt on the peculiar turn which the exquisite observer of human nature has given to the end, and which is exactly the characteristic I was describing. The beautiful and affectionate girl at length convinced that the light she discerns in the east is the approach of day, urges the lingering youth to flight.

Jul.—Oh, now begone: more light and light it grows.
Rom.—More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Nurse.—Madam.
Jul.—Nurse?
Nurse.—Your lady mother's coming to your chamber, &c.

The languid melancholy of the enamored boy, venting itself thus naturally with the air of a refined and poetic mind, in comparing the difference between the brightening up of morning and the shadows which a separation from his mistress casts over his own soul—then the hasty voice of the ignorant vulgar nurse, cutting short his sentimental reflections—these are beautiful displays of power, and so aid the fancy, that we who sit in the boxes forget where we are. But as every dramatist is not a Shakspeare, many plays present inconsistencies which cannot be easily got over. I saw a girl in an opera so completely ruined both in innocence, happiness, and reputation, that my heart bled for her; and, although I think suicide a dreadful crime, I almost pardoned her when she ran off the stage, declaring her intention to fling herself into the sea. Poor thing! I was deeply affected; but when she proceeded to carry her design into execution, the waves washed her ashore, whereupon she stepped forward with an inimitable archness and grace, and danced a merry hornpipe to such lively music, that I could scarcely sit still in my seat. By the way, while touching upon the impropriety of being so extremely cheerful while one is so exceedingly unhappy, I must take the audience a little to task for a palpable want of sympathy which they sometimes betray, with the most affecting accidents and agonies of all sorts going on before their eyes. I have seen them take snuff in the midst of a battle, and make fun of the executioner who was to break a gentleman on the wheel. They button up their coats and prepare to go out for beer while a hero is dying; and I have known a brace of strapping citizens eat peanuts with an unfeeling avidity, while even female virtue and beauty were in distress. I cannot judge of the feelings of the characters most concerned, but as for myself, if any thing could heighten the pain of misfortune, or make the stings of remorse more intolerable, it would be seeing or hearing a bystander eat peanuts.

There is a gentleman at one of the theatres, who often wears his hat in a drawing-room with ladies. This, although not well-bred, would appear less remarkable if he did not so frequently come bareheaded into the woods. Indeed, the hat is an article not

sufficiently considered on the stage, which is never owing to necessity, but always to carelessness. It has struck me, too, as very odd, when pretty young women are met rambling in pathless forests in spotless white muslin, and without any bonnets. Though my readers may smile, I cannot but think a stricter attention to these and similar circumstances, trifling as they are, would add to the illusion of the scene. When the stage presents an ocean, sometimes so agitated by a tempest as to shipwreck a large merchantman, I have seen occasionally a supernumerary walk through it as unconcernedly as if he had been a mermaid. The extraordinary delight which the audience invariably manifest, on the occurrence of these mistakes, must be exceedingly gratifying to the performer, who is perhaps in the middle of a sentimental soliloquy, or relating his woes to them. If I did not fear to be set down as presuming in thus lecturing the public, I could here again remind them of the numerous instances where they break into merriment at some common-place trifle, which has nothing to do with the play, and thereby destroy the spell. I have heard a dying man uttering his last request amid shouts of laughter. A mistake happening on the stage is likely at all times to excite more notice than a humorous expression; and when a fellow, coming on to hand a letter, hits his foot and stumbles, from the general pleasure visible in the countenances of the spectators, you would think it one of the wittiest things possible.

I have been troubled with the guns used by persons on the stage, which, in an emergency, nearly bring the whole company to a stand by refusing to go off; yet the person who is to die knows his part is to fall, without inquiring whether the piece is regularly discharged or not. Many a man is shot in this way with an amiable understanding between him and his murderer, not often met with between the best of friends.

Every performer should comprehend the whole play, and have that knowledge of the characters about him as if the whole were real. Unless he effects this, he is liable to fall into ludicrous error in those points to be illustrated by actions instead of words, as well as in the manner of reading. In this way the Frank Osbaldistones in *Rob Roy* are nearly all dubious persons. I noted one who, in the fighting scene between himself and Rashleigh, which is interrupted by the sudden entrance of the noble outlaw, while Rob is urging him, with the greatest vehemence, to keep back, and not pursue the conflict further, Frank stood so quietly, that if I had not been previously acquainted with his character, his present tame bearing might have induced a very serious suspicion of his courage.

I shall conclude this article with a word to the managers on the subject of *double entendres*, or indelicacies of any description. Custom has, in a degree, sanctioned the admission of incidents and language in a play, the mention of which would be intolerable in private circles. An allusion made by a great author like Shakespeare, from the force of the moral which it inculcates, may, perhaps, not be without its excuse; but when such as these fall to the part of a performer, who, despairing of the approbation of the wise, is satisfied with the coarse applause of the vulgar, he gives it so much emphasis, and makes it stare every one so broadly in the face, that fathers who have daughters in the boxes secretly resolve they will not for the future expose themselves to so much obscenity. He who on such occasions would boldly hiss, would certainly find others to join him, and would render a service to every modest female accustomed to attend the exhibition, and in the end to the theatre itself. The delivering these vulgarities is, I acknowledge, not the actor's fault, who must, by the rules of the establishment, speak what is set down for him. It is the manager's duty to purify the pieces from all allusions from which an innocent girl must shrink. But when this is not done, the actor, by passing it over lightly and carelessly, shows a kind of noble generosity in sacrificing a round of acclamation from the pit, for the sake of a few whose feelings he is unwilling to wound. I have detected several actors in doing this silent act of goodness. It shows not only a praiseworthy confidence in their own powers, which persuades them to violate no decency for the sake of applause, but also it discovers a clear head and sound heart, and I commend them as models to the attention of the rest of the company.

SEDLAY.

SKETCHES BY A BRIEFLESS LAWYER.

FIRST EFFORTS.

It was after a day of more than usual exertions, that, harassed and fatigued in mind and body, I sat in my office, brooding, in no pleasant humor, over my situation. The night was dark and cheerless, and the heavy moaning of the wind as it swept through the street, loaded with damps, and pressing itself through every crack and keyhole in its course, told that the night without was in unison with the gloom within. The last few months of my life passed in quick review before me. They were the commencement of my career in the world; and I asked myself what I had found in them to answer the yearnings and aspirations of the whole of my previous life. In the pride of youth I had looked with scorn on those I had heard complaining of the cares and anxieties of the world, and had wished that they might fall thick and strong upon me. There was excitement in the idea of buffeting the waves of life, and struggling in them for an existence which I felt myself able to preserve, and I had waited with impatience for the period of trial to arrive. It had come. But under circumstances how different from what I anticipated had my first efforts been made. In the true spirit of enterprise, hoping all things and expecting all things, I had lunched my barque on the sea of life; and with

the sanguine feelings of youth, I had ventured in it all my hopes of honor, of fame, and wealth, not suffering myself to contemplate even the possibility of an unsuccessful voyage. But difficulty and embarrassment and anxiety had already encountered me, and although my success in business had not been trifling, and it was after a day of triumph over one of the most bitter and unrelenting enemies to my advancement in my profession, I began to feel as if I was a wearied sojourner on the "world's shoreless, sleepless sea." Victory had brought with it no elevation of spirits; the buoyancy of youth had departed, and I then felt as if I could have laid down

"Like a tired child,
And wept away the life of care
Which I had borne, and yet must bear."

I have never felt a disposition to join in the weak lamentations for the pleasures of childhood, or the happiness of school-boy days, so common to imbecile manhood and doting old age. The sorrows of each period with me have been in proportion to its joys. If in childhood I have been pleased with a new frock, the tear of sorrow has been shed over a rent in it; or if a new top has made my young heart leap with joy, my anguish has been proportionably great over a broken whistle. But there is a period, when on the verge of manhood, in which the pleasures of life have in them little of alloy. The capacity for enjoyment is then matured; the mind and body are vigorous and healthy; and although the powers of both may be afterwards increased by labor and continued employment, they are also hardened and rendered callous by the same means. There is then light-heartedness which is not the produce of insensibility, but the attribute of a spirit yet unsubdued by adversity and misfortune. The veil which hangs before the realities of life has not been raised, and the world, as it is seen through it, is bright and glorious. In the future there is every thing to hope and but little to fear; and if some wretched example of mortality should be presented to a youth at this period, he would see in it no presage of his own fate. What is it to him at this time of life, that others who have preceded him in the struggle for fame, with hopes as high and prospects as fair as his, have failed in the contest? What is it, that on every side of him he can find an instance of the fickleness of fortune and the vanity of human pursuits? He will not see in the decrepit forms which so often meet his eye, men whose hearts once bounded as high with hope as his—neither will he believe that after a few brief years of toil and disappointment, his career will end as theirs has, and that he will at length rest where they have rested. He hopes for better things; and as he stands proud in the consciousness of his own powers, strong in the affection of admiring friends, and buoyant with the hope of a future life of respectability and usefulness, he heeds not the warning he might receive from the numerous instances of failure and disappointment. And is it not better that he should not heed it? No knowledge can ward off misfortune, for it is life itself; and the blind man, who fearlessly approaches the gulf, and with a firm step walks into eternity, is less to be pitied than the wretch who vainly struggles against the horrors which he beholds from its brink.

It was a recurrence to this period, and a comparison of the expectations in which I then indulged, with their realization, that gave the tone to my reflections on the evening alluded to at the commencement of this sketch.

One of the first suits I had instituted after opening my office in —, was against a member of my own profession. It was in behalf of the widow and administratrix of a mechanic, who, dying very suddenly, had left his affairs in great disorder. His widow had employed the defendant to assist her in the settlement of the estate, and had placed in his hands for collection, notes, accounts, and other evidences of debt, amounting to two or three thousand dollars. After they had been in his possession about eighteen months, and he had received a large proportion of the debts, my client applied to him for the proceeds. He put her off with the reply that he would soon bring her affairs to a close, and would then make a general and final settlement with her. After some months, her necessities compelled her to urge another application, which he avoided under various pretexts; but the wants of a numerous family not permitting her to cease her demands upon him, he at length told her that there was no money in his hands belonging to her—that his receipts had only been sufficient to pay the costs of suits in which he had been unable to collect any thing. It was in vain that the bereaved widow appealed to his sense of justice, and even to his charity for a trifling sum to sustain her family until she could make some other arrangement for their support. Trusting to his standing in society, where his legal acquirements and shrewdness had given him considerable eminence, and believing that a poor and helpless widow could never call him to an account, or disturb him in the possession of this considerable acquisition to his fortune, he spurned her from him, and tauntingly told her that if she was not satisfied with his charges, she had better seek redress at law. She did apply to several members of the bar; but on hearing against whom, and for what she sought redress, and being unwilling to embroil themselves in a quarrel with a member of the profession, with whose vindictive and revengeful character they probably were acquainted, they had declined undertaking her cause.

At length one of them directed her to me, as a young lawyer who had recently settled in —, who had as yet little business, and who would probably be very glad of such an opportunity of appearing before the public. She came. It needed not her tears or entreaties to invite me to exertion. The case itself was the very one, of all others, I would have chosen at this period of

my professional career. I knew not and cared not with whom I came in contact. My desire for eminence in the law, my hatred of oppression, the love of justice, the detestation of villany; every chivalrous, and indignant, and even interested feeling was roused, and whatever powers I possessed at the time were put forth in this cause. I had need of them all to sustain me in the arduous struggle which ensued. The character and money of the defendant were both at stake, and he hesitated at no means to preserve them, or injure one who had dared to jeopardize them. During the many months of the "law's delay," he took infinite pains to injure me in the minds of my legal brethren, and I at length discovered that they began to view me in the light of a legal pirate, and that with the community I had the unenviable character of a *stirrer-up of wriss*. My zeal, however, was unabated, and my determination to prosecute my cause, and bring it to a trial, unwavering. After a series of *demurrers*, *pleas*, *rejoinders*, *surrejoinders*, *rebutters*, and *surrebutters*, which continued near eight months, I was at length able to notice my cause for trial. The case had excited much attention, and the court-room on the day of trial was filled to overflowing. The defendant had employed one of the most distinguished counsellors in the place to assist him in his defence, while I, determined that whatever of honor or disgrace grew out of the cause should be mine alone, had prepared to try it without any associate.

Few who see and know me now, would believe that one of the greatest obstacles to my early advancement, was *diffidence*; and fewer still would credit a relation of my struggles to overcome it. In my boyhood, an unexpected address from a gentleman, or a word from a lady, would cover my face with blushes; and even in manhood, I have been obliged to resort to all kinds of expedients to hide the blood which shamed my years. I have been called impudent, and, perhaps, with justice, judging from my conduct, or actions, but it was not an impudence that proceeded from self-conceit, or indifference to observation; it had its origin in this very diffidence, and was the effect of the absolute desperation with which, in my efforts to overcome it, I would throw myself before the world. It is possible that some of my readers may be able to conceive my feelings when my cause was called. As I heard the clerk read over the names of the parties, I cursed my infatuation in not having associated some counsellor with me; and a moment before opening to the jury, I would have given every farthing I was worth, and all my hopes of present or future advancement, to have been alone, in any place where the eye of man could not rest on me. Anticipating, in some measure, this state of feeling, I had determined to confine myself in opening the case, to a very brief statement of our cause of action. I have never been able to recollect a word of what I said to the jury, but presume I must have repeated a statement I had prepared and committed to memory. The first thing I remember, after rising to speak, was hearing the judge say, "the counsel for the plaintiff will proceed with the cause." This roused me from a something like stupor, in which I had sat for a few moments after finishing my opening. For some time I went on mechanically, with the examination of a witness, from questions which I had prepared and held in my hand; but as I grew more collected, my interest in the cause revived. I remembered how much I had suffered from the misrepresentations and slanders of the defendant; how much my standing with the members of the bar, and my reputation as a lawyer depended upon the issue of the cause, and that the rights of a widowed mother, and fatherless children, were committed to my care. The facts which were gradually developed in the course of the trial, were, of themselves, sufficient to rouse me. Among other things, I showed, by a clerk in the office of the defendant, that he had received above two thousand of the three thousand dollars of debts placed in his hands for collection, and that he had appropriated all that sum to the payment of his costs, in suits for debts, varying from four to ten dollars, which he had not been able to collect, and which he must have known before putting them in suit, could not have been collected. It was not to have been expected that the defendant would bear such disclosures with any degree of patience.

The examination and cross-examination of witnesses presented one continued scene of wrangling and disputation; and more bitter feelings were engendered during the trial, than, in any other in which I have ever been engaged. The defendant summed up his cause himself. He appeared to have reserved all his energies until then; and smarting as he was under the disclosures I had been the cause of bringing to light, the full vial of his wrath was poured out upon me. I had not then learned to command my temper, or acquired the control of my feelings, which I now possess; and as charge after charge was made by him, impugning the honesty of my motives in bringing the suit, and degrading in every way to my character as a man and a lawyer, my cheek paled and flushed, my limbs trembled, and the indignant feelings which swelled my bosom were manifest in every feature. I forgot my timidity, when I rose to reply, and my indignation found vent in the strong language of passion. Words and phrases and sentiments, of which I have now no recollection, were then at hand; and I felt, when I had concluded my reply to that part of his speech which had been addressed to me, that my vindication of myself had been full and triumphant. It was then that I recurred to the merits of my cause, and the wrongs of my client. If, in the excitement occasioned by an attack upon myself, I had for a moment forgotten my duty to her, it was but for a moment. Her forlorn and distressed situation, had touched my heart, and from my heart my appeal to

the jury in her behalf was made. I forgot that I was in court; I forgot that the eyes of the multitude, and the scowl of hatred were upon me; I forgot every thing but my client, and her wrongs; the defendant and his extortions; and as I dwelt upon his conduct to my client, I found that I was addressing men whose hatred of oppression and injustice was as deep and strong as my own. My profession and my ambition have often brought me before my fellow-men as a public speaker, and my efforts have been rewarded by their applause; but I am confident that no speech I have made was more sincere than that which gained a verdict of nineteen hundred dollars for my widowed and most grateful client.

CITY RAMBLES.

A ramble through the city now is really a continued pleasure. The equivocal season has taken a stand. Winter is gone. Spring is actually here at last, and beautifully she makes herself visible every where. The green shrubbery peeps over the garden fences—the buds are bursting forth—her verdant carpet is laid over park and meadow—and the early morning air is loaded with balmy fragrance like breezes in a poem. Dear spring! It covers the earth and fills the atmosphere with poetry. I even caught my sober friend B. H. the other day poring over his virgin attempt, extorted from him, it seems, by the universal enchantress. Here it is:

Spring is come!
And the cool fresh breeze blows fitfully,
O'er the sparkling waters dancing;
And ripples their surface, playfully,
With waves in the sunbeams glancing.
The water-fowl's cry is borne on the lake,
And music is floating from bush and brake,
And the frog's harsh croak, and the grasshopper's hum,
All are proclaiming—spring is come.

Spring is come!
The tall old trees again are green,
The young grass to life is springing,
Dew-drops and wild flowers around are seen
Where the birds are merrily singing.
The air is warm and the sun shines bright;
All nature is joyous with life and light;
And above and around, with a ceaseless hum,
Is murmuring forever—spring is come.

It is truly a season to melt the heart of a sinner. The pale faces which have been wasting, for so many weary months, by the heat of all kinds of coals, from Rhode Island to Liverpool, turn to the lifted window with a new feeling. Already the thought of distant shades is stirring at the heart of the worn citizen. The peach blossoms have unfolded their tender crimson leaves, and the willow droops more languidly beneath its fresh foliage. In the suburbs of the city the signs are more palpable. The frog croaks in the late frozen pool, the birds warble from bursting flowers, the poultry lie clustered on the sunny bank, the cattle stand lazily in the brook lashing themselves with their tail, and half an hour in the wood or by the river side passes delightfully. Every thing is calm, serene, and lovely. Every thing betrays the absolute overthrow of the tyrant Winter. Thank heaven, he has, at length departed, and the grateful air, which now blows in so softly on my forehead, assures me—

I had written thus far last evening, lulled in redolent visions of summer beauty. The window was open. The fire was out. I stopped once to listen to the hum of a musketo. It was so warm that I laid aside the paper and went forth to walk. But who shall say when a New-York winter is ended? The whole scene is totally changed. It is tempestuous, desolate, cold, and altogether wintry. The omnibusses thunder splashing along the sloppy streets, full of shuddering, wet citizens, with dripping cloaks, coats, overshoes, and umbrellas. A keen, cold air pierces to the bones. They who have fuel, build fires—they who, trusting to the deceitful smiles of this false month, have not, (heaven help them) go without. Neighbor Dobson, who keeps his office opposite, took down his stove yesterday afternoon. Nothing like decision of character! *Mem.*—Never take down a stove till June. As for me, I have not had a more cheerful fire this winter than at present. Bursting leaves and blossoms, indeed! Nature's velvet carpet! Morning dew! Very pretty things—excellent in their way. (John, hand me the poker.) Half an hour by the river side! I think I see myself standing on a wet rock, with some of that slippery green weed beneath my feet. (Another scuttle of coal, John.) I pity editors of weeklies on these occasions. If they do sometimes say queer things touching the weather, poor fellows, we should not draw conclusions unfavorable to their integrity. They mean well, but it is the climate which deceives their expectations. I have known their carriers, positively blue with cold, trudging round the dreary-looking city to serve trembling subscribers with printed congratulations on the unusual mildness of the season. At other times we are gravely recommended to lay in coal, and list the doors well, and not venture out in thin shoes while we are, in fact, choosing the shady side of the street to enjoy the air and taste a cream.

It is now the twenty-second of April. Come here, George. Look out of this window—there, by those vine leaves—don't you see a humming-bird, clad in an unspeakable gorgeousness, shaming the richest eastern monarch, and floating on his half-visible wings from bud to bud? Hark to his hum. Does not your heart leap with the rarest summer associations at the sound? What a superb creature! Let us go forth and rove awhile. There is something irresistibly seducing in the first breath of spring. How serene and bright is all nature. The air is of a delicious temperature, and yet the sun has not yet lifted his magnificent disk fairly into the heaven. See, even now his expanded rim lingers a mo-

ment on the horizon, as if to steal a parting kiss. Now that deep, rich cloud has broken into lines and crosses his dazzling face like golden bars. See how they break away—slowly melting from his fiery beams. There—there—they are gone aside. He is clear, and his radiant floods roll over the scene without interruption.

Let us take a stroll around the good old city of Manahatta. It has been obscured so long with wintry storms that we have not lately lingered in the streets. We will greet them with a little more attention.

The trampling of horses' feet. It is a party of pleasure, consisting of several ladies and gentlemen. They come this way. Pretty! very pretty! And now as they are sweeping that corner I hear the sound of their light laughter. Riding is a healthy and graceful exercise, and I observe with pleasure that it is coming into fashion more and more every year; and, what is better, the ladies ride—before breakfast. Groups of them may be frequently noticed at this early and delightful period of the day passing in high glee up Broadway into some of the fine avenues which lead over the island. There are many admirable roads for this purpose in our vicinity. Those adjacent to the East river have many charms, but on the whole, I prefer those in the vicinity of the Hudson—through Bloomingdale, and along several by-paths that lead through winding and shady lanes down to the water's edge. I suspect the fair travellers are not all acquainted with the noble, I may add splendid prospects, within an hour's ride of their homes. There is one in particular from the rocky shore of the North river, beautiful and striking in a remarkable degree. You catch a fine picture view of Weehawken point—the broad bay and river—the New-York shore, and also that of New-Jersey, gradually rising and beginning to heave with those graceful swells and abrupt acclivities which, as you proceed up the stream, enlarge so splendidly into mountain scenery.

But the sound of the horses' hoofs has died away, and here we are by the Park. Nature is gleaming out here as well as every where else, and by the assistance of the corporation will, I trust, brighten it up into a very pleasant spot. But how those awkward, tasteless, white-washed, board palings around the grass plots deface their beauty! The scene, however, in many respects, discovers the hand of improvement. The fairy change in the old jail is nearly completed—and a very grateful one it is. Fancy that Harlequin struck his wand against the blackest, dreariest, most disgraceful, and disreputable-looking prison you ever saw, and converted it into an Athenian temple, and you have it exactly. Yet if the honorable corporation aim at the power of Harlequin, they are very far from reaching his dispatch, as the hall of record has been in progress an indefinite period of time, and I have not met any one able to conjecture when it will be finished. I must not omit to observe the fine iron railing springing up behind the old institution for the deaf and dumb, and facing Chamber-street.

I wonder what's to be done with the bridewell?

The warm weather has brought out all the bees, white pantaloons, and soda-water shops. The academies of paintings are to be opened—Niblo's garden is opened—Contoit, Palmo, Castle garden—the note of preparation is sounding far and wide.

Niblo is one of the most wonderful fellows that ever lived. The influence of his original mind has absolutely wrought a change in this city. He has given an impulse to gardens, and fireworks, bowers, green-lamps, dinners, &c. There was a time when the men and women of New-York walked. The ladies walked from the Battery to the Sailor's Snug Harbor. The merchants walked down Broadway in strings to Wall-street after they had got their breakfast; and when they had perpetrated all their transactions they walked back. Citizens of every grade—except youth of the very first order—were compelled to follow the example of Loony Mactwotter, and traverse the distance of this extended metropolis on the machines that the hay makers use in Ireland. Hackney coaches are expensive, and the drivers insolent. But who walks now? Niblo's fertile imagination one day struck out a new plan, for he has the inventive and bold genius of Napoleon himself. "Do you see that star?" said the emperor one day to his uncle as an explanation of his ensuing excursion to Russia. "No," replied the old cardinal. "I do," was the reply. "Do you not see what this is for?" said Niblo to the carriage maker, when he ordered a stage four times larger than had ever been conceived here before, and to be fitted up in the most expensive style. "No," replied the wheel-right. Niblo placed the tip of his fore-finger on his nose. An expression of deep thought passed over his face. "I do," he said; and leaving the room, ordered his man to get a bottle of Maderia, a corkscrew, and one glass, and deny him to all visitors. The event has realized his expectations. There are now in Broadway alone, twenty-six of the most fanciful and pleasant vehicles to ride in that can be imagined. You travel two miles for eight cents or a shilling, and each one, I learn, takes in sixteen dollars a day. Who says the designer of this is not a public benefactor, and ought not to have a dinner?

Do you see that row of fine houses in William by Wall-street? They are to come down—half of Ann-street ditto—and I do not know how many others, for the sake of improving and beautifying the city. The changes which at present it is undergoing will materially alter the appearance of many portions of it. You remember the mass of filthy buildings in the rear of the college-green. See what an imposing row of mansions now occupies and ornaments the spot. It really has a lordly air, and is one of the most charming sections of the town. This place was formerly a sand bank; and before it was at all cultivated, or had any particular value attached to it, I have heard the then corporation leased it,

with a vast amount of other real property, for an exorbitant length of time at an annual rent of a few bushels of wheat! Of course, when the old lease expires, the estate will revert to the corporation.

It is strange that with all the extended plans which the common council form for the benefit of the citizens, they are so inexcusably negligent of cleanliness. No city in the Union is so filthy. There seems to be no energy exerted on the subject, although the daily papers teem with epistles from cats and dogs who have departed this life, praying a decent interment. Mud lies often in the streets for weeks, ankle deep; and as for dirt, the inhabitants may fear the *ophthalmia*, a disease of the eyes which many Arabs suffer from the sands of the desert. There—look at that fellow yonder, emptying ashes into an uncovered cart. See as the light breeze springs up how it sweeps in a long train down the street into the faces of the passengers, and on the other side behold a waggon of lime treating the people opposite in the same way. All this is mighty agreeable.

Well, here we are on the Battery—a scene of which we can never tire. See that winged boat flying across the surface and leaving behind it a wake of whirling eddies and sparkling foam. Is it not pretty? Farther off is a ship putting out to sea. She floats with a slower motion. The gentle wind which sends the other bounding along the wave, only swells those broad white sails with its breath. That must be a packet. How gracefully and gallantly she shapes her course towards the distant gates which lead from these silver waves—this peaceful scene—forth far and wide over the broad ocean. I never saw a noble ship, all her flags streaming, and her sails set, putting out to sea, without a sensation of anxiety, admiration, and delight. But hark! the cry of the milkmen and bakers. The sun is high, and the carts are thundering along over the pavement. The various sounds of labor are rising on all sides round me, and I, like others, a slave to artificial wants, must to my task with the rest.

MAY 4.—I dropped into the theatre this evening to enjoy the opera. A friend asked if I had "heard the crash?" "Of what?" "the building." I requested him to explain. The immense high store of Phelps and Peck, in Fulton-street, had fallen to the ground, and crushed to death he knew not how many people. I hastened to the spot, which presented a most extraordinary scene. Fancy an immense crowd, condensed within the narrow streets, around the relics of a lofty brick building, six stories high; the surrounding houses illuminated, and men upon the ruins, distinctly seen in the lurid glare of the windows and a number of torches; the shouts of the workmen, and the murmur of horror, which ever and anon ran through the throng, as a body was extricated, or a mass of the remaining wall rolled crumbling and thundering from its base. A part of the roof remained overhanging the rubbish, and apparently unsupported. The ringing of the bells had collected the hook and ladder companies attached to the fire department, and one daring fellow climbed up and fastened a rope to the tottering fragment, by which it was drawn to the earth. It is indeed a scene to be remembered. The excitement is tremendous. Hark! another hum and bustle—a mangled form has been extricated.

MAY 5.—Through the city this morning, there is one only theme of conversation—the accident. You hear fragments of sentences, as you pass along the streets; hasty questions and answers, all on the same subject. Let us again visit the spot. See, as we draw near, there is a sensible change in the manner and character of the passengers. They have not the settled business look and walk which mark the New-Yorkers at nine in the morning; they are eager and rapid in their pace—their faces wear an expression of anxiety—curiosity—wonder—horror.—They are, in larger numbers, moving all the same way, with the same purpose. There stands the mayor, busily talking, and yonder goes a train of constables, with their poles, to keep order among the anxious and rapidly increasing crowd. The scene would call to mind a revolution, or some popular commotion; yet, instead of anger, the prevailing sentiments are fear and pity, which have hushed all the noisy and boisterous riot incidental to such large collections of people. They stand silent and awe-struck, gazing on the ruins. Officers are ranged round to keep a circle clear, and give room to the workmen, who have been all night, and are yet laboring to disinter the bodies, and remove such parts of the building as remain in a situation dangerous to the surrounding inhabitants. The edifice was one of the largest in the city; the fact that it was built in the winter, but feebly put together, and completely filled with cotton and heavy merchandise, must account for the catastrophe. I never saw a picture so strikingly emblematic of wreck and ruin as it presents at this moment. It seems to have been struck with a thunder-bolt, and rent in twain; the walls and massive timbers are wrenched asunder—vast quantities of rubbish and merchandize lie heaped up on the spot, while others are precipitated into the street; much of the latter is exposed; the place looks as if an avalanche had tumbled from a mountain, and in its descent dashed a village into atoms. The bodies of a number of the unfortunate tenants have been rescued; some are discerned, but cannot yet be disentangled. One is crushed, with his head upwards. A pair of feet are uncovered beneath his arms; while, in a different place the arm of a clerk is alone visible, a silver pen yet in his fingers. One hour before this calamity occurred, I was in the second story of this very house. What strange thoughts come crowding on my imagination!

MAY 7.—I actually dreamed all last night of the dreadful scene described above. The earliest beams of morning found

me awake, and as a ray of the sun touched the walls of my chamber with golden fire, I shook off the remaining drowsiness of slumber, and dressed myself for a walk. Come with me, dear reader. Lift your cheek from the hot pillow. Spring is abroad, in all her magnificence. Fly from the phantom-dreams that haunt your rest, and taste the sweet reality of nature. I know it is not the easiest enterprise—even the traversing of that short distance from your bed to the window. I know how potently the "murderous slumber" lays his "leaden mace" upon you. I know how delusively the moments are beguiled by spirit forms, and lovely visions—but start away from them; and how suddenly you become a new creature. Let the stupid and the guilty kill time in "awiniah sleep." It is a gain to them. But to you, whose hearts are light—whose consciences are clear, it is but a death in the midst of life, which, after a certain period, benumbs and deadens all the faculties. Ah, you are up. How the grateful air from the window revives you! Did you ever notice the expression of a person's face directly after sleep? Such a vacancy—such a ludicrous absence of thought and feeling—such a "where am I?" or "I wish you were at the d—!" sort of a look as he gives when you break his darling repose. I have burst into laughter on such occasions, on accidentally catching a glance of my countenance in the glass.

Is not it a delicious sensation, the laving your temples and neck with that cool transparent water? Already, the blood stirs through your veins more boldly and cheerfully. Upon my soul, a faint sparkle of intelligence is rising in your eyes—you are washed and dressed—"Richard's himself again." So now for our ramble.

Whither shall we go? You do not like the dust you say, of street-sweeping—well, nor I. So pass we on, by whole armies of servant maids, with mops and watering pots—cleaners of brass knobs and door handles—bakers, milkmen, goers to market, and a thousand *et ceteras*, and here we are at Hoboken ferry. Hear, the bell rings—they are about to start. With what a deafening din the steam bursts and spouts from the pipe. We are safely on board—the engine moves, the city recedes. We are ploughing this splendid sheet of water, which would be of a mirror smoothness but for the long foaming wake of our boat, that breaks the lucid stillness beautifully, striking its transparent green into ripples of sparkling light. Vessels, of all kinds, are plying their course, in various directions around us. The waters lie like a graceful lake by the sleeping city, circled with shores of green, except where distance lends its magic charm, and the verdant foliage melts into heavenly blue. How finely the outline of Staten Island is painted on the sky; and to the north what can be more picturesque than the broken promontory of Weehawk, with a train of snowy-winged sloops doubling its verdant cape? Hear the hum of labor, rising from the town, and the dash of oars from yonder boat; and see two high ships gliding through the Narrows; and now we approach the grassy shores of New-Jersey, all lighted up by the level beams of the eastern sun.—The fresh air has given color to your cheek, and brightness to your eye. Your soul is awake, as well as your body. You are glowing with a thousand pleasant feelings, some subdued into tranquil contentment—others deepening into transient rapture. Tell me, is not this better than even all the boasted luxuries of morning sleep?

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE, ETC.

Miss HUGHES has concluded a successful engagement at the Park, to which Mrs. Austin has just returned. We have attended several rehearsals of the magnificent opera of the White Lady, every time with increased gratification. It is nearly ready for production. Much activity prevails in the musical department. A clever young artist, Mr. Harri, has been placed at the flute desk, as second to Mr. Kyle; the basses and tenors have been doubled, and a seat assigned to Mr. Trust, the harpist. The beautiful tint of Scottish melody, which Boieldieu has so admirably infused throughout this *chef d'œuvre*, the soundness of his harmony, and the mildness of his modulation, come in quick succession of each other, and with the happiest effect; and if the drama be a fair vehicle for the music, and we have faith in Howard Payne, this opera bids fair to deserve as warm a reception from an amateur as the never-failing Cinderella.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Blanchard personated one of the Dromios, at the Park, and with his usual felicity, for the benefit of Mrs. Barrymore. This deserving actress has fully sustained the favorable impressions produced by her first appearance. Her action, as the dumb girl in Masaniello, is extremely graceful and spirited.

Miss Vincent, Mrs. Hamblin, and the piece called the "Rent-day," are the chief novelties at the American theatre. This establishment is under excellent management, and meets with increasing encouragement.

We learn that Mr. Barnes has leased the Richmond Hill, where vigorous operations will soon be commenced.

We have not space for the voluminous communication of "Crito," and if we had, it could only appear after certain erasures. He should remember that indiscriminate abuse is not criticism. However proper it may be to animadvert upon a public performance of an actor, he has nothing to do with his private character or manners. We should be sorry to receive the "Anderson case" as a precedent.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1832.

First of May.—The execrable custom of *moving* on the first of May, flung the city into confusion at the commencement of the present month. It is one of the most ludicrous sights that could arrest the attention of a stranger. We are not aware that it is practised in any other part of the world; but a regular-bred New-Yorker stares at hearing the inhabitants of other places often welcome the dreadful day as an innocent and merry festival. If distant readers could have glanced at this city at the last anniversary for the celebration of this capricious custom, they would have believed we were afflicted with nothing less than the cholera or a revolution. It calls to mind the dream in one of the Spectators, which describes the joy of mortals on hearing an edict from Jupiter, that each one might be relieved of whatever trouble or deformity he happened to possess, on condition of assuming one of some other person's, according to his own fancy. That great writer well paints the general delight which first prevailed after the exchanges had been effected, and the subsequent desire for relief from their new evils, although at the expense of being afflicted with their old ones. We suspect the same principle is often illustrated by the peripatetic citizens of this metropolis; and the complaint which we print below, from one of the sufferers, goes far in justifying the opinion.

Messrs. Editors.—I am a quiet man—one, although attentive to business, not destitute of sensibilities. Among my peculiarities is a great proneness to fall into attachments. I get to love certain people most ardently before I have known them a week; and, what is remarkable also, my likings, although sudden, are firm and durable. This overflowing of the heart I attribute to good health and a naturally cheerful and benevolent disposition, which I inherited from my parents. You will not deem me a jester when I add, that my love is not confined to my fellow-creatures. I imbibed partialities, which are almost always reciprocal, for dogs, parrots, and monkeys. When I return home in the evening, our cat is ready to leap out of her skin for joy. She brushes up to me with longing and grateful eyes; lifts her back and rubs herself against my feet, at the same time expressing, by a continual *purr*, how glad she is of my presence. Nay, my susceptibilities are not even satisfied to be struck with such intelligent animals, although of the dumb kind, as can, in some degree, appreciate my attentions; but I become familiar with places and innumerable objects. I conceive tender sentiments for a river, or fall in love with a tree; and, if I have dwelt long and happily in a house, I am conscious of entertaining towards it a kind of affection, which makes me regret to leave it.

Such being my character, the fashion of *moving* (is it not a wretched New-Yorkism?) has all my life given me a great annual disturbance. I have never lived two years in one place. I am now going on towards thirty, and I keep date by the names of the streets where I have lived, which I find a decided assistance to my memory. My birth took place in Pearl-street; my second year fled in Wall; I passed my third in Cherry, and my fourth in Orange. My notes of occurrences interesting to myself are dated thus: was at school in Broome, Franklin, Madison, and Washington. I entered college in Maiden-lane, and came out in Green-street. Spent a year at Philadelphia, in Hanover-square; courted my wife in Cedar, and married in Pine. Even she has fallen into my way, and convinced me the other day that my eldest child was four years of age, by counting on her fingers Chatham, Third Avenue, State-street, and Washington-square. Yet, in all these revolutions, I have never once met a dwelling to my satisfaction. In avoiding a smoking chimney we have got next a burying-ground, which we exchanged the succeeding year for a disreputable neighborhood. The landlord raised fifty dollars on us once, whereupon we told him to let his house, which he did; but the additional rent of our next residence, instead of fifty dollars was a hundred. We have moved up town, for the sake of pure air and good water, and down again to be near business. Our last house had no yard; our present is without closets, which my wife thinks, with some justice, one of the most indispensable of all requisites for a dwelling. Besides the trouble, which has been enormous, and the expense of carting the things, which would also make a tolerable item, (as cartmen charge on the first of May four times as much as they do on any other,) when I consider the furniture which has been broken and wasted; the carpets cut up, because they did not fit the new parlors; and the general cost in many different ways which I have thus been at for the last ten years, I fully agree with Franklin, who thought three *movings* equal to a fire!

In your enumeration of New-York evils, I wonder you could have forgotten this, but trusting you will admit my version of it into your paper, I am, sirs, your obedient servant, L. B.

Imprisonment of Dr. Howe.—Our readers have heard that Dr. Howe undertook the conveyance of thirty thousand francs to the Poles, contributed by some benevolent individuals in the United States, for their relief; and also that his hazardous journey had met with a serious interruption in his imprisonment by the Prussian government at Berlin. His countrymen at home, as well as abroad, regarded the circumstance with sincere anxiety, and experience great relief in the late accounts: the last representations of Mr. Rives, our minister in Paris, affording strong encouragement to the hope of his speedy release. Nothing has met our ob-

servation respecting the fate of the funds in his hands, and we cannot say whether he has been permitted to execute the object of his journey. All thoughts of the point seems to have been merged in the solicitude universally felt for the safety of the gallant philanthropist. The zealous labors of Dr. Howe in the cause of the oppressed, both on the present occasion and formerly in behalf of the Greeks, have distinguished him honorably among the conspicuous men of the present day. He seems animated with the most elevated sentiments, his sympathies with misfortune never sleep, and his literary attainments, added to his pure character and delightful manners in private life, fully entitle him to the warm expressions of interest which his late casualty elicited.

Death of Mr. Slosson.—The papers have announced the death of William Slosson, Esq. of this city. His health, which for several years had been declining, became latterly so much impaired as to compel him to relinquish the arduous pursuits of a professional life; and, at the commencement of the last winter, he took a southern tour for the purpose, if possible, of repairing a constitution severely shattered by the most unremitting labor. The seeds of disease were, however, too deeply sown, and while on his return home, an unexpected attack put an end to his existence.

As has been usual on such occasions, a meeting of his brethren of the bar was held on the first instant, to testify their respect for his memory. It was truly gratifying to behold with what warmth and sincerity the occasion was embraced by his professional associates. His honor, the vice chancellor, presided, assisted by Judges Irving, Edwards, and Hoffman. Resolutions expressive of the high estimation in which Mr. Slosson was held, were presented by David S. Jones, Esq., seconded by John Duer, Esq. The remarks of the latter gentleman were characterized by the greatest fervency and eloquence. In adverting to the public and private excellence of the deceased, his language was peculiarly forcible and touching. As a lawyer, he described him learned in an extraordinary degree—as a speaker, clear and convincing, without, indeed, that power of language which enchains the will instead of affecting the judgment—as a man, in his exterior cold, and to a certain extent repulsive, but at the same time of an affectionate and feeling heart, and of the most unsullied probity and integrity. The blank which is left by such an individual will be as keenly felt by society at large, as by the profession of which he was one of the most distinguished members; and while we sympathize with those upon whom this bereavement has fallen so heavily, we take pride in pointing the young aspirant for distinction in this honorable profession to the untarnished excellence of his example.

New-York Traveller.—We had occasion, some time ago, to notice the appearance and character of this paper, and the subsequent numbers have justified the favorable opinion then expressed. An *Advertisement* has recently been made to the editorial department, Mr. J. J. Adams having become an associate with Mr. Freeman Hunt, formerly the sole conductor. Mr. Adams is extensively known, and justly esteemed. The proprietor of the Traveller is fortunate in having secured his assistance, and we welcome him to his new avocation.

The late Mr. Goddard.—We have been requested to state that subscription papers, to aid the family of the late Mr. Goddard, who lost his life in the recent melancholy catastrophe, are left at the offices of the Commercial Advertiser, Journal of Commerce, and with Mr. Mercein, printer, 240 Pearl-street, corner of Burling-slip. Mr. Goddard was a meritorious and useful citizen, of amiable character and respectable attainments. His time has been assiduously devoted to the support of a numerous family, who by this calamity are left almost entirely destitute. The sympathies of the community are strongly aroused, and, we doubt not, that the collections will be rapid and liberal.

Communication.—MESSRS. EDITORS—I have had the perusal of a poem, written by Mr. John Thomas, which presents a little novelty. The ostensible subject, indeed, is not at first very promising. Yet the "Origin and Course of Intemperance," which is its title, is made to embrace the *beau idéal* only of the subject. The poetry of the Hebrews, and emphatically of the sacred writings, as containing a transcript of the feelings of a people in a primitive state of manners, independent of inspiration, is always allowed to be full of interest. Nor is its biography far behind. Mr. Thomas has selected for his first canto a warranted conjecture respecting the discovery of the vine, deduced from passages in the sacred writings and in Josephus. The succeeding cantos comprise the causes of the flood—a description of the deluge itself—of a group upon the Himalah mountains—and of two swimmers, the last of the antediluvians—the biography of Noah and Lot—and finally, the feast of Belshazzar. Of the skilful execution of the poem, the Rev. Mr. D. L. Carroll, of Brooklyn, speaks as follows, in a communication to the editors of the Long Island Star: "The literary execution of those parts of the manuscript which I have perused, is very creditable. The first hundred and fifty or two hundred lines of the canto on Belshazzar's feast will be found full of the genuine inspirations of poetry—the 'immortal fires' that will burn in the memory of the reader." I have gone farther than I intended in adverting to all to the merits of the work, but I have felt myself justified in doing so, since it stands connected with social and moral objects of an important rank, and I have also confined myself to the testimony of a very competent judge. I shall only add, it is a subscription poem. Five hundred copies subscribed for will justify the putting the manuscript to press, and three hundred of these have been already engaged. Yours, Z.

TYROLIENNE, "MINE ALONE!"

COMPOSED BY C. DE BERIOT—THE WORDS BY W. BALL.—FROM THE MUSICAL GEM, FOR 1832.

Andante.

Where is my hun-ter boy? Tra-la-ra, la! la-ra-la! Where sounds his song of joy? Tra-la-ra, la! - ra - la! Through glen and val-ley His

brave com-rades ral-ly, And now, now is the bu-gle blown! Tra-la-la, la - ra - la. Glad strains float near me, But, oh! none can

cheer me Like his, who is mine a-lone! Tra-la-ra, la - ra - la!

2d v.—Hark! 'tis my hunter boy! Mark ye that cry of joy! || How my heart, beating, As pours the wild greeting, || Rebounding, hails the signal tone! Tra-la-ra! || Mid the first and fleetest, What song to me is sweetest? || Oh! his, who is mine alone! Tra-la-ra!

For the New-York Mirror.

SONNET.—MARY.

SHE opes her eyes, and oh, my bosom's swell!
 When, like some timid angel peeping forth
 From the dim gate of paradise to earth,
 The soul looks forth from each seraphic cell,
 Bright, tender, rapt, incomprehensible!
 She opes her eyes, for mischief or for mirth,
 And the sweet light, as at a planet's birth,
 Shines on my faltering spirit as a spell.
 Perhaps she laughs in secret, when she views
 The tumult of my rapture, and the endeavor
 To still the throb that fills my eyes with dew,
 And makes my cheek to flush, and my lip quiver:
 Perhaps she knows not how the gaze subdues,
 But opes her eyes, and seals me hers forever! R.M.D.

GOOD PILOTAGE.—Nothing is more amusing than the alacrity of Irishmen in getting into scrapes, and the happy *naiveté* and blunders by means of which they endeavour to extricate them-

selves. A captain of a man-of-war, newly appointed to a ship on the Irish station, took the precaution in "beating out" of harbor, to apprise the pilot that he was totally unacquainted with the coast, and, therefore, he must rely entirely on the pilot's local knowledge for the safety of his ship. "You are perfectly sure, pilot," said the captain, "you are well acquainted with the coast?" "Do I know my own name, sir?" "Well, mind I warn you not to approach too near the shore." "Now, make yourself *asy*, sir; in troth, you may go to bed if you please." "Then, shall we stand on?" "Why, what else would we do?" "Yes, but there *may* be hidden dangers, which you know nothing about." "Dangers! I like to see the danger *dar* hide themselves from Mick. Sure, don't I tell you I know every rock on the coast;" (here the ship strikes) "and *that's* one of 'em."

While, we can easily defend our character, we are no more disturbed by an accusation than we are alarmed by an enemy whom we are sure to conquer; and whose attack, therefore, will bring us honor without danger.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak—
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied—
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the moon came dim and sad—
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
 Another morn than ours.

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VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1832.

No. 46.

POPULAR TALES.

THE TRAVELER IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

In a neat and comfortable cottage in the picturesque village of Bastock, lived a middle-aged gentleman of the name of Samuel Holt. The clean white paling in front of the beautiful little flower-garden before his door, showed he was a man of taste, while the coach-house and stables at the side showed that he might also be considered a man of fortune. He was in truth in very comfortable circumstances. He had a considerable quantity of land—let to a respectable tenant, for he himself knew nothing about farming—and the rest of his property consisted in about fifteen thousand pounds, which was lent on mortgage to a very wealthy baronet. Mr. Holt might have altogether somewhere about a thousand a-year. He spent it in the true style of old English hospitality. His house was never empty; friends, when they came, were so kindly treated, that they found it extremely inconvenient to go away;—and what with courtings in the morning, comfortable dinners, pleasant companions, and extraordinary port wine, Mr. Samuel Holt was the happiest fellow in the world. His outward man was in exact correspondence to his internal tranquillity. He was stout, but not unwieldy; there was not a wrinkle on his brow; a fine open expression animated his countenance, and there was such a glorious ruddy hue of health upon his cheek, that his friends talked of him by no other name than Rosy Sam.

"Well, my boys," said Rosy Sam, one fine September evening after dinner, "we'll drink our noble selves—I don't think I ever shot better in my life."

"Your second bird was beautifully managed," said Jack Thompson; "I never saw any gun carry so far except once in Turkey, when the Reis Effendi shot a sea-mew at a hundred and fifty yards."

"With a long bow," I suppose, said Rosy Sam, who disbelieved every story, the scene of which was not laid in England.

"No, with a long brass gun which went upon wheels."

"Well, well," replied Sam, "it may be all very true; but, thank heaven, I never saw, and never expect to see, any of them foreign parts."

"You may live to see half the world yet; and if I were inclined to be a prophet, I should say you will be a very great traveler before you die."

"I'd sooner be tried for murder."

"You may be both."

This last was said so solemnly that Rosy Sam almost changed color. He passed it off with a laugh, and the conversation went on upon other subjects connected with Thompson's travels. All the evening, however, the prophetic announcement seemed to stick in poor Sam's throat, and when the party was about to separate for the night, holding the bed-candle in his hand, and assuming a degree of gravity which can only be produced by an extra bottle, he said,

"I'll tell you what it is, Jack, here in this cottage have I lived, man and boy, for two and forty years. I never was out of the county in my life, and the farthest from home I ever was, was three-and-thirty miles. If you mean to say I am to be a traveler in my old age, the Lord have mercy on me, for a helpless dog should I be among the foreignarians—fellows that can't speak a word of English to save their souls, poor devils—but, poh! poh! man, you can't be serious."

"I am serious as a bishop, I assure you. You will travel for several years."

"Poh! nonsense! good night." But the party laughed at Sam's alarm; and retired to bed.

All that night Sam's dreams were of ships and coaches. He thought he was wrecked and half drowned, then that he was upset and had his legs broken by the hind wheel. He woke in a tremendous fright, for he fancied he was on the top of one of the pyramids, and could not get down again. He thought he had been on the pinnacle for several days, that he was nearly dying of thirst and hunger; and, on starting up, he found it was time to rise; so he hurried down stairs with the utmost expedition, as he was nearly famished for his breakfast. He was met at the parlor door by his old servant, Trusty Tommy, who gave him a letter, and said,

"This here letter is just come from Mr. Clutchit, the attorney. His man says as how there must be an answer immediately, so I was just a comin' up to call ye."

"You would have found me knocking about the pyramids," said Rosy Sam, as he proceeded to open the letter.

"Fie for shame!" muttered old Trusty, "to make use of such an expression. Ah! as good Mr. Drawline says"—

"Devil take you and Mr. Drawline—Saddle the Curate this instant, and tell the gentlemen, when they come down, that I am forced to set off on business, but that I shall certainly be back to dinner."

In the utmost haste, and with no very pleasant expression, he managed to swallow three or four eggs, nearly a loaf of bread, and half a dozen cups of tea. His horse was soon at the door; he set off at a hand gallop, and left old Trusty Tommy with his mouth open, wondering what in the world it could be that induced his master to such unusual expedition. The motive was indeed a serious one. Mr. Clutchit had discovered that there was a prior mortgage over the estate upon which poor Sam's fifteen thousand was advanced, and their great object now was to get the mortgage transferred to some unincumbered security. The seven miles which intervened between the lawyer and his client, were soon passed over. Hot and breathless our poor friend, who was now more rosy than ever, rushed into the business-room of Mr. Clutchit. That gentleman, however, was nowhere to be found. On his table Sam saw a note directed to himself—he opened it, and found the following words:

"DEAR SIR—By the strangest good luck I have this moment heard that Sir Harry is at present in London. I lose not a moment, as the coach is just starting, to obtain an interview with him there, and should strongly recommend your following by the eleven o'clock coach. Indeed your presence is indispensably necessary. I shall only have the start of you by two hours.—Your obedient servant, J. C."

Sam threw himself into a chair in an agony of grief and wonder.

"That infernal fellow, Jack Thompson," he moaned out, "is certainly more than human. They say they learn wonderful things abroad. He has learned the second sight. Little did I think two days ago, that I should ever have to hurry so far away from home. London must be seventy miles off at least—oh lord! oh lord! quite out of my own dear county—what is to become of me!"

While indulging in this moralizing fit the coach drove up to the door—Sam mounted, almost unconscious of what he did, and was whirled off before he had time to recover from his reverie. On arriving in London, night was rapidly closing in. The house where the coach stopped was a very neat comfortable sort of hostelry, and our honest friend, before proceeding to any other business, solaced himself with the best dinner the bill of fare would allow. After refreshing himself with a solitary pint of port, he set out in search of Mr. Clutchit. But where to find that gentleman was the difficulty; he had left no address in his note to his client, and the people of the inn could not tell where the nine o'clock coach went to in London. They recommended him, however, to apply at various inns—the Dragon, the Swan, the Bull-and-Mouth, and a variety of other great coach caravanseries, the very names of which were utterly unknown to the unsophisticated Sam.

Away, however, he went, in total ignorance of his way, and much too independent and magnanimous to ask it. First one street was traversed, then another, and at last poor Sam was entirely lost. His great object now was to retrace his steps; but one turning was so like another, that he could not distinguish those by which he had come, and in the midst of his perplexity, he recollected that he had forgotten to take notice of the name of the inn at which he had dined, and of course could not ask any one he met to tell him his way to it.

Tired out by his day's exertions, and very much dispirited, he resolved to go into the first house of entertainment he came to, and resume his search early in the morning. He accordingly went into the next inn that presented itself. He took particular pains this time to impress its name upon his memory. The Cabbage Leaf was the sign of this tavern, and it was situated at the top of one of those narrow little streets in the neighborhood of the Tower. Honest Sam, it will be seen, had traveled in the wrong direction; but now he was too much harassed and wearied to recover his mistake. On going into the bar, he was told by the bustling little landlady that he might have a bed; but they were really so full, that he must submit to share his room with another gentleman. Sam comforted himself with the reflection, that necessity has no law, and consented to the arrangement. After a Welsh rabbit, and a glass or two of brandy and water, he was shown to his apartment.

His fellow-lodger came into the room nearly at the same time, and Sam was somewhat pleased to see he was of a very decent exterior. They entered into conversation, and his new acquaintance promised, from his knowledge of the town, to be of considerable use in furthering Sam's inquiries after Mr. Clutchit. He, however, told him, that he had some business to transact very

early in the morning, and took the precaution on these occasions, especially in the winter, of shaving at night. He accordingly proceeded to shave himself; but poor Sam was so fatigued, that he fell asleep before he had finished the operation. On awaking next morning, he looked to his companion's bed, but it was empty. He had told him, however, that he should rise very early, so he was not surprised at his absence. On getting up, and searching for his inexpressibles, they were nowhere to be found. In their place, he discovered those of his late companion; and after many strange surmises, and coming at last to the conclusion that he was robbed, he quietly slipped them on, and proceeded down stairs.

His watch he had luckily put under his pillow, and there had not been above two pounds in his pockets; he found a few shillings in an old purse, a penknife, two keys, and a set of very fine teeth, carefully fitted up, and apparently never used, in the pockets of the habiliments which were left. These circumstances staggered him as to the predatory habits of his companion; and he resolved to say nothing on the subject, as he had still some hopes of the stranger's making his appearance as he had promised, and clearing up the mystery. He waited some time after breakfast with this expectation; and at last telling the landlady he should be back at a certain hour, he went out in hopes of falling in with his companion in the street.

He walked down towards the river, and gazed with astonishment on the innumerable shipping. Wondering more and more at the strangeness and immensity of the scene, he thought of returning to where he had slept. Just as he was leaving the river, he saw several men go into one of the barges, and begin dragging the shallow part of the water.

"What are those men after?" said Sam to a person who stood watching them.

"They be draggin' for the body of a gentleman as was murdered last night, and the folks thinks that he was mayhap thrown into the river."

"Dreadful!" said Sam, turning pale at the horrid supposition. "I hope they won't find it, it would be the death of me."

And shuddering lest they should pull up a mangled body in his sight, he rushed from the spot. On reaching the inn, he entered it, and was going into the bar, when two stout men rushed upon him, the landlady crying,

"That's the man," and threw him down with all their force.

One held him by the throat, while the other handcuffed him in a moment. They then hustled him out of the house, forced him into a hackney-coach, and drove off at an amazing pace.

Sam was so much astonished at the rapidity of the whole transaction, that he could scarcely summon breath to ask his conductors what they meant. At last he said,

"What the devil can be the meaning of all this? Is this the way to treat a country gentleman?"

"How bloody well he sports the Johnnie," said one of the men to the other, without attending to Sam's questions.

"He'll queer the breaks if the tide stands his friend, and rolls off the stuffin'."

"No, there be'n't no chance of that," responded the other, "for they've set to so soon with the drags. I'll bet a gallon of gin to a pint of purl, he dies in his shoes, with his ears stuffed with cotton."

"Do you mean me, you scoundrel?" cried Sam, who did not quite understand them, but perceived that they spoke of him rather disrespectfully.

"Come, come, master, none of your hard words; we aint such scoundrels as to Burke our bedfellow howsoever."

At this moment, at the corner of a street, Sam saw Mr. Clutchit hurrying as if on very urgent business. He pushed his head out of the window, and holloed—

"Clutchit, Clutchit, here's a pretty go!" and held out his manacled hands.

But his companions pulled him forcibly back, and he did not know whether his attorney had perceived him or not. Soon after this, the coach stopped at a dingy-looking house with iron gratings before the windows.

"We gets out here, my covey," said one of the men, "but I dare say, we shall join company again on our way to Newgate."

"You insulting scoundrel," said Sam, "I hope never to see your ugly face again."

"No, nor Jack Ketch's neither—but mizzle, mizzle, I say—his worship's been waiting this hour."

They then proceeded into a dark room which was crowded with people. They all made way for Sam and his two conductors, till they stood directly in front of three gentlemen in comfortable arm-chairs.

"Call the first witness," said one of the gentlemen, and immediately appeared the bustling little landlady of the Cabbage Leaf.

"Is that the man who slept in your house last night?"
 "It is, your worship; and little did I think such a bloody-minded villain—"

"Hush! answer only to the questions that are put to you—about what o'clock was it when he came to your house?"
 "About ten o'clock, the rascal."

Here Sam, whose astonishment now gave place to rage and indignation, started up, and said to the magistrates,
 "Harkee, gentlemen, I'll be smothered if I don't make you pay for this. How dare you—"

"Officers, look close to the prisoner," said one of their worships. "I recommend you, prisoner, to say nothing till the examination is concluded."

And Sam sat down again, wondering where all this would end. "You say the prisoner came to your house about ten o'clock—had you any conversation with him?"

"No, your worship;" he only had his supper, and two glasses of brandy and water."

"He then went to bed?"

"Yes; I showed him up to number nine."

"Was it a single bedded room?"

"No; there were two beds in it."

"Describe its situation."

"It is just at the top of the first stair, which fronts the side door into the lane."

"Could that door be opened without wakening the house?"

"Yes; we never keep it closed with more than a latch, 'cause of the watermen getting quietly down to the river."

"Was the other bed in the same room occupied?"

"Yes; a gentleman slept in it."

"You saw no more of the prisoner that night. Well, in the morning, when did you see him?"

"He came down to breakfast, but seemed very low and uneasy."

"Did he say any thing to you about his companion?"

"Yes; he sighed, and said he was sure he would never come back."

"When did he leave the house?"

"He went down towards the river in about half an hour."

"Very well—you may stand down. Call the next witness."

The chambermaid made her appearance.

"On going into the prisoner's room this morning, what did you see?"

"Nothing particular at first. But in a little I thought the beds and carpet more tumbled than usual. I looked into the other gentleman's bed and there I saw the sheets and pillow marked with blood."

(Here the witness turned very faint.)

"Well, did you give the alarm?"

"Yes; I ran down and told missus, but the prisoner had gone out."

"What did you do?"

"We told all the lodgers, and asked if they had heard any noise. One of them, John Chambers, heard heavy steps on the stair."

"Well, we shall examine John Chambers himself."

John Chambers, on being examined, said that about three or four in the morning, he heard heavy steps coming down the stairs, as if of a man carrying a great weight; the side-door into the lane was opened, and the person went out. He watched for some time, and heard a stealthy pace going up stairs again; after which he fell asleep, as his suspicions were quieted by the person's return.

A witness next appeared, who deposed, that, having an appointment with Abraham Reeve, the person supposed to be murdered, he proceeded to the Cabbage Leaf and found it all in an uproar at the suspected murder. Abraham Reeve was by profession a dentist; and had that morning fixed to furnish the witness with a handsome set of ivories.

"Please your worship," said one of the officers who had conducted the unfortunate Samuel to the office, "on searching the prisoner, we found this here in his breeches pocket;" and saying this, he held up a complete set of false teeth.

The magistrates upon this shook their heads, and a thrill went through the court, as if the murder were transacted before their eyes. The purse also was recognised by the landlady; and even the evidence of the person whom Sam had addressed by the side of the river, when they were dragging for the corpse, told very much against him. That witness stated, that the prisoner turned very pale when he saw what they were about, and after seeming excessively agitated for a long while, had said, as if unconsciously, "It will be death to me if you find him." The evidence, by various concurring circumstances, was very strong against our unfortunate friend. The magistrate cautioned him against saying any thing to criminate himself; and asked him if he wished to make any observation before being remanded on suspicion. Thus adjured, Rosy Sam, who was, alas! now no longer rosy, essayed to speak.

"Upon my honor, this is a most curious business. All that I know about the matter is, that the man who slept in my room must have got up very early in the morning, and stolen my breeches. I am a man of fortune—my name is Samuel Holt, Esq. of Bastock Lodge—and as to stealing—"

But his harangue was here interrupted by a new witness, who exclaimed,

"Please your worships, this swindler of a fellow cheated me last night out of an excellent dinner and a pint of old port."

And poor Sam, on looking round at his new assailant, recognised the landlord of the inn where the coach had stopt. Casting

his eyes up to heaven, in sheer despair, he sat down in his seat, and muttered,

"It is my firm belief I shall be hanged, because a cursed fellow of a dentist, took a fancy to my breeches. But it all comes of traveling. May the devil take Jack Thompson!"

But at this moment a prospect of safety dawned upon him, for Mr. Clutchit entered the office.

"I say, Clutchit!" cried the prisoner in an ecstasy, "just tell these people, will you, that I never murdered a dentist—confound his breeches—but that I am Sam Holt of Bastock—Rosy Sam."

Mr. Clutchit, thus addressed, bore witness to the respectability of his client, and begged to be made acquainted with the circumstances of the case. On hearing the name of the missing individual, he exclaimed,

"O, he's safe enough—this very morning he was arrested at Westminster for debt, and is snugly lodged in the Fleet. A stout, good-complexioned man, dentist, about two-and-forty years of age, and much such a figure as Mr. Holt."

"Just such a figure," cried Sam, "our clothes fit each other, as if the tailor had measured us both."

Mr. Clutchit's evidence altered the appearance of the question, and a messenger was despatched to the Fleet, to ascertain whether the dentist was really there. In a short time he returned to the court with the following letter:

"Sir—I am sorry for the scrape my disappearance has got you into. On shaving myself last night I cut my chin very severely, and had nothing at hand to stop the bleeding. On getting up very early to proceed to Westminster, I took my trunk down stairs and put it into a boat, but recollecting I had left my dressing case, I returned for it as gently as I could, for fear of disturbing the house. It was so dark at the time, that I find, in mistake, I had put on some clothes which did not belong to me. On landing at Westminster, I was unfortunately arrested at the suit of a scoundrel named Clutchit, and sent off to this place. I herewith return you the things contained in your pockets, and would return the habiliments themselves, but just at present have no change of wardrobe. Yours respectfully,
 ABRAHAM REEVE."

Sam was now complimented and apologized to, on all hands; and though Mr. Clutchit spoke in no very kindly terms of the unhappy Abraham, owing, perhaps, to the manner in which he was spoken of in the note, Sam, who was now in the highest spirits, said, as they went out of the office together,

"He's not a bad fellow that same dentist—he has saved my neck from the gallows, and I'll be hanged if I don't pay his debt. But I say, Clutchit, only think what would have become of me if he had been drowned on his way to Westminster!"

"Ah, my dear sir, you know nothing about the law. But come, we must talk on business. I have not yet seen Sir Harry, but have a note from him—that he expects us both to dine with him on board his yacht to-day, which is lying at Blackwall. You had better go and arrange matters with him in a friendly way, while I draw out the deeds, and make all right."

"Just as you please," said Sam, "but in the meantime, my toggery is not just what I could wish, and my purse—"

"Say no more, say no more. One can get every thing in London."

And in the course of an hour Sam found himself well dressed, with two or three shirts and other articles in a carpet-bag, and fifty sovereigns in his pocket, for which he gave the lawyer his note. Rejoicing in his recovered liberty, and anticipating a comfortable dinner and quiet bottle once more, he presented himself on board the Tartar, at four o'clock.

Sir Harry was delighted to see him, introduced him to some friends who were on board, and in the happiest mood possible the whole party sat down to dinner. But Sam's hilarity was doomed to be of short duration. Before he had time to swallow the first mouthful he perceived that the vessel was in motion. Sir Harry assured him they were only going a trip to the Downs to see the fleet, and would be back the next day; and Mr. Holt, who never took long to accept a friendly invitation, professed his happiness at the prospect of the voyage. But a dinner on board a little yacht of fifty tons, and in his nice parlor at Bastock Lodge, were very different things. A slight swell of the river made her motion very uneasy, and a lurch which emptied a plateful of scalding pea-soup into Sam's lap, and diverted the point of his fork from its original destination—a kidney potatoe—to the more sensitive kidneys of his leeward neighbor, made him half repent his nautical expedition.

When they had left the comparative smoothness of the river, and entered upon the open sea, which was heaving under a pretty tolerable breeze, Sam's feelings were of a very different nature from those of pleasure.

After various ineffectual attempts to enjoy himself below, he felt that the fresh air was absolutely necessary to his comfort, and rushed upon deck. Here he was quite bewildered. The night was not entirely dark, but a dim lurid gloom spread itself all round the heavens, and even so unpractised an eye as poor Sam's saw that there was a storm in the sky. In the meantime, the wind blew fresher every minute, and the Tartar skimmed on the top of the waves one moment, and the other, sunk so instantaneously into the hollow of the sea, that Sam laid himself down upon the deck, partly to repress his sickness, and partly, perhaps, to conceal his fears. Meanwhile, mirth and revelry were going on below, and even the sailors appeared to Sam to be much less attentive to the vessel than the exigency of affairs demanded. From time to time our friend lifted up his head, to satisfy himself whether the sea was becoming more rough, and laid himself down

again with an increase of his alarm. At last he caught an indistinct view of some large dark object, heaving and tumbling in the waters; he kept his eye as steadily fixed on it as his sickness would allow, until he saw a ship of large size.

"I say, coachman!" he said to the man at the wheel, "mind your reins; there is a London waggon coming down hill, fifteen miles an hour."

The man, whose ideas were as thoroughly nautical as Sam's were terrene, paid no attention to his warning; but still Sam's eyes were fixed on the approaching object, and he cried out, in the extremity of alarm,

"Drive on, drive on, or pull to the side of the road; or we shall all be spilt!"

His exclamations produced no effect, and the ship drew rapidly near. He saw her as her huge beam rose upon the crest of a wave, and sank yawning down again, till her hull was entirely hid; but each time she rose, he perceived that she had greatly shortened the space between them. Sam cried out to the steersman,

"You infernal villain, why don't you get out of the way? Do you not understand what's said to you, you tarry, quid-chewing abomination! See, see, she's on us!—she's on us!"

He heard the dash of her bows through the foam, and while the bellying of her sails above sounded like thunder, a hoarse voice was heard through the storm, crying,

"Luff, luff;" and the helmsman, now thoroughly awakened to his danger, turned the wheel, but it was too late.

A scream, wild and appalling, burst from the crew, who were on deck, and the next instant a crash took place; the little vessel shook as if every plank were bursting, and Sam found himself battling with the waves. He soon lost all consciousness of his situation, and how long had elapsed, he did not know; but when he came to his recollection, he found himself in a warm bed, while a gentleman in naval uniform was holding his pulse, and several other persons anxiously looking on.

"It's of no use, I tell you," said Sam, with a rueful expression of countenance. "It's of no use—I'm a changed man. Yesterday I was nearly hanged, now I'm entirely drowned; and what's to happen next, Lord only knows. The last time I slept in Bastock, I had never been forty miles from home, but now I suppose I'm at the other end of the world."

"Keep yourself quiet, sir, you are in good quarters," said the gentleman who held his pulse. "You are on board his Majesty's ship Bloodsucker, eighty-four, bound for the Mediterranean. Take this composing draught, and keep yourself quiet for a few days, and I have no doubt of your soon recovering your strength."

And accordingly, in a few days, Sam was able to go upon deck. By the ease and jollity of his social disposition, he soon made himself a favorite with the mess. On his first emerging from the cabin, he gazed with breathless astonishment at the prospect which presented itself—magnificent hills at an amazing distance, and a vast extent of level country, rejoicing in the sunshine.

"Pray, sir," said Sam, to a tall, romantic-looking gentleman in black, who was admiring the same scene, "what county may we be opposite now? Is it any part of Hampshire, sir?"

"Hampshire!" repeated the gentleman thus addressed, "these are the mountains of Spain. These hills were trod by Hannibal and the Scipios, by the Duke of Wellington, and Don Quixote. This is the land of the inquisition and liquorice. Yonder is Cape Trafalgar; there, in the arms of victory and Sir Thomas Hardy, fell heroic one-eyed Nelson! This is Cape Spartel. Hail Africa's scorching shore, hot-bed of niggers! See! we open the pillars of Hercules! These mighty portals past, every step we'll be on classic ground or water!"

Long before this rhapsody was concluded, our friend had betaken himself to another part of the ship, and did not appreciate the eloquence and enthusiasm of the classical chaplain of the Bloodsucker. It is not to be supposed that Sam was a willing encounterer, all this time, of the perils of the deep. Frequent and anxious were his inquiries as to the possibility of his return. He was assured that at Gibraltar there was no doubt of his getting a homeward vessel, but till then, he had better accommodate himself to circumstances. Accordingly, with right good-will, he set himself to enjoy as many comforts as his position would afford. The purser, being luckily a stout individual, furnished him with a wardrobe; and the wine being good, the mess pleasant, and the sea calm, Sam's only drawback from his felicity, was his absence from Bastock Lodge. On casting anchor off St. Rosier, they ascertained from the pratique boat that the yellow fever was so virulent on shore, that the deaths averaged nine a day; so, without the delay of a moment, all sail was hoisted again, and with a favorable breeze the Bloodsucker pursued her way to Malta.

Here, at last, Sam was lucky enough to get information of the sailing of a Sicilian sparona bound for Catania, from which he was assured he could not fail to catch the regular passage-boat home. With many adieus and cordial invitations to the officers to beat up his quarters at Bastock Lodge, Sam betook himself to the St. Agata, with every prospect of a favorable voyage. The passengers consisted principally of invalid officers and soldiers, and Sam had the deck to himself. As night was coming on, a vessel about the same size as the St. Agata hove in sight, and, in passing, made a signal of distress, and begged some water, as their casks, they said, had all leaked out.

"Oh, give the poor devils some water," said Sam, as soon as he understood what they wanted. "Thirst is a horrible thing, especially of a morning, after dining out."

The strange vessel sent its barge; but no sooner had the crew got on board, than at the whistle of the villain who had mounted

first, eight armed men started from the bottom of the boat, and, after a slight struggle, in which they shot two sailors, and threw the captain overboard, they gained possession of the *St. Agata*, and secured all the passengers below.

After being kept in confinement a long time, and sparingly fed on bread and water, they were landed one moonlight night, and marched into a dark cave among the rocks on the sea-shore. Sam's meditations here were by no means of a pleasing cast.

"Don't you think it a very hard case, sir?" he said to the officer who was chained to his wrist, and whose strength, after a severe fever in Malta, was scarcely able to support him under the treatment of his captors—"don't you think it a hard case to a middle aged man like me, that I should be moved about all over the world against my will, leaving the nicest cottage in England, and a lot of good fellows—to be first suspected of murdering somebody else, and then most likely to be murdered myself?"

"The last," replied the invalid, "we shall all undoubtedly be, as we are in the hands of the Greeks."

"Of the Philistines, you mean," said Sam; "but it's all one." While carrying on this melancholy conversation, they were suddenly startled by a great deal of firing, mixed with screams, and the other outcries which attend an onslaught.

"Mercy on us all!" said Sam, "what the deuce is to come next?"

"They are, most probably, murdering some other prisoners," replied his companion; "it will be our turn soon."

"Then, I'll take my oath, they shan't kill me like a sheep. I'll have a tussle for it, and if I get a right-hander on some of the scoundrel's breadbaskets, I'll make them know what it is to bully a free-born Englishman."

In a short time advancing steps were heard, and our bold Briton, supporting his companion to the mouth of the cave, stood in as Crib-like an attitude as his unencumbered hand could assume; and resolved to knock down the first man that entered.

They had not been long in this situation when they perceived that their place of confinement was left unguarded, and they were still more surprised, on proceeding a little way in front, to perceive the dead bodies of several of their captors, already partly stripped, while further down upon the beach they saw a large body of Turks forcing many of the unarmed natives on board of some vessels close in shore.

While congratulating themselves on this prospect of escape, and while they continued gazing on the scene before them, they were suddenly surrounded by a fresh body of Turks, and, without a word spoken on either side, they were conducted down the passes of the rocks, and conveyed on board.

"Worse and worse," sighed Sam, whom this last disaster reduced to complete despair. "It is my firm belief I am not Sam Holt of Bastock, but have changed places with the wandering Jew. Jack Thompson's prophecy is fulfilled, every bit of it."

But poor Sam's lamentations were of no avail. On the third day they were taken out of the vessel, and conveyed to shore. The unfortunate invalid, with whom Sam had been chained so long, appeared so ill after landing, that he was released from the fetters; and what become of him Sam never discovered.

Our friend, whose dress was of the most heterogeneous nature, consisting of whatever articles he could pick up—for, in all his misfortunes, his wardrobe was the first to suffer—was ranged along a wall, in a magnificent building, along with about forty others of all ages and countries. Many people, in strange dresses, with towels, as Sam expressed it, round their heads, passed and repassed them, looking narrowly at each. At last an old white-whiskered man, pointing with his finger to the still portly figure of our friend, entered into a conversation with the person who had conducted them to the place, and in a few minutes Sam was taken from the rest, and the old gentleman beckoning him to follow, walked majestically out of the building.

Poor Sam, who now felt himself to be a very different being from what he used to be, presiding over his well-filled table at Bastock Lodge, followed in the most submissive manner. His conductor paused at the door of a very stately edifice, and said a few words, which Sam did not understand, to a group of lounging domestics. Immediately three or four rushed forward, and seized violently hold of Sam, and carried him into the hall. There they let him stand for a few minutes, till the old gentleman who had preceded them, and who had gone into an inner apartment, returned, and spoke to them in the same language as before. Again they hurried Sam forward, and at last when they came to a pause, the astonished squire of Bastock had time to look round him.

Seated on a low, richly covered ottoman, was an old white-headed man, with a long pipe in his mouth; near him were several others, but evidently his inferiors—while, a little way from the raised floor on which they were sitting, was a multitude of soldiers, in such a uniform, and with such arms, as had never entered into Sam's imagination to conceive. While he was taking this survey the old gentleman, his conductor, bending to the very ground before the magnifico with the pipe, apparently directed his attention to Rosy Sam. Without casting his sublime eyes on so insignificant an object, the great man ordered the dragoman to discover who the stranger was. A young man now stepped forward, and addressed our friend in French.

"No, no—no parley vous," said Sam, who knew just enough of the sound to guess what language it was.

He next spoke in English, and said he was ready to report Sam's answers to the dignitary on the sofa.

"I say," said Sam, who had now recovered a little of his confidence from hearing his mother tongue once more, "who's the old covey in the dressing-gown? He seems a prime judge of tobacco."

The person alluded to scowled and said something to the interpreter, who turned to Sam, and said,

"His highness, the Reis Effendi, says you are a dog, and if you speak till you're spoken to, he will tear your tongue out, and cut off both your ears."

"He's curiously polite—but did you say he was the Rice Offendy?—ask him if he hasn't a brass gun upon wheels that kills sea-mews at a hundred and fifty yards."

The interpreter, probably not understanding Sam's language, or willing to screen him from his excellency's anger, said a few words, and promised obedience on the part of Sam.

The conversation went on.

"The Reis Effendi desires to know if you have any particular wish to be strangled?"

"Tell the Rice, that with his permission I would rather not, but am just as much obliged to him for his kind offer."

"His highness wishes to know if you have any objections to be beautifully dressed, well treated, made rich, and have eight wives supported for you at the sultan's expense?"

"Tell him," said Sam, quite delighted, "that he is a jolly old cock; that I accept his offer with all my heart; but as to the wives, I can't think of more than one or two at the very most."

"Will you turn mussulman to obtain all these advantages?"

"Mussulman? Ay, to be sure, I'm a devil of a fellow at all sorts of fish."

"Will you wear the turban, and swear by the prophet?"

"Turban? Yes—heaven bless you, what does it signify what a man wears? and as to swearing, 'gad I'll outswear you all for a hundred."

On the dragoman relating the result of the conversation, his highness deigned to cast eyes on the new believer, and at a nod several men stepped forward, and threw little jars of rose-water over his face and person; and immediately he was hurried into another apartment, stript by five or six zealous attendants, forced into a warm bath, which was richly perfumed, and after being rubbed and anointed, he was clothed in the splendid flowing robes, and ornamented with the glittering jewels of a Turkish basha. When he came into the anteroom, through which he had already passed, he recognized the old gentleman who had brought him to the palace, and beckoned him to come near.

"I say, old boy, what can be the meaning of all this? Are ye all mad, or only drunk?"

The old man bowed, and almost prostrated himself, but answered nothing.

"O, I see how it is," continued Sam. "Whereabouts is the dragoman? He's no great hand at English, poor devil, but he is better than none."

The dragoman appeared, and bending obsequiously, said,

"What is it your lordship's pleasure to do with your slave?"

"Pooh, lordship! nonsense, man. I say, Draggy, he's a comical old shaver, that Rice Offendy; and fought rather shy of answering us about the gun; for my own part, I think it's a lie of Jack Thompson's."

"Your lordship is too complaisant to your slave."

"Perhaps I should be if I had him; but we have no slaves. I have a servant, an old canting scoundrel, called Trusty Tommy; but pahaw! you know nothing about these things. Now, can you tell what they want me to do, for surely all this scrubbing and dressing can't be for nothing?"

"Your highness's escort is now, I believe, at the door. You are about to proceed as an ambassador from the sultan of the world to the pacha of Albania. Your highness is decorated with three tails."

"The devil a tail have they left me at all—not so much as a jacket—I feel for all the world as if I were in petticoats. Well, you say I go as ambassador to some gentleman in Albania. Is it a long journey?"

"Yes, it will be some time before your highness's return."

"For I was thinking," continued Sam, it would be as well, before I go to—how many wives did you say I was to have kept for me by the sultan?"

"There were eight destined to rejoice in your highness's smiles."

"The devil there were! But where do they hang out? They are, perhaps, ugly old frights."

"Beautiful as angels in paradise. But the sultan's orders are imperative. Your highness must not delay a single moment, but leave every thing till you return."

"Well, well, what must be, must." And Sam mounted a magnificent Arab, which was standing at the door, and set off with a large retinue of splendidly dressed warriors, while another interpreter rode close by his side. As he left the gate of the city, an officer stooped the cavalcade, and, with all due formalities, delivered a packet into the ambassador's hand. The interpreter told him to lay the packet on his head, for it was the firman of the sultan. In a short time the *cortege* passed on, and Sam had ample time to moralize on the mutability of fortune. Long before the journey was over, he was intimate with every man of the escort; and when, at length, on entering the Albanian territory, all except four left him, they took leave of him with so much appearance of regret, as evidently showed how much they liked their commander.

To be concluded in our next.

MARBLE FIRE-PLACES.—If you live in a house that has marble fire-places, never allow them to be washed with suds; this destroys the polish. They should be dusted, the spots taken off with a nice oiled cloth, and then rubbed dry with a soft rag.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO —.

I've gazed on forms, whose matchless mould
Seemed lent from perfect worlds above;
And yet my heart, unmoved and cold,
Felt not the glow of love.
And thus while others fondly praised
The glory and the grace of thine,
With stoic pride I careless gazed,
Nor bowed before thy shrine.

Nor was the spell that binds me now
A willing captive to thy thrall,
Born of the locks that round thy brow
In wreathed darkness fall;
Nor of the dimpled loveliness
Of cheeks as tinted, pure, and fair,
As the first rose that wakes to bless
The spring's maternal care.

Nor of the beams divinely bright,
That play within thy clear dark eyes;
Like starry brilliancies that light
The gloom of midnight skies;
Nor all thy dower of native charms,
Nor all thy trophies won from art,
Could furnish love with forceful arms
Against my guarded heart.

But when, like some frost-stricken flower,
The brightest in the fields of May,
Thy gentle sister, hour by hour,
Seemed fading fast away;
And thou with sleepless care forlorn
Didst watch beside her couch of pain,
From darkling eve till bright'ning morn,
From morn till eve again:

And when I heard the whispered prayer
Upwafted on each frequent sigh,
And marked the agonizing air
Of thine imploring eye;
I felt how passing far above
The worth of gold, and fame, and power,
Is woman's strong, undying love,
In sorrow's trying hour.

Then was ambition's towering helm
Struck down from manhood's passioned throne,
And o'er my heart's recovered realm
Love made thee queen alone.
And thou shalt reign, whatever lot
Be mine on time's eventful stream—
The theme of every waking thought,
And every visioned dream!

PROTEUS.

THE BROKEN VOW.

Lines addressed to one who will understand them.

Go, false one, go—and not one sigh
Shall pierce the heart that's free;
No tear again shall dim the eye,
That turns no more to thee;
A faithful heart cannot repine,
When freed from one as false as thine,
Whatever its fate may be;
My only shame is now, that e'er
I deem'd thee worthy of a tear.
Fool that I was! to let one thought
Of thee in fondness rise!
But it was frenzy, and it wrought
A blindness o'er my eyes;
I loved thee then with reckless love,
Which neither friends nor foes could move—
Such love is seldom wise—
But now I see thee as thou art,
And gladly throw thee from my heart.

Remember how in joy I stood,
Thy hand within my own,
Once in the green and spring-clad wood,
When we were there alone,
And there I listen'd to thy word,
And to thy vow, which angels heard,
Breathed in affection's tone,
That thou wouldst be forever mine,
Though earth against us should combine.

Remember what thy lips oft spake,
And sealed with solemn oath,
That none should tempt thee e'er to break
The tie that bound us both.
Where is thy truth, thou trait'ress! where?
That oath shall haunt thee in despair,
As falsehood ever doth;
And others now shall deal with thee,
Falsely as thou hast dealt with me.

Yes, thine shall be a hapless way,
For every joy will fade,
Where falsehood such as thine may stray,
With plighted faith betrayed;
I shall forget, and love again,
But thine is guilt's abiding stain,
Cold-hearted, faithless maid!
Nor will I envy him his rest,
Who slumbers on thy perjured breast.

✠ An interview is requested with the gentleman who has sent us some remarks on the subject of Dr. Drake's poems.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 116.

THERE is no better remedy for low spirits than a walk to the summit of Weehawk hill on a fine May-morning, before breakfast. From the first turn of the steamboat-wheel, on the New-York side, to the white edifice, known by the name of the Mountain-house, it is a continual succession of the most agreeable views. On such a ramble, too, the observer meets with many pleasant surprises. Here a tree, budded with an unusual perfection; there a bush, painted with a richer green; in one place, a sweep of lawn, distinguished by verdure; in another a wood, deepened with picturesque shadows. There is a spot, half way up the hill, which commands a prospect to be remembered. You look down upon the city and harbor from an eminence, and catch, also, the graceful bends in the Jersey shore, on the south towards Hoboken. He must be a blind or a dull mortal, indeed, who can stand on this place, and not be filled with many serious and pleasant ideas. This beautiful combination of nature and art furnishes a double theme of reflection. He knows not which to admire most, the silver water sleeping at his feet, the shores of the two sister states, arrayed in all the graces of spring, and like lovely belles, vying with each other in charming the spectator; that splendid city, rising magnificently from the flood, its densely crowded roofs, and innumerable windows, and bristling spires glittering in the sun, or the many vessels, of every description, motionless on the tide, or busy around in ministering to her wants.

I had wandered up here early one morning, and being tired, sat down on a piece of broken rock, when I observed that the Little Genius was with me. He greeted me with a smile of irresistible sweetness.

"Dear spirit," said I.

I was going to express my delight and gratitude, when he placed his finger on his lip, and with a droll look, by which I saw he was meditating some odd caprice, he cut me short.

"Silence," said he, "and you shall learn something. There is in England at this moment a gay and learned young man. He has genius, wealth, and industry. Every one who knows him loves him; but, like you and all your fellow-creatures, Master Student, he has faults. Among these is a weakness in yielding to prejudices. It is the more excusable, although not the less productive of bad consequences, from the fact that it has its origin in honorable sentiments. His piety makes him think every Turk a villain, whereas some of them are very good, honest fellows, who know not what is comfortable. His patriotism causes him to believe whatever is said in favor of his own country or against another. He is distinguished in literature, and an able critic where his bigotry does not interfere."

"You draw a very common character," I said.

"But, in one respect," replied my companion, "a very weak one. He piques himself upon a general knowledge of the world, yet in his readings concerning your country he has only perused Hall, Faux, De Roos, and others of minor importance."

"I am told," I said, "that in Great Britain there are many such. What can be more ludicrous than for a foreigner, flying across a country, whose physical features he has scarcely time to see, whose institutions, laws, and moral peculiarities he has neither the leisure to examine, nor, from the opposite bias of his previous education and habits, without the greatest difficulty the intelligence to comprehend—what can be more absurd than the attempt of such a person to decide at a glance upon the character of the people, and the efficacy of their government? When I think of the blood which has been shed in founding these United States, of the many great and learned men, revered by all the world, whose wonderful genius has been exerted with so much care and toil, in creating those institutions, I cannot avoid smiling to behold nameless wandering adventurers passing opinions upon them so presumptuously, and reviewers at home, who even know less than their subjects, declaring all they say to be true. But what of the learned patriot, of whom you spoke?"

"He is this moment," said the Genius, "asleep in London. I caught him dozing over a book of American travels, and I will, if you wish, transport him here to this lovely shade. He is as raw about your country as any backwoodsman, and will afford us much amusement. When he awakes he will imagine it but a dream."

I was a good deal interested in the progress of this plan, when suddenly I found by my side a well-dressed, genteel-looking fellow, whose appearance immediately prepossessed me in his favor. I was particularly pleased with the glowing look with which he gazed around, and his enthusiasm in admiring what I myself had admired so much.

"What a superb scene!" he exclaimed. "What beautiful city lies yonder. From the course of those noble ships, spreading their white canvas to the breeze, I presume that distant strait leads out to some ocean; and there I behold others returning, like weary travellers, from their sea-beaten journey. Where can I be?"

"Saw you a ever scene more imposing?" said the Genius.

"No," replied the stranger. "Every thing bespeaks a nation wealthy and powerful. Yon gigantic ship of war rises from the wave like a castled rock, and from that forest of masts I see streaming the flags of every nation. Where out of England can exist a place so glorious?"

"Hast thou never read of such a place?"

"I have read of Grecian and Roman cities," replied the stranger,

"but this answers not the description in many particulars; nor am I acquainted with any book from which I could recognize this."

"You are in America."

The stranger stared.

"Let us pass over among the multitude," said the Genius.

We found ourselves in a church. It was crowded. An individual rose in the pulpit to address the throng. Every whisper was hushed; his words were listened to with stillness as profound as that of "summer's noon-tide air." Never were heard purer principles of morals delineated with greater power of language. The stranger was pale with the emotion which had been conjured up by the speaker.

"Who can he be?"

"It is *Clanning*," said the Genius.

On a sudden we stood before the Capitol at Washington. The stranger regarded it a moment, and seemed about to speak, but we passed into the senate chamber. An orator was addressing the assembly on the question of the Union. The stranger stood enchanted. It was Webster. He was delivering his glowing speech on the constitution.

"Is it possible there are such eloquent men in America?" exclaimed the stranger.

We walked through Broadway. A lovely girl was passing, when a drunken Swiss offered her a rudeness, and was in an instant prostrated by the arm of a gentleman who happened to be passing, and who scarcely staid to receive her thanks. The lady seemed frightened; and the stranger first addressed her—then admired—then fell in love.

"Upon my soul," said he, "I thought the American women were savages."

A company of the militia happened to march by, but the Genius turned away, in some confusion, and conveyed us all back again to Weehawk-hill.

"I'll tell you what," said the stranger, "I have not done you Americans justice in the articles which I have furnished the Quarterly on the subject. I am really ashamed of myself, and hereafter I promise —"

Just then he vanished from my sight; but I looked in the glass, and recognised him in a gentleman in a London apartment fast asleep, with Mr. Faux's book of travels on his lap, and a half-finished long article, made up from it, lying on the table.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

LETTER FROM SEDLEY.

I owe my acknowledgments to the editors of the Mirror for a sight of the letter from Lucy. The notice taken in it of my remarks on matrimonial felicity, although leaning towards censure, flatters me, to say nothing of the odd gratification I derive from being thus addressed anonymously. Scarcely any mental pleasure is more agreeable than the easy exercise of imagination; and epistles like the present, coming from we know not whom, awaken it gently, and employ it in drawing numerous conjectures touching the character, accomplishments, and appearance of the author. The penmanship of Lucy's letter is exceedingly neat and graceful, and I warrant has been exercised many a time and oft in confidential correspondence, that would make up as pretty an article for a weekly as the public could desire. Then the language is clear and modest, and verging slightly towards the sentimental. She has read Blair, and feels poetry; and sometimes lets a rare scene or a dear friend tempt her into a stanza of her own. There are verses at this moment lying in her portfolio. She reverences religion, but her piety is not austere or bigoted. It is tempered with cheerful feelings and a fervid love of nature. Her mind is now and then filled with lofty and melancholy thoughts; but they melt soon, and leave her susceptible to every pleasant influence, and she can be saucy when she has a mind, as is proved by the postscript, which rates you like schoolboys.

I shall beg your leave, gentlemen, to lay this document before the reader, assuring him that it is a real *bona fide* communication, and not one of those letters wicked editors sometimes insert, and which, like Watty's collar and ruffle in the play, are "all sham."

MESSRS. EDITORS—I belong to one of those fragment societies, formed by young ladies to contribute in relieving the distresses of the poor. Last week we met at the house of one of our most entertaining members. She is a bright, lively girl, and far more fond of talking than sewing. I like her the better for this, for I am always sure of having her to countenance me when I get a fit of idleness. That afternoon, I know not why, (and yet it's nothing unusual,) I felt in a particularly lazy mood; so I proposed reading aloud. "Here's the Mirror," said I, "and I have not seen it these three months; do let me read something from it." My friend, lovely Kate, gave an approving smile, and as I took it up, I glanced my eye over the pages, and caught the sight of "Matrimonial Felicity!" Now, Messrs. Editors, you know there's nothing girls like to hear of and talk about so much as matrimony, falling in love, and all that; so they were very clamorous for me to proceed. I read on uninterrupted, except by an occasional whisper for "cotton," "more silk, to finish the pin-cushion," or something of that nature, till I came to the conclusion of the last dialogue, so tenderly interspersed with "my dear;" and oh, gentlemen, if you could only have been ensconced behind the ample folds of the curtain, and heard the criticism passed on this unfortunate piece! They all declared, in the first place, it was too severe a cut for the *wives*; and as for the *author*, they were certain he was some selfish, disappointed old bachelor, to-

tally wrapt up in himself, and who appeared delighted to seize every instance of an unhappy marriage, to strengthen him in his first resolution of bachelorship, and steel him against the fascination of some of his fair friends.

"Indeed," said Kate, putting her arm around me, and drawing me off the sofa, "I think there is a far greater number of good wives than husbands; men are so general in their admiration, they love so many; every new pretty face pleases them as well after as before marriage, and this cannot fail to make a sensitive woman wretched: one who has given all her love to the husband of her choice, and thinks but of him."

"Yes," said I, "this may be all very true, Kate, but they say such wives are very rare; that it is more frequently the fault of our sex, that the domestic heart is so seldom enlivened with gaiety, or sweetened by the social interchange of thought and feeling. It certainly is in the power of the wife to render her home either happy or miserable; and if she is a woman of principle, and even finds herself afterwards united to one not altogether such as she had expected, she will still appear cheerful; nay, make herself contented, and hide the disappointment deep in her own heart. Who could blame a husband for flying from his wife and family, if she received him coldly, languidly, and probably pouted at his lengthened absence, when, perhaps, that very time had been spent in toiling for her support. How different, dear Kate, is the conduct of the kind, affectionate wife. At the first sound of his footstep she hastens to meet him; her soft eyes, beaming with love, and her whole face brightening with delight. If chance, or the world's cares, have cast an unusual sadness over his brow, how quickly she notices the change; and then how sweetly, how kindly she soothes him!"

"Oh! how I love such a woman," said Kate; "and even among my limited circle of young friends, I know at least a dozen girls who would prove the fondest, most devoted wives; they are talented, warm-hearted, and elevated in their feelings; and gentle, sweet in disposition; but these very girls are of such retiring manners, either from natural inclination, poverty, or other insurmountable obstacles, that they have no opportunity of being known to intelligent, refined men, and will probably throw themselves away on beings altogether unworthy of them, incapable of appreciating their fine qualities. And do you know, Lucy," continued she, "it often makes me feel sad to hear any one of these dear girls picture such a bright happiness for her future life; and express the pure, exquisite joy she would feel in loving one, and being all the world to that one! I tremble, and think how very soon her early dream will pass away. But, pahaw! I'm getting sentimental. Let's join the girls."

As you probably care little about hearing any more of our idle chit-chat, I bid you adieu; not forgetting, however, to express our regret that Sedley is so unfortunate as never to have met with the fairest, the sweetest among our sex, and so ungenerous as to instance a weak, ill-natured wife, as an example of the whole. With profound respect, yours,

LUCY.

P. S. We do not care whether you honor this with a space in your paper, or not. It was meant, Messrs. Editors, only to let you know some of our thoughts on the matter. Perhaps—and if we feel very much inclined—we will let you take another peep in upon our little sewing party.

L.

This letter reflects very prettily the image of a young mind, full of the pure thoughts and aspirations of woman, before time has taught her the true character of the world. She has evidently caught her ideas from books, not from experience. Twenty years from this time she will look back upon this letter, and shake her head demurely, and not without a sigh, at the recollection of the present days. I do not prophesy that she will be unhappy, only that she will be changed. I wish I had been behind the curtain during the animadversions on my piece, to have heard the sage remarks of a circle of innocent and inexperienced girls, who, being young and unmarried, must know a vast deal about the matter. I cannot refrain, however, from a retaliatory criticism of Lucy's composition; and being kindly disposed towards her, will afford her the benefit of my opinions; so patience, my fair incognito, and I will be brief as possible.

In the first place, you confess that it is not unusual with you to fall into a fit of idleness. A cause no more important than that sometimes shakes the fabric of a husband's love. Sentiment and romantic ideas are appropriate and pretty, during the agreeable days of courtship, but by and by they come to be mixed up with common-place thoughts. Dinners must be cooked, stockings mended, the house kept neat, bills paid, calls answered, civilities extended where the husband's friendships are concerned, a thousand little duties of a trifling nature individually, but of great value in the aggregate, must be performed. They are groveling perhaps, but must, nevertheless, be attended to. Their omission creates annoyance, that produces ill-humor, which leads to murmurs, replies, and ungentle words and looks, and so the altercation is begun.

That whispering for "cotton" and "more silk" while one is reading aloud, is abominable. How the beauty of a glowing thought is marred by having its climax capped with the word "pin-cushion." But as you met together for the purpose of sewing, and reading at that time was but a subordinate occupation, perhaps those interruptions could not well be avoided.

Your friend Kate falls into a natural error in saying that there is "a far greater number of good wives than husbands," and I smiled when I read her reasons for thinking so. "Men are," she says, "so general in their admiration—they love so many—every new pretty face pleases them, as well after as before mar-

riage." Certainly it does, and why not? It is the too refined conception of wedded happiness; the expectation of any thing contrary to this that makes so many disappointed wives and provoked husbands. "Sensible women" should not suffer themselves to be wretched from so unworthy a cause. What spell is upon a man after the marriage ceremony has taken place, to divest him of a taste for beauty of any description? Lucy must not think I confound admiration of beauty with love of the possessor. I am afraid, however, Kate, whom I like much in the description, would be, as many others are, too tenacious of her influence over her husband, if she would not let him admire a pretty face. She might, on the same principle, be offended when he gazed on a lovely painting or statue, although but a fancy piece. I remember a couple who quarreled seriously, exactly from this cause. The wife would not have her husband admire any thing but herself. At a party in the theatre one night, I looked a long time in vain for the cause of her being suddenly agitated with unhappiness, till I found her unconscious lord gazing intently at an actress through the opera glass. She turns reproachful glances at him when he meets a friend with lively pleasure, because she thinks her society ought to be sufficient for his amusement. He cannot spend an hour in the city library with her knowledge, without offending her; and when he reproves her mildly, and reasons with her, she falls to crying, and says it's all for the love of him, which being only the truth, he shuts his mouth, and looks like a sad fool.

Love alone never can insure tranquil contentment. It must be tempered with a conviction of the frailties of human nature, and the many chances there are against any two mortals living together long in a state of perfect agreement. It must be willing to sacrifice something for the sake of preserving the rest; as mariners, in a tempest at sea fling a portion of the cargo overboard in order to save the remainder. I do not think all married people unhappy; and the character so offensive to Lucy's ideas of the reality, was not drawn as a representative of the whole, but of a class. I do not believe, however, the majority of marriages happy. Too many accidental combinations are necessary. It was my intention to make a rough calculation, but I find it very well done to my hand in the Boston Literary Magazine, a monthly work, of which only one number has been published. As it is not at all known yet, I extract something from its pages. It is, perhaps, a little ill-natured, but there is, nevertheless, much truth in it.

"When I was young, and my imagination somewhat bewildered by reading novels, I fancied, that to be married was to regain paradise. But wishing to convince myself by critical observation whether the mass of married people were well matched, and happy in each other, I set off in disguise, and visited more than fifty families, part in the city, and part in the country. I spent not less than two days, nor more than ten, at any place. I pretended to be a simple love-crazed child, and found but little difficulty in gaining admittance. I had writing materials with me, and took a hasty sketch of each family.

"The following are the remarks I made upon a part of the families, in the order that I visited them. Years have passed since. No one can now be injured by their publication, and they may, in some measure, correct the erroneous impressions that are made upon the minds of young people by the reading of novels.

"1. Old people. The man grumbling—sour and savage; the wife clever and simple, and an everlasting talker. I heard her husband say, 'her tongue will never cease; she will surely talk me to death.'

"2. Middle-aged. The man, a poor hen-pecked thing, has to do and go, fetch and carry, just as his wife tells him; she is a good manager, but void of all noble or generous feelings. Her parents had 'a more splendid trough, and a wider sty' than his, and she frequently reminds him of it, that he may not forget that he is a grade below her.

"3. Middle aged. The husband a brute and a tyrant; the wife a beautiful flower trampled in the dust.

"4. Young people. The husband a rough, uncultivated, unfeeling sot; the wife a fine, intelligent, but heart-broken woman.

"5. Old people. The husband an uncultivated, but kind, good-natured man; the wife a superior woman. She manages her husband in every thing, yet in such a kind, complying manner, that he believes he has the reins of government in his own hands. 'Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also praiseth her.'

"6. Young people. The husband wild and enthusiastic, but active and intelligent; the wife a pretty, harmless, inanimate thing. She gazes upon her beautiful child as unmoved as a marble statue. Surely this woman does not possess so much as animal instinct.

"7. The husband, a great lazy boy of five-and-thirty, spends most of his time in playing checkers with other boys of his own age; the wife, a clever, strong, able-bodied woman, takes care of the barn, chops wood, tends the children, and waits upon the great boy that is tied to her, like a good obedient wife.

"8. Two infernal spirits confined in vehicles of flesh, and fastened together, to be a mutual torment to each other.

"9. The husband, a very handsome man—a great dandy, and too much in love with his pretty self to feel interested for any one else, (as if a handsome man without a mind was anything more than a handsome horse;) the wife rather plain in her appearance, but a woman of fine talents and pleasing manners, but ashamed of her mate.

"11. A young couple just married. The husband a fond silly thing; the wife ditto.

"12. I had some difficulty in getting in here. The man sent me to his wife. I had to tell her a most doleful story to prevail on her to take me in for a week. The husband is a weak, silly, good-natured, passionate man; the wife an uncomfortable, vexatious, tantalizing, jealous, fretful, disagreeable woman.

"13. The man a brainless fop, and struts about like a great turkey; the woman jealous, peevish, and restless—reproaches her husband for having married her for her property—tells him that he neglects her—reminds him of all the kind foolish things he used to say to her in their days of courtship, and always finds something to fret about or complain of.

"14. The husband a kind, generous man; the wife a fascinating, accomplished woman. They are not happy. She had imbibed erroneous ideas of conjugal felicity. She did not consider that the descriptions of married life in novels were ideal, and nothing like the sad realities of life. She says that there are a thousand things to try people in the married state, that the young never dream of.

"15. The husband good-natured and amiable; the wife a high-bred, intelligent woman, yet cold, haughty, and selfish. She carries with her a lock of hair that once belonged to a former husband, which she sometimes shows to him, telling him that she loves that better than his whole body.

"16. The man a lazy, awkward, ill-natured fellow; the woman an excellent housewife, and an everlasting scold—has enough to make any woman scold.

"17. An old bachelor, sour and sad. Regrets that he was not married when young; says that he would rather have a wife, though she were forever scolding, than to live so lonely.

"18. The husband a highly-gifted, noble-minded man; the wife a lively, generous, sensible, interesting woman. The minds of both are well cultivated, and their feelings warm and enthusiastic. Their love is pure and holy, and they are happy in themselves and in each other."

UNOWNED ARTICLES.

HUMORS OF A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

NUMBER SIX.

To wed, or not to wed—that is the question,
Whether 'tis better singly thus to suffer
The taunts and jeerings of outrageous spinsters,
Or to take heart, and with some lovely scoffer
At Hymen's altar end them.

SUCH, after seeing Kean's inimitable Hamlet last evening, were my reflections, as, stepping out of bed this morning, I rested my hand inadvertently upon a comely, comfortable-looking little volume, entitled "Domestic Happiness Portrayed, or a Repository for those who are, and those who are not married," which my landlady, (bless her soul, she is not yet five-and-forty,) had left upon my dressing-table. The poor bachelors! how various are the stratagems to win them from their boasted freedom, and break them in to the great uses of society! They were restive under the last attempt—that of General M'Clure, to tax the luxury of celibacy, and the enemy has, therefore, in this instance, gone more insidiously to work. The book before us, contains all the good things that have been or may be said in favor of the married state, and—not one against it. We have new essays, and old essays, with the arguments in its favor; new disquisitions, and old disquisitions, upon the happiness of which it is the cause; and new recipes and old recipes for avoiding or correcting the evils that are incident to it. There are several well written papers from American pens, and gleanings from the British classics, from the days of Addison down to ours, so that nothing more can be said upon the subject, unless upon the other side. As that never ought to be said, we take the liberty of summing up in favor of the affirmant, with due allowances for *ex parte* statements. The fact is, that in this country, such an engine against celibacy is hardly yet needed to be brought into play: no one thinks here of remaining single after five-and-thirty, unless he intends to travel, or some smouldering affair of the heart puts him *hors du combat* in matrimonial matters. Such Geraldine—

"Once fondly loved, and still remembered dear"—

such as flickers in the breast of him who trifles here. Adored Geraldine!—thou who, when life was new, didst cheat my mind of all its powers—my soul of all its tenderness; stole me from my studies and my sports, and haunting with thine image each chamber of my heart, makes the lone mansion tenantless; even while I write, do thy radiant features shine through the mist of years upon my paper, lovely as when first I worshipped them. Beautiful Geraldine! years have passed away since that delicious season, and time, who has sown his threads of gray among my raven locks, must ere this have thinned thy golden tresses, yet still the same unchanged—unchangeable—still, still, I love.

Pshaw! I shall never get on at this rate. To return to our mutt. We have no club-houses here as in London, where for a tithe of the expense single men can enjoy agreeable society and most of the comforts and more than the elegancies of home; nor have we yet that variety of amusements which fill up a man's leisure time in Paris from one end of the year to the other, and form a fascinating substitute for the enjoyments of a domestic fireside. We have not even the bustle of business and the solace of money-making to compensate the forlorn bachelor for the want of a home, after he has exhausted the few means of killing time without torture, which our cities afford. He may be in business, it is true;

but who patronizes, who trusts him? Merchants are not eager to form connections with one who has not taken root in the community; lawyers would rather share their business with those whose affairs are more closely interwoven with the ramifications of society; churches will not call one to be the father of a flock who cannot claim the reverence due to paternity; and though the stalwart bachelor may walk the hospital till he looks like some anatomical preparation, it is out of the question to call him in as a family physician so long as he is single. If an editor, he may, to be sure—what with stirring news, animated politics, and showers of new publications—slip along well enough; but, owing to the causes above-mentioned, even this favored class of mortals are likely to be forsaken by their kind as they advance in life, for bachelors are notorious deserters of their own ranks; and the sworn fellowship of those they leave behind weighs not a feather with them when they turn Benedicts, and go over to the enemy! No; there is no question, but that in this country a publication of the kind before us, is entirely a work of supererogation, or, rather, a piece of mischievous cruelty, in the pictures of married bliss it draws, offered to the fated single. The dissertations upon the choices of a partner for life, however, with the observations upon general deportment between married parties, may not be thrown away. If it be true, as a general remark, that the sum of human happiness is made up of trifles, the observation more particularly holds good with regard to the intercourse of two people who are inseparably connected, and constantly in each other's society. Great sacrifices are seldom required, but habitual courtesy, toleration of each other's caprices and peculiarities, and consideration for mutual weaknesses, must all be exercised; and these constitute that real politeness, that benevolence of manner, which, founded on good sense and good feeling, may exist alike in every class of society, though its counterfeit is rarely found but in the highest. Few men, it must be confessed, with more solid or dazzling qualities, possess such qualifications for a husband, in the perfection of a Sir Charles Grandison.

Shocking as it may seem to the young and fair reader, we do not believe that there are more than a dozen such men in the world, and they, alas! are only to be found in novels. Take two or three of the best husbands in town, and how near do they come to such a model? Sam Cypher, to his former celebrity as a man of letters and lover of the fine arts, has long since added the reputation of being the best husband in the world. He not only never goes to a party without Mrs. C., but he cannot look in at a play, or witness, with other savans, the triumph of chemistry in fire eating, without taking her with him. Sam, being a naturalist, was dying to see the ourang-outang; but he never called upon that interesting female, as his wife would not accompany him. This may really arise from conjugal tenderness, though ill-natured people attribute it to certain other causes, when they hear him called a pattern of a husband. Those who are so uncharitable, might with equal reason have sneered at the extreme facility of his tamper in other respects. He gave up breakfasting in his slippers, for instance, at the request of his wife, a few days after he was married, without a struggle; and since then has distinguished himself upon the annals of good-natured men by several important concessions. Notwithstanding the authority of Jonathan Oldbuck for being a monarch in his study, he allowed the womenkind, as the antiquarian calls them, to drag him from that fastness when Mrs. Cypher gave her first ball; and turning it into a temporary conservatory, send his books, papers, and collections into the garret, and supply their place with plants hired from Thorburns for the occasion. Nor was this excruciating test of Sam's equanimity all that was required of him. He was equal to the occasion, however, and without a murmur took the children, and slept at a relation's, when his bed-chamber and their nursery were turned into card-rooms, upon the same memorable evening. Let it not be suspected, however, that Cypher wants spirit from thus submitting to such invasion of his comforts. Not at all. He has been known to dine at Delmonico's, without previously sending word home; and once, upon a call of business, he actually visited the Springs without his wife! It was at mid-winter. In short, though Cypher makes such a figure aside of his wife that he really stands for *nothing*, yet nothing is lost by having his existence so merged in hers; for, counting the lady one, they together form a lively personification of that figure in cabinet literature, called a "unanimous unit." As for Ned Manly, he deserves not half the credit the world gives him for being so domestic as he is. Manly is fond of music, and likes to have his old friends about him. The secret of his being so much at home is, that his wife keeps up her practice of the first, and cheerfully makes up a hand at whist when the last drop in of an evening. Nor, on the other side, was poor Rashton so much to blame for the domestic explosion that broke up his housekeeping. If he was too attentive to the family mantua-maker, his wife, it must be allowed, was in fault, by setting him an example of misplaced familiarity, when she made a companion of the retailer of thread and gossip, and passed the morning in listening to her tattle about wild young A. the old Miss B. and those strange people the C.'s, in all of whose families the mischief-maker had used well her opportunities for laying in a stock of the small wares of scandal. Upon the whole, judging from these instances, and the many we have in reserve, it must be concluded that a man's domestic habits are determined almost entirely by the character and manners of the females of his family, and depend upon their ability and disposition to make home agreeable. In the same manner that the influence of woman has caused the retiring disposition and accomplished habits formed to grace a home, in the first character we have noticed, to be

squandered and lost in his wife's passion for fashionable notoriety, that influence in the case of Manly has changed a convivial bachelor into a home-cheering husband; and the vulgar taste of a silly woman, in that of Rashton, has led on an amiable but weak man to what the coldness of his temperament would never have betrayed him into. "Domestic happiness" is to be "portrayed" then, not in set and formal lines of duty; not with the pen of a mannerist or pedant—more cold and prosaic even than that which is here so feebly employed in a glowing cause—but in the uncertain and varying bounds of woman's temper and attractions, and with a pencil so delicate, warm, and discriminating, that it can detect color, and distinguish each peculiarity of manner, shade of feeling, and trait of character; and all the rules the accumulated wisdom of sages could make upon the subject would not be worth as much as the native tact of the sex, when prompted by the heart.

To the ladies, then, I again commit these matters, with an earnest apology for having taken them out of their hands even for a moment, while indulging in these rambling observations; regarding which, despite the erratic course they have taken, the ingenious reader has, no doubt, discovered that, like Hamlet's madness, they have method in them. H.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND AND OTAHEITE.

NUMBER thirty-one of the Family Library. A very valuable and interesting volume, by John Barrow, Esq. with plates. Its reputation is established in England. Every one will read it with pleasure. Publishers, brothers Harper. The various maritime expeditions of discovery, undertaken by powerful civilized nations, have led to incidents characterized at once by the deepest interest and the wildest romance. The extraordinary occurrences related in this work are of the strangest cast, one of which is the narrative of the discovery of the mutineers, including the account of the mutiny on board the ship *Bounty*. We subjoin an extract, relative to the criminals in that transaction, many years after the perpetration of the deed, and the discovery of the last one on a lonely and beautiful island in the Pacific.

"Twenty years had passed away, and the *Bounty*, and Fletcher Christian, and the piratical crew that he had carried off with him in that ship, had ceased to occupy a thought in the public mind. Throughout the whole of that eventful period, the attention of all Europe had been absorbed in the contemplation of 'enterprises of great pith and moment'—of the revolutions of empires—the bustle and business of warlike preparations—the movements of hostile armies—battles by sea and land, and of all 'the pomp and circumstance of glorious war.' If the subject of the *Bounty* was accidentally mentioned, it was merely to express an opinion that this vessel and those within her had gone to the bottom, or that some savage islanders had inflicted on the mutineers that measure of retribution so justly due to their crime. It happened, however, some years before the conclusion of this war of such unexampled duration, that an accidental discovery, as interesting as it was wholly unexpected, was brought to light, in consequence of an American trading vessel having, by mere chance, approached one of those numerous islands in the Pacific, against whose steep and iron-bound shore the surf almost everlastingly rolls with such tremendous violence as to bid defiance to any attempt of boats to land, except at particular times and in very few places.

"The first intimation of this extraordinary discovery was transmitted by Sir Sidney Smith from Rio Janeiro, and received at the Admiralty on the fourteenth of May, 1809. It was conveyed to him from Valparaiso by Lieutenant Fitzmaurice, and was as follows:

"Captain Folger, of the American brig *Topaz*, of Boston, relates, that upon landing on Pitcairn's Island, in lat. 25° 2' S., long. 130° W., he found there an Englishman, of the name of Alexander Smith, the only person remaining of nine that escaped in his majesty's late ship *Bounty*, Captain W. Bligh. Smith relates that, after putting Captain Bligh in the boat, Christian, the leader of the mutiny, took command of the ship, and went to Otaheite, where great part of the crew left her, except Christian, Smith, and seven others, who each took wives, and six Otaheitan men-servants, and shortly after arrived at the said island, (Pitcairn,) where they ran the ship on shore, and broke her up; this event took place in the year 1790.

"About four years after their arrival (a great jealousy existing), the Otaheitans secretly revolted, and killed every Englishman except himself, whom they severely wounded in the neck with a pistol ball. The same night the widows of the deceased Englishmen arose, and put to death the whole of the Otaheitans, leaving Smith the only man alive upon the island, with eight or nine women and several small children. On his recovery, he applied himself to tilling the ground, so that it now produces plenty of yams, coconuts, bananas, and plantains; hogs and poultry in abundance. There are now some grown-up men and women, children of the mutineers, on the island, the whole population amounting to about thirty-five, who acknowledge Smith as father and commander of them all; they all speak English, and have been educated by him (as Captain Folger represents) in a religious and moral way.

"The second mate of the *Topaz* asserts that Christian, the ringleader, became insane shortly after their arrival on the island,

and threw himself off the rocks into the sea; another died of a fever before the massacre of the remaining six took place. The island is badly supplied with water, sufficient only for the present inhabitants, and no anchorage.

"Smith gave to Captain Folger a chronometer, made by Kendall, which was taken from him by the governor of Juan Fernandez."

THE AMERICAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

From the press of Peabody and Co. A work which, from the excellence of the plan, the skill of the artists, and the knowledge and ability of the editor, Mr. Samuel L. Knapp, must be popular. The work will appear in numbers, the present being the first of the series. It contains lithographic portraits of Washington, John Smith and Columbus. We wish it success. It certainly deserves it.

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL PULPIT.

A monthly publication, containing select original sermons, by clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The present is the second and third numbers of the second volume, from the press of John Moore. Many chaste and elegant compositions are here given. The impression before us is enriched with one from the pen of the late Bishop Hobart and the present Bishop Onderdonk; also one from the pen of the Rev. William L. Johnson.

ROMER'S ILIAD.

Mr. J. D. Ogilby is the editor of an edition of this poem in the original. His object is to bring it more within the compass of the reader's understanding, by a substitution of improved English notes for the usual voluminous Latin commentaries. Learners will, doubtless, find an advantage in using Mr. Ogilby's edition, and proprietors of schools in recommending it to their classes.

THE NORTH AMERICAN ARITHMETIC.

One of that class of useful and greatly improved school-books, on the admirable plan of Pestalozzi. Lincoln and Edmonds, Boston, publishers.

IN PRESS.—"Stanley Buxton, or the Schoolfellows;" by John Galt, Esq.; two volumes. "The Records of a Good Man's Life;" by Rev. C. B. Taylor, M.A. author of "May you like it."—Harpers, publishers.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

NOTICE OF THE LATE WILLIAM SLOSSON.

It has been the misfortune of our city, within a few years, to lose some of the most valuable members of its bar; and the sympathy of the profession has been feelingly called forth and expressed at these repeated bereavements. The name of William Slosson has been lately added to these melancholy mementos of departed worth.

Mr. Slosson belonged to the elevated rank of his profession, and had, by years of laborious application, prepared himself for the discharge of its highest duties. He was from early life an indefatigable student, patient and unwearied in research. Law was with him pursued as a science, its principles thoroughly investigated, and then applied to the purposes of professional employment. His mind also, from its habits of deep reflection and meditation, was admirably fitted for comprehending and developing whatever might be abstruse or complex, in what is usually termed the mazes of the law.

As an advocate, he was listened to by the bench with great respect, not only for his learning, but for the able deductions of his own mind, and its clear exposition of the merits of any case which was the subject of its investigation. The researches of learning were but auxiliary to the resources of his own intellect, and helped to illustrate those conclusions which had already been formed by a sound and discriminating judgment.

There was nothing in the address of Mr. Slosson glowing or impassioned. He was not what might be termed a persuasive speaker, nor did he seek the aid of any thing adventitious to accomplish his object. His aim was not to make a lodgment upon the feelings, but to enlist on his side the understanding of his hearers, and to that his strength was invariably and successfully applied. Yet though he might not be considered as cultivating the graces of eloquence, there was a peculiar earnestness and sincerity of manner which riveted the attention of a jury, while a power of condensed reasoning and argument usually carried conviction to their minds. As he strongly felt the conclusions to which he had brought himself, and as forcibly portrayed them, it was but rarely that he failed in impressing them as strongly upon others.

To these acquisitions of forensic knowledge, he also added the treasures of classical learning. Though in a great measure a self-taught scholar, he was well acquainted with the Greek and Roman languages and with their varied literature. These studies he pursued with ardor and enthusiasm. They had been the peculiar delight of his youth, and they continued to beguile what little time could be spared from the cares and perplexities of an extensive professional business. It is remarked of him, by the late N. H. Carter, in his published letters from Europe, who traveled with him through a part of Italy, (which he visited a few years since, in search of health,) that his depth of erudition, considering the known labors of his professional life, had been remarked by him with perfect astonishment. "If," said he, "a hill or a stream, a plant or ruin chanced to suggest an idea

in a Roman historian, orator, or poet, he would not only give chapter and verse, but repeat the passage in the language of the author. In the course of our rambles, whole pages of Livy, Caesar, Tacitus, Cicero, Virgil, and others were poured forth without effort, as if nothing was necessary but to hoist the flood-gates of memory." Upon his return, it was one of his fondest recollections, to dwell on the hours he had passed in those classic regions; to express the mixed feelings of veneration and delight, awakened amid the seats of ancient learning, and to contrast the glory of the past with the present sad monuments of their departed greatness.

With these habits and acquisitions, which so peculiarly fitted Mr. Slosson for the duties of an accomplished advocate, he also possessed great intellectual purity. Though in his disposition courteous, yet his manners, from a life of close and retired application, were rather formal, and to some appeared constrained; but within the exterior there was a warmth and goodness of heart, which made him the delight of his family, and endeared him to those who intimately knew him. Frank and candid, his opinion could be implicitly relied on for its sincerity. It was this virtue which especially recommended him to those who sought his professional aid, and he was as much relied on for the disinterestedness as the soundness of his advice. His conduct was ever subservient to the integrity of his character, for there was a correctness of purpose which distinguished all his actions.

The writer of these remarks knew him from youth up, intimately and thoroughly. His character had been uniform. His path was that of undeviating rectitude; and his life was an example of integrity and truth. I.

A BACCHANALIAN SCENE.

"Quite well at ten,
A few friends to sup with me;
Queer at eleven,
At twelve all up with me."

I was the other evening ushered by a friend towards an upper room of the G— hotel. The apartment was brilliantly lighted—sounds of music came from the windows—a couple of shillings furnished us with as many tickets, which entitled us to enter. I followed my companion to the spot whence proceeded the sound of merry voices, singing with a pure spirit-stirring brogue, an Irish glee. On opening the door an odd scene broke upon my sight. Two or three hundred persons were in the room, sitting at small tables, each of which could accommodate four. Most of the assemblage had their hats on, and seeking nothing but ease in the disposition of themselves, were grouped in every possible manner. One table I would find loaded down with the feet of the four persons who sat around it—each with a lighted cigar in his mouth, and a glass of punch in his hand. On another were piled the hats and punch of those around, and on a third the occupants beat their applause. At the head of a long table which ran across one end of the room, sat *mine host*. He was exactly fitted to preside over such a scene. I never saw good humor personified until then. I despair of giving any idea of his broad, jovial countenance, where the rose of the carbuncle, the purple of good living, and the amaranthine hue of a hundred wine cups, bloomed side by side. It was a face "to look upon," not describe. He was called upon for a song, a moment after my entrance, and I prepared myself for a hearty laugh. But in a voice soft and sweeter far than any I had before heard, he commenced the beautiful song "Bring Flowers," the words by Mrs. Hemans. When he had finished, with a most ludicrous cock of the eye, and twist of his face, he called upon a man at the other end of the room for "Teddy Rowe." The person thus designated was the exact counterpart of mine host. He was a long, lank, methodical looking Yankee. The straight black hair combed down smoothly over his forehead, almost concealed the small black eyes which were generally moving restlessly around the room, but which ever and anon were turned up towards heaven, giving to his long and narrow face a devout and sanctified appearance, which Lorenzo Dow himself might envy. The call for "Teddy Rowe," produced an instantaneous and entirely new change in his countenance. In a moment all appearance of sanctity had departed. By some extraordinary power over his muscles, he would first draw his mouth on one side of his face, and after singing with it there awhile, he would twist it around on the other. His whole countenance assumed an expression of humor that is indescribable, and with a brogue as pure as was ever given to a son of the Emerald Isle, he went through with his ditty. Call succeeded call, and the song, the glee, and the jest went merrily around. We left them at ten o'clock in the height of their mirth. An hour since I was shocked by the intelligence that the jovial host who had presided was *dead*. He passed away in a short time, after the breaking up of the party, at his *supper table*. Poor fellow! his death, after all, was like his life—a happy one. He died while the smile was yet on his lip, while the jest was struggling for utterance: and while his heart was still warm with kindly feeling, and glowing with the praise which tingled in the parting adieu of his friends, the cold finger of death touched it, and it withered.

This sketch may be deemed trivial by some, but there must be many who will recognize, even in my imperfect portrait, the features of a late merry and music-loving promoter of good fellowship, who by means of his jest and song, and with the aid of one or two of his friends, attracted large numbers of young men every Friday evening. One beholds strange scenes sometimes in a city, where death and revelry walk hand in hand, startling the thoughtful observer by their discordant notes.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE, ETC.

Mrs. Austin is warbling at the Park theatre, where a succession of delightful operas are delightfully sustained. The "Rent-day," the striking new drama so successful at the American, is also to be performed here.

Miss Vincent has made an impression at the American theatre, and attracted unusual houses. She deserves her success. Her Clari is, in many respects, a very effective piece of acting; and her girlish and graceful appearance prepares every one to be indulgent.

Mr. Charles Kean is at the Walnut-street theatre, and Mr. Sinclair and Mrs. Knight at the Arch-street, Philadelphia.

At Covent-garden Miss Fanny Kemble, in her own tragedy of Francis the First, is much noticed, and praised by the critics; and Sheridan Knowles's new play, the Hunchback, has also been greatly admired.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. PAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1832.

State of Europe.—The accounts from Europe are appalling. Paris seems to have fallen into the hands of demons. A more melancholy picture of human wretchedness it is seldom our lot to contemplate. The passions of mankind appear bursting out with fearful impunity. Commerce suffers the severest restrictions; the claims of justice are disregarded in the general anarchy; and religion is but a jest. The many various forms in which the consequences of such a state of society must fall on the people, and which are too numerous and complicated to be described and brought within the imagination of the ordinary observer, must be unfavorable to virtue as it is to happiness. Scenes of individual distress are merged in the general misery, as a wounded and dying soldier is overlooked in the din of a great battle; but much, nevertheless, there must be to claim the sympathy, and excite the horror of the philanthropist. But the misfortunes of these countries are not confined even to the tempestuous passions of the inhabitants. Nature adds her angry visitations to carry mourning and pain into every bosom. The cholera is extending its ravages, and earthquakes have been felt in several sections of Italy. The Parisians are also terrified with rumors that the wines and springs of the city have been poisoned by order of the government. Tumults are continually breaking out between the troops and the people of Italy and France, in which the unarmed and affrighted citizens fall by the musketry of the soldiers; and a recent journal states, that a large number of individuals are ranging through Paris, knocking down with clubs, and misusing in the most brutal manner even unoffending strangers, and that for this violence there is no redress.

In reading over the European journals one thought must strike every American mind. While we sympathize with the multitudes of our fellow-creatures who are suffering the evils resulting from corrupt governments and a luxurious aristocracy, a silent feeling of gratitude rises in every heart, that a broad ocean rolls between us and them. While we are happily cut off from a participation in their fatal disorders, we may read in the narrative of their sufferings many a lesson which should be treasured up, and forever acted upon by our own people. The character of Europe has ever been that of a licentious profligate. Her kings and conquerors have often been tyrants and fools; her queens criminal and unprincipled; her ministries venal, ambitious, and destitute of philanthropy; her laws narrow, and calculated to trample down human rights; her institutions tending to foster learning among a few, and keep the many in darkness. The people have too often submitted to every species of indignity. Liberty has struggled abroad with nearly the whole influence of Europe, if not all the moral force of the globe against her; and every step of her advance has been in blood. History is full of monstrous incidents. It has never been reviewed. It ought to be. No one in Europe could do it. It must be regarded from a loftier point of moral elevation than can be assumed even by the enlightened writers of that land. The simple principle of equality is there a theme of ridicule; and it is a dogma of European politics, not wholly excluded from our own, that the human neck was formed by nature for the yoke. What would be a more interesting enterprise for a great author than to analyze the history of Europe, from the earliest authentic accounts to the present day; and to measure the actions and characters there recounted and described, according to the standard of abstract morality? We do not refer to the people. It is in their behalf that we speak. It is against them that the systems of oppression has been directed by governments. How grateful should we be to Providence, that the clouds charged with thunder, which are rolling across the empires and kingdoms of Europe, have not as yet reached our atmosphere, whose serenity remains unobscured; that all our rights are distinctly defined and ably protected; that peace is by the domestic hearth, and in the harvest field; that our youth are not torn from their families, to serve the bloody purposes of any dazzling madman; that the sound of civil discord does not startle us from our sleep; that we do not awaken in the morning to find our streets washed with the gore of our fellow-citizens, massacred by hireling butchers; but that, instead of these, law is predominant over brute force, and tranquillity and plenty bless us on every side.

These are favors not fully appreciated; they should make us love our native land and respect her laws; and cause us to be ever on the alert to guard that freedom and wealth, which we possess over every other country on the globe.

New-York Marble Cemetery.—It was but recently that interments were allowed to take place in the yards attached to the churches in various parts of the city. This was found productive of consequences deleterious to health, which will easily be conceived from the fact that the enclosure alone, adjoining Trinity church, contains the relics of about two hundred and fifty thousand human beings. A law was therefore obtained to prevent the increase of an evil so palpable, and prohibiting burials within certain limits, under heavy penalties. This has caused the construction of two cemeteries in the upper part of the town, built in a manner which obviates the objections urged against others, and which must be regarded as a very important advantage to the city. One of these edifices has been long completed, and its value was so well understood by the wealthiest and most respectable members of the community, that the whole number of vaults was immediately purchased. The other lies adjoining, and in the interior of the block formed by the First and Second Avenues, and Second and Third streets, being in the eleventh ward. It is four hundred and fifty feet in length, and ninety in breadth; and is surrounded by a massive stone wall two feet thick, and from top to bottom twenty-two feet high, twelve feet above the surface. The number of vaults is two hundred and eighty-eight, one quarter of which are now finished and in daily use. On entering this enclosure, the interior presents only the appearance of a park, surrounded by a lofty wall and very beautifully laid out with appropriate trees and shrubbery, among which are the yew, box, and myrtle. The vaults themselves are altogether concealed from view, and are only designated by slabs of marble laid in the wall, marked with the owner's names. When the plants which have been already set, shall attain a luxuriant growth, the spot will be a grateful resort for the mourners over departed friends here deposited.

It is a great advantage to the proprietors of these melancholy abodes, that all persons who are, or who shall become owners, have been lately created a body corporate. The uses of this are various and important; the vaults shall be deemed personal property and exempted from taxation or sale on execution, and shall not be inventoried as assets applicable to the payment of debts, in cases where not more than one is owned by the same person. In cases of intestacy they will belong to the next of kin of the deceased.

In directing attention to this subject we are impelled by a desire to remind our readers that their applications may be unsuccessful if long delayed; and we are confident that few individuals at the head of families can avoid feeling a great interest in it. Several privileges are insured to the proprietors here which could not be obtained, at least in the same degree, by others; among them may be enumerated the pure air always preserved within the vaults, promoted by the marble interior, and which offers the melancholy opportunity for such friends as were distant at the time of interment, to gaze again on the features of those they love. The facility with which this sad pleasure may be obtained, must render the possession of one of the vaults a matter of the greatest moment. We need scarcely add, that the rapidity with which the funeral ceremonies are here conducted, and which are usually so agonizing to surviving relatives, divests them of much of their protracted horror. The procession moves to the spot, and the body is placed in a room, in which there is nothing loathsome. The mourner hears few of those soul-harrowing and lengthened details, which on similar occasions usually make the blood curdle, and excruciate the soul. The necessary circumstances are soon performed, and the sleeper is left in his resting-place. But the portals which shut him in are not irrevocably closed; and the tasteful decorations of vines, flowers, and foliage gleaming around, soften the harshness of the scene, and fling about the dreadful form of death a drapery of tender and not unpleasant associations. We learn that nothing which wealth can purchase or taste devise, will be spared in bestowing upon these enclosures every rural embellishment. The exquisite lines of Bryant rise in the memory of the bereaved lingerer around those pensive walks:

"There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers,
Stand in their beauty by;
The oriole should build and tell
His love tale, close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird."

Importance of example in educating children.—The sentiments contained in the following passages, which we find floating about the newspapers, uncredited, are apparently founded on a close observation; and are, as far as our experience goes, accurately true. No means of imprinting an impression upon an intelligent child's mind is so sure to be successful as that of example. The observation of Juvenal, "the greatest reverence is due to children," is full of instruction and beauty. We cannot teach a child arithmetic by example; but we can inspire him with respect for knowledge and perseverance in completing what he undertakes:

"All your cares will be in vain, unless you assist them by your example. Children are extremely imitative, attentive to every little word and motion, and turn of countenance, and way of acting, open to their observation; and I am apt to think their future character depends more upon the sentiments and habits they im-

bibe inadvertently, than on what is usually comprehended under the term education; nor would I pronounce it impossible that children might be led into all kinds of useful knowledge by a regular judicious conduct in all those about them, without other than such instructions as they would apply for of their own accord. However romantic this notion may seem, it cannot be denied that a great deal may be done in this way. Example has always been counted more powerful than precept, and by its bad influence may easily overthrow all the good that has been done by the other. You may, in some measure, lessen this influence from the examples of other persons, by showing their evil tendency, or turning them into ridicule, but you cannot condemn nor ridicule your own actions; you will have neither inclination nor eyes to see your faults; nor will it be prudent to lessen yourself in the child's esteem. Juvenal says, the greatest reverence is due to children; by which must be understood, that we cannot be too much on our guard how we behave before them; never to betray any marks of passion, intemperance, greediness, folly, or selfishness in their presence; if we have a foible we are resolved not to part with, let us at least reserve the indulgence of it for times when they are not by. But you will say it is unavoidable to do many things before children which we must not permit them to do, and they should be taught to know the difference between themselves and grown persons. True; for you may say to a child, you must not get on horseback, though I may, because I am stronger, and know how to manage him; but you cannot tell him you must not swear or get drunk, but I may; for there your prohibition must be general, or it will signify nothing. Therefore, if you invite him by your practice to what you forbid him in words, though you should be able to keep him in order at present by the fear of your authority, it will be a state of irksomeness and bondage to him; he will long for the time when he may take the same liberties you do; or more probably he will take them sooner, as often as he thinks it can be done without danger or discovery; therefore, prudence should withhold you even from some things allowable for yourself, when you cannot make him understand the danger and mischief of them to him."

Scarlet hats.—The Parisian dandies, by sporting this article, have created a sensation even in that city of caprices. The color is emblematic of the present disposition of the populace. The papers mention that five young men called on the editor of the Figaro for an explanation, touching some disrespectful allusions in that paper, against the hue which they had adopted. During the debate a scuffle ensued, in which the populace manifested some disposition to interfere. Heaven knows but there might have been another revolution, (the scarlet hat revolution! in which we trust the victims would lose their hats—not their heads—an improvement upon the French style of doing those things,) but the police interfered and killed it in the shell. By the way, we have detected several hats of a similar elegance in some of our shop windows. It will require a bold head to wear one here, but there is not a little of that imported heroism afloat in the community, and the lovers of the marvellous need not despair.

Goethe.—The death of this celebrated poet, at the age of ninety, is announced in the Gazette of Weimar of the twenty-second March. He breathed his last while sitting in his arm-chair, and without any agitation or pain. He appeared perfectly sensible, nearly until the last moment; and on the creeping over him of a lethargy, which immediately preceded his dissolution, a motion of his hand seemed to indicate a wish to write. The Gazette adds, "he had no presentiment of his end, for he rejoiced in the coming of spring, and had ordered a number of new books."

American Academy of the Fine Arts.—We have glanced at the present, which is the fourteenth exhibition of the academy. It opened on the twelfth instant. Several of the pictures are beautiful, and will be attractive. Visitors were already crowding in. There is room, however, for fault finding, which, with the great praise which certain among the artists deserve, want of space compels us to postpone till the next number.

Robbery of letters in the post-office.—An exertion of vigilance in this department is greatly wanted. Letters often come to hand which have been opened, and the enclosed money purloined. Where is the fault, and can it not be remedied? The frequency of this occurrence is shameful, and calls for decisive measures.

The Brothers Herrman.—These admirable vocalists have been buying "golden opinions," in both senses of the word, at the south. On Monday they gave a *soiree musicale* at the city-hotel, with their usual address, and to a fashionable, crowded, and delighted auditory.

Exchange papers.—We have received many additional applications, from almost every section of the Union, requesting an exchange. It would really gratify us to be able to comply with these solicitations; but a desire to accommodate our editorial friends has already swelled the exchange list to such an extent, that we shall be again compelled, however reluctantly, to curtail it. The Mirror, although afforded at a very low price to the reader, is nevertheless a most costly publication to us; and we make so little use of a great proportion of the newspapers sent us in return, that the burthen becomes very serious. Those who do not receive this journal after the close of the present volume, will please consider the exchange at an end, and accept these remarks as an apology. They do not apply, however, to such as have published the prospectus. We feel ourselves indebted to their kindness, and shall, of course, continue to forward our humble quarto as usual.

GARDE A VOUS.

AN ADMIRABLE SONG, AS SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR, IN THE NEW OPERA OF THE NATIONAL GUARD—POETRY BY I. R. PLANCHE—MUSIC BY AUER—ADAPTED TO THE STAGE BY T. COOKE.

ANDANTE CON MOTO.

Garde a vous, garde a vous, be si-lent and be
 stea-dy, With ra-pid march still rea-dy Each ma-rau-der to pur-sue ; Garde a vous, garde a vous, garde a vous, Till morn the town pa-trol-ing, Thus
 chal-lenge all who strol-ing So late may meet your view! Who goes there? garde a vous. Till morn the town pa-trol-ing, Thus chal-lenge all who strol-ing So late may meet your
 view! Who goes there? garde a vous, garde a vous, garde a vous, garde a vous.

3d— Garde a vous, garde a vous, While rigid fathers snoring, Garde a vous, garde a vous, For we, though harsh the duty, Who goes there? &c.
 Gallants your love-foes pouring, Little dream how well you woo, And, ah! beware, fond beauty, Must even challenge you! And, ah! beware, &c.

Salmagundi.

ENCOURAGING TO DOCTORS.—M. Humboldt, in his "Personal Narrative," states, that "in Egypt, in the thirteenth century, the habit of eating human flesh pervaded all classes of society. Extraordinary snares were spread for physicians in particular. They were called to attend persons who feigned to be sick, but who were only hungry, and it was not in order to be consulted, but devoured."

A fair fashionable, lately united to one of the most dashing dandies of the day, having cause to complain of neglectful behavior, the bridegroom replied, "Have patience, my dear; I am like the prodigal son, and will reform by-and-by." "And I, sir," replied the spirited bride, "will also be like the prodigal son." "In what particular, madam?" "I will arise, and go unto my father." She left the house the same morning.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said an old man once to a friend, "I am quite weak and broken down with age. I used to walk entirely around the park every day; but now I can only walk half way round and back again."

Farmers, as well as poets, ought to be classed among the genus irritable, for there is no season so fine, no crop so abundant, but the farmer can find room for a grumble. A substantial yeoman of Hampshire was lately congratulated upon the excellence of the late harvest, and the great reason he and his brethren had to be grateful. "I don't know that," said he; "what be we to do for bad hay for our cows?"

THE SUITORS.

Mother! look round thee—round thee, and see
 All the youths struggling—struggling for me.
 Pierce the struggle, eager and wild,
 Does thy heart gladden?—I am thy child.

A lady said to a servant the other day, at dinner, "Go down cellar and bring up the bread which lies on the shelf there."—"It won't do no good, ma'am," was the reply, "for the bread on that shelf down cellar is up here in this cupboard, ma'am."

AMENDMENT TO THE DECALOGUE.—A writer in the Constellation proposes the following, as the eleventh commandment:—*Thou shalt not walk.*

MATERIALS FOR POETRY.—Good sense is the body of poetic genius—fancy its drapery—motion its life, and imagination the soul, that is everywhere, and in all, and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole.

"Pray, sir," said a young belle to the keeper of a circulating library, "have you *Man as he is*?"—"No, miss," replied the clerk, wishing to accommodate her, and with no other meaning; "but we have *Woman as she should be*."

Our principal actress (says Bernard, in his Retrospections of the Stage) at Castle Carey, a Mrs. Kirby, playing Lady Anne, one evening, and inquiring, very piteously, "Oh! when shall I rest?" a grocer started up in the pit, and shouted out, "Not till you have paid me my one pound one and tenpence, ma'am!"

The following lines were written on a good composer, but a hideous singer of music:

So sweet's your music when another sings,
 We think you're stolen Dan Apollo's strings;
 So harsh it seems when by yourself 'tis bawled,
 We wonder how the deuce 'twas music called.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1832.

No. 47.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE TRAVELER IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF.

Concluded.

One day in riding down the side of a gentle valley, they came at a winding of the rude track they were pursuing, upon a large body of horsemen—and as they were immediately surrounded they had no alternative but to mention who they were, and admit. On the interpreter informing them that his master bore communication to the pacha from the sultan, they drew back with the utmost respect, and fell into the line of march, as part of the military guard. They told the party that the pacha was encamped a few miles farther down the valley, with an army of forty thousand men, and that he had expected the sultan's ambassador for some time. Encouraged by this assurance, Sam put his Arabian on his mettle, and soon was in the heart of the encampment. The pacha's tent was easily known from its superior splendor, and in a few minutes Sam was conducted in great pomp to his highness's quarters. Fierce-looking soldiers scowled upon him as he passed, and Sam was not altogether at ease, when he observed the ominous sneers they exchanged with each other.

At last he stooped short, and said to one of the soldiers, whose expression he did not like,

"You popinjay in fine clothes, do you make these faces at me?"

Another soldier who was standing by, started forward and said,

"Good heavens! an Englishman, and in that dress!—it is not even yet too late to save you; if you go on, you will be murdered to a certainty—the pacha has put twelve ambassadors to death already."

"The devil he has! and I'm sent here to make up the baker's dozen! Well, countryman, what's to be done? If you get me out of this scrape, and ever come to Bastock—"

"Stay—the only plan, when the pacha asks you for the firman, is to say you've lost it; here, give it to me."

And Sam had scarcely time to follow the soldier's advice, when he found himself in presence of the rebel chief.

He was standing at the farther end of the tent, in the middle of a group of officers. On seeing his highness the ambassador, he advanced half-way to meet him, and bowed with all the reverence of an eastern prostration.

"I worship the shadow of the sovereign of the universe. Your highness does too much honor to your slave."

"Your servant, old gentleman, your servant," said Sam, who guessed from the pacha's manner that he was paying him a compliment, "a pleasant gentlemanly sort of man, and no murderer I'll be bound—tell him I'm glad to see him, and hope he's well—ask him how his wife is, and the children."

The interpreter, at Sam's request, made a courteous speech.

"The messenger of the sultan is master here. We are sorry we can offer him no better accommodation."

"The accommodation's good enough—but riding in these hot mornings with a tablecloth on one's head is thirsty work, Master Dragsman. Ask him if he could give one a glass of brandy and water—cold without—"

But the pacha anticipated his desire. He seated him on the highest ottoman in the tent, and treated him with a deference and respect which were quite astonishing to Sam, but which seemed to yield the greatest amusement to the officers of the staff.

"The bearer of the firman is powerful as Azrael. Say, where is the imperial order for your slave's unfortunate head? The officers of the bowstring are near."

"An order for his head! Tell him I know nothing about his head, nor his bowstrings either. I brought a letter from an old smoking fellow at Constantinople, but I've unfortunately lost it by the way."

"What! lost it?" said the pacha, who did not seem by any means rejoiced at the prospect of retaining his head. "Your highness is pleased to jest with your servant. You undoubtedly came from the monarch of the earth to put the cord round your slave's neck?"

"I'll be cursed if I came for any such purpose."

"Ah, then," said the pacha, "it grieves me we can only give you the second-rate robe of honor. We are deprived of our sport," (he said to his attendants,) "for this time at least your chief's head is in safety. Put the caftan of favor round the dragoman's shoulders."

Two splendidly dressed men, with arms bare up to the elbow, and bearing a silk cord, now advanced towards the interpreter. He clung for safety to his excellency the ambassador, screaming,

"Save me, save me; they are going to strangle your slave."

"Strangle! Nonsense, man. Didn't the old gentleman treat us in the most polite way possible; and isn't he laughing, and all the other people too, as if it were a capital joke?"

But, in spite of Sam's consolatory observations, the interpreter continued his entreaties.

The men had now got up to him, and laid the green silk cord upon his shoulder. They then brought the two ends round to his breast; and another person, who seemed of higher rank, stepped forward, bearing a short staff in his hand. Round this staff he twisted the ends of the cord till it was closely drawn to the dragoman's throat, and then he waited with the most imperturbable coolness for some signal from the chief. That personage, however, seemed to enjoy the scene too much to bring it to a speedy conclusion, and continued to pour out his ironical compliments both to the dragoman and Sam.

"The caftan of honor is given to the servant of the messenger of the sultan; he does not seem to prize the distinction sufficiently."

"Oh, save your slave!" exclaimed the dragoman. "He is a dog, and would lick the dust; but save him, your highness!"

"Come, Mister Pacha," said Sam, as coaxingly as he could, "you have had your fun with the poor devil, though I can't see the joke of it myself. You see he's half dead with fright. Let him go, there's a good fellow."

"There are twelve of your brethren, the scoundrelly Greeks of the Faynal, gone before you, all wearing the same marks of my favor. See that the caftan fits him close—he will catch cold, else."

As he said these words, the pacha nodded to the person who held the staff; and in an instant, by a dextrous turn of the wrist, the cord was drawn tight, and the howlings, and terrified exclamations of the dragoman were cut short by death.

The staff was untwisted ere Sam recovered from his amazement, and the corpse of his companion, still writhing, fell down upon his feet. He started up in horror at the murder, and forgetting the danger which surrounded him, he exclaimed,

"You blood-thirsty Turk; by heavens, if there's law or justice to be had, for love or money, you shall swing for this. You're a rascal, to pretend to be so polite, and then to kill a poor devil of a fellow who never did you a morsel of harm. Keep your cursed staff to yourself, for I would not stay with such a burking old scoundrel, no, not to be a *murderer* of London."

And Sam, foaming with indignation, stalked away; but he had not gone far when the same two men who had brought the cord stopped him, and led him back to the ottoman he had left. This time, instead of a bowstring, they carried a long thong of thick leather, and the pacha, still continuing his respectful behavior, said,

"Your excellency is too condescending to your slave. Ho! chamberlain—put the shoes of glory on his highness's feet."

With the rapidity of lightning, Sam was thrown back upon the sofa; his shoes forcibly taken from his feet, and while the whole tent was convulsed with laughter, one of the men, swinging the bastinado round his head, inflicted such a blow on his unprotected soles, that Sam screamed aloud, with mingled rage and pain.

"Let me go this moment, ye bloody-minded rascals! I'll haul you up for this. I'll bring an action—"

But here the second blow enraged him beyond all endurance, and while struggling with enormous strength, and roaring at the top of his lungs, he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and, on looking up, saw Jack Thomson in his dressing-gown, and all the rest of us, standing round his bed.

"Why, Rosy Sam, what the deuce is the matter with you this morning, disturbing the whole house?"

"Matter," said Sam, sitting bolt upright, "where's that infernal Turk? I'll teach him to strike an Englishman on the feet. What, Jack Thomson! Jem! Bill! All here—at Bastock—Lord bless ye, I've had such a dream—all coming of your confounded stories, Jack—I thought I was tried, drowned, taken, sold, beat, bastinadoed, married to eight wives—and the devil knows all what. But here we are, my boys, let's have our breakfast; then we'll have a day's coursing in the upland fields, and after dinner I'll tell you all my adventures—how I was sent as an ambassador by the sultan."

"And they could not have found a fellow," said Jack, who was a considerable punster, "who could have made himself more at home with the *sublime* port than yourself."

THE BEAU OF THE BALL-ROOM.

"To sigh, yet feel no pain—
To weep, yet scarce know why—
To sport an hour with beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by"—*Moore.*

"Your truth will be my best blessing, Madeleine" said Hargrave, tenderly.

"I will never forget you!" murmured his mistress; and the son and heir of Sir Marmaduke Hargrave departed on his tour.

No lovely girl of eighteen was ever more sincere, as she uttered the vow of everlasting remembrance, than Miss St. Clair; but

poor human nature will assert its right, even though the rosy lips of a Hebe forbid it. Madeleine was not seen *en grand monde* all the next season. Hargrave was away, and what to her were fashion and frivolity?

At length *la belle désolée* ceased to weep; she could support the view of the little penciled sketch of Hargrave's features, which adorned her *boudoir*, and the silk curtain was withdrawn—in a fortnight more she interfered with her woman in the arrangement of her fine dark hair; and in a month yielded to her mother's persuasions, and attended an assembly—poor Hargrave!—but we will not anticipate—

The ball was full and fashionable; and Madeleine beautiful and graceful, if not gay. Leslie was there, and Leslie was the *ton*; he admired her large black eyes almost audibly, and unconsciously as she heard, she smiled—if Leslie was charmed with the eyes, he was enchanted by the smile. Leslie seldom danced, yet "to obtain the honor of *her* hand"—Madeleine blushed, and her heart fluttered—he reminded her of Hargrave! A quadrille is a pretty vehicle of quiet coquetry—the sudden breaks when summoned to the duties of the set—the murmured converse when the music fills up the pauses—the graceful motion—the soft light—and the magic accessories of flowers and perfume, nodding plumes and shining gems—how much may be said and felt during a quadrille.

Leslie had that deep low voice which sinks into the heart, when perchance the subject breathed in a lighter tone would not travel farther than the ear; and it was not that he was handsome, many declared him even far otherwise, but it was the distinguished manner, the *air noble*, the perfect *ton de société* of Leslie which had given him so great a sway in the world of fashion. His eyes were blue; they were large, soft, expressive eyes—eyes which would have graced the countenance of the gentlest woman; his hair, too, was scarcely three shades darker than what is called flaxen; and his every feature was so delicately chiselled, that at the first glance he was passed over; but only at the first, for *she* who had once heard that low, deep voice, and felt the languor of those large, soft, expressive eyes, passed him not by again. Such was Leslie: but could Hargrave, the gallant, elegant Hargrave, have been in this votary of taste, this child of fashion? Who shall say? Hargrave was a lover—

Madeleine looked and listened; even thus had Hargrave charmed and spoken, and been the cynosure of all hearts and eyes—and yet his looks had never so softened, his tones had never so thrilled! They met again; Leslie rallied her on her frequent absence from the gay scenes of festivity, where her eyes outshone "the jewelled coronals," and he rallied her so tenderly that she became convinced. She had never touched her harp since Hargrave's departure, but Leslie wooed her to it with new music and gentle words; were she ill, he relieved the tedium of indisposition and solitude by smiles and cares and kindnesses; were she well, he rendered gaiety more pleasurable by gallantry and wit and assiduity; but he spoke no word of passion, and how could Madeleine throw back upon itself a heart so kindly? "My own Hargrave, too, would have done all this—" murmured the fair St. Clair, in a moment of memory; but she murmured it only to her own heart, and turned with a smile upon her lip to Leslie.

Hargrave's spirits were overpowering; he sailed along the horizon of fancy like an eagle which fixes its large clear eye fearlessly on the brightness above it, and revels in its broadest beams. Leslie floated amid the clouds of imagination like one in a car of silver; he, too, was bright; but it was the brightness of the lily, not of the diamond: you wondered at the wit of Hargrave, you felt that of Leslie. Madeleine St. Clair had read over all the letters of her lover, read them—start not, reader, if thou art of the gentler sex—till she yawned—it could not be with *ennui*! A small rose-wood desk, Hargrave's last gift, was before her; she took a quire of azure-tinted paper from it, and commenced a reply to his last, and her heart confessed, even his tenderest epistle; she immersed her crow-quill in the ink so carefully that she scarcely darkened its point; and the four first words came *au naturel*, "My ever-beloved Hargrave"—here she paused, laid down her pen, sighed, examined the tips of her pretty fingers one after the other, played with her French poodle, but all would not do—at length, *au désespoir*, she drew a miniature likeness of her lover from her bosom, and placing it on the table sought inspiration by gazing on it; but even this spell had lost its talismanic power!

A loud knock at the door, a conscious glance at the window—Leslie's curdled below, and its owner awaiting entrance—Madeleine hastily closed her desk, but the miniature was forgotten. She gave one hasty look at the mirror, another at her pale blue slippers, and Mr. Leslie was announced. Madeleine looked lovely; Leslie was enchanting; he flew from one *idée spirituelle* to another, as lightly as a butterfly skims from bloom to bloom in

a flowery parterre—Madeleine reflected his smile, echoed his gaiety, felt his wit, and thought not of Hargrave.

After a time, the miniature attracted Leslie's attention: "And this, Miss St. Clair, is this the *carrissimo amico*?" The question would have been impertinent, but the tone saved it.

"A friend of—my mother's," said the lady with a slight blush. Leslie *n'y croyait rien*, but he was too well bred to look his incredulity.

"A fine countenance," he resumed, as he raised the miniature from the table, and gazed on the noble brow, dark eyes, and powerful expression it portrayed; "though, were I bold enough to criticize, I should almost say that it is fearfully fine—enough to scare a lady, were she other than an Amazon."

Madeleine would have silenced him, but she knew not what to say.

"I love a dark eye!" continued Leslie, thrillingly; "but it is such a one as Barry Cornwall has exquisitely portrayed in his 'Sicilian story,' when, speaking of his lover, he exclaims,

"And in his eye, where love and pride contended,
His dark, deep-seated eye, there was a spell,
Which they who love, and have been loved, can tell—"

this eye," and he pointed to the portrait of Hargrave, "has, indeed, pride enough; but for aught else—" and he turned his own, soft and melting, upon Madeleine, "not thus should lovers look when they would woo!"

"He is proud," said Miss St. Clair, glancing from her companion to the miniature.

"This very toy bespeaks it," said Leslie; nay, pardon me the expression," he added, in a low, deprecating accent, for the blush of Madeleine had deepened on her cheek, "I said it not in scorn—was not this portrait meant to be the toy of absence, for the memory to sport with?"

Miss St. Clair was silent.

"A man with pride is like a well-tempered weapon," pursued Leslie, after a pause; "a thing to wound, even though it dazzle; tenderness is like a sheath to the shining steel, it destroys not its edge, though it conceals its danger."

Alas! Madeleine—you had given your heart to Hargrave, like an unopened casket, of which yourself knew not the contents; but Leslie had wiled away the key, and to Hargrave, under such circumstances, the gift was valueless—

And yet Leslie did not *love* Miss St. Clair—he thought with the world that she was beautiful, and young, and gentle; and it was luxury to see her dark eye turned on him, and to hear her soft voice "making sweet music" in his ear—it was enjoyment to attend on her steps, administer to her wishes, and look upon her smiles—but beyond that, Leslie thought of—wished for no more; habit had nursed in him that natural tenderness which, like the quiet course of a mountain spring, works out its still and noiseless way to light, unconscious of its own progress. But Madeleine knew not this, and for a while she loved him; and the dark eye of Hargrave was remembered only as the occasion of one of Leslie's gentlest sallies.

Leslie quitted England—softly and tenderly he bowed upon the extended hand of Madeleine; wished her an age of happiness, and departed for the continent—thought little of her at Paris, and forgot her in Rome.

Three years passed, and Leslie returned. Again he met Madeleine—met her as the wife of Hargrave; smiled at their *rencontre*, reverted to their past friendship—brought a flush to the cheek of Hargrave, and a frown to his brow; and then left them to join another group, fan a fresh flame, and flutter round it himself unharmed.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

IN THE DUNGEONS OF THE INQUISITION OF ROME, IN 1818.

Extracted from the manuscript of an Italian exile.

Rome, the majestic queen of the universe, the terror and admiration of the known world, under the dominion of the ancient Romans, became, in the first centuries of christianity, the cradle of religion, and the seat of apostles and martyrs.

But when the successors of St. Peter, forgetting their divine institution, and the precepts and examples of their holy predecessors, began to seek after worldly empire, Rome was so changed into a new Babylon; and in the Vatican were collected ambition, hypocrisy, craftiness, and all the concomitant vices of those base passions.

Who is not acquainted with the present miserable condition of the capital of priest-craft? An immense and beautiful city, the incomparable monument of ancient and modern wonders, thinly peopled by inhabitants, rendered unworthy of the glorious name of Romans, by the despotism, superstition, and tyranny of the thousands of monks and priests that literally swarm in that splendid metropolis.

However, as the Italians have naturally a lively disposition, and think but little about past and future sorrows, one may not be surprised to see in all places of amusement the appearance, at least, of true enjoyment. It is for this reason that the carnival of Rome presents, within the short space of twenty-four hours, the length of its real duration, more interesting scenes, and greater variety of masks, than the long and wearisome carnivals of Naples, Milan, and Venice. It may be said, that at that epoch the poorest of the inhabitants will sacrifice any thing to display themselves and their finery in the renowned Strada del Corso. It has been proved that, during that period, the pawnbrokers of Rome lend more money than for the rest of the year. It was at

this season of merriment and rejoicing that the anecdote I am about to relate happened to me.

Amongst my many weaknesses, I am not ashamed to acknowledge my confirmed inability to withstand the entreaties of the fair. Being, therefore, solicited by a charming and beautiful lady to perform in mask, and assume the character of Cicero, with the promise that she would accompany me in the character and dress of Tulliola, I consented; and having had a mask taken from the bust of the Roman orator, which is preserved in the capitol, and dressed in the style of a Roman consul, I entered into the Corso, accompanied by my supposed daughter. At first, I placed myself under the gate of the Palace Bolognetti, where a great crowd soon collected around me. Clever men were not backward in questioning me about many ancient historical and political events, and I answered in Latin to all their questions. The facility with which I conversed in the language of the great Roman—a facility, indeed, which it had been my early ambition to acquire—excited public attention, and, in a short time, all the Corso spoke of nothing but of the wonderful Cicero of the Palace Bolognetti, and I was almost besieged by the multitude.

After having remained more than an hour in that situation, I went to pay a visit to Prince Ghigi, in whose drawing-room a great number of the Roman nobility, and many literary men, had assembled to witness the races of the Barbari. Cicero, of course, was soon attacked on all sides. Prince Ghigi accused me of having flattered Caesar, and changed my principles on several occasions. These accusations I combated with many historical arguments, and proved that Cicero's integrity and patriotism had remained unstained during that dreadful period of Rome. Every person present tried to guess who was the representative of the Roman orator. Some said, and felt assured, that I was a professor of the Sapienza; others, that I was one of the *Scriptores* of the Vatican; but the Cavalier Odescalchi said before the company, that he knew but one man who could perform Cicero in a like manner, and that was the Hungarian gentleman who had often delivered extemporaneous Latin poetry before the *Accademia Latina*. Seeing that I was so nearly discovered, I left the Palace Ghigi, but promised that, at night, I would go to the *Festino* of the theatre Aliberti.

From thence I walked up and down the Corso, and often spoke in Latin to the numerous English, who were seated before the Palace Ruspoli, particularly to a lady who, in my opinion, was one of the finest women I ever beheld. She could not understand me; and as I would not speak in any living language, her husband, a captain in the British navy, was my interpreter. I obtained their address, and had afterwards the pleasure of becoming intimately acquainted with them.

According to my promise, I went to the *Festino*. There all that Rome contained of talent and genius had assembled to attack, embarrass, and overcome, if possible, the living Cicero. For four hours all the most difficult parts of the works of the Roman orator were proposed for my explanation; several of his orations, in which either the beginning or the conclusion are wanting, I was required to complete. Having for many years had the works of this great master, I may say, at my fingers' ends, I was enabled to afford so satisfactory an explanation of them, that my auditors were truly astonished.

About one o'clock in the morning, the prince of Canino, (Lucien Bonaparte,) who was present, demanded my opinion relative to the present state of Rome, and inquired what I thought of its civil and criminal laws. Unfortunately for me, in the warmth of discussion, I forgot where I was, and having been questioned how I could speak so precisely on things that had occurred two thousand years after my death, I told them that I had often the opportunity of meeting in the lower regions some of the cleverest inhabitants of Rome, and that lately I had had a long conversation with Cardinal Maury, on the very subject. This was a thunderbolt to the ears of several of the auditors. Such a speech was the greatest blasphemy against the holy order of cardinals; and the arguses of the Roman inquisition soon denounced me to Monsignor Pacca, governor of Rome. Orders were immediately given for my arrest as soon as I left the house, and accordingly, about two o'clock, while I was stepping into a carriage, I was seized by four sbirri. They conducted me into a neighboring house, where my eyes were bound, and, without speaking a syllable, I was hurried into a coach and driven off. When I alighted, I found myself in the monastery of Santa Maria in Minerva, where the inquisitors of the holy office hold their infernal sittings, and where the dungeons are situated in which the accused are kept during the progress of their trial, and until their final sentence is pronounced. The little subterranean cave in which I was imprisoned was scarcely of sufficient height to allow me to stand upright; it was about six feet wide, and nearly as much in length. The only aperture was a small hole, which looked into a dark corridor, and served to admit the air. A wooden chair, and a pitcher of water, were all the furniture.

It would be impossible to describe what were my feelings and my anxiety during that long night. I had twice in my life been confined, and also condemned to death for political offences, but I had never tenanted a dungeon half so appalling as was that subterranean den.

In the morning, about ten o'clock, two robust friars made their appearance, and informed me that I was to be conducted before the inquisitor, but they wished to tie both my hands. I strongly opposed this act of tyranny, and said that I would not submit. They answered that it was indispensable; but I continued in my

resolution. When the friars saw that I was determined not to submit they retired; and after about a quarter of an hour returned, and ordered me to follow them. We passed through several dark corridors, ascended by a gloomy staircase, and arrived at the cell of the reverend Father Olivieri, one of the four inquisitors of the holy office of Rome. This inquisitorial attorney-general was a man of about fifty years of age, of dark complexion and high stature, and possessed all the exterior striking features of his tyrannical vocation. His black, fierce-looking eyes, his large mouth and thick lips, inspired a sort of awe mingled with disgust. Next to him was seated a younger monk, ready to transcribe his questions and my answers. The reverend father stared at me for a minute or two, as if wishing to read into my heart, and then sitting down, began as follows:

"What is your name, country, profession, and religion?"

"I am Arduel Tchocha, a native of Buda, in Hungary, by profession a soldier, and a catholic by birth."

"Why have you been arrested?"

"I do not know."

"Have you not spoken in a public theatre against the holy order of cardinals?"

"I do not remember having committed such an offence."

"Did you not say last night, while speaking of the present laws of Rome, that you had seen, in hell, Cardinal Maury?"

"Yes, I did, but it was in the warmth of my argumentation; and I never thought that it would be deemed an offence to the holy order of cardinals, especially as I there represented Cicero, who was by no means a good catholic."

"Can you assign any other motive which might mitigate the rigor of the holy inquisition for your great crime?"

"I do not know of any. Besides," added I, "Cardinal Maury was, during all his life, undoubtedly opposed to the Roman church's infallibility, and to the last moment of his existence he would not abjure this erroneous opinion."

"'Tis true," answered Father Olivieri; "but you know that the holy pontiff, having sent to the dying cardinal his *in articulo mortis* absolution, it is almost an article of faith that Cardinal Maury has been saved from the torments of hell."

"I did not know this," replied I; "and I must confess that, had I been informed of the circumstance, it would not have altered my sentiments."

"Are you the same person who has often delivered extemporaneous Latin poetry in the Latin academy?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well," the reverend Father Olivieri then observed, "how can a soldier be so well acquainted with ancient literature and history as to deliver extemporaneous Latin poetry, and to represent, as you have done, the character of Cicero?"

"*Factum infectum fieri nequit*," answered I; "and if I have done it, it is the best proof of what a soldier can do."

"But," replied the inquisitor, taking a paper into his hand, "here is a letter which I have just received from the most reverend Monsignor Pacca, governor of Rome; he informs me that strong suspicions are entertained that you are not a Hungarian, but that under such a fictitious name is concealed an Italian nobleman, of very dangerous religious and political principles. What can you reply to it?"

"My answer will be very short," said I. "You and Monsignor Pacca have been deceived. I have a German passport, and am well known to Prince Kounitz, our ambassador at Rome."

Father Olivieri, on hearing this, seemed much surprised, remained silent for some moments, and then told me, "That I was to return to my dungeon, that he might make his report, and obtain farther information."

To this I replied, by saying, "That if I was to be retained as a prisoner, they should give me better accommodation, and that they should send for my clothes, for I could not remain longer dressed as Cicero." In the meanwhile, I told the inquisitor that I was intimately acquainted with the Cardinals Fontana and Litta, who were at that epoch the presidents of the tribunal of the holy office of Rome, and that if my just request was not granted, to them I would appeal for redress, and that I was certain to obtain it.

This observation rendered the reverend inquisitor more reasonable; he ordered the two friars to conduct me into the hall, where generally the offenders are kept in custody; he also promised me that I should have my clothes, if I would give a written order to my servant to deliver them to the messenger; this I did directly, and withdrew.

The new prison in which I was now confined, was a large subterranean apartment, placed under the court of the monastery of Santa Maria in Minerva. It was not very dark, for at the top of the ceilings there were several openings, guarded with iron bars; a long, wooden bedstead was at one side, upon which ten or twelve persons could have lain; a large black crucifix was suspended at one side of the wall, and several old dirty pious books were fastened with small iron chains to the wooden chairs of the apartment. On the walls were written, or rather engraved with some pointed instrument, some thousand names of the unfortunate victims of inquisitorial despotism, who had been interred alive before me in that dungeon, and, very probably, for no greater offence; among which I distinguished Guido Reni, Salvator Rosa, the Cavalier d'Arpino, Vincenzo Damiani, Cagliostro, and the celebrated Dominican monk, Fontana Rosa; under this was the following—*Bene est, quia Monachus Monachos odi*. I read also the names of several German, English, and Irish artists, and heretics,

and not a few of the French liberals. After having minutely examined my new habitation, I threw myself on the bedstead, and, being extremely fatigued, went to sleep.

About four o'clock I was roused by a friar, who came to bring me some food, and my clothes. I thanked him, and requested that he would give me a light, for it was already very dark. This was granted. I ate something, and exchanged the dress of Cicero, which had proved so fatal to me. About twelve o'clock in the night I heard a very distressing voice, and the cries of a man who certainly was suffering under bodily torture, for now and then I plainly understood that he exclaimed, "Have mercy upon me. I cannot confess what I have not done. Have mercy upon me; I am dying!" This was a very dreadful omen; and I endured the most painful sensation in considering that perhaps a similar treatment was prepared for me.

Next morning the two friars came very early, and conducted me again to the inquisitor Olivieri. As soon as I entered his cell, he told me "that further information had been taken, and that he was fully convinced of my being not a Hungarian. Besides," he added, "Monsignor Pacca has been informed by the marquis of Fuscaldo, the Neapolitan ambassador at the court of Rome, that you are a very bad subject of his Sicilian majesty. If it be so, he has demanded you as a prisoner, and in a few days you will be confronted with persons who will identify you."

I was truly alarmed on hearing this, but did not manifest any exterior apprehension, for I was convinced that before such an epoch my friends would have certainly done all in their power to save me. In this opinion I was not mistaken, for my Tulliola, who had left the theatre a short time before my arrest, not having seen me the next day, began to think that some misfortune had befallen me; and having sent to my lodgings, was informed of my absence, and of the suspicion of my having fallen into the hands of the inquisition. Knowing that I was acquainted with the Austrian ambassador, she therefore immediately called on him, and related her apprehensions concerning me. Prince Kounitz immediately ordered his carriage, and drove to Monsignor Pacca, requesting to know where I was. The governor answered, that he knew nothing at all about my destiny, and that it was possible I had gone out of town. Kounitz was not satisfied with this reply, and remarked, that as I was one of the subjects of the emperor of Austria, it was his duty to see that I should not be ill-treated and unjustly condemned. Monsignor Pacca repeated that he was quite ignorant of what might have happened to me.

The ambassador called, therefore, on the cardinal of state, and finding that his eminence had gone to spend the evening at the palace Ghigi, and there to play at cards with the amiable princess, his favorite lady, the prince soon directed his course to that conversation, and having met Gonzalvi, called him out, and repeated to him the same questions he had already made to Monsignor Pacca, but received, almost literally, the same answers. To this Kounitz intimated his intention of addressing himself to the pope, if on the next morning I should not be found, or if the cardinal would not let him know where I was detained. Gonzalvi persisted in his being ignorant of my fate, and the prince withdrew.

Next morning, about eleven o'clock, Prince Kounitz, with all the etiquette of an ambassador, waited on Pius VII., and after having kissed his foot, explained the cause of his extraordinary visit. When the pope heard all that the prince had to say, he suddenly exclaimed—"What? is the Hungarian gentleman arrested? I know him. *Poor Checchino!* And for what?"—The prince answered, "That he did not know." "Well," replied the pope, "I will soon know," and having rang, ordered, to Monsignor Riario, who was his lord in waiting, that Cardinal Gonzalvi should be immediately sent for, and, dispensing with the papal etiquette, desired the prince to take a seat. During the time they were waiting for the secretary of state, Pius VII. spoke very favorably of me; assured Prince Kounitz that he had found in me a true friend while he was confined at Fontainebleau, and that I had often endangered my own welfare to bring him some comfort; the good pope added, that he knew me from my infancy, that I was intrinsically good, but that he had always found that I often acted very imprudently.

In a short time Gonzalvi was announced, and when, on entering, the cardinal saw Prince Kounitz sitting by the pope, he soon guessed why he had been called. Pius VII. was a very excellent man, and truly pious; he was also a profound divine, and extremely erudite. Of all the successors of St. Peter, since they have obtained temporal power, he is the only pontiff who has not enriched his family; and although he reigned more than twenty-four years, he died very poor, for his charity knew no bounds. The only fault he had was, that he cared very little about worldly affairs; and it may be said that, though Pius VII. was the nominal pope, it was Cardinal Gonzalvi that reigned uncontrolled.

However, when Pius VII. was determined that any thing should be done, or that any abuse should be abolished, he was the most firm, and the most obstinate man in the world. In the present circumstance he proved his authority, and, without any observation, demanded from his secretary of state—"What has happened to the Hungarian gentleman, who the other day performed the mask of Cicero, and since that period is missing?" Gonzalvi seeing that the pope knew that it was almost certain that Cicero had been arrested, replied—"Your holiness is well aware that those who sacrilegiously blaspheme against our holy religion are immediately given into the hands of the holy inquisition, and that their apprehension must be kept secret until they are examined and tried. It is for this reason that I could not give a satisfactory

answer to the Austrian ambassador. But since your holiness commands me to disclose the secrets of the holy office, I will briefly relate what has been done with the Hungarian gentleman, or rather with the Neapolitan nobleman." Here the cardinal reported all that has already been exposed, and particularly insisted on the instances of the marquis of Fuscaldo. As soon as Gonzalvi ended his information, the pope said—"Cardinal, it is our will that the prisoner should be directly restored to liberty; and as the Austrian ambassador is so generous as to offer to go to deliver his subject, you will accompany his excellency, and see that my commands are fulfilled without further delay."

It was nearly three o'clock when I heard the footsteps of several persons in the corridor of my prison. I felt a strange sensation, but soon was relieved from my anxiety by my door being opened, and by the appearance of my excellent friend, Prince Kounitz, who, with a smile on his face, requested me to go with him.

To pass from the abode of tyranny, torture, and despair, to the magnificent palace of a generous prince—to escape from the furious hands of the inquisitors, to be again restored to my best friends, was but the work of an instant. A few days after this, having taken my leave of all those who had known and assisted me, I bade adieu to Rome and to Italy—probably for ever!

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

His imperial majesty is a remarkably fine-looking man, upwards of six feet high. His countenance is open and ingenuous, his manner frank, but a little inclining to brusque. If I were to see such a man in a crowd, I should say that man is born to be an emperor. He is thirty-six years of age, and is represented by all those who have access to his person, and who are well acquainted with his character, to be the model of a prince and man. His fine physiognomy is expressive of benignity, magnanimity, and intelligence. He received us in private audience; and, as we stood in a sort of semicircle, he went round and addressed something kind and pertinent to our professions and nation to each of us. He asked me if I had ever seen in India anything of the cholera; to which I replied, that I had never been in India, but that I had had the complaint, commonly called cholera morbus, twice in my life; once at Buenos Ayres and once at Constantinople.

His majesty seemed surprised, and asked me how I was treated for it; to which I replied, the first time with barley water made very sweet, and the second time with syrup and water. I remarked, likewise, that the Arabs, who were well acquainted with the cholera, treated it with rice-water and sugar.

"Ah," said his majesty, "you have not, then, had oriental cholera, but its first cousin; but," said he, "your remedy is deserving of notice." ***** Turning to captain N—, of the Grenadier guards, he asked him how long he had been in Petersburg, and whom he came with. N— replied that he had arrived with Sir E. Codrington. "Oh!" said the emperor, "I'm sorry I did not know that, for I should have had much pleasure in showing you all that I showed him." He said something kind to two other gentlemen who were presented with us, and then told us that the empress would be glad to make our acquaintance; said that he hoped to see us often at court, and that we should make a long stay in Petersburg. "But of all things," added he, "go to Moscow, for there you will see the true Russian capital." He then bowed, and wished us good morning.

We were next ushered, by Count Modene, into the empress' apartments, and had not waited long before her imperial majesty appeared, attended by Count Litta, the grand chamberlain, and Madame la Comtesse Sophie de Modene, the lady in waiting. Her majesty is tall, fair, and beautiful. She was very gracious, and said that she recommended me to go from Moscow to Odessa, and so on to Constantinople, by sea; but when I told her majesty that I had already been at Constantinople, she replied, the English were such great travellers, that it was not easy to point out any new rout to them. We had the honor of kissing her majesty's hand; and at the expiration of about a quarter of an hour, she withdrew.

ST. VITUS'S DANCE.

The following is the description of a patient, a boy, recently cured of St. Vitus's Dance, at St. Thomas's Hospital, given by the medical gentleman who had the treatment of the patient:—"The appearance was that of his being possessed by a demon. I am sure, if the boy had been seen in ancient times, he would have been brought forward as an instance of possession of a devil. He made all sorts of faces, and turned his head about in all directions; his mouth opened and shut as if he were trying to snap at and chew the air; he grinned and gnashed his teeth; his arms were flung about in every way: he rolled off the bed, and when his medicine or food was given to him, it required two persons to hold him, while a third administered it. He was in the most horrid state of perpetual motion. This patient was cured in about three weeks, by doses of the sub-carbonate of iron."

THE SERENADER.

Singing Tom fell in love with a maid,
Each night 'neath her window he stood,
And there with his soft serenade,
Awaken'd the whole neighborhood.
But vainly he tried to arouse
Her sleep, with his strains so bewitching;
While he play'd in the front of the house,
She slept in the little back kitchen.

UNOWNED ARTICLES.

HUMORS OF A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

NUMBER SEVEN.

LOVE BALLADS.

1.

Would that I in words could render
Half my bosom feels for thee;
Love no language has so tender,
Friendship less sincerity.

Far from thee my spirits languish,
Near thee I can know no rest;
Thus forever gloom or anguish,
Shades my soul or wrings my breast.

Could my feelings find expression,
This is what to thee I'd tell—
Alas! perhaps this wild confession
Already speaks my soul too well.

2.

They tell me that my trusting heart,
Thy fondness is deceived in;
They say that thou art faithless art,
As others I've believed in:

I heed not, reck not what they say
So earnestly about thee;
I'd rather trust my soul away,
Than for one moment doubt thee.

Though youth and beauty's spell no more
May link thy feelings to me—
Though life can ne'er the hopes restore,
That led thee first to woo me—
Devotion is most deep and pure,
In souls by sorrow shaded;
And love, like ours, will still endure
When brighter ties have faded.

3.

I know I share thy smiles with many;
Yet still thy smiles are dear to me:

I know that I, far less than any,
Call out thy spirit's witchery;
But yet I cannot help, when nigh thee,
To seize upon each glance and tone;
To hoard them in my heart when by thee,
And count them o'er when'er alone.

But, why! oh why, on all thus squander
The treasures one alone can prize—
Why let the looks at random wander
Which beam from those deluding eyes,
Those siren tones so lightly spoken,
Cause many a heart I know to thrill;
But mine, and only mine, till broken.
In every pulse must answer still.

4.

Oh, trust not Love—the wayward boy,
But haste, if you'd detain him,
Ere time can beauty's bonds destroy,
Or other eyes and lips decoy
With Hymen to enchain him.

The humming-bird the blossom leaves
When'er its sweets are failing;
The silken web the spider weaves,
Yields up the prey to which she cleaves
When tempests are assailing.

And Love, when beauty's bloom decays
Will spread his fickle pinion,
And prove the web in which he plays,
Too weak against the rude world's ways
To hold the roving minion.

Then trust not Love—the wayward boy,
But haste, if you'd detain him,
Ere time can beauty's bonds destroy,
Or other eyes and lips decoy,
With Hymen to enchain him.

5.

Think of me, dearest, when day is breaking
Away from the sable chains of night,
When the sun, his ocean-couch forsaking,
Like a giant first in his strength a waking,
Is flinging abroad his limbs of light;
As the breeze that first travels with Morning forth,
Giving life to her steps o'er the quickening earth—
As the dream that has cheated thy soul through the night,
Let me come fresh in thy thoughts with the light.

Think of me, dearest, when day is sinking
In the soft embrace of twilight gray,
When the starry eyes of heaven are winking,
And the weary flowers their tears are drinking,
As they start like gems on the moon-touched spray.
Let me come warm in thy thoughts at eve,
As the glowing track which the sunbeams leave,
When they, blushing, tremble along the deep,
While stealing away to their place of sleep.

Think of me, dearest, when round thee smiling
Are eyes that melt while they gaze on thee;
When words are winning and looks are willing,
And those words and looks, of others, beguiling
Thy fluttering heart from love and me.
Let me come true in thy thoughts in that hour;
Let my trust and my faith—my devotion—have power,
When all that can lure to thy young soul is nearest,
To summon each truant thought back to me, dearest.

H.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

CONFESSIONS OF A DEFORMED LUNATIC.

"O, cry you mercy,
Noble philosopher, your company."

THE reader will be surprised at my confessing the imputation under which I labor. Alas! it forms one of my severest horrors. I have thought there are times when I am mad. I will endeavor to describe some of my sensations, and also several little incidents in my life, by which may be seen that if I am no lunatic, it is not because I have not suffered enough to make me so. Listen to my adventures, dear reader. Amid the many who raise their claims to excite your mirth, or amuse your fancy with soft pictures of ideal bliss, let me speak my melancholy thoughts, my dark and brooding imaginations. Even as I write a tenderness rises in my bosom, and I would weep, but that I am accustomed to restrain my feelings, and act with an apparent callousness which is far from my real state of mind. Before I proceed further I must explain a theory of mine, accounting for the different degrees of happiness allotted to human beings. I do not believe prosperity is measured out in equal parts, any more than peculiarities of personal appearance. Of these the world presents a never-ceasing variety. Look around on your fellow-creatures, and see how they are formed. What prodigies meet your eye—giants, dwarfs, skeletons, and creatures of unwieldy bulk—a thousand kinds of beauty and ugliness. The same accidental reckless distribution of blessings and curses is observable in the minds, characters, tastes, and dispositions of those about us. Dunces and geniuses, persons of slow or quick apprehension, cold-hearted, enthusiastic, noble and brave, cowardly and mean, are all mingled together. Who shall assert these are equal?

This diversity may be perceived in human happiness. To say that all are equally contented, or even that they ought to be, takes away the stimulus from industry, perseverance and virtue. Why shall one labor to attain an object, if the accomplishment of his purpose adds nothing to his happiness; or if his design be good, and could make him happier, how often may he strive without effecting it, while others succeed? The dogma, I know, is consoling to the wretched. They cling in anguish to their imaginary claim upon fate, and amuse themselves with the prospect of expected bliss, till death cuts short their ideal enjoyments. My opinion is, that there are unlucky ages for certain characters to be born in; when their capacities for happiness lie idle, in consequence of the state of the surrounding circumstances, and in the great mass of human events there are *layers*, if I may so speak, of misfortunes, in the influences of which a man may be born, and through which he may run his whole career, thwarted in all his desires. In the light phraseology of the day, these might be termed *unlucky men*, but this tendency sometimes takes a bolder course. Perhaps a simile, which has often struck my mind, may illustrate my meaning more clearly to the reader. It seems to me, then, that human beings are floating on a vast stream, crossed with ten thousand intersecting tides, some of which lead along limpid and silver waters, and by pleasant summer shores, while others lapse, with silent but resistless sway, into the deep, dark passages and caverns of misery and guilt, bearing their shuddering victim on and on, away from light and innocence forever. Few indeed are those waves which glide altogether through peaceful scenes. The vast majority are varied with joy and sorrow; but some conduct with heavy rolling billows, in gloomy directions, with a power which no intrinsic intellect or virtue can altogether resist. On these sluggish and loathsome currents, float the scowling forms of guilt and anguish. With the dash of the sullen waves are mingled shrieks and execrations. Mothers howl over their dead children; murderers wave their reeking blades; dreadful sounds of wail and moan forever, and despair flits across the scene, rendering visible its fathomless recesses with the light of her lurid torch. At the outset of life, the writer of this mournful sketch fell into the influence of such a stream; and although sometimes in its sinuous channel, it has wound so near the regions of human joy, that I listened to the laughter of sweet voices, and inhaled the wandering fragrance of the balmy air, yet this temporary indulgence only rendered my contracted journey more repulsive, and heightened the torture of my soul. It is for believing this that men call me a lunatic. Ah, may experience never teach them their error; may it never teach them that it is the wretched who read the book of truth—that the mad are the happy.

The fates made me sensible of their unfriendly designs concerning me, by sending me into the world marked by a deformity, of just sufficient importance to make me frequently an object of ridicule or disgust, without being one of sympathy. The next among her gifts, which contained the germs of much mortification and misery, were an acute sensibility and pride, and a strange ambition. In early youth these were added to a wavering constitution, which sometimes led me to the brink of the grave, unfitting me for any active duties, and rendering me a burthen to my friends. I do really believe, so fatally predominant were my faults and ugliness over those feelings of an attractive nature, which, by being uncalled for, were nearly concealed in my own bosom, that at the age of sixteen, when my disease began to assume a serious appearance, there was not in the wide, wide world, any single being who would have really regretted my death. This may be accounted for, partially, by my peevish habits and ill temper, arising from the continually wounded state of my

mind. No one imagined my susceptibility to ridicule, or they must have pitied and excused me. I found it often undisguised, and sometimes, doubtless, thought I saw it in mere ordinary conversation. Yet it was the same to me. I have felt a casual remark like an adder's sting, and a curled lip has haunted me for a month.

Among my other evils was poverty. This compelled me frequently to do things which disgusted me, and sometimes to submit to insult. Gorgeous dreams of wealth have floated through my mind, all tinged with the golden hue of fancy, but I turned from them ever to slavish occupations—to a state of harrowing perplexities and care—to privation—scorn—solitude and anguish. I recollect having once thought that I could be happy—perfectly happy—(I was lying on a sunny-green bank, on a summer morning on the verge of a forest,) if there were no other human being in the world.

At this time, in the country village where I resided, there came to board a lady with her little son. She was not rich, nor of high rank, but very beautiful, and of a temper not unlike what I fancy my own might have been, had fortune blessed me with a happier lot. Her sensibilities were keen; her mind clear and intelligent; and I never knew any one with a disposition altogether so amiable and affectionate, tempered with so admirable a sense of propriety, and such uniform, all-pervading good sense. Her person was an emblem of her character. It was while looking on her face that the first gleam of rapture I ever knew, struck upon my soul! I was (why should I conceal it now?) occupying a menial situation in the house where she was residing that summer. Every body scoffed at me. I had no means of resistance, and flight would have conducted me only to new scenes of insult and pain. One morning, a person possessing some authority in the house, arraigned me for an offence—I do not even yet distinctly know what it was—I hurled back the accusation on his own head, with furious execrations. Dog, wretch, brute, were the words most usual in his mouth to me, and those with which at present he greeted me, till his rage grew so ungovernable that he seized a large stick, and was in the act of inflicting a blow upon me, when I rushed on him in a rage as fierce as his own, and prostrated him at full length on the floor. When Mr. B., the master of the family, returned, I was accused anew before him, and my foe appealed to the lady who had been accidentally present. I turned upon her scowling, and then looked down on the ground, muttering to myself "they are all leagued against me," and expecting, as usual, to hear myself represented as a guilty and noisome reptile, altogether in the wrong.

If the veins of any lover of music ever thrilled at a rare passage, so did mine as I listened to her reply. She expressed in a few words, the most graceful, the most endearing I had ever heard—exactly the truth. She explained my situation and feelings, which I had never been able to do. She represented my conduct as natural, and my anger at the accusation as proper. She spoke of me as a lonely and unhappy being, who had many good qualities, if people would but use me well; and conveyed a rebuke so touching and tremulous against the unfeeling cruelty of my foe—so precisely what I would have said if I had possessed the power—that when I turned my eyes on her lovely face, to thank her with a look, I was so blinded with tears as to be unable to distinguish any object. That simple office of kindness bound me to her forever. I was always afterwards more kindly treated in the house; even my foe came to me, gave his hand, and said he was sorry for what had happened. The feeling of gratitude which rose in my heart, became absolutely painful. Gratitude did I say? It was love—hopeless love.

I have omitted until now, to describe the young boy, her son. He was a miniature of herself. Gleamings of her face were perpetually flashing over his features. His society to me became soon a source of the strangest fascination. I am naturally ardent; and there is something in the innocent brightness of a sweet child, that charms me perfectly. It is no wonder that our Redeemer-blessed little children. Nature has formed nothing more fresh, pure, and winning. So far from having any desire of evil, they cannot even comprehend it. They are better beings than we. Guilt and woe to them are unintelligible things, and their thought is perpetual sunshine, varied by shadows more fleeting than summer clouds.

My attachment to this little fellow, was strengthened by my feelings towards his mother. I loved her. Yet I knew that even she must have smiled had she known it. In her presence, therefore, I was by no means at ease. But he acted on me like a spell, which called up all the new delight I owed to her, without the awe which she inspired.

If the innumerable and continually recurring charms of this child's manner impressed me so powerfully, the reader can form some idea of the affectionate solicitude with which he was regarded by his mother. I never saw an interest so strong as that with which she watched his growing beauties; and I trembled to reflect upon the chances of a life which to me had been so dark and wretched. I too had been once the idol of a mother, who turned not away from the repulsive marks which angry nature had stamped on my countenance. She too had suffered fears and woven hopes of my future career, and dreamed that Providence might compensate me for defects of person, by shedding the light of prosperity on my path. Alas! her forehead is in the dust, and my course has ever been wild, dark, and lonely. No hope has cheered my steps—no love has soothed my sorrow.

What other men make a merit of bearing, even with all the added charms of friendship and affection, I have endured *alone*. By alone, I do not mean the solitude of the desert, but of the heart. Why may not this boy, though his face beams with radiant happiness, though grace and beauty are shed upon him like a light—why may he not also feel the weight of miseries as dreadful as those which had afflicted me? Under my uncouth exterior I cherished a tender heart, which misery had rendered at once sympathetic and melancholy; and I shuddered to watch that exquisitely graceful communion between the mother and child, which in sincerity, disinterestedness, and heavenly purity, passes all other human feelings.

I am writing these lines in the cell of a mad-house. It overlooks a lovely scene of hill and dale and velvet meadow; white buildings are peeping from under heavy masses of foliage. I can just distinguish their angles, their chimnies, and ever and anon, the gleaming of their snowy fences through the trees. In the distance a river spreads its golden waves. The sun is setting, and the air is full of crimson light. How like a cold iron into my inward soul goes the thought, that I am regarding this scene through a *grated* window. Whatever may be the cause, I am touched; and the recollection of the incident which I am about narrating moistens my eyes, and makes my heart tremble and recoil. One day, even such a time as the present, a glowing, mellow afternoon in summer, I found the child alone playing in the garden. I had an errand to execute at the distance of a half a mile, and yielding to the pleasure I derived from his companionship, (if companionship it may be called—the temporary relation between one bright and blest as a creature of heaven, and one blasted like a perturbed and fallen spirit,) I took him with me. Our way wound along green woods and undulated meadows. We passed by vines and flowers, and through quiet valleys, till we came to a lake of extraordinary depth, and celebrated through the surrounding country for the richness of its wooded shores, and the transparency of its limpid waters. On one side were picturesque rocks, overhung with heavy foliage; on the other a snowy beach encircled it; and here and there a field of verdant grass ran so close to the edge of the stream, that the high tide washed the fresh turf. In the circle of this little lake or pond, rose a rock, three sides of which were perpendicular, and the fourth a very steep acclivity. It was, perhaps, hardly large enough to hold fifteen or twenty persons. One stunted cedar grew in a cleft; and beneath, on the slender stock of soil which had accidentally accumulated upon its summit, a few wild flowers, by their brilliant leaves of white and blue, could be discerned from the shore where we stood. That beautiful scene and rich hour! will they *never* leave my recollection? We stood on a rock; the child took off his shoes, and bathed his little naked feet in the water. At his side lay a fairy-looking green boat, so small and light that it swayed gently to the *gray* waves. To spring in and row across to the small island was but a natural impulse, and with the delighted child I landed on it, and clambered to the top. I well remember the laugh of music with which he reached the height, and commenced plucking the flowers for his mother. At that moment a demon took possession of my heart; for only some wandering spirit of evil could have whispered me to an act, which is as surprising to me as to all the world. It struck me that I would play off a jest upon him, and amuse myself with his surprise; and accordingly, while he was absorbed in his employment, and while the words of silver sound were dropping from his lips, I stole down noiselessly into the boat, pushed off, and had reached the shore before he suspected my absence. On discovering it, however, his presence of mind instantly deserted him, and his manner underwent a change, which surprised and alarmed me. He screamed, he raised his little hands to me, and approached so near the brink, on the abrupt side of the rock, as to actually hang over it. I could not swim, and the boat which I had left unmoored, parted from the shore, and glided away out of my reach. Horror seized me. I had no power to move. Remorse for what I had done, terror at his peril, struck me for a moment into the inanimation of a statue. My apathy was interrupted by a plunge. I saw the bleak rock deserted. A faint cry was smothered in the bubbling wave; then the struggling and splashing ceased, the long circling ripples came gently to the shore; my head reeled, and I fell to the ground. When I awoke to consciousness the sun had set, and the moon was shining. I had no distinct knowledge of what had happened, and sat down on a broken rock, to recall my scattered senses. While thus sitting my attention was attracted by an object floating near the shore, and sparkling in the pale light. Memory rushed on me like a torrent, and I fled into the woods. What happened to me I have not sufficient interest in now to relate. I know one absorbing thought haunted me—the dread of that mother's look. I had rather die at the stake, than meet it even yet. They say she is dead, and I have been tried for murder.

Now I am here for a *madman*. If I were not mad before, this is enough to make me so. Such looks as I have caught from some around me. Such scenes as I have beheld. Sometimes I am awakened at midnight by shrieks and groans, and the cry of murder. Heavens! how it rings through these silent halls. Yesterday I saw a party passing through the grounds. This boy, whom they say I killed, was with them. He has grown much, and is very noble-looking. It is a tyranny by which I am immured here; and I heard last night the mother's voice screaming, because the keeper was beating her. They conceal her son's escape from her, and that has made her mad. She waved her hankerchief to me yesterday through the grate, but some brutal wretch dragged her away.

X. Y. Z.

FINE ARTS.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY.

THIS exhibition has been recently opened, and the venerable president and directors have procured more than two hundred paintings, of which many are beautiful, and several exquisite. There is still the same inappropriate preponderance of portraits which drew forth complaints last year. In defence of this, it may be said, that many of the artists sending in the productions, are portrait painters by profession, and consequently, solicit the public favor by presenting their pieces here for inspection. We should think, however, that for this purpose one would be sufficient, or they might at least exert a little extra labor, and paint heads of persons known, and the preservation of whose features is a matter of interest to the community at large.

It is also to be regretted, that an exhibition could not be afforded of new paintings. Some of those now offered, have long been the standing theme of public observation; or at least we should be pleased to see larger additions made to the collection. The question naturally arises, are our artists idle, or do they receive so inadequate a remuneration for their labors, as to discourage their industry? Perhaps no artist requires arduous more imperatively than the painter. It is true, that without patronage, he may starve, and therefore there is, on the part of the public, a kind of duty to encourage and reward him who abandons the more certain and lucrative walks of business, to purify their tastes and minister to them pleasures of an elevated character. But on the other hand, an artist must make himself known. In a series of pictures, resembling Wilkie's in subject, and executed with the same power visible in many contributions in this collection, the artist would doubtless reap a pecuniary reward, at least indirectly, from the reputation he would establish.

There are a number of offerings also in an unfinished state, or rather, finished badly. It is a pity that an artist feels so little respect on coming before the public. If ardor is requisite, so is patient labor and careful revision; but we shall be more minute in noticing them individually. Our space this week only permits of a few brief observations which may be continued hereafter.

No. 1. One of the most prominent and best known. Sir Thomas Lawrence's admirable full length portrait of Benjamin West, representing him as delivering his last lecture to the Royal Academy, on the theory of light and color. Some writer has remarked that old age is repulsive, as conveying to the mind an idea of weakness and decay. The venerable and imposing head of our talented and distinguished countryman, as here brought to life by the inimitable artist, strikes the mind very differently. His majestic appearance indicates genius and wisdom, and the beholder is as much struck with reverence for the subject, as admiration of the great skill in the delineation.

63. The Dying Gladiator. An undoubted original of *Annibal Caracci*. Very powerful and true to nature, though perhaps not at first so striking. It is easy to attract notice by exaggerating the reality. Where it is represented accurately in painting, it is often overlooked. In the present instance, you derive a great additional interest from a prolonged examination. It is a strange principle of human nature, but perfection, especially in an art, generally disappoints at first, or is liable to be disregarded. The best music is not that which is admired the most at a hearing. The finest literary composition does not strike, nor the most beautiful face charm from a cursory view, half so much as inferior specimens. There is something in true excellence, which, appealing either to the imagination or the reason, does not become visible immediately to the sight. The Dying Gladiator is in some degree an example. Study it out, and you are awe-struck. The vanquished combatant is prostrated in the agony of death. There is about him no radiant beauty—no demoniacal distortion of either the face or the person—but you perceive that the strength has passed from his limbs, and the hope from his heart. His left arm is half disengaged from the shield, and his right lies powerless by his side, in a position beautifully expressive of the languor of approaching dissolution.

43. Interior view of a Gothic cathedral, by light of flambeaux; by Henry Stienwick the Old; the figures by Vander Velde. The genuine pictures of this master are rare. The beholder will be delighted with a steady observation of this finished and valuable delineation. The dim aisles, the lofty and shadowy ceilings, the rich carved work, and the altars illumined by the torch light. Observe the archway or door on your right. The eye gradually pierces away in through the gloom. The delusion here is almost magical.

95. Miniature copy of Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," by Hopkins, of London. Take care you do not overlook this beautiful little gem among some of greater magnitude, but less value. Most of our readers must be familiar with the engraving from the original. Wilkie is the *Burns* of painting, and is delightfully copied by Hopkins. This glance at the cottage circle, the forms of the children and their attitudes, the effect of the music on all the highly finished group, is as good as "the Cottar's Saturday Night," though of a different character.

133. Landscape—view of Lake George from the ruins of Fort George. Ward. A soft, dreamy, and rich transcript of one of the loveliest scenes in the world. It argues well for the taste and liberality of our city, that these very creditable pieces command a sale.

199. Landscape, with cattle and figures. Bourdon. This painting is one of the most exquisite in the room, and shows like na-

ture itself. The great variety, ease, grace, and spirit of attitude among the cattle, the perfect finish of the coloring, render it choice and valuable. The artist has left the critic room but for admiration.

24. A French landscape—the Halt of Travelers. Bourdon. Another by the same masterly hand. It has been injured by some accident, but you recognize its extreme merit.

211. Blindman's Buff. L. Krimmel. A lovely thing, much in the style of Wilkie.

212. The Cut Finger, by the same. Spirited and striking in every respect. The consternation of the boy who has suffered the accident, with that of the whole group, is portrayed to the life.

213. The Favorite Bird, (from Barnett,) also by L. Krimmel. The man's face faultless, the child peeping into the basket inimitable. These three are small, but delightfully conceived, and marked by a pervading excellence of execution.

2. Landscape scene in Glen Bruer. Rev. John Thompson, Edinburgh. A fine rich picture.

4. Spaniel Dogs. Weir. The figure in the front very spirited, and so is the head in the background.

3. Landscape. Prior Park, near Bristol, England.

6. Landscape. Prior Park. Second view. The two last are by Colonel Trumbull, and are happily executed. The foliage, in particular, is done with softness and accuracy.

8. The Brigand Alarmed. S. F. B. Morse. The brigand and his wife are hidden in a cavern from the view of strangers without. The ruffian holds his blunderbuss, prepared for an attack, thinking the noise he hears proceeds from travelers; but the woman, seeing they are soldiers, restrains him from coming forward. This picture possesses striking faults as well as beauties. The sky is stiff; the blue Papal states, in the back ground, unworthy the artist. The dress of the female, too, wants the ease of drapery. It has a starched look. The figures are done, however, in a high style; the streaming in of light on the wife's form is admirable, and the man's face fine.

58. View on the Cascadilla, near Ithaca, New-York. G. W. Tyler. This is a young artist, who promises well. The coloring of this sketch is too bright for nature, but the drawing is good, and the branches of the forest, with the luxuriant foliage, finished very delicately and beautifully.

200. Portrait of a Lady. G. W. Tyler. The satin dress in this piece is perfect.

There are several valuable pictures by the old masters, and one or two others of merit. We have, however, only taken a cursory glance, and may have unintentionally overlooked some equally worthy of notice with those above enumerated.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MR. DUNLAP'S HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

AMONG the many works preparing for the press, is one comprising a history of the American stage, by William Dunlap, the worthy vice-president of the National Academy of Design, author of the *Life of Cooke*, and of many of the early dramatic productions of this country. No one within our knowledge is so well qualified for this task, and from the cursory examination which we have given the manuscript, we believe his execution of it will meet a large share of public attention and favor. By the liberality of the publishers, the Harpers, an arrangement has been effected by means of subscription, to ensure the author the full benefit of such sales as are made in this way. The public, we trust, will come forward in the cause of an individual highly respectable, both for his talents and industry, and his private worth, and place their names on the list of subscribers.

The manuscript being in our possession, we make the following selections from the first and twentieth chapters.

Garrick and the English stage.

"Before we embark with the adventurers who introduced the drama in its living shape, among the English colonists of America, we will look at the state of the stage in the mother country at that period.

"Garrick had reached the summit of fame and perfection in his arduous profession, about the year 1745. He had been rejected by Fleetwood and Rich, the managers of Drury-lane and Covent-garden in 1741, and after a probation at Ipswich, he was received and fostered at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, by his friend Giffard, the predecessor, as proprietor and manager of that place of entertainment, of William Hallam; deservedly called 'the father of the American stage.'

"On the boards of Goodman's Fields theatre, from which ten years after issued the leaders of that company which planted the drama in America, the English Roscius first displayed his unrivalled talents to a London audience, and perfected himself in the art which has immortalized him; embalming his name with that of the far greater artist and man, who 'exhausted worlds and then imagined new.' Let every artist hold in mind that Garrick rose to this height by hard study, and established his reputation as a man and a gentleman, as well as fame for skill in his profession.

"In consequence of the success of Garrick, Goodman's Fields theatre became the centre of attraction. Drury-lane and Covent-garden were deserted. At the end of the season of 1742, Fleetwood was glad to engage both manager and actor. Giffard, now befriended by Garrick, was invited to Drury-lane, and Roscius entered upon the scene of his future triumphs in the brilliant career of fame and fortune."

William Hallam—Father of the American stage.

"Mr. William Hallam succeeded Giffard at Goodman's Fields, becoming the proprietor of Garrick's cradle; rendered famous, but unprofitable, from the circumstance of having had such a nursing. Drury-lane flourished, and the successor of Giffard and Garrick became bankrupt in 1750. This event led to the voyage of discovery planned by the manager, and executed by his brother Lewis; the father of that Lewis Hallam is remembered still as 'old Mr. Hallam.'

"It is well known, that the state of the drama was in 1750 much more brilliant than it has been for the last half century, or is now in Great Britain. The best and greatest men of the country wrote plays and attended their performance. The pit of the theatre was the resort of wit and learning; while fashion, beauty, taste and refinement, the proud and exclusive aristocracy of the land, took their stations in the boxes, surrounding the assemblage of poets and critics below. In the course of our history we may find the causes which have degraded the drama, while every other species of literature and art have been rising in estimation."

Arrival of the first company of comedians in America.

"It is proper, in the early history of the stage in this country, to state many particulars which would be out of place in a record of the affairs of a more recent date. As we have the power to lay before the reader the original proportions in which the receipts of this first company were divided, with the shares assigned to each individual, we shall proceed to do so.

"The number of shares was fixed at eighteen. The number of adult performers was twelve, including the manager, each being entitled to one share. Mr. Hallam had another share as manager. Four shares were assigned to the property, and one share was allowed for the manager's three children. It is to be presumed that the four shares assigned for the property, were to be divided between the brothers, as the profits of the partnership; otherwise it is hard to say whence profit was to accrue.

"Having despatched these preliminaries, we will attend this band of adventurers on their voyage of experiment. Early in the month of May, 1752, they embarked in the "Charming Sally," captain Lee, and after a voyage of six weeks, a short passage in those days, arrived safely at Yorktown, Virginia.

"How many reflections does the name of this place suggest? What recollections to the American of the present day! Yorktown, the scene of that great drama of real life, or rather the catastrophe of the military drama, which secured never-dying laurels on the brow of that man in 1780, who, sent by governor Dinwiddie, in 1753, the year after the arrival of our adventurers, to summon the French posts on the Ohio, to surrender to the arms of England, is called by the writers of the *Universal History*—one *Major Washington*. This *Major Washington* very probably witnessed the first representations of plays in Virginia, and one at least (Lewis Hallam) of the same company of players, performed repeatedly before him, when he was the first magistrate of the greatest republic the world had ever seen, and the theme of eulogium to every enlightened or philanthropic statesman the world possessed."

Extract from the auto-biography of the Author.

"That the reader may decide how far the person who now assumed the direction of that powerful and complicated engine, the theatre of a great metropolis, was fitted for the task and responsibility, it is necessary that a brief retrospect of his past life should be taken. The opinion of the writer is, (an opinion perhaps founded upon the result of the experiment,) that he was not fitted for the arduous task. Had it been his lot to direct a theatre patronized by an enlightened government, having no care but that of selecting such dramas, and such performers as would best promote the great end of human happiness, he might, perhaps, have been entitled to the grateful remembrance of his fellow men; but he was now forced, by the circumstances already detailed, to burthen himself with a hazardous speculation, which, as far as it had been tried, had proved unsuccessful; and the power he once possessed of meeting temporary losses and providing the means of success, had been lamentably diminished. Instead of having an unembarrassed mind, whose entire powers could be directed to that which should be the object of such an institution, he was tempted to seek resources for the supply of the treasury, and the fulfilment of his monied engagements. Instead of studying to gain the approbation of the wise, pressing necessities turned his thoughts to the common methods of attracting the vulgar.

"The subject of the present chapter was born in the city of Perth Amboy, on the nineteenth of February, 1766. The writer has endeavored to avoid the much-dreaded pronoun "I," in the previous part of this work, but in what must be known as auto-biography, it would appear affectation; besides, a change of style, even thus unimportant, may be agreeable to the reader, and to leave the theatre for a time may render a return to it, perhaps, pleasant; certainly less tiresome.

"My father was Samuel Dunlap, from the town of Londonderry, in the north of Ireland. My mother's maiden name was Sergeant, and her mother's Stone; both natives of New-Jersey, and of English descent; as were all the original families in that part of New-Jersey which lies adjacent to its then capital. The names of Sergeant, Stone, Barron, Bloodgood, Freeman, Heriot, and others, testify this as fully as those of Van Rensselaer, Knickerbocker, Schermerhorn, Tenbroek and others, show the origin of the New-York or New-Netherland settlement in that great metropolis, and its adjacent villages and islands of Bergen Haerlam, Nassau and Staaten.

"My father" had been a soldier in his youth, and fought in famous battles;" and the name, originally Dunlop, is now well known in the world of literature by distinguished authors bearing it, and more generally as connected with Scott's Jenny Deans and the Dunlop cheeses.

"Among my earliest recollections are those associated with sickness, and the relief derived from being carried in the arms of my father. I was an only child. When old enough, I listened to the story of his early life with intense interest. He spoke of crossing the deep with the army that came to wrest Canada from the French, for he was an officer in the forty-seventh, and carried the colors of *Wolfe's own*. He told of the difficulties they encountered on the great river St. Lawrence—of the attempts upon the fleet by the French fire-ships, and the gallant cheerings of the English tars, as they towed off from their destination, and rendered harmless the blazing engines of destruction—of the landing, and of scaling the banks, to gain the plains of Abraham—of his being wounded and carried off the field, suspended in his sash, and borne to the ships, the pioneers throwing down their tools, supposing they saw their young commander disabled and leaving them—for Wolfe and his regiment wore that day one and the same plain uniform of scarlet without facings. In short, before I knew the meaning of the tale, I had heard all the circumstances of that important day, which fixed the destiny of this great continent of North America—which decided that from Hudson's Bay to Mexico, the descendants of Englishmen, or those deriving from them their civil and religious principles, should spread the language of Shakspeare and Milton, and plant the independent spirit of Hampden and Pym, throughout a moiety of the globe."

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Mrs. Lincoln's Familiar Lectures on Botany.—The third edition of this excellent work is just published at Hartford, by F. J. Huntington. Several interesting additions are made. It has met with general praise, and is in great demand, we learn, in the higher class of academies. We are pleased to find the delightful science, which it is intended to illustrate, becoming a subject of so much attention, and trust the intelligent author will continue her useful labors.

Observations on the Rights of the British Colonies to Representation in the Imperial Parliament.—We get this volume from the little town of Three Rivers, Lower Canada, where nothing of the kind has ever before been published. It has been very favorably received in the provinces, and praised by the leading journals, and contains matter of interest. The author is Mr. David Chisholme.

The Ambitious Student.—These conversations are from the press of the Harpers, being a collection of pieces from the Monthly Magazine, by Mr. Bulwer. They are delightfully written,—fervid, philosophical, and rich in learned illustrations. The book will share the triumphant success of Eugene Aram and the other novels.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet of History.—The last number of this series of valuable and instructive volumes, consists of the "History of the Italian Republics; or, the origin, progress, and fall of Italian freedom, by J. C. L. De Sismondi." It would indeed be a work of supererogation on our part, to commend a composition of Sismondi's to the notice of the reading public. The elegant historian has already gained too many admirers to render simple praise necessary, and we announce the republication of the production, by Carey and Lea, rather for the information of the reader than from any hope of adding to the author's reputation.

Secrecy.—A poem, by Thomas Power. This is a second edition, by Morse and Povey, Boston. It is finely printed, and contains good writing.

THE STAGE.

GLANCES AT THE DRAMA.

You must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I came hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly that he is Snug the Joiner.—*Shakspeare*.

I assure the public, upon my honor, when I undertook to write about the theatres, I had no idea what a nest of hornets I was thrusting my hand into. I am a quiet old gentleman, and do not fight. My courage, as well as my skill, lies altogether in my pen; and I am withal a sincere patriot, and anxious to improve the drama, which I look upon as one of the most important engines for the diffusion of knowledge, as well as of pleasure, which can influence a people; plays having been often proscribed by governments, and sometimes revolutions having been traced to an opera. But the postman this morning brings me in such a load of letters from persons conceiving themselves alluded to in my remarks, or their friends, that I almost despair of carrying my design into execution. Some of these epistles are very brief and waspish, and some appeal to my feelings; putting me into a very awkward position, as, notwithstanding all my faults, I am really tender-hearted. One is from a noted murderer, who, although his language is polite and gentle, I fear will some day or other assassinate me; and another from a French marshal, who threatens one of Sir William Draper's "Gothic appeals to cold iron;" and if he fights as well as he talks English, I am little better than a dead man.

Letter from the Marshal.

"MR. SEDLEY—Sir: This is to warn you that your strictures on the stage are severe, unjust, partial, abusive, and (without meaning any especial reference to myself,) blind to modest merit. That which ought to be praised, you blame, that which ought to be blamed, you praise; and many things which you attribute to us injured people as faults, let me inform your ignorance, sir, are perfections. You notice points which are unworthy of notice, and pass silently over fine incidents which every good critic would designate as such. For example, I am constantly in the habit of appearing in a glorious struggle for fame while living, and after death I come on as one of my *aids-de-camp*, and follow my own body to the grave. You might perceive, if you had any real discernment, my sorrowful expression of face as I mourn over my departed worth, and see myself committed to my mother earth without a tear.

FRENCH MARSHAL."

The letter from the Thunder is rather alarming, as its resentment might be serious.

Letter from the Thunder.

"MR. SEDLEY—You may think yourself exceedingly witty, sir, on me; as if it were not my duty to stop bellowing when anybody on the stage is speaking. And if I have ever happened to peal before the Lightning, you ought to know, since you pretend to an acquaintance with the affairs behind the scenes, that I have to hail and rain as well as thunder, which is more than the managers ought to put upon me, it being as much against justice as against nature. When a man of authority, lately visited this establishment from London, on a pecuniary expedition, he retrenched the company so greatly, as to set at total defiance all Adam Smith's ideas on "the division of labor." He annihilated, without any ceremony, a whole host of venerable kings, dukes, lords and commons. He cut down our standing army, thinned the pavy list sadly, turned several nymphs, sylphs, and fairy-queens out of doors, wands and all; put the Lightning on half salary, and frightened me, the Thunder, out of my wits. Since that period I have been driven to do double duty, and therefore am much hurt at your animadversions. My friend, the Wind, is also sadly discomfited. Although he blusters a good deal officially, like many other worthies, and now and then wrecks a ship, or heaves up an oak, or two by the roots, yet I assure you, he is very amiable and meek hearted in reality, and was really out of spirits the other night, when he had finished blowing, on the perusal of your attack on him. He desires his respects to you, and says if he did not break out at the proper moment, it is the fault of the *call-boy*, and not his own. He invariably rises as soon as he receives his notice, and endeavors always to frighten the audience according to his ability. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

THE THUNDER."

Letter from a Devil.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—From a long personal acquaintance with you I am desirous not to be uncivil, or to say any thing to alter the terms we stand on with each other. Let me however express my surprise that you have neglected writing something about me, and the favor I enjoy in the theatre. I am one of those who come on in *Der Freischutz*, and wish thus publicly to thank the managers for their liberality in allowing me my abundant quantity of fire and smoke in the grand incantation scene. You know, sir, that on that occasion, we roll forth such an ocean of sulphureous smoke and white fire, as to set all the audience coughing. The box doors are flung open; the ladies cover their faces with their handkerchiefs, turning their backs, and it is rumored that an apoplectic fat gentleman, in the pit, was strangled, and a young woman with the asthma, in the boxes, died of sneezing, no one being able to discover the mournful catastrophe for half an hour, till after the smoke had disappeared. My advantages in this particular I esteem highly, and fearlessly assert that nobody will refuse to receive them as a substitute for the weak choruses which sometimes mar this famous opera. Yours,

FIRST DEVIL."

Letter from the Young Assassin who turns his toes out.

"I am, Mr. Critic, by education a dancer, and ought to be put only in light characters, wherein I promise you, I am not below mediocrity. It is against my will that I am a cut-throat, and therefore my toes will turn out in spite of all I can do to the contrary. If I am cast in parts which ought to be filled by rough un-mannerly fellows, you must not expect me to speak big and look fierce, as it goes against my nature, and my attempts would only make the audience laugh. Besides, after I have murdered three or four gentlemen in the tragedy, I am sent on to dance a horn-pipe between the play and farce, which detracts much from my reputation as a ruffian, and keeps me from terrifying the spectators. Since your papers were printed about me, I have also observed myself narrowly, and made a grand discovery. My dancing-master has drilled me so effectually, that I believe I go through his motions in my sleep, and when I have any address to make before the audience, I involuntarily commence in the first position; as I grow warm I change to the second, and, if the sentiment is tragic, I gradually move into the third, and so end. I so far forgot myself the other night, in an interesting drama, that I came forward with a *saxet* to inform a deserter that the moment was arrived for him to be shot; and being left to deliver a melancholy speech over the body of a young lady who had drowned herself for the loss of her lover, I had nearly sprung up and cut a *pigeon wing*, when the scene changed and prevented me.

"Hoping hereafter that you will treat me with more indulgence, I remain,

THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN THAT PLAYS THE ROBBERS."

Letter from a Supernumerary.

SIR—I am one of that class of respectable personages whom you deal with most unjustly. I am, sir, a leader of supernumeraries in the theatre, and although we do not receive the high-sounding praises which your star-tragedians have heaped upon them, nor the honied and sugared terms bestowed upon lady-stars—particularly vocalists—although we do not get credit for deep feeling, pathos, bursts of passion, high-wrought delineation, and have not bodies inhabited by the spirit of Shakspeare, nor do we warble, and trill, and execute difficult divisions with the facility of a nightingale, nor deport ourselves as if we "always remembered of what sex" we are of; nevertheless, for numbers of prisoners correctly taken, and treated with either gross inhumanity or laudable magnanimity, according as the author has determined, no man ever arrived at greater perfection than myself. It is on the valuable efforts of such men as myself that the drama depends for support, and when we are sent on in a pair of pantaloons, the casts-off of such a man as Richings or Foot, we, having persons of moderate dimensions, it is shameful to turn us into ridicule. Why, sir, I have served my apprenticeship in London, and for five years played the White Bear in La Pousse, with great eclat at the English opera-house. I then quitted the establishment, because the manager insisted, as I was killed early in the piece, that I should go on for a savage man in the last scene; this I refused to do. Well, sir, after having often taken Macready, Kean and Warde by the collar, and conducted them to prison with much propriety, in divers plays, besides having acted all kinds of beasts most naturally, I thought myself entitled to appear with effect in this country; but here, sir, I find it quite another thing; my talents are doubly taxed, and I am bullied on all sides. Why, sir, I never remember having a word from the Times, Morning Post, or Chronicle in my life, while I acted in London; but here, if one misses the least thing, "You'll be in the Mirror, my boy," says one friend; "You'll be in the American," says another—and then, sir, we catch it just as bad from the stage-managers—for instance, in the piece of Napoleon, for which the manager advertised that he needed two hundred able-bodied soldiers, I and my friends, in number about forty, do the business of that multitude of men; yet, we get no better pay nor more credit for it. The other night, after I had ascended Mount St. Bernard three times, as a corporal of the old guard, wheeled up the same cannon six times, and passed muster, as a pioneer with a long beard, twice, I was running down the back way to be ready to go up and catch Mr. Placide's horse at the proper place, as an orderly dragoon, and I only just stooped to pull the hair of my beard out of my mouth, which was choking me, when up comes one of those gentlemen, either Barry-more or Barry-less, I forget which—"You skulking rascal," says he, "what are you doing there? Don't you know that you have got to bring up the flank-company of four regiments more? You will throw the army into confusion, and we shall be put in that infernal Mirror. I'll fine you a shilling, you villain." "Sir," says I, with much and justly offended dignity, "do as you please; but I go on no more; for what between you and these editors, an actor's life is worse than that of a hackney-coach horse." Yours, &c. AN OLD SUPER.

A number of other similar communications have come to hand, which convince me, that although the errors I have mentioned really exist, I have sometimes ascribed them to the wrong source. Nothing can be farther from my thought than to offend any one. Indeed, rather than do it, I would discontinue these essays, although I learn they are a good deal read and commented on behind the scenes, and among theatrical people in general. I give notice, however, to all concerned, that I mean to go on, and I particularly invite any one who has a complaint to make, like the Wind and the Thunder, as well as any one who may hit upon a just theme of praise, to write me forthwith, taking care to exclude all private malice, and also to pay the post if they live at a distance. For hints of this kind I shall acknowledge my gratitude, as indeed I should for any on other subjects. SEDLEY.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE, ETC.

THE NEW OPERA.

The "White Lady, or the Spirit of Avenel," was produced, for the first time in America, at the Park theatre, on Monday last. The charming music of Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche* has been skillfully blended with that of the Italian school—and a most delightful selection is the result.

The following is a brief sketch of this drama:—The Baron of Avenel, a catholic, and staunch adherent of James the second, had been obliged to leave his domains in Scotland, and retire to the continent upon the accession of William the third to the throne of Great Britain; previous to which, his only son, Julian, had been kidnapped, as it was supposed by pirates, from his sudden disappearance. The Lady Avenel had, on the loss of her son, bestowed her parental affection upon Louise, an adopted child; and, on the departure of the family abroad, she was accompanied by this child. After remaining absent some time, Lord and Lady Avenel died; and the latter, on her death-bed, entrusted to Louise the secret of the existence of an immense sum of money, accumulated from the sale of the English estates of the family, the title-deeds of which were concealed in an ebony casket within a certain statue, supposed to be the resemblance of a spirit, termed the *White Maid*, which tradition asserted watched over the house of which she had been once a member. This statue remained in the hall of the castle of Avenel, in Scotland; and thither Louise, upon the death of her guardian, was conveyed by

a steward of the family. Her instructions from the dying benefactress were to buy in the estates of Avenel, which, by attainder, fell to the crown, and would consequently be put up at auction. During Louise's residence abroad she had nursed a wounded officer, who had been shot down in battle in Germany, and had formed an attachment for him. This officer eventually proves to be the kidnapped child, Julian.

The piece opens with a moonlight view of Avenel castle and the well, supposed to be the favorite haunt of the White Spirit. Fairies of the mountain and the mere are met on this spot, and the following chorus is sung:

The moon her silvery lustre sheds,
The stars their paler lights renew;
And we have strewn on violet beds,
The effulgent pearls of the evening dew.

Then dance the magic circlet round,
On spangled mead, in glade or dell;
And breathe a strain on fairy ground,
To the ladywhite of the haunted well.

On fragrant banks we'll soon repose,
Where tears are in the violet's eye,
Where liquid pearls adorn the rose,
While the sparkling stream is wand'ring by.

Then gaily dance, ye moonlight fays,
And sing to aid the potent spell;
Till zephyrs waft your breezy lays
To the ladywhite of the haunted well.

The White Spirit (*Mrs. Wallack*) rises from the well, and informs them that the domains she protects are about to be bought at auction by the rapacious steward, Gaveston; but that she is determined to thwart his design by a spell, which she intends to complete through the medium of the orphan Louise, (*Mrs. Austin*), whom she then summons before her. Louise appears, and sings in a dream, an exquisite melody. This vision song we shall endeavor to present at some future period to the readers of the Mirror. It is a charming *morceau*, and has a harp accompaniment, in addition to fine imitations by the wind instruments, in Rossini's best style. The White Lady, having fixed upon Louise as the means of saving the family of Avenel, and predisposed her mind for that purpose, disappears, and the scene changes to a landscape.

The highland tenants of Avenel are here met to celebrate the christening of Farmer McPhear's child; but he and his wife, Ailie McPhear, (*Placide and Mrs. Starpe*), meet their friends quite disconsolate at being disappointed in finding a godfather for the boy. At this moment George Brown, *alias*, the lost heir Julian, (*Jones*), comes down the mountain, and asks the hospitality of the farmer. This is instantly granted, and he in return consents to become the godfather of the boy, to the great delight of the young couple, especially when they find that he has the honor to bear a commission in the army. He explains that he is ignorant of his relations; but was bred up from childhood by a seaman, from whom he decamped on account of ill treatment, entered the army, and by his gallantry had won a commission. Much of this is told in Boieldieu's beautiful music. They treat him with every attention. In the course of conversation, the intended sale of the Avenel estate is mentioned; and the tradition of the White Spirit is described in a charming ballad by Ailie McPhear, supported by the chorus. There is likewise a pretty duet between Ailie and Brown, the subject of which is the jealousy of her husband. It is extremely arch and *piquant*. At this juncture of time, a farmer, (*Blakeley*), one of the tenants of Avenel, drops a letter on the stage, purposely in the way of McPhear, who picks it up, and with horror finds that it is a summons from the dreaded White Spirit, commanding him to meet her that night at the castle.

He here explains to George Brown and his wife, in great trepidation, that he is under a promise to this spirit, and that he owes his fortune entirely to her. His tale runs thus:—he had, in early life, been unfortunate in business, and one day wandering near the ruins of the old castle, he complained aloud of his unhappy lot, and declared that if the White Lady would furnish him relief, he would sell himself to her, body and soul. At that moment a purse dropped at his feet, with a paper, declaring that the terms were accepted; and, from that time he had thriven in the world; his farming stock was replenished; his business increased; he married a pretty woman, and had become the father of a fine child; but now all his happiness was lost by this summons from the dreaded spirit. George Brown gallantly undertakes to relieve the fears of the worthy couple, by becoming his deputy, and this produces the *finale* to the first act—Boieldieu's splendid trio, in which the terrors of the farmer and his wife are contrasted by the gaiety of George, and the whole takes place during a thunder storm.

The second act opens with a beautiful recitative and cavatina, by Louise, the subject from Rossini's opera, (by the by, one very little known,) *Il Pietro di Paragone*. It appears that she is aware of the determination of the steward, Gaveston, (*Thorne*), to lay out his ill-gotten wealth in the purchase of his former master's estate; and she, influenced by the spell of the White Spirit, and following the late Lady Avenel's injunctions, is determined to prevent his purpose. Consequently assuming the name of the supposed spirit, she has written to McPhear, with the intention of making him bid for the estate in her name; and she is further induced to do so from her knowledge that the purse of money bestowed upon the credulous farmer, under the name of the White Lady, was merely a gift of benevolence of the late Lord Avenel, who had relieved the farmer's distresses, and avoided his expres-

sion of thanks by working on his superstition. She, therefore, expects a visit from McPhear, as in duty bound. Gaveston and Margaret, an old nurse, (*Mrs. Wheatley*), here make their appearance, and Louise prevails on the former, who assumes the rights of master of the house, to receive a visitor. She quits the room to prepare for her project. George Brown arrives, as the representative of the farmer, and is allowed to occupy that which is supposed to be the haunted room. Louise appears to him, in the course of the night, as the White Spirit, and enjoins him to bid for the estate. On the following morning the auction commences; and, to Gaveston's great horror and astonishment, he is outbid by George Brown, and the estates of Avenel are actually knocked down to the rightful heir, who has no property of his own, but obeys the orders of the supposed spirit. This act contains a fine duet, by Auber, between George Brown and Gaveston; Boieldieu's admirable invocation to the White Lady; and the *scène* and the *duo*, between *La Dame Blanche* and *Georges Broune*. The auction chorus is likewise given faithfully, the spirited bidding of the parties and the general effect being closely adhered to; and this forms the *finale* to the second act.

The third act commences with the appearance of Louise and the old nurse, Margaret, employed in a fruitless search for the statue of the White Lady, which contains the treasure previously alluded to, and with which Louise expects to pay the purchase money of the estate, bought in George Brown's name. The statue has disappeared: Louise is in despair at the ruin of her project, and the certainty that her lover (for she has recognized him) will be thrown into prison as an impostor, in the event of his not making the purchase money good. Under these circumstances, remembering that her deceased patroness fully believed in the existence of a supernatural being, who watched over the family, and had even taught her a rhyme, which was supposed to bring the spirit to the aid of the family if in distress, Louise proceeds to try its effect, and here follows a scene of deep interest. The harp and organ are used most effectively, and the spirit appears to Louise; and, on retiring, a secret pannel flies open and discovers the wished-for statue, standing on its pedestal, with the casket in its extended hand. Louise, who has been terror-struck at the appearance of the spirit, rises from her knees and seizes the welcome object. A highly finished bravura, by Guglielmi, expressive of thanksgiving follows, most brilliantly executed by Mrs. Austin. Mr. Herwig's clarinet accompaniment cannot be too warmly praised. The next scene discovers George Brown receiving the homage of the tenants as lord of Avenel, and Boieldieu's celebrated chorus, in which George Brown has a faint recollection of his early days, rendered more vivid by the well-known air sung to him, is admirably given. The old melody of Robin Adair, is here introduced by Boieldieu, in the most masterly manner; and is, in our humble judgment, the *chef d'œuvre* of the opera. Next follows a scene between Gaveston and McJob (*Richings*) the sheriff, both rogues playing into each other's hands, who have discovered that Julian is in existence, and is actually, although ignorant of the fact, purchaser of the estate. They agree to suppress the circumstance, and to seize him as an impostor. Louise luckily overhears the plot; and, by coming forward at the moment it is about to fall upon Julian, she brings on the *dénouement* of the piece, pays the purchase money, is claimed by him as his bride, and the whole is concluded by a brilliant *finale*, in which the favorite air, Robin Adair, again is heard as a duet.

From the space occupied by the foregoing sketch we are prevented from speaking further of the representation than that, excepting a few little difficulties incidental to all *first nights*, the opera went off triumphantly, honored by the presence of a numerous audience. Mrs. Austin was brilliant. Jones added to his reputation, already decidedly so great. We shall be more particular in our next.

Upon an intimate acquaintance with the acting of Miss Vincent, at the American theatre, we place her high in the ranks of her profession. She has feeling, passion, and originality. Although sometimes she falls into the manner of Clara Fisher, it is only in the lighter scenes, and before she becomes warmed into the exercise of her own intrinsic powers. There is much in her to be improved, but there is also much to admire. If she will but study.

The Richmond-hill has re-opened, under the management of Barnes. It is an ample pledge of his resolution to satisfy and delight the audience, that among other talented performers, he has engaged Mr. and Mrs. Hilson, Mrs. Barnes, Mr. Green, celebrated for his delineation of Irish characters, Wilson, Hyatt, &c.

We have sincerely lamented the absence of Mrs. Hilson from the stage, and cordially welcome her back. In many of her characters she has no equal.

Mr. Sinclair has been attracting crowded houses in Philadelphia.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1832.

Griffin's Remains.—Of this work the April number of the New Monthly Magazine speaks in terms of great commendation. We subjoin a few extracts, which, while they furnish a specimen of liberal and enlightened criticism, and offer a just tribute to departed worth, take occasion to bestow a well-merited compliment on the rising literature of our country.

"These volumes furnish us with a very interesting view of the

character and style of the literature which at this moment prevails in America. It is impossible to read them without being struck with the classical purity of taste which is cultivated in the colleges, and which the best writers who have received their education in these seats of transatlantic learning have recently displayed. Indeed the improvement is at once so remarkable and so rapid, that Great Britain had need look well to herself if she would maintain her superiority. It may be centuries before the new world will produce writers to compete with the greatest names of England; it may never, perhaps, be able to boast of its Shakspeare and Milton, its Bacon and Newton; but having, as well as ourselves, all these glorious models to guide and animate their efforts, the Americans have only to imbibe the spirit of intellectual distinction, and to feel the stirrings of literary ambition, to leave the present generation of European writers far behind them.

"In illustration of the truth of our statement, that America is rising in intellectual character, we refer to the work before us; especially to that portion of it, entitled 'A Tour through Italy and Switzerland, in 1829.' It breathes a pure classical enthusiasm, every object of beauty or sublimity, every circumstance illustrative of men and manners, whatever regards nature or art, the world of matter, the world of mind, all are treated in the spirit of a man who thinks, feels, and writes under the influence of a correct judgment and fervid imagination, informed and chastened with a rich store of previous knowledge and attainments; and it ought likewise to be remembered that these pages were not elaborated for the press; the author poured out the fulness of his soul to relieve himself, and to gratify his friends, but without the most distant view to publication.

"Of Mr. Griffin we have only to add, that at the early age of twenty-five he was suddenly removed from the circle of his friends and the sphere of his usefulness. His loss was severely felt, and what he might have been it is in vain to conjecture. No man was ever better prepared to act a conspicuous part on the great theatre of life, especially in a country like that which gave him birth. So active was his mind, so industrious his habits, that, though he died just as he had reached the point of manhood, 'he left behind him manuscripts which, if printed, would suffice to fill, at least, six octavo volumes.' The present selection has been made with a discriminating judgment. The memoir is peculiarly interesting, and the whole work a valuable addition to transatlantic literature."

Reading proof.—We frequently think a paper sent to press with an uncorrected proof, would create more merriment than very witty articles, accurately printed. It is impossible sometimes to resist a hearty laugh in the midst of this drier of all labors, at the odd things we are made to say by the misplacing of a comma, the omission of a word, or the alteration of a few letters; and a fresh sheet sometimes presents an assemblage of grotesque images, droll enough to break the gravity of a cynic. The effect of this is considerably heightened by the fact that they occur in the most solemn and pathetic parts of a discourse, and have, therefore, a very serious appearance. The other day we found ourselves informing our readers that "children might be led to all kinds of useful knowledge by a regular *ludicrous* conduct in all those about them;" and a little time previous we recommended them to attend the representation of an old play, which had been just revived, as we were authorized to say that the managers had expunged every "*unexceptionable passage*." In the next column we paid our grateful vows to heaven, that "a board ocean rolled between us and the turbulent countries of Europe," and ended with a patriotic flourish of trumpets, animating the people to "keep a careful watch over the freedom and wealth which they did not possess."

The New-Bedford Gazette relates the following anecdote, which is appropriate to these remarks:

"Several years ago, a highly respectable and respected lady in a neighboring state, took upon herself the onerous duties of editor and publisher of a literary newspaper. A proof sheet of the first number was forwarded to her, which she returned to the printer with no corrections. It may be necessary here to state, for the information of such readers as are unacquainted with the mysteries of printing, that it is customary, when a letter or point is wrong, to draw a mark through it, and place the desired character in the margin, so that the type can be changed. The proof of the next number was carried to her by the devil of the office, who remarked that he was surprised she could find no errors in the former one. "Why, as to that," replied she, "I cannot say much; for there was nearly a hundred superfluous commas in it, but I sat up all night and scratched them out with a penknife, so neatly, that no one could perceive them."

The Brothers Herrman.—These deservedly popular artists have closed their exhibitions in this city. We are sorry the period of their stay has been so brief. Although they have invariably been honored with the most enthusiastic testimonials of approbation, there must be many who have not heard them, and who would be pleased with a repetition of their concerts. The bass voice of Mr. J. Heard is actually wonderful, and as marked for its richness and sweetness, as its strength. Every body seems delighted with the spirit, taste, and perfect discipline displayed by these gentlemen. We hope they will make us another visit.

Monument to the mother of Washington.—What an appropriate inscription has been chosen for the monument to be erected over the grave of this matron. It tells like a Roman story:—"Mary, the mother of Washington."

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND WHERE HER YOUNG HERO SLEEPS.

WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE—AIR COMPOSED BY THE LATE HENRY VER BRUCK—ARRANGED FOR THE SPANISH GUITAR, AND PRESENTED TO THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, BY OTTO TOSK.

Andante affetuoso.

She is far from the land where her young he-ro sleeps, And lo - vers a -

round her are sigh-ing, But cold-ly she turns from their gaze and weeps, For her heart in his grave is

ly-ing.

2
She had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him,
Her soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Her long will his love stay behind him.

3
She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

4
Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

GLEANINGS FROM THE WORKS OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.

FROM the second volume of the admirable works of Robert Hall we glean several passages, written in the vigorous, healthy, and pure style peculiar to this learned and able divine, and solicit the attention of such as have not perused the book itself.

Influence of religion.

"He who is truly intent on promoting the eternal happiness of mankind, must look on futurity with so steady an eye, that he is in more danger of falling into indifference to the spectacle that is passing before him, than of suffering himself to be too much inflamed by it. He is under more temptation to desert his proper rank in society, to undervalue the importance of worldly activity, and to let opportunities of exertion slide through his hands, than to indulge turbulent and ambitious views.

"Hence we find in the first ages of the church, heathens made frequent complaints of the inactivity of christians, but never accused them of turbulence; and that while many fled into deserts, from austerity and devotion, not one, during the prevalence of paganism, endured the chastisement of the laws for sedition or treason. The pious of every age have been among the quiet of the land.

"If our legislators are aware (as I hope they are) of the inconceivable benefits which are derived, in a political view, from the diffusion of pure and undefiled religion, no fascination of great talents or of high rank, no fear of misrepresentation or calumny, will tempt them to be guilty of a legislative suicide, by exerting their authority to suppress it; since nothing can ever give equal efficacy to the laws or stability to the government. The law of itself can only address fears; religion speaks to the conscience, and commands it to respect that justice on which the law is founded. Human law can only arm itself with penalties which may be averted, despised, or endured; religion presents, in the displeasure of our Maker, an evil that can have no bounds. Human laws can only take cognizance of disorders in their last stage, proposing only the punishment of the delinquent, without attempting to prevent the crime; religion establishes a tribunal in our own breast, where that which is concealed from every other eye is arraigned, and the very embryo of crime detected and destroyed."

Calumny.

"Before we proceed further, I must be permitted to lament that propensity to credit and propagate the most hideous calumnies which seems to have arisen to an unprecedented height in this age. It may answer a temporary purpose, but it is well if it does not recoil on those who employ it. It resembles the policy of insurrections and riots, which, though they may occasionally punish or crush an obnoxious sect, no wise government will adopt, for fear of a reaction. To fill the minds of the public with hatred, jealousies, and suspicions, is to poison the fountains of public security. When this spirit is once awakened among a people, the character and conduct of its rulers seldom fail, in the long run, to be injured by it. Under disasters which the utmost wisdom cannot prevent, under burdens which the strictest economy may im-

pose, government presents a plain, a palpable, and permanent pretext of discontent and suspicion. Misery finds a sort of relief in attributing its sufferings to the conduct of others, and while it soothes its anguish by resentment and clamor, it fastens on the object that first presents itself. This object will naturally be the rulers of the nation. Nor is there any thing with respect to which men are more liable to be mistaken than the share which the imprudence or misconduct of civil government has in the production of public calamities. So various, so subtle, so complicated in their operation are the causes which conduct to prosperity or decline in the affairs of nations, that it is a matter of the utmost delicacy to determine what share is to be assigned to human agency, and what to contingencies and events. This obscurity furnishes infinite scope for the exercise of candor in the well-disposed, and for the indulgence of suspicion and discontent in the factious. In scenes so complicated, and when the steps are so numerous and so untraceable between the first movement and the last, it is equally difficult to form a right estimate of events when we are very remote or when we are very near them. If we attempt to survey a remote era, we are lost in naked generalities; when we turn our eyes on the scene before us, our attention is apt to be limited to detached parts; we are apt to confound proximate with remote causes, to mistake casual coincidence for natural connexion, and to give a disproportionate importance to whatever we immediately feel. Let them who have any doubt of the dreadful effects of calumny, look at what took place in France, where they will find it was the principal engine employed by the Brissottines to overturn the monarchy, and afterward by Robespierre to deluge that devoted country with blood. By inspiring everlasting jealousies and unbounded fears, he contrived to extirpate every remain of tenderness and pity, and to preserve the minds of the people in constant agitation, like the sea in a storm. It was this that whetted the daggers of assassins. It was the withering blast of this spirit that destroyed every thing amiable and noble in that unhappy kingdom, resigned to the desolating sway of selfishness and revenge. Nothing can be more fatal to public repose; nothing can tend more immediately to quicken the seeds of convulsion. That this malignant leaven should be infused into the public mind by any hands, must be matter of deep regret; that it should be mingled and prepared by those hands from which the world is wont to look for benedictions and blessings, seems awful and portentous."

Public opinion.

"Mankind are apt to be strongly prejudiced in favor of whatever is countenanced by antiquity, enforced by authority, and recommended by custom. The pleasure of acquiescing in the decision of others is by most men so much preferred to the toil and hazard of inquiry, and so few are either able or disposed to examine for themselves, that the voice of law will generally be taken for the dictates of justice.

"Nor is it the weakness only of mankind that inclines them to look with a favorable eye on what is established; some of the

most amiable propensities of the heart lean in the same way—deference to superior wisdom and to great names; the love of quiet, and the dread of confusion and disorder. These considerations will prevail over minds which are too virtuous to be moved by a gross self-interest. Further, the religion of the state will ever be the religion of the vain and aspiring. A degree of ridicule never fails to be attached to a religious minority. In all the efforts of churchmen, their movements are facilitated by the current of public opinion, while dissenters are on every occasion obstructed by public prejudice. Thus churchmen set out with a partiality on their side, which nothing but neglect and misconduct can destroy; dissenters, with a weight of suspicion and dislike, which nothing but discreet and exemplary behavior can remove."

Fanaticism.

"Fanaticism, as far as we are at present concerned with it, may be defined, such an overwhelming impression of the ideas relating to the future world as disqualifies for the duties of life.

"From the very nature of fanaticism, it is an evil of short duration. As it implies an irregular movement or an inflamed state of the passions, when these return to their natural state it subsides. Nothing that is violent will last long. The vicissitudes of the world and the business of life are admirably adapted to abate the excesses of religious enthusiasm. In a state where there are such incessant calls to activity, where want presses, desire allures, and ambition inflames, there is little room to dread an excessive attention to the objects of an invisible futurity.

"A few rare examples of this kind might perhaps be found by diligent inquiry, over which infidelity would triumph and piety drop a tear. It is not uncommon, however, to find those who at the commencement of their religious course have betrayed symptoms of enthusiasm, become in the issue the most amiable characters. With the increase of knowledge the intemperate ardor of their zeal has subsided into a steady faith and fervent charity, so as to exemplify the promise of scripture, that "the path of the just" shall be "as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." As the energy of the religious principle is exerted in overcoming the world, so that variety of action and enlarged experience which the business of life supplies, serves to correct its excesses and restrain its aberrations."

Enthusiasm and superstition.

"Enthusiasm is an evil much less to be dreaded than superstition. The latter is a disease of opinion, which may be transmitted with fresh accumulation of error from age to age. It is the spirit of slumber in which whole nations are immersed. Placing religion, which is most foreign to its nature, in depending for acceptance with God on absurd penances or unmeaning ceremonies, it resigns the understanding to ignorance and the heart to insensibility. No generous sentiments, no active virtues ever issue from superstition.

"Superstition is the disease of nations, enthusiasm that of individuals; the former grows more inveterate by time, the latter is cured by it."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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No. 48.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

BRIEF SKETCHES OF AMERICAN ACTORS.

MR. HACKETT THE COMEDIAN.

With an accurate likeness.

In the attempts by the editors to render the literary matter of this journal every way acceptable to our countrymen, our wide and expensive arrangements keep pace with our increasing means; and we pledge ourselves that the various departments which the Mirror comprises, shall ever receive able superintendence as long as the liberality of the public, which we are so repeatedly called upon to acknowledge, warrants the necessary pecuniary appropriations. Nor shall our exertions be exclusively directed to the literary character, but also to the embellishments of the work, which it is our design, in addition to whatever other claims to support we are enabled to invest it with, to render an *American portrait gallery*, enriched with engravings, (as good as can be procured, from our own first-rate artists,) of eminent authors, orators, statesmen, actors, painters, and indeed of any, either male or female, who, from their celebrity and talents, may be justly considered themes of general interest. The universal thanks which we have received for the portrait of Washington Irving, fully encourages us to proceed in an undertaking, as well calculated, we trust, to gratify the taste of our readers, as to advance our literature and arts. In order to make this project palatable to all, it must not be forgotten what a variety of tastes are to be consulted. An intelligent critic need scarcely be reminded, that a plate may be less interesting to country than city subscribers, and so *vice versa*; and that our difficult task is to appeal to classes of different habits, and under different circumstances. Some would prefer the head of a successful soldier to that of a gifted poet; and others of a popular native actor to that of an established statesman. We confidently expect the indulgence of our friends, founded on these liberal considerations. In compliance with the request of several gentlemen, of high literary attainments, who zealously interest themselves in supporting a *national school of drama*, we offer a well-executed and accurate likeness of Mr. Hackett, with the hope that a closer attention may be thereby directed to the merits of a comedian, born here in the midst of us, and able by nature as well as observation, to afford the most ludicrous delineation of some of our national peculiarities. Such as are acquainted with the humor of his sketches, will be pleased with the possession of a fine engraving and good likeness; and those who are yet strangers to his strong talents for mimicry and the burlesque, may be induced to draw a favorable comparison between the comic powers of one of their own fellow-citizens, and the abilities of many who are praised as much because they are foreign as because they are excellent.

We feel pleasure in announcing our intention, at some future period, to present a *superb plate* of ONE other individual, whose name is interwoven closely with the history of the American stage.

James Henry Hackett was born in the city of New-York, on the 15th of March, 1800. His father, Thomas G. Hackett, was a native of Holland, descended from an ancient and honorable family,* and for a number of years held a lieutenant's commission in the life-guards of the prince of Orange, which, in consequence of declining health, he resigned with honor, and emigrated to America, in 1794. In 1799 he married the daughter of the Rev. Abraham Keteltas, of Jamaica, Long-Island, an independent and highly respectable presbyterian clergyman, distinguished for his talents and literary attainments, and zealous devotion to his country's cause in her revolutionary struggle, and settled in the city of New-York, where he pursued the occupation of a translator of languages until he died suddenly, of an apoplexy, in March, 1803: his widow, with her only son, the subject of this memoir, then retired to Jamaica, Long-Island, where she still resides. In the academy of that village Mr. Hackett was educated, and acquired the rudiments of the Latin and Greek classics. At school, his quick and lively turn of mind did not escape the notice of his preceptors, with whom, however, he gained more credit for his capacity, than application to his studies. Here he used frequently to indulge his natural propensity for mimicry, by imitating the peculiarities of his tutors to the no small amusement of his school-fellows.

In the autumn of 1815 he passed the usual probatory examination, and was admitted a student of Columbia college in this city. A severe and protracted illness, however, retarded the prosecution of his classical studies for nearly a year. After his recovery he did not resume them, but entered at once upon the study of the

law; a pursuit that proved by no means congenial to one of his sprightly and volatile disposition. In 1817, his faint partiality for the legal profession was superseded by a desire to become a merchant, and he accordingly entered the counting-house of one of his relatives, in order to be initiated into the mysteries of commerce.

In 1819, Mr. Hackett married, and took from the stage Miss Lee Sugg, of the Park theatre, (then a distinguished favorite with the public,) and removed to Utica, in this state. He subsequently became extensively engaged in trade, which he conducted very successfully until the spring of 1825, when the city of New-York appearing to present a better field for enterprise and the activity of his capital, he returned and was numbered among our Front-street merchants. Unfortunately, however, participating in the rage for speculation which then prevailed, he became largely involved, and with many others of our wealthiest and most respectable citizens, suffered heavy losses in consequence of those violent and sudden fluctuations in the market which especially rendered that year so memorably fruitful in bankruptcies.

It was at this period, that, surrounded by the embarrassments and perplexities incident to his peculiar situation, and without any immediate or eventual prospect of regaining his late credit and standing as a merchant, Mr. Hackett first directed his thoughts toward the stage, with a view of adopting it as a profession. He had in his boyhood imbibed a taste for dramatic representations, and suddenly resolved to try the effect of those powers in public, which had long been considered as designed by nature for the drama, and had so often served to entertain his friends in private.

In March, 1826, he made his first appearance on any stage, at the Park theatre, as "*Justice Woodcock*," in "*Love in a Village*." His success in the character did not equal the expectations of his friends; his usual self-possession and humor seemed to have entirely forsaken him. Though much dissatisfied with himself that fright should so have got the better of him at his *debut*, he determined on making a second attempt, and appeared in "various imitations of popular actors, and in stories illustrative of American character," in all of which he was entirely successful.† The large audiences attracted nightly, and the applause he received by their repetitions, caused him to devise some legitimate means of turning an imitation to dramatic account. The "*Comedy of Errors*" seemed best adapted to the purpose, and he resolved on getting it up and personating one of the *Dromios*. The effect of that extraordinary imitation of the humor and peculiarities of Barnes, who performed the twin brother, and the succession of crowded houses it drew, are well known. Encouraged by the result of this effort, Mr. Hackett determined to improve the idea which the warm reception of his Yankee stories had suggested, and having fixed upon Colman's comedy of "*Who wants a Guinea?*" for the experiment, he expunged totally the part of *Solomon Gundy*, substituted one of his own creating, a Yankee, *Solomon Swap*, and otherwise altered the play which has since been acted under the title of "*Jonathan in England*." This proved a decided hit, and has now in fact become identified with the drama as an original, and established as a stock character.

Anxious to see what phasis the stage wore in the English metropolis, whence most of the theatrical excellence exhibited in this country had been derived, Mr. Hackett took his departure for England, in December, 1826, and spent the principal part of that season in London. In the following April, he was induced to try at Covent-garden theatre an experiment with his *Yankee stories*, with the ulterior view, if they were well received, of inducing some of the numerous dramatists there to undertake a character for him. Considerable curiosity was awakened on the occasion, to see how a native American would treat of the same manners and peculiarities which their own countryman, the celebrated Mathews, had so recently made effective, and palmed off upon John Bull for "*ginooyne*," from scraps and fragments, all of which, by the way, he had picked up *second hand* during his flying visit to a few of the Atlantic cities on the northern part of this continent, in 1822. Mr. Hackett, having then appeared but a very few times on any stage, was, of course, quite inexperienced as an artist, and without even the advantage of a friend capable of giving him any profitable advice. It was soon discovered that these stories were "*undramatic, ill-arranged, too local, and lengthy*," and withal, not properly seasoned so as to be relished by an audience totally unacquainted with the originals of the characters intended to be delineated. The consequence was, a decided failure, notwithstanding the narrator contrived, by some aptly introduced imitations of Kean and Macready, to turn the tide raised by the disappointment of his audience, and which he found himself at length unable to stem, into torrents of unanimous applause, that followed him even until the fall of the cur-

tain. His imitation of Kean especially, was very highly commended, and pronounced by the critics generally, "*the best they had ever seen*," but perceiving clearly, that as a novice, he could not expect to overcome difficulties in a path which would prove formidable to the most experienced theatrical veteran, Mr. Hackett prudently desisted from any further attempt at the moment, and resolved on awaiting more favorable auspices in future. In pursuance of this determination, he returned the ensuing summer to this country.

In 1829, Mr. Hackett became lessee and manager of the Chatham and Bowery theatres. Theatricals were generally the very reverse of lucrative at that period; and, in the course of the year, he disposed of all his interest in the management, and devoted his time exclusively to his advancement as an actor.

Mr. Hackett has been literally forced to become a pioneer in the cause of the American comic muse, and explore a totally unknown path, not only alone, but with little aid from others, in attempting to dramatize for him; nevertheless, he has surmounted all obstacles, and added several new and distinct characters to his stock of Yankees, besides calling into action those other originals, Rip Van Winkle, from the Catskill mountains, and the redoubtable Nimrod Wildfire, that "screamer from Kentucky."

It has been remarked that no actor, commencing an utter novice in the history of the stage, Garrick not excepted, has derived, within so short a period, so much profit from his efforts as Mr. Hackett; at the same time, he has secured for himself a fame throughout the country, that will ever identify him as the patriarch of his department of the American comic drama. Any eulogium, where an individual is so well known, may seem a matter of supererogation; but there is one fact that does him infinite credit, and in justice should have full publicity; it is, that Mr. Hackett voluntarily devoted several thousand dollars of the first fruits of his theatrical labors towards effecting an honorable and satisfactory settlement with all his late mercantile creditors.

In private life Mr. Hackett is irreproachable. His spirits are high; and those powers exhibited on the stage are not lost in the domestic circle. The memoir of a living character must necessarily be brief, and confined in a great degree to his public acts; but we will not dismiss Mr. Hackett without observing, that few possess a more extensive list of friends, or better deserve their partialities.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

THE SINGULAR PREDICTION OF DR. GALL.

From the French.

"You agree with the world, then, doctor, in thinking the princess of C. a superior being?"

"Perfect."

"Do you think her equal to a political intrigue?"

"Why, there is some finesse in her eyes, and in the expression of her face; but there is a want of management, resolution, of fertility in expedients."

"What think you of the brilliant Count de P.? It is but two weeks since he arrived at court, and already all the females in Vienna are distractedly in love with him. It is seldom that we find so much grace and noble bearing united to so much knowledge and such profound learning. It is the emperor's wish to marry him here, and attach him to his court. I predict for him a high destiny."

"I have as yet but glanced at him. He has every external advantage, but—"

"Nay, do not apply your system to him hastily."

"My judgment is founded on observation alone; and, as yet, I have not examined him so attentively as to enable me to pronounce a decided opinion upon him; but a fair exterior is not always an indication of good or great qualities."

"As for that, I give him up to your scrutiny. Analyze his features, feel again and again the protuberance of his brain, and I am satisfied you will be convinced with me, that never was there so fair a soul lodged in so perfect a body."

"Perhaps."

This conversation took place in the midst of a ball given at Vienna by Prince Metternich. There was assembled all that the court of Austria could display of the most illustrious and distinguished, as well by birth as by fortune. All the ambassadors from the different European courts; all the grand officers of the crown, decorated with ribbons, covered with rich embroideries, and glittering with diamonds; a crowd of charming females, the beautiful and the young, sparkling with precious stones, and arrayed with the greatest elegance. Amid this throng of high personages one of the most distinguished was the beautiful princess of C., by whom Metternich hoped to gain the favor of the emperor Alexander; and yet more conspicuous was the young count

* His father, Edmund Hackett, was by extraction an Irish nobleman, and settled in Amsterdam, where he married the daughter of the Baron de Massau.

† He played "Morbéau" in "Monsieur Tonson," also on that occasion.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

HINTS FOR EDITORS.

AN habitual reader of newspapers will soon find a marked sameness in their method of treating upon subjects. There is a certain editorial air, which betrays the veteran conductor of a public journal. After the freshness of youthful enthusiasm has been worn away, there is a kind of system into which he falls of transacting his professional duties. We have within the last year certainly known a hundred or two of publications, which were the "most interesting this country has ever produced;" and as many actors, who "stand foremost in their profession." Each one of the publishers is more enterprising than any of his contemporaries. Every novelist is the "American Scott," and all the managers of the theatres "deserve well of the public." If any timid author, to feel the pulse of criticism, sends his manuscript for perusal, it will, doubtless, "create a sensation in the literary world." There is no theme which can present itself to our attention, but it has already presented itself to the attention of somebody else, or rather of some thousands besides; and every combination of language which could be applied to it has already been applied, leaving the critic of the present day only a choice of hacknied expressions. This want of originality is much more discernible when, as it often happens, the critic has not examined the matter he is writing about sufficiently to form an opinion of his own, and has, consequently, to take his thoughts as well as his language from some other person. The gentleman below has hit upon a good idea in reference to this. We leave him to tell his story by himself.

GENTLEMEN—In great cities, like that in which we live, new trades and professions are continually rising up, to meet the multiplying wants of the people. A simple stranger in town, who did not bear in mind that money must be paid for every little accommodation and instance of politeness, would, indeed, deem himself in a strange place, when every hour of the day some person solicits his acceptance of a profit or a pleasure. If he seems tired, and looks at a coach, twenty drivers rush towards him, eager to have his own preferred. The most tempting articles, of every description, appeal to his eye from all sides; and reading the signs over, as he walked along, would create a crowd of the most agreeable anticipations. At one window he beholds the emphatic words, "Real turtle soup this day at three;" on the other side, "Steamboats for Philadelphia—the strictest attention will be paid to the comfort of passengers." Here a person at the door of the museum requests him to "Walk in and behold the curiosities." Then a flaming figure of Fortune, emptying guineas from a cornucopie, allures his eye to an inscription, offering him a great prize, which will forever give him command over earthly gratifications; while, to descend to minuter details, more insignificant slaves beg the privilege of cleaning his boots or supplying him with apparel. A man has just now passed the window in a cart, bearing the generous annunciation of "Carpets shaken for every body."

Among other offices to render life pleasanter, toil lighter, and the division of labor more complete, I have been several years employed in preparing a volume of blanks for the use of editors, similar to those in vogue among attorneys, except adapted to the emergencies of the editorial fraternity. They comprehend all subjects which can become the theme of newspaper discussion—theatrical critiques, notices and reviews of books; notices of editorial accessions and abdications; of important deaths and marriages; news from Europe; notices to correspondents, real and fictitious; addresses to patrons; dunning paragraphs; little articles about spring, winter, summer, and autumn; boastings of native literature; fourth of July, new-year, and Christmas paragraphs; puffs which satisfy the *puffee*, without, in fact, making a single assertion in his praise; plausible blank musical critiques for editors who don't know *Di tanti palpiti* from Yankee Doodle; and an immense variety of others equally valuable, but too numerous to mention.

The saving of time and brains by the use of my blanks will compensate for the expense; and I have brought them to such perfection, that a conductor of a public print, either quarterly, monthly, weekly, or daily, can take a trip into the country with perfect security, leaving only a man to write names and dates in the spaces, and correct the proofs. In this way the most powerfully conducted journal, which the simple public imagine is racking the genius and wearing out the head and heart of three or four sage authors, may, in fact, edit itself when once set a going.

For this improvement in an important branch of literature, I expect to reap much profit, although many of my blanks have got abroad, and are in use here and there, to the infringement of my copyright. Let such unprincipled scribblers beware, for I have one expressly intended to annihilate those who infringe copyrights, and I shall send it round to every one of the ten thousand journals in the United States, with the spaces filled up.

If you will do me the favor and print this, I may hereafter send you a few specimens, which you can either fill up and use, to save the great wear and tear of brains to which you editors are subject, or you can insert them as you get them, in an article by themselves, and for the benefit of the editors who are now swarming over the whole United States. Indeed one of the evils which I think may be apprehended from the general use of my plan is, that this profession will soon get to be as overstocked as the rest; and ignorance, inexperience, and presumption may win the laurels which have hitherto been awarded only to talent and learning. Yours, &c.

TOM SCRIBBLE.

de P. whose noble birth, brilliant exterior, and amiable qualities had, in so short a time, captivated all the rank of Vienna.

The count had left a fine estate, situated at the extremity of Bohemia, and appeared for the first time at the court of Francis, to whom he came to render homage as his sovereign. Metternich had been peculiarly struck with him.

The first of these speakers, although his years exceeded fifty, had all the vigor and confidence of youth. His forehead, already bald, was high and open, and his marked and decided features gave evidence of his habits of thought and observation. The other was a man of about forty years of age, whose effeminate exterior, nevertheless, abounded in beauties. A high forehead, a well shaped nose, large blue eyes, and a pleasing mouth, whose smile came frequently and at will, composed his countenance. Above the common places of the world, he was easy and affable in his manners; master of himself under all circumstances, he knew how to participate in the follies and dissipation of the great, but always with the disposition and ability to profit by them.

This was the celebrated Doctor Gall, the illustrious physiologist; the other Prince Metternich, prime minister of the emperor of Austria.

According to his usual habit, the prince, in the middle of the *fête*, retired to the privacy of his own cabinet, to resume for a few moments his labors. Gall remained alone, and struck with the interest which Metternich, as well as those around him, evinced in the young count de P., endeavored to observe him, with fixed attention, during the rest of the evening.

As the count had just finished a waltz with the fascinating princess de S., and during which the crowd had gathered round to admire the delicacy and grace of his motions and the elegance of his manners, the prince, who had returned to the apartment, and had placed himself behind Gall, struck him lightly upon the shoulder.

"Well!" said he, "have you examined him, and arrived at the conclusion that the count is a perfect being?"

Without replying, Gall withdrew the prince from the circle, and when they were alone,

"Your perfect being, prince," he said in a solemn manner, "is but a profound villain."

"By Saint Mary! doctor," said Metternich, laughing, "you jest. I am more convinced than ever I was before that your system is false."

"You shall not hear," replied Gall, "the reasons which have formed this opinion; but wait, and time will show which of us is most deceived."

Several years afterwards, the discovery of a crime, horrible and unheard of, gave a shock to the inhabitants of Germany. The perpetrator of this crime was brought before the high court of justice, and condemned to be degraded from his titles and dignities, and afterwards to be beheaded, which sentence was duly executed.

The criminal was the brilliant count de P.!

Two months after the ball given by Prince Metternich, and where we first found the count de P., this young noble married the heiress of one of the most illustrious houses in Hungary. Young and beautiful, she had but appeared at court when the emperor disposed of her hand, with her full consent, it is true, for she had not seen the count without feeling for him that strong sentiment with which he inspired all females at first sight. Immediately after their marriage the count withdrew to a distant estate, wishing, as he said, to enjoy in retirement, and without constraint, the happiness which he found in his new state. The three first years of their marriage were happy; the charms of which were augmented by the birth of two children. The count lived in complete retirement, neither visiting his friends and relations, nor receiving a single visitor in the interior of his chateau. The countess, without having any ill treatment to complain of, began to find her husband cold, stern, and reserved. Often a gloomy cloud obscured his brow, and although he never uttered a harsh word, or chastised his vassals, they avoided his presence, and trembled merely at his look. He appeared to have but one pleasure, and that was in the chase. In all seasons of the year he delivered himself up to it, with an ardor always equal and unwearied. He preferred in general to hunt the deer, and as often as possible those of which the pursuit was attended with difficulty and peril. His object did not appear to be attained when the animal was killed at one blow; he endeavored merely to wound it, when he took pleasure in delivering it up to the fury of his dogs, and in calculating the duration of its agonies. It was only when the struggle was long, and the death-agony prolonged and loud, that a singular smile unwrinkled his brow, and disposed him to view with favor those who accompanied him. If the day had passed without furnishing one of these spectacles, he ordered a combat to be opened before him between his dogs, which he never permitted to be interrupted until one of them had yielded or fallen a victim. If it happened that some of them would fly from the arena, he killed them immediately on the spot.

These singularities, however, did not appear more strange than those of many of the Hungarian nobles, who had withdrawn from court and lived on their own estates. The count, besides, was liberal, and even profuse in his gifts to all who approached him.

Two or three months previously to this part of our story, he had attached a physician to his establishment, as he wished for the future no stranger in his service, nor any one to be allowed to penetrate into the interior of his chateau. This physician was largely remunerated, and had no other care than to attend to the

health of the inhabitants of the manor. He had been recommended by the count to communicate as little as possible with the adjacent inhabitants, and above all to observe a profound silence respecting all that might pass under his observation.

One evening the count entered the chateau after an unsuccessful chase, his brow even darker than usual, and his mood more morose. Without changing his garments or taking any refreshment, as was his custom, he repaired at once to the apartment of the countess. She was alone with her children, who now formed her principal pleasure and consolation. To arise and to fold him in her arms, was her first movement. The count repulsed her gently, and without noticing his children commanded that they should immediately leave the apartment of their mother. When alone with his young wife he led her to a chair, and placing himself opposite, regarded her in such a manner as to study her slightest emotion. He then drew from his girdle a long dagger, with a bright handle and a triangular blade, well sharpened; and seemed to amuse himself by trying the point, and moving it across the end of his finger or the palm of his hand. The countess, trembling at this new and singular occupation of her husband, cast her eyes upon the ground, and waited, with an anxiety that may well be conceived the end of this strange scene.

"Madam, you must die!"

"What mean you?" cried the countess, alarmed at these words, and the doleful accent with which they were pronounced.

"I repeat it, madam, you must die; and that without noise or complaint."

Seizing her then by the arm, he inflicted a slight wound in her side! She fell, without uttering a cry. When she came to her senses, she found herself on her couch. A bandage had been placed on the wound. The count was alone in the chamber, opposite the couch, regarding her with fixed eyes. A slight smile rested upon his lips, and he seemed happy in tracing in the features of his victim the various impressions which terror and suffering caused by turns to appear.

"I have changed my mind, madam," said he, when he perceived she was entirely recovered from her swoon. "You live; but, however, your life depends upon your discretion. At the slightest whisper of that which has happened, or which may hereafter pass between us, I know how to ensure your silence forever."

The count continued his usual mode of life. Every day, when he returned from the chase, he went to the apartment of his wife, and examined carefully, without saying a word, the wound which he had made, as it healed. One evening, after passing his dagger over every part of the body of the countess, doubtless, for the purpose of exciting her agonies, he wounded her again, by a blow skilfully applied; commanding her at the same time to refrain from her complaints. When the wound was opened, he gratified himself by gazing for several minutes at the blood which flowed from the incision, and then departed, after bandaging it as before, without any marked emotion.

When this second wound was healed the same thing was repeated, and successively every eight days; and each time with the same calmness, the same inexplicable cruelty. Nobody in the chateau suspected the real cause of the alarming and increasing paleness and loss of strength which they observed in the countess, who was now almost continually confined to her chamber and to her couch.

However, nothing appeased the sanguinary appetite of the count de P. The beautiful body of the unfortunate countess was now but one horrible wound, covered as it was with the marks of the poniard. Although the wounds were slight, made as they had been with a refinement of satanic cruelty, so that no one of them should cause her death, yet they were now so multiplied that they produced a violent fever, which threatened to deprive this butcher of his horrible recreations. He reflected, and resolved to call upon his physician, after menacing his wife with all his anger if she betrayed his infernal secret, and threatening the physician with his severest displeasure if he dared to seek the cause of her illness.

This physician, as well as all the persons attached to the chateau, believed that the countess was the victim of a consumption, which had for its foundation the austere, gloomy, and secluded life which she had led. An able practitioner, he was not long in discovering that the condition of the countess had a cause more extraordinary. A man of judgment and of feeling, an admirer of her virtues and her resignation, he succeeded in extracting from her the horrible secret. Without quitting the chateau he found means of informing the authorities of what had taken place. One evening, when the count returned from the chase, the court of the chateau was filled with a corps of cavalry. Arrested, and conducted to Pruda, he was tried, condemned, and executed.

In 1815, Gall, visiting Prince Metternich at Paris, found with him the grand duke Constantine.

"That, doctor," said the prince, when the grand duke had departed, "is a handsome man."

"His face has an expression of ferocity as decided as that of the bears which people the deserts of Siberia."

"Ah, doctor—"

"Do you recall to mind the count de P., that perfect being? His countenance, at least, was as handsome."

"I remember it but too well."

"The first was a monster whom a total want of sensibility rendered cruel: he sported with his emotions. This is but a ferocious brute by instinct."

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE, ETC.

AMATEURS of music will acknowledge the justice of our correspondent B.'s observations on opera. The *White Lady* has, however, been produced with a success as marked as it will be increasing and durable. Only the most superficial critic will refrain from an earnest admiration of the delicious power evinced by Boieldieu, and also of the excellent discipline of the corps, and the general attention of the orchestra. The overture, on the first night, was listened to with the deepest attention, and received with a sudden and simultaneous burst of applause, only allayed by a repetition. We are glad indeed to perceive these visible and audible evidences of the improved taste and discrimination of the community; and if, in any thing, we may differ from the views of B. it is in the character he so grotesquely draws of the audiences. Good operas often bring men of standing and intellect, and the pit, on such occasions, is the resort of gentlemen capable of enjoying the high order of the entertainment which the managers supply with a care, industry, expense and perseverance, that are really praiseworthy. If the operatic company at the Park theatre has not reached the first rank of excellence, (and we have no right to expect that it should at once leap to perfection,) it is rapidly and steadily approaching that point, and we unhesitatingly express our opinion, that with the great talent and science now employed in the theatre, and the readiness displayed by Messrs. Simpson and Barry to please, there is wanting only a uniform and liberal encouragement on the part of the public, to ensure us the best music, executed in the best style, in all the departments of the establishment.

The *White Lady* is rising with every repetition, in every body's estimation. Our audiences, however, are not sufficiently accustomed to good music, to enter fully into its spirit, and properly to appreciate its value at one, two, or even three hearings. The mind must be in a measure familiar with it.

We have heard, and laughed heartily, at the effect produced in a neighboring city by the first exhibition of the brilliant points of *Cinderella*. The people sat still and stared—sometimes at *Cinderella*—sometimes at each other. A few eat pea-nuts (*mirabile dictu!*) and one or two who piqued themselves on being sensible fellows, and rather too old birds to be caught with chaff, shrugged up their shoulders, and went out, slamming the doors after them. The comic dialogue, however, convulsed the house with laughter. By-and-by, the charms of this delightful compilation dawned on them, with the beauty of the opening day. The superb solos, the dreamy air—"Morning its sweets is flinging," imbued with the indolent spirit of a rich summer morning; the rapid and ethereal choruses of the fairies, and the spirit-stirring music of the hunters—the fine thrilling *recitative* of the prince, soon succeeded by the exquisite duets with the neglected but lovely sister, in her lonely dwelling, and the superb changes all through the piece, so expressive of the various incidents of the drama—all these, as soon as they were understood, were fully effective, and instead of the dead silence with which they were at first received, were each one followed by deafening applause.

We shall never forget a fellow's entering the pit during a performance by the Italian company. It seems he had heard and read long and much of the "Italian troupe," and had suffered his expectations to rise very high in respect to their powers of affording delight. He came in when they were in the paroxysm of a passionate chorus, and, for a moment, he stood aghast, and apparently petrified with surprise. He stayed five minutes, then scratched his head, and with an angry expression of face, and making the word *troupe* two syllables, he muttered, "Well—if this is your Italian troupe, they may go to the d—l for all me," and thereupon made his exit.

But we are digressing.—We have said that every night of the *White Lady* gives further proofs that it is to be a favorite. Indeed, the company play better, and sing more together, and with greater spirit and confidence. There has been some cutting—necessary perhaps, but much to be regretted. We hope the time will come when the people will relish a whole opera, and that without any nonsense in it, but we perceive the force of B.'s remarks.

The managers have not only to supply good music, but to supply it in such a shape as will attract attention. Mrs. Austin makes much of her part, and sings it beautifully. We wish, however, she had a more prominent situation in the concerted music. Her solos are delightful, and her brilliant bravura one of her best efforts. Mr. Jones has gained a confidence in his powers, which causes him to appear to additional advantage. He acts throughout with animation and effect. His invocation to the white lady, like "Calm thee to rest" in Masaniello, is sweet and powerful, and full of expression. We must compliment Mr. Thorne on his personation of Gaveston. He gives the music great effect, and was deservedly applauded. His rich bass should always secure to him similar parts. Mrs. Sharpe acquitted herself well. Her voice in concerted pieces is powerful, and she has evidently strengthened and improved it by study. Her acting was, as it always is, marked by pervading discretion and good sense. Mr. Placide has but little to do, though even in that little we see ever and anon the fine chaste style of an able performer, breaking out and exciting applause. Mr. Richings is droll and ludicrous in *McJob*. He is a tolerable actor, but he has a slight tendency to *overact*, which is more excusable in any other species of dramatic entertainment than opera. The error should rather

be the other way. For people go to hear the music, and nothing should interfere with it. Mr. Richings is not alone in this propensity. It is a great annoyance, and should not mar the excellence of a performer, who really, with good natural abilities, has made himself too great a favorite, and too thoroughly acquainted with the business of his profession, to require any such spurious aid. Actors should never lose sight of this simple fact, that they are not to enter upon the stage with the sole purpose of distinguishing themselves, but to act in harmony together, and produce consistency and effect in the whole piece. We hint this to Mr. Richings, rather more in reference to the struggles and contortions of which he is guilty, in certain parts of Masaniello, than to his representation of *McJob*. Mr. Placide never oversteps nature, not even, although by doing so, he could raise a roar—an example to be followed by others, as well as Mr. Richings.

This opera answers our expectations. The music improves greatly on acquaintance, and, from musical artists, who attended the fourth and fifth representations, the encomiums come enthusiastically. It will be popular in the first circles, or we yield our opinion of New-York taste.

THE WHITE LADY.

MESSRS. EDITORS—You will, perhaps, give space to a few brief remarks on the production of this opera. That the present is an age of improvement, every body is ready to testify, and that among other arts and sciences, music is rapidly progressing, is a fact which scarcely requires to be recorded. The favorable reception of Boieldieu's *Calife de Bagdad*, translated for the American stage, followed by the unprecedented run of *Cinderella*, arranged from the English version, and adapted to the capability of the first theatre in this country, are strong proofs that a taste for dramatic music exists here. Nevertheless, to the person who undertakes the production of an elaborate opera, the task is not only one of difficulty and labor, but is even ungracious and hazardous. The formation of theatrical audiences, both here and in England, is a strong drawback on the efforts of a compiler or composer; the various tastes which meet in a theatre, and all of which, to a certain extent, are to be considered and catered for by managers; the lamentable certainty that the bulk of the people do not receive pleasure from the best efforts, at the same time that they express their opinions either by applause or disapprobation, in a much more potential manner than those who really appreciate what is worthy; the impossibility of separating the *profanum vulgus* from the more cultivated class of society, without a very decided inroad upon the pockets of the managers; all these circumstances render the task of introducing an entertainment which is divested of any other claim to attention than refined and beautiful music, a doubtful and somewhat rash undertaking. We may add, *par parenthèse*, that the success of a stationary Italian or French opera is consequently, in our poor opinion, almost hopeless. The success of *Le Calife* is attributable to the light and brilliant music, and to the *quantum sufficit* of low comedy in the piece, Messrs. Barnes and Placide contriving to keep "the gods" and groundlings on the broad grin, and thus preserving them in good humor. The familiar fairy tale of *Cinderella*, with its transformations and numerous Joe Miller jokes; its pumpkins, rats, mice, and lizards, formed an admirable substitute for that portion of *le rol lol, or ti ra la* sort of music, which is considered requisite in our theatres to call down the approbation of enlightened and discriminating audiences, and to make "the many applaud;" and our peanut-eating, apple-munching, orange-sucking friends consequently have contrived to endure with great fortitude that beautiful selection of music, of which the opera consists, and which has delighted our best amateurs for so many successive nights. We now have to speak of the *White Lady*; and we are aware that the adapter had many compunctious visitings of conscience when he refused to cut out the best of the music to meet what the managers call public taste, but resolutely turning from all suggestions as to the happy and easy introduction of some of that odious ocean of Scotch and pseudo Scotch music, which still rivals, in English taste, the original *Swiss* melodies composed in London, he most obstinately turned a deaf ear to the beauties of "Wha wants this," and "Wha wants t'other," "Charlie over the water," "Over the water to Charlie," and "Hurrah for all sorts of bonnets;" and eschewed any plaid but that worn by Boieldieu. This infatuation would doubtless have caused him to be confined by his friend the manager as a lunatic, had he not luckily compromised the matter, at the suggestion of a veteran critic, a man cunning in the drama, who once wrote a play, and who suggested that a bogle or two and a little magic would prevent the people from taking so much umbrage at the goodness of the music; and, consequently, some light pieces from Weber, and some selections from Rossini, &c. were added, to assist the ghosts. But, alas, "*Incidit in Scyllam, qui vult evitare Charybdæa*." No sooner was this arrangement known, than an erudite critic of a sister town grows mad, and dipping his pen into ink like gall, says he, "What! add any thing to Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche*? Horrid! It will not do for us, I can tell the gentleman. Let him stay at New-York. We are intimate with Boieldieu, and we know what is what! We want pure opera; none of your *Cinderella* mixtures. Do not we patronize the French company for two hot months every year, while the citizens of New-York are cooling themselves at the Springs; and is not that a proof of our taste, and that we know all about the matter? It is true that we have not any regularly engaged band nor choir at any one theatre in our city, which could perform an opera decently; nor do we think it necessary to compel our managers to constantly main-

tain such an establishment as the people at New-York do; nevertheless, we are great judges, and it is not our pleasure to be sweetly tempered on this occasion." In spite of all these objections, the projector took heart of grace, and pinning his faith upon the good taste of the town, and upon a zealous endeavor to render justice to the great masters from whom he has selected, by a close attention to orchestral arrangements, has at length succeeded in bringing the *White Lady* before the public, with all her musical faults on the shoulders of the adapter, who can claim no credit for the beauties which he may have been the humble means of displaying. In conclusion, if the excellent performance of the opera such as it is, by the most efficient and talented operatic company in America, has met with the approbation of the lovers of harmony, which he is fain to believe from its reception, every aim has been answered of gentlemen, your obedient, &c. B.

AMERICAN THEATRE.—Mr. F. S. Hill is at this house. Miss Clifton is also engaged, and Mrs. Hamblin. The *spectacles* nightly performed here, we have already noticed as expensive and well got up.

RICHMOND-HILL.—All the old lovers of the drama in New-York should attend this popular establishment, for the sake of Mr. and Mrs. Hilson, and Mr. and Mrs. Barnes. Besides these, Mr. Green is "worth gaun a mile to see." His Irishmen are not to be surpassed. They are playing exceedingly well. The audience are attentive and seem highly gratified.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

JEPHTHAH.

BY THE LATE MRS. S. LOUISA P. SMITH.

THE trump that tells of triumphs won,
Sends its clear note on high,
And proudly in the morning sun
The battle banners fly.
And Israel's hosts in pride return,
From off the blood-stained clod,
While fires on every altar burn
To Israel's mighty God.
Glad, grateful hymns ascend on high—
The fertile vales rejoice,
To Him who gave the victory,
"The floods lift up their voice."

And proudly at his people's head
The valiant Jephthah comes;
Strength from above his sword has sped,
To free their hearths and homes.
His right arm hath been bold to dare,
For One hath been its guide,
Who from the voice of Israel's prayer
Hath never turned aside.
One, who from out the desert stone,
For them made streams to flow,
And bade along their pathway lone
The lighted pillar glow.

What tribute shall the victor yield
Unto the king of kings,
Who safely from the battle field
His chosen army brings?
The first-fruit of the purple vine?
The crop the fig-tree boasts?
"A nobler offering be mine
Unto the Lord of Hosts."
Thus the rash Jephthah spoke aloud—
"Let him, the first of all
Who from the gates to meet us crowd,
A sacred victim fall."

A band of youthful maidens fair
Come forth to meet the king,
They send sweet music on the air,
And costly gifts they bring.
And lovely, at their head appears,
With more than queenly grace,
The prop of his declining years,
The pride of Jephthah's race.
She, who, in childhood's sunny prime,
Sate on his parent knee,
And learned to lisp her infant rhyme,
And laugh in sportive glee.

But he hath spoken, and the vow
Is registered on high,
And she, who comes in beauty now
To meet his smile—must die!
The single blossom of his hearth,
The cherished and the dear;
To mourning now is changed their mirth,
The glad smile to a tear;
And well may Israel's daughters weep
O'er her, their fairest, taken
So early to a dreamless sleep,
Which morn may not awaken.

And what, alas! are triumphs won,
And what is human praise,
To him who, childless and alone,
Wears out the lingering days?
The voice whose tones were clear and sweet,
As melody of old,
Will never now his ear to greet,
Its tale of love unfold.
Honors and fame are idols dear
In pleasure's reign of power,
But all earth's incense fails to cheer
The heart through one dark hour.

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NUMBER SIXTEEN.

The Cholera—A Masque Ball—The gay world—Mobs—Visit to the Hotel Dieu.

You see by the papers, I presume, the official accounts of the cholera in Paris. It seems very terrible to you, no doubt, at your distance from the scene, and truly it is terrible enough, if one could realize it, any where; but many here do not trouble themselves about it, and you might be in this metropolis a month, and if you observed the people only, and frequented only the places of amusement and the public promenades, you might never suspect its existence. The weather is June-like, deliciously warm and bright; the trees are just in the tender green of the new buds, and the public gardens are thronged all day with thousands of the gay and idle, sitting under the trees in groups, laughing and amusing themselves, as if there was no plague in the air, though hundreds die every day. The churches are all hung in black; there is a constant succession of funerals; and you cross the biers and hand-barrows of the sick, hurrying to the hospitals at every turn, in every quarter of the city. It is very hard to realize such things, and, it would seem, very hard even to treat them seriously. I was at a masque ball at the *Theatre des Varietes*, a night or two since, at the celebration of the *Mi Carême*, or half-lent. There were some two thousand people, I should think, in fancy dresses, most of them grotesque and satirical, and the ball was kept up till seven in the morning, with all the extravagant gaiety, noise and fun with which the French people manage such matters. There was a *cholera-waltz*, and a *cholera-galopade*, and one man, immensely tall, dressed as a personification of the *Cholera* itself, with skeleton armor, bloodshot eyes, and other horrible appurtenances of a walking pestilence. It was the burden of all the jokes, and all the cries of the hawkers, and all the conversation; and yet, probably, nineteen out of twenty of those present lived in the quarters most ravaged by the disease, and many of them had seen it face to face, and knew perfectly its deadly character!

As yet, with few exceptions, the higher classes of society have escaped. It seems to depend very much on the manner in which people live, and the poor have been struck in every quarter, often at the very next door to luxury. A friend told me this morning, that the porter of a large and fashionable hotel, in which he lives, had been taken to the hospital; and there have been one or two cases in the airy quarter of St. Germain, in the same street with Mr. Cooper, and nearly opposite. Several physicians and medical students have died too, but the majority of these live with the narrowest economy, and in the parts of the city the most liable to impure effluvia. The balls go on still in the gay world; and I presume they would go on if there were only musicians enough left to make an orchestra, or fashionists to compose a quadrille. I was walking home very late from a party the night before last, with a captain in the English army. The gray of the morning was just stealing into the sky; and after stopping a moment in the *Place Vendôme*, to look at the column, stretching up apparently unto the very stars, we bade good morning, and parted. He had hardly left me, he said, when he heard a frightful scream from one of the houses in the *Rue St. Honoré*, and thinking there might be some violence going on, he rang at the gate and entered, mounting the first staircase that presented. A woman had just opened a door, and fallen on the broad stair at the top, and was writhing in great agony. The people of the house collected immediately; but the moment my friend pronounced the word cholera, there was a general dispersion, and he was left alone with the patient. He took her in his arms, and carried her to a coach-stand without assistance, and driving to the *Hotel Dieu*, left her with the *Sœurs de Charité*. She has since died.

As if one plague was not enough, the city is still alive in the distant faubourgs with revolts. Last night, the *rappel* was beat all over the town, the national guard called to arms, and marched to the *Porte St. Denis*, and the different quarters where the mobs were collected.

Many suppose there is no cholera except such as is produced by poison; and the *Hotel Dieu*, and the other hospitals, are besieged daily by the infuriated mob, who swear vengeance against the government for all the mortality they witness.

I have just returned from a visit to the *Hotel Dieu*—the hospital for the cholera. Impelled by a powerful motive, which it is not now necessary to explain, I had previously made several attempts to gain admission in vain; but yesterday I fell in fortunately with an English physician, who told me I could pass with a doctor's diploma, which he offered to borrow for me of some medical friend. He called by appointment at seven this morning, to accompany me on my visit.

It was like one of our loveliest mornings in June—an inspiring, sunny, balmy day, all softness and beauty—and we crossed the Tuileries by one of its superb avenues, and kept down the bank of the river to the island. With the errand on which we were bound in our minds, it was impossible not to be struck very forcibly with our own exquisite enjoyment of life. I am sure I never felt my veins fuller of the pleasure of health and motion; and I never saw a day when every thing about me seemed better worth living for. The splendid palace of the Louvre, with its long *façade* of nearly half a mile, lay in the mellowest sunshine on our left; the lively river, covered with boats, and spanned with

its magnificent and crowded bridges on our right; the view of the island, with its massive old structures below, and the fine gray towers of the church of *Notre Dame* rising, dark and gloomy, in the distance, rendered it difficult to realize any thing but life and pleasure. That under those very towers, which added so much to the beauty of the scene, there lay a thousand and more of poor wretches dying of a plague, was a thought my mind would not retain a moment.

Half an hour's walk brought us to the *Place Notre Dame*, on one side of which, next this celebrated church, stands the hospital. My friend entered, leaving me to wait till he had found an acquaintance of whom he could borrow a diploma. A hearse was standing at the door of the church, and I went in for a moment. A few mourners, with the appearance of extreme poverty, were kneeling round a coffin at one of the side altars; and a solitary priest, with an attendant boy, was mumbling the prayers for the dead. As I came out, another hearse drove up, with a rough coffin, scantily covered with a pall, and followed by one poor old man. They hurried in, and I strolled around the square. Fifteen or twenty water-carriers were filling their buckets at the fountain opposite, singing and laughing; and at the same moment four different litters crossed towards the hospital, each with its two or three followers, women and children, friends or relatives of the sick, accompanying them to the door, where they parted from them, most probably for ever. The litters were set down a moment before ascending the steps; the crowd pressed around and lifted the coarse curtains; farewells were exchanged, and the sick alone passed in. I did not see any great demonstration of feeling in the particular cases that were before me; but I can conceive, in the almost deadly certainty of this disease, that these hasty partings at the door of the hospital might often be scenes of unsurpassed suffering and distress.

I waited perhaps ten minutes more. In the whole time that I had been there, twelve litters, bearing the sick, had entered the *Hotel Dieu*. As I exhibited the borrowed diploma the thirteenth arrived, and with it a young man, whose violent and uncontrolled grief worked so far on the soldier at the door, that he allowed him to pass. I followed the bearers to the ward, interested exceedingly to observe the first treatment and manner of reception. They wound slowly up the stone staircase to the upper story, and entered the female department—a long low room, containing nearly a hundred beds, placed in alleys scarce two feet from each other. Nearly all were occupied, and those which were empty my friend told me were vacated by deaths yesterday. They set down the litter by the side of a narrow cot, with coarse but clean sheets, and a *Sœur de Charité*, with a white cap, and a cross at her girdle, came and took off the canopy. A young woman, of apparently twenty-five, was beneath, absolutely convulsed with agony. Her eyes were started from the sockets, her mouth foamed, and her face was of a frightful, livid purple. I never saw so horrible a sight. She had been taken in perfect health only three hours before, but her features looked to me marked with a year of pain. The first attempt to lift her produced violent vomiting, and I thought she must die instantly. They covered her up in bed, and leaving the man who came with her hanging over her with the moan of one deprived of his senses, they went to receive others, who were entering in the same manner. I inquired of my companion how soon she would be attended to. He said, "possibly in an hour, as the physician was just commencing his rounds." An hour after this I passed the bed of this poor woman, and she had not yet been visited. Her husband answered my question with a choking voice and a flood of tears.

I passed down the ward and found nineteen or twenty in the last agonies of death. They lay perfectly still, and seemed benumbed. I felt the limbs of several, and found them quite cold. The stomach only had a little warmth. Now and then a half groan escaped those who seemed the strongest; but with the exception of the universally open mouth and upturned ghastly eye, there were no signs of much suffering. I found two who must have been dead half an hour, undiscovered by the attendants. One of them was an old woman, nearly gray, with a very bad expression of face, who was perfectly cold—lips, limbs, body and all. The other was younger, and looked as if she had died in pain. Her eyes appeared as if they had been forced half out of the sockets, and her skin was of the most livid and deathly purple. The woman in the next bed told me she had died, since the *Sœur de Charité* had been there. It is horrible to think how these poor creatures may suffer in the very midst of the provisions that are made professedly for their relief. I asked why a simple prescription of treatment might not be drawn up by the physicians and administered by the numerous medical students who were in Paris, that, as few as possible might suffer from delay. "Because," said my companion, "the chief physicians must do every thing personally, to study the complaint." And so, I verily believe, more human lives are sacrificed in waiting for experiments, than ever will be saved by the results. My blood boiled from the beginning to the end of this melancholy visit.

I wandered about alone among the beds till my heart was sick, and I could bear it no longer; and then rejoined my friend, who was in the train of one of the physicians, making the rounds. One would think a dying person should be treated with kindness. I never saw a rougher or more heartless manner than that of the celebrated Dr. —, at the bedsides of these poor creatures. A harsh question, a rude pulling open of the mouth, to look at the tongue, a sentence or two of unsuppressed commands to the students on the progress of the disease, and the train passed on. If discouragement and despair are not medicines, I should think the

visits of such physicians were of little avail. The wretched sufferers turned away their heads after he had gone, in every instance that I saw, with an expression of visibly increased distress. Several of them refused to answer his questions altogether.

On reaching the bottom of the *Salle St. Monique*, one of the male wards, I heard loud voices and laughter. I had noticed much more groaning and complaining in passing among the men, and the horrible discordance struck me as something infernal. It proceeded from one of the sides to which the patients had been removed who were recovering. The most successful treatment has been found to be *punch*, very strong, with but little acid, and being permitted to drink as much as they would, they had become partially intoxicated. It was a fiendish sight, positively. They were sitting up, and reaching from one bed to the other, and with their still pallid faces and blue lips, and the hospital dress of white, they looked like so many carousing corpses. I turned away from them in horror.

I was stopped in the door-way by a litter entering with a sick woman. They set her down in the main passage between the beds, and left her a moment to find a place for her. She seemed to have an interval of pain, and rose up on one hand, and looked about her very earnestly. I followed the direction of her eyes, and could easily imagine her sensations. Twenty or thirty death-like faces were turned towards her from the different beds, and the groans of the dying and the distressed came from every side. She was without a friend whom she knew, sick of a mortal disease, and abandoned to the mercy of those whose kindness is mercenary and habitual, and of course, without sympathy or feeling. Was it not enough alone, if she had been far less ill, to embitter the very fountains of life, and kill her with mere fright and horror? She sank down upon the litter again, and drew her shawl over her head. I had seen enough of suffering, and I left the place.

On reaching the lower staircase, my friend proposed to me to look into the *dead room*. We descended to a large dark apartment below the street-level, lighted by a lamp fixed to the wall. Sixty or seventy bodies lay on the floor, some of them quite uncovered, and some wrapped in mats. I could not see distinctly enough by the dim light, to judge of their discoloration. They appeared mostly old and emaciated.

I cannot describe the sensation of relief with which I breathed the free air once more. I had no fear of the cholera, but the suffering and misery I had seen, oppressed and half smothered me. Every one who has walked through a hospital, will remember how natural it is to subdue the breath, and close the nostrils to the smells of medicine and the close air. The fact too, that the question of contagion is still disputed, though I fully believe the cholera *not* to be contagious, might have had some effect. My breast heaved, however, as if a weight had risen from my lungs, and I walked home, blessing God for health with undissembled gratitude.

P. S.—I began this account of my visit to the *Hotel Dieu* yesterday. As I am perfectly well this morning, I think the point of non-contagion, in my own case at least, is clear. I breathed the same air with the dying and the diseased for two hours, and felt of nearly a hundred to be satisfied of the curious phenomena of the vital heat. Perhaps an experiment of this sort, in a man not professionally a physician, may be considered rash or useless; and I would not willingly be thought to have done it from any puerile curiosity. I have been interested in such subjects always; and I considered the fact that the king's sons had been permitted to visit the hospital, a sufficient assurance that the physicians were seriously convinced there could be no possible danger. If I need an apology, it may be found in this.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

RIDICULE.

A LIVELY author somewhere mentions a remark made by a witty orator in conversation, respecting a very elevated sentiment expressed by a gentleman present. "Come, come," exclaimed the first, "the reporters are shut out, and there is no occasion 'to humbug.'" The writer very properly adds, that he thinks it a bad sign when lofty notions are readily condemned as bombast, and when a nation is inclined to ridicule the bias to magnify and exalt. "Exaggeration of sentiment," continues he, "can rarely, as a national trait, be dangerous. With men of sense, it unavoidably settles into greatness of mind; but moral debasement—a sneer for what is high—a disbelief of what is good, is the very worst symptom a people can display."

This observation contains a fine moral truth, although it is not more applicable to a whole country than to an individual. Men are very differently organized. It appears to me that their actual natures are unlike, and that animal existence, rising from the sloth to the Hottentot, (even independent of all accidental circumstances,) still goes on step by step, through innumerable grades, separated by insurmountable barriers—that it traverses as much distance between the obtuse dunce or savage, and Newton or Shakespeare, as it had passed from the first inspiration of inert matter, to the lowest class of mankind. This variety is distinguished in the earliest periods of infancy. It goes on broadening and strengthening from youth to manhood. We consequently every day behold beings marked by peculiarities, far greater than can be satisfactorily ascribed to education. The distinctions between them are manifested in various ways. I shall only ob-

serve that which causes one to enter fully into the spirit of moral and physical beauty, and another to deride them and all who feel them. A little friend of mine carries this so far, that he thinks the most serious and sacred matters legitimate themes of mirth. He is totally callous to every sight of horror and pain. You cannot think how many witticisms he lets loose against a prisoner just receiving sentence of death, and how heartily he laughs at "a hanging." When any of his friends die, he says they have "shot the pit;" and he offers to sell the fee-simple of his own anatomy to the surgeons, at a small advanced price. Being a man of wit, he succeeds in amusing the company by caricature descriptions of all that is pure and tender. He has a strong perception of the logical, the witty, the talented, but none of the beautiful. If you tell him of a sweet face, or an affecting book—an instance of heroic courage, or faithful affection—he sets you down as a school girl. His character is brought out in strong relief by an intimacy which he has formed, oddly enough, with young B. who is of a sentimental, romantic, sensitive and lofty turn of mind. B. exaggerates as injudiciously as M. contracts. It may be necessary to observe, that the peculiar opinions of the latter, are only uttered among his most confidential associates. To other men he passes for a quiet good sort of fellow, and rather simple. B. has feeling, M. judgment—when any thing pleases both, B. admires, M. approves. B. looks abroad upon mankind, with the eye of romance. His opinions are in extremes. He ascribes sublime motives to ordinary actions; or conceives those which spring in a great measure from chance, to have originated in deliberate depravity. M. traces the noblest deeds to selfish motives, and finds a *virtue* even in great crimes. One would die for fame, the other laughs at it. One is a mathematician, the other a poet. A poor beggar one day came to the house where they reside. B. was at home, and reading Sterne; he rose with moist eyes, gave him all the change about him, and a dinner; pursuing at the same time these reflections. "Poor fellow! he declares he has seen better times. Once he had a mother and father, who looked on his golden head and soft girlish features, with tears of rapture. Perhaps he has withered beneath disappointed ambition. Perhaps writhed in the pain of unrequited love. What reveries so ragged, destitute, and comfortless a creature must suffer continually, when he looks around the world and sees himself the meanest wretch in it. Why has fortune persecuted this unhappy one, and made his heart desolate?"

The beggar knew not the sentiments of his benefactor, but he appreciated his dinner and change; and it was presently discovered that he had carried off all the hats and coats he could lay his hands on. A few days after another came. He was old and miserable, and declared that he had been a revolutionary soldier, whose pension was denied; that he had tasted no food for several days, and was perishing absolutely of hunger. M. left a Latin treatise of Newton and kicked him out of doors, muttering as follows:—"It is shameful that these beggarly rascals are permitted to annoy people so. Why does not the groveling reprobate work? Money, indeed! yes, to spend in drink. He who gives even the smallest pittance to a street beggar, commits a crime against the community. If beggary never met encouragement, it would never be practised. It should be stigmatized by every individual as a vice, and as such it should be punished; deserving people never beg."

The night was exceedingly dark, cold and tempestuous; the dawning of the succeeding day discovered the dead body of the mendicant to the watchman, who inquired into his story, which was found to coincide with his own account. Feeling often commits folly; reason sometimes leads to cruelty. The class to which M. belongs, and which pique themselves upon deriding elevated sentiments and proper feelings, is not small. Indeed some of the most graceful qualities of our heads and hearts are in this way, not unfrequently the theme of merriment, or the object of satire. The affection of a lover for his mistress—a husband for his wife—a mother for her children, have all in their turn to endure the smart common-places of the observing and the disinterested. Indeed we are all so far tainted with the same views, that I question whether one of us could avoid laughing at a stranger in a circle of company, who should relate as a fact that he loved any particular lady with sincere ardor, and would make her his wife if he could. He may, as much as he pleases, express his applause of an actor—his satisfaction at a new treaty, or the interest he feels in an election—but if he were to weep in public at a sight of distress, or give vent to his homage for beauty and virtue, he might better never show his face again among his companions. This is what makes such a deal of whispering and tittering among the young when a courtship is going on, so many hints and innuendos from wags and wits, that altogether I had rather live a miserable bachelor, than pass into regions of felicity, the road to which lies through so many uncomfortable passages. I once undertook to be temperate in my food, and that, too, after having suffered much from frequently eating and drinking rather more than nature required. For several days I carried my design bravely into execution, and found the beneficial effects perceptible in my general health, but as soon as it began to be whispered about among my acquaintance, you cannot think of the smart things which were said about me, and what a butt I became whenever I went into company. When I refused to drink brandy and water, they asked me how long I had "belonged to the temperance society." When I said that sitting up late at night, eating heavy suppers and drinking my bottle of wine, made me very dull the next morning, they said it was sheer affectation, and that I ought to go home to my mamma. Q.

UNOWNED ARTICLES.

HUMORS OF A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

NUMBER EIGHT.

BYRON.

A POPULAR writer in one of his late works makes some forcible remarks upon the rapid decline of poetic taste. A fault which seems to be as generally admitted, as is the more evident decay of the drama. He plausibly enough attributes this waning of the lights of imagination to the extinction of a luminary, whose influence, whether happy or malign, all have not hesitated to acknowledge. That the death of Byron may, to a certain degree, have produced the effect Bulwer ascribes to it, we do not hesitate to acknowledge; for it has ever been not one of the least perversities of human nature, to undervalue the good which is left to us, while we lament that which is gone forever; and the world, therefore, may, very possibly, turn too deaf an ear to the lyre of live bardings whilst mourning the lay of the departed poet. But we do not acknowledge this want of merited favor to literary aspirants, nor can we recognize at the present day a greater dearth of high poetical talent than distinguished the period which immediately preceded the coming of Moore, Southey, Scott, Wordsworth, and Campbell. The fact is, that we have had the poetic talent of a century crowded into a single generation: for without instituting a comparison between either of these individuals, and the Popes and Drydens of another age, when has this department of letters been in such a glow as in the years just gone by? When has England or the world known such a blaze of poetical genius as has fired the times in which we have lived? The dullness, then, of the present period is but the necessary consequence of such unwonted excitement. Nature must have her breathing spell, and this is but the flagging of an over excited system—a lassitude that is not necessarily permanent. The fields of Parnassus may lie fallow for half a century, and we may not see any new Byrons or Moores for the next fifty years, but they will come again at last. The British reviewers, about this time, whether in a quarterly, monthly, or hebdomadal, have a habit of prefacing every critique upon a new poem, with some ingenious theory, to account for the feeble inspiration of the present votaries of Apollo, and the lukewarmness, and falling off of the readers of rhyme. The mechanical turn and matter-of-fact spirit of the age, is advanced by one as unfavorable to the production of poetry; while, paradoxical as it may seem, another is the while insisting, that it is the heated and restless temper of the times, which, outstripping even the extravagant vagaries of fancy, calls for something more daring and original, than the exhausted stores of poetic fiction can supply. Be this as it may, whether from the art not holding a place in any system of utilitarianism, or its not keeping pace with the wants and spirit of the age, or whether rather from the public taste having been surfeited with poetry in the last twenty years, there is no doubt that it is at this moment, both as to its writers and its readers, in but little favor with the muses and the public. Not to mention the "Siamese Twins," which was to have worked such wonders in the way of reforming the republic of letters, what have become of Montgomery's "Satan," and "World before the Flood," of which, while magazine critics played Sir Hudson Lowe, with the Napoleon of verse, by consigning the noble Childe to some barren spot on Parnassus, was to usurp his wide domains of reputation, and consign him to oblivion, ere his century was many years older. Both of these books are still the theme of scholastic praise, but who reads and who quotes them? What have become, and what do become of the myriads of gilt-edge and wire-wove octavos, with margins like Rockaway beach, that come smirking in morocco and fancy binding from the British press every month, or strut with the air of an apprentice in his Sunday clothes, from the American, semi-yearly; puffed, peeped into, and put by, perhaps for ever? The Rosa Matildas, and Frederick Augustus's, that take a lease of immortality, in the London Athenæum, or Literary Gazette, are shocked to find a flaw in it, when the instrument comes to be recorded in Blackwood, or the Westminster; and those who think they have a fee-simple of fame, by proving title in the New Monthly, or Eclectic, discover too soon that they are treated as tenants at will by the Quarterly and Edinburgh: and unless, as in the case of Bayley the song-writer, they have some collateral claim to consideration, by a musical alliance, they are ousted from the premises of literary notoriety, without any hesitation. Yes, it must be confessed, that the divine art inspires now less respect for its professors, and less interest for its productions, than it has heretofore in many a year; and yet it was never more cultivated than at present. That every one versifies, or that every one is supposed to, may be judged from the number of albums that are lanced at every one. Here, to be sure, and in other large towns, perhaps, the bolt is slipped at you with the same slyness that other pieces of mischief are perpetrated. But once get a little beyond the borders of civilization, and the violence is committed with the most perfect openness. We have heard well authenticated instances of gentlemen being ordered to stand and deliver (their poetry) in log huts, in the far west; and a friend in a delicate state of health became seriously indisposed from agitation, at having one of Bourne's embossed albums presented suddenly at him while in a lonely shanty on a remote branch of the Delaware. In fact, the muses are now so common everywhere, that we shrewdly suspect them to be fit subjects for the Magdalen Report; but, alas! the omnipresence of these divinities by no means proves the universality of poetic genius.

Mediocrity! mediocrity! is the stale term we must adopt as generic, if we would characterize the productions of the last few years. We find easy and varied versification, and language (where it is not disgusting from the besetting foppiness of expression) choice and elegant. We find excellent imitations, in short, of the best writers of this century; but of originality, of new trains of thought, of new lights of imagination, we find neither the existence nor the indication; we see nothing in the poetry of to-day that might not have been written twenty years since; we find nothing akin to the nervous spirit of the age—and we do believe, unless it accommodates itself to the higher interests, and contributes its share to moulding the features of the time, poetry, instead of being revered as "the nurse and brooder of all good," that fosters into quick development the latent seeds of great actions, will be flung aside as the fitting bauble of boys and girls. Why did not the revolution in France—one of the noblest subjects (no matter how we now speculate about its consequences)—one of the most majestic, soul-stirring subjects—that was ever commemorated in song, why has it not produced one that will live? Why has not the glorious struggle of Poland called forth one decent ode? Why? Because one-half of the young disciples of the Nine, in the world, are pre-engaged in recording their own love-lorn miseries in rhyme, and the other half scoffing at every thing like enthusiasm; because there is no precedent for such a thing in "Almacks," or "The Exclusives," or elsewhere in the annals of mawkishness and petit maitre-ism. Because the lyre of Moore is mute, the muse of Campbell maudlin, because the lays of Scott are lost in more profitable productions; and because the mantle of Byron, like the cloaks which were flung on the Athenian actor, serves only to overwhelm the aspirants who would assume it.

Let us turn, then, from their feeble struggles, and dwell for a moment upon the character of the mighty master, as it stands revealed in the only authentic memoir we yet have of his life.

Moore's Life of Byron illustrates upon every page that aphorism of Napoleon, that "men must be placed in a favorable light, as well as pictures;" for we question if there is in the whole range of biography, such a thorough exposition of character, as Mr. Moore has given in his life of the noble bard. He has in fact performed the task with a fidelity that would amply satisfy the predilection of the illustrious subject of his labors, to expose his follies and vices to the world—if, "alas! poor ghost," he were conscious how uncharitably they would be passed upon by others. He conjured me, (says Moore,) by our friendship, if, as he both felt and hoped, I should survive him, not to let unmerited censure settle upon his name, but while I *surrendered him up to condemnation* where he deserved it, to vindicate him when aspersed, (p. 180)—and verily, Mr. Moore, like a Roman hast thou performed thy task? for the character of man was never bared to the world as is that of thy friend in thy thousand closely printed pages.

—"This eternal blazon should not be
To ears of flesh and blood!"

for, till the souls of men are stripped of their worldly covering, and their hearts laid as naked as that of the unhappy poet, never will he receive the tardy justice he hoped this self-dissection would insure. We know, then, the worst of Lord Byron, and should recollect, when judging of his personal character, and comparing it with that of other celebrated individuals, that of those whose reputations have become public property, there is no one that has been thus thoroughly denuded of the veil with which time and death envelope the motives of human actions. The first outcry against Byron was raised, not on account of his own habits, but the audacity with which he reflected upon those of others. His lively little poem, "The Waltz," with the *piquant* notes subjoined to it, must have given offence to many in the circle in which he moved—a class of society he has elsewhere denominated the most licentious in Europe. But it was his allusions to royal profligacy that first drew down upon the noble bard, those virulent attacks which so rapidly succeeded each other, and were so long and industriously continued. Those two stanzas upon "A lady weeping," addressed to the princess Charlotte, called out more obloquy upon the character of the writer, than did even the most reckless productions of his pen. Byron has shown in the fourth canto of Childe Harold, that he felt the personality and bitterness of these unmanly attacks,

"From the loud roar of foaming calumny,
To the small whisper of the paltry few;"

while his pasquinade upon an illustrious personage, written at the time, evinces how little he was affected by the *threats* of his enemies.

It was at this period, when the poet was patiently abiding the storm that assailed them from without, and manfully struggling with pecuniary difficulties within, that Lady Byron quietly abstracted herself from his dwelling; and left his lordship to the pleasing occupation of encountering a score of bailiffs, and perusing the lampoons that were daily lanced against him. The vindictory letter of Lady Byron, while it throws an entirely new light upon the motive of that separation, leaves the cause of its continuance exactly where it was before. The irregularity of Lord Byron's habits has always been the alleged reason of that step, and the surmises of the world are only confirmed by her ladyship's letter. She thought it necessary at last to say something on the subject; and her publication, unsatisfactory as it is, will hardly fix the blame more completely where her husband was always willing it should rest—upon his own head.

This cool, vital thrust at the reputation of Byron, is but a poor return upon the lady's part for the regard her husband preserved for her till his latest moment. It proves, too, how much the

illustrious but ill-fated "Pilgrim" was mistaken when he thought that there was something in his nature which would breathe when he expired, and

"Like the remembered tones of a mute lyre
Upon their softened spirits, sink and move
In hearts all rocky now, the late remorse of love."

The particulars of the life which Byron led at Venice, form the most exceptionable part of the book. Moore has depicted the habits of the subject of his biography at this period, with the minuteness of a Flemish painter, and the grossness characteristic of that school of the art. Indeed, the only apology for plunging into these offensive details, is, that it enables him to show how sterling must the mettle have been which was not thoroughly corrupted by such base alloy. The end, however, would have been answered as well by less exceptionable means; and a brief, but severe notice of these disgraceful passages in the life of the bard, would have told with sufficient force to the reader the slough in which he was immersed, and the energy that was requisite to extricate him from it.

It was the chains of the Guiccioli which Byron exchanged for those degrading fetters—a liaison which, in spite of the poetic charm that Moore has thrown around it, a sterner moralist would hardly admit to be less degrading than the bondage from which he had just escaped. Fashion, however, that amiable *custos morum*, which winks at the political amours of king Caucus in America, and looks leniently upon galloping into Doctors Commons in England, has sanctioned connections like that of Byron in Italy. Nor is there question but that, at the early stages of their intercourse, this lady exercised the happiest influence over the disposition of Byron. In the source of that influence is to be found the key to his character. Haughty, wayward, and impetuous, in spite of his violent and ill regulated passions, he seems ever to have been easily governed by those who showed an affection for his person. Love or woman (for the terms are synonymous as we are about to use them,) could always mould his nature to good or evil. Not to speak of the effects of the thwarted passion of his youth in the marriage of Miss Chaworth—"A marriage," he says, long subsequently, "in which she sacrificed a heart which was hers from ten years old, and a head which had never been quite right since;" it was the chilling of his domestic hearth—it was woman, austere and uncharitable, that drove him to waste the vigor of his prime, in the dissipation of a foreign land. It was woman, artful and abandoned, that detained him in the circean life he had embraced; and it was woman, accomplished and captivating, that won him back to refinement, if not to virtue. And who shall say that a mind thus malleable through its affections, might not with kindness have been moulded to purity and virtue? We do not here mistake physical temperament for moral tendency; for we are convinced that gratitude, reciprocity of feeling for tenderness towards himself, entered as largely into these attachments, as they did into those friendships for whose fidelity through life, Byron was distinguished. "For," we are told that, "through life, with all his faults, he never lost a friend; that those about him in his youth, whether as companions, teachers, or servants, remained attached to him to the last; that the woman to whom he gave the love of his maturer years, idolizes his name; and that, with a single unhappy exception, scarce an instance is to be found of any one, once brought, however briefly, into relations of amity with him, that did not feel towards him a kind regard in life, and retain a fondness for his memory."

In fact, impatience of injurious treatment and gratitude for the slightest kindness, are the most prominent features of his character. The first hurried him into inconsiderate hostility with his countrymen, and the last created by some fancied obligation, was often lavished upon strangers who could not appreciate the emotion. He misplaced his affections upon entering into life, and in matters of feeling was playing at cross purposes with the world ever afterward. And then the world took him at his word, that his heart was steeled against each kindly emotion—as if poisoning one fount of affection would petrify all. How little he relished this concurrence in opinion with himself, we may gather from his exertions afterwards to lay the phantom of gloom which he had raised in his own shape.

The most interesting pages of these volumes, are decidedly those which treat of the part that Byron took in the revolutionary movement in Italy, and the more celebrated and fortunate struggle in Greece. The style of the biographer also improves as the more masculine characteristics of his subject are developed. He here lays aside the foppishness of expression with which he elsewhere tries to lend a grace to extravagance, and the sophistry with which he would gloss over licentiousness. Not to speak of the heroism of lanching in so desperate a cause, the energy, conduct, and humanity of Byron, shone conspicuously in the troubles at Ravenna. He appears to have done all that a man could do with such materials, to bring the conspiracy to a fortunate issue; and when it was quashed, to have served its luckless projectors with his fortune and influence at the risk of his life. His embarking in the cause of Greece is now first shown in its true light by Moore. It was not, as it has been generally considered, the enthusiastic act of a man flushed with success in one career of fame, hurrying off to achieve new triumphs in another. Nor was it, as some represent, the last resource of wounded vanity to retrieve a waning reputation, and build up a fresh character in the opinions of men. On the contrary, every thing that has come before the public on the subject tends to prove, that at least this act of Byron's life was acquiescence in what he considered the imperious call of duty—a melancholy, an affecting sacrifice of

himself in what he believed a hopeless cause. Such Moore conclusively shows it to have been. With a presentiment of an early death, founded upon no weak superstition, but arising from duly estimating the powers of his broken constitution, and his knowledge of the trials to which the climate of Missolonghi would subject it—he lent his presence to the contest under circumstances which would have withheld almost any other man from taking a part in it. He did this, not with the blind fervor of a martyr, (which, indeed he was, and that in the noblest of causes,) but he brought to the cause he espoused the shrewdness and practical sense of the man of the world, as well as the zeal of the patriot; and, in the words of Moore, "the very firmness with which a position so lone and disheartening was sustained, serves, by interesting us more deeply in the man, to increase our sympathy, till we almost forget admiration in pity, and half regret that he should have been great at such a cost."

In offering these desultory remarks, we have not meant to extenuate that looseness of habit and licentiousness of opinion, which these memoirs show to have marked a portion of Byron's life. Indeed we think the worst feature in Moore's book, is, the attempt he makes to reconcile his reader to vice for the sake of him who commits it; and this, when there is no necessity for thus endangering the principles of the weak, by confounding good and evil in painting a character so made up of both—for the redeeming qualities are here as strong as the damning; and we defy an unprejudiced person who is not bent upon wringing a moral lesson from the story of the much calumniated poet, judging him out of his own mouth, to lay down these volumes without the tribute of a tear to his memory.

Misfortune stamped him for her own at his birth, and with no equivocal sign. A tergitant and a libertine were his cradle watchers. He had no "monitor of his young years." His youth was blasted in its spring: and (true, indeed, like many who have built themselves monuments in the bosoms of men) he who could move all hearts with sympathy, was unable to touch the one of his choice with love. He lived,

— "as lives a withered bough,
Blossomless, leafless and alone."

He died—he, the man upon whom the eyes of the world were fixed with admiration, if not with favor, died in a cheerless barrack room, without a friend or a relative to minister to him; his last moments disturbed by the clamors of a mutinous soldiery, and his eyes closed by a menial. Nay more, his very remains cannot escape contumely. His ashes are excluded from a public cemetery by his countrymen; and there are those found, even here, in the land which he delighted to honor, who would brand his name with infamy! If such are the penalties of frailty and indiscretion, what ignominy is reserved for actual crime? The most bigotted prejudice cannot deny that Byron had the elements of every thing great and noble in his disposition, though blended in chaotic mixture with much that was gross and revolting. Take that single trait in his character, the overflowing "affectionateness" of his disposition; the wistful yearning after something to love that marked his early boyhood; the warm and enduring friendships that, where the passions of his youth and the long-tried and undying kindness which he evinced toward his early companions in his riper years. This single trait, leavening as it did his whole character, throughout his life, is alone sufficient to enlist our sympathies for the weaknesses of the poet, and command our charities for his vices. But when to this is added the early leaning to religion of a heart untutored in its precepts; the reverence he showed to sacred things in after years, amid the pleasures that allured and the passions that assailed him, without one principle implanted by others to foster and support the sentiment,—we pity him who denies that charity to the failings of one so strangely constituted, which, if a Christian, he must know that his own require. "I am no bigot," says Byron, in a letter to the late Mr. Gifford, "I am no bigot to infidelity, and did not expect that because I doubted the immortality of man, I should be charged with denying the existence of a God. It was the comparative insignificance of ourselves and our world, when placed in comparison with the mighty whole, that first led me to imagine that our pretensions to immortality might be overrated." These, if the doubts of a sceptic, are at least not the cavils of an atheist. They are the delusions of a strange humility that could only exist in the perversion of so noble an intellect, agitated to its depths by so awful a question. To us, the mind of Byron in its desolation, seems like the ruins of some pagan temple, where even the shrines of idolatry awaken reverence—for they prove it the abode of religion, though the worship has been perverted. The adoration of nature, in the sublime descriptions of her works which pervade his poems, if not the effect of piety in himself, may at least be the cause of it in others; while the darker delineations of human passion that are blended with them, may well awaken a feeling of humility in the haughtiest bosom. Let us not be understood as vindicating the opinions of Byron. There are, alas! too many of them which call for the severest animadversion. But we refrain from commenting upon them, because we know, that of those who will not make the necessary allowance for the effect of misfortune upon a man of keen susceptibilities and a haughty spirit, there are enough to censure where so many are eager to condemn. We confess, too, that we dislike to dwell upon the blemishes that are stamped upon the noblest minds, to prove their affinity with the meanest. We shrink from the task of measuring the imperfections of so glorious an intellect; we leave it for purer and more daring feet than ours to trample upon the ashes of the illustrious departed.

But if the epitaph which Byron chose for himself, with the mournful presentiment of an early death, cannot arrest the unhalloved tread of these, if the *Implora pace* he wished inscribed upon his tomb, cannot preserve it from violation, there is consolation in the thought, that his memory will still be revered by the countrymen of Phocion and Bozzaris; and the loss of that life which has been stigmatized here as worse than worthless, will long be lamented in the clime where it was sacrificed to the noblest of causes.

H.

FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.
THE SEVENTH EXHIBITION.

EVERY one acknowledges that this institution is an honor to the city; and we trust, therefore, every one interested in wiping away the odium which rests on us, from the fact that our artists are shamefully neglected, will come forward promptly, and add his mite in supporting it. The most distinguished names are seen among its contributors. It will reflect unfavorably upon our liberality, as well as our taste, if this exhibition be not encouraged by the fashion and beauty of the town. It is held this season, as usual, in the large room in Clinton-hall, and is enriched with between two and three hundred paintings. It is also embellished with those beautiful Chanting Cherubs by our industrious and gifted young countryman, Greenough—a cast from Frazee's admirable bust of John Jay—of Greenough's Washington—Amphitrite, by R. E. Launitze, and the cast of a superb Borghese vase, presented by Mr. J. F. Cooper. The portraits are also less numerous than on former occasions; and altogether, the display presents more variety, taste, talent and originality, than we have before witnessed. The subjects are well selected. The landscapes are of a high order, and the visitors will see nothing there but what is new and interesting. We shall glance at a few in the present number.

8. Full-length Portrait of Governor Yates. Vanderlyn. This belongs to the common council chamber. If the reader has ever seen "Ariadne" and "Caius Marius" on the ruins of Carthage, by the same hand, he will readily believe in the excellence of this piece. Mr. Vanderlyn paints with great power, accuracy, and experience. He is evidently familiar with the best models. Governor Yates is portrayed with his usual felicity, and is worthy of the artist.

62. Greek Female. Newton. Owned by Philip Hone. A fine, peculiar face and form, finished with delicacy and care, will attract notice from its intrinsic excellence, as well as from the painter's name.

54. Greek. Wier. Owned also by Philip Hone, and a beautiful match for the foregoing, which it equals in execution, and surpasses in design. The face expresses more. It is not only that of a Greek, but of a Greek full of high thoughts and heroic character. The work on the dress is exceedingly rich and well done.

70. Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand. W. Allston. W. Bull possessor. A striking bold picture founded on an incident in Mrs. Radcliff's romance "The Italian." Spalatro was employed by Schedoni to murder Ellena, the heroine of the story, while the victim is asleep. The time is night. In the way to her chamber, the assassin's heart fails him, and he refuses to do the deed, and at that moment a bloody hand seems to beckon him in the air. Schedoni, the monk, struck by the paleness and horror of the assassin, asks the cause, but cannot see the hand; and the painting represents the haggard monastic countenance of the incredulous monk gazing in vain through the shadows to discover the object, while at his side the ruffian is convulsed with terror—his eyes starting from his head, and his attitude well exhibiting the most complete dismay.

206. Full-length Portrait of the late Colonel Varrick. Inman. Owned by the New-York Bible Society. One of Inman's best, which is saying a great deal for it. A fine and truly imposing picture, which will be admired by every body.

195. Mr. Hackett in the character of Rip Van Winkle. Inman. Admirable and unexceptionable, with one fault in the design. We recommend the artist to rescue the gun from its unfortunate predicament in the top of the tree. We suspect neither Mr. Crayon nor Mr. Inman would insinuate that it *grew* up there. The piece itself is delightful.

167. A Wood Scene. Hoboken Walk. Mr. Wier has painted an exquisite sketch from Hoboken, which has been as exquisitely engraved by Smillie. They were both done for the Mirror. They are considered by artists as first-rate, and both have been sent to the exhibition as specimens. The engraving is really beautiful, of full quarto size, and may challenge competition with any thing of the kind ever published in the United States. It will embellish an early number of the tenth volume of this work.

130. View of Castel a Mare, Bay of Naples. Bennett. Owned by Philip Hone. A lovely thing. The reputation of Bennett's pieces in water colors has been long since established.

215. Widow Wadman and Uncle Toby. Leslie. Owned by J. Kemble, Esq. A choice picture. The face of the widow is inimitable. Only look at that mouth, and the eyes,

— "the frailest and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies"

might well be deemed tyrants over thee, kind-hearted, pure-hearted, excellent old uncle Toby. His face, too, is an image of tender simplicity and pity. The artist, however, appears to have laid out all his strength on the figures.

210. Fountain of Egeria. Weir. Owned by Rev. Manton Eastburn. A very rich and masterly painting. The artist took this from the actual scene, which is full of charms and softness. There is a verse descriptive of the place in *Childe Harold*:

"The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops, the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green wild margin now no more erases
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prisoned in marble; bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap,
The sill runs o'er, and round fern flowers and ivy creep."

The spectator will pause long to gaze on the mellow, sunny light which overspreads this luxuriant landscape, that strikes the mind, as well from its delicious natural beauty, as from its teeming classical associations.

67. Bianca. Weir. Owned by Miss S. Glover. Weir's pieces are full of poetry, delicacy, and feeling. This is a warm, rich, and lovely picture of a young girl, very beautifully imagined, and highly finished. It represents one of the characters in Irving's "Tales of a Traveler."

"I first saw her," says the Italian painter, "in an apartment of one of the sumptuous palaces of Genoa. She stood before a casement, that looked out upon a bay. A stream of vernal sunshine fell upon her, as it lit up the rich hanging of the chamber. She was but sixteen years of age."

The artist might have added the succeeding expression, "and oh, how lovely!" for, indeed, he has produced in every way a most able realization of the author's fancy. The face and figure are exquisite. He has displayed a true taste in representing her in the most simple attire; her hair is parted plainly on her forehead, and the mind is not diverted by any gaudy or studied ornament from the contemplation of a countenance that is delightfully emblematic of pure innocence, happiness, and unconscious beauty. The "stream of vernal sunshine" is thrown into the window with striking effect; and, as the eye passes from the large Chinese jar in the foreground, out through the casement, and over the bay and distant mountain, one almost forgets he gazes only on a picture. This piece is highly characteristic of the artist's vivid imagination.

43. Bard-singing. ("Isles of Greece.") Ingham. In place of this painting we have an empty frame, for which we feel inclined to rate the artist in "set terms." His productions are too beautiful to be withheld without disappointing many visitors.

We are obliged to confine our observations within narrow limits, and therefore, for the present, pass over many pieces of great merit. We must not, however, leave this subject without expressing our conviction, that considering this exhibition comprises only the works of living artists, and such as have never before been exhibited by the Academy, it is the best one they have ever offered to the public. An ordinary interest in the progress of the art of painting in this country will impel our fellow-citizens to bestow upon so deserving an institution a liberal patronage.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1832.

The Cholera.—Our correspondents, both in France and England, have described, from ocular examination, the state of affairs in those countries, respecting the much talked of, much dreaded cholera. That this plague is of a very serious and dangerous kind to those who take it, no one can deny; but both Mr. Willis and Mr. Cox, writing actually from the scenes where it is said to rage most, furnish accounts materially different from those published in the newspapers. Their versions of the matter coincide with each other, and also with that of several private letters which we have seen; and, from the whole tenor of their representations, we are induced to believe, that if this disease should appear among us, dreadful as it is to its victims, a much greater panic would prevail than would be warranted by the occasion. We are a strange people to take fright. Every evil startles the whole community. A mad dog flings a gloom over two or three hundred thousand beings; and the yellow fever almost dissolved the bands which kept our population together. During the mania which prevailed respecting this latter scourge, many thriving tradesmen, to our personal knowledge, fled away from their advantageous business, and have not even yet returned. Let it not be for a moment imagined, that we advocate any neglect of those rules which prudence may dictate. The streets should be cleansed with scrupulous care; a system of examination and purification should be adopted; and all the lanes, yards, cellars, indeed every unhealthy part of this much neglected city, should be ferreted out, so that cleanliness may be secured at any expense; and, in our opinion, we should find in that a friend most potent in disarming the tyrant of half his terrors, should he ever cross the broad Atlantic; which, by the way, we very much doubt. If neither the newspaper press, with prayers and satire, nor the wants, plainly expressed, of all the thinking classes of our fellow-citizens, can goad on the corporation to move in this affair, a public meeting should be called, and subscriptions entered into, as a last method of carrying it into effect. Action is what we want on the part of the authorities, in whose charge our interests are entrusted; and this, as well to guard against whatever danger may actually exist, as to calm the anx-

iety and alarm running through all ranks, and which a single case of the pestilence here would probably heighten into ridiculous frenzy.

The Philadelphia board of health, having lately appointed delegates to visit New-York, on business connected with sanitary regulations against the cholera, have received, in addition to an official report of their proceedings, a communication comprising an epitome of the most interesting facts on the subject, which, we presume, most of the papers will publish, and which we wish every individual in the Union would read. The object of this document is to allay the ferment among alarmists, by proving the non-contagiousness of the disorder, which it does, we think, most conclusively. The history of the cholera is by no means rightly understood by the people of this country. All the severe examinations, into its nature and progress, which have been made by the governments, medical bodies, and learned men of the old world, result in opinions most favorable to our hopes, viz. that it is not contagious, that its character is mollified as it marches westward, and that its effects are felt most fatally by the intemperate and unclean. The great number of facts cited in support of these positions must carry conviction to every candid mind. Physicians, nurses, and other attendants on the sick in the hospitals generally escaped; and in a hospital at Warsaw, crowded with patients, not a single one of those who handled the sick, the dying, and the dead, suffered an attack themselves. Many considerations favor us at this day, and distance from the original place and period of its ravages, which were not applicable to its early victims. In the first place, the immense population, among which it originally rose, gave it a greater appearance of terror than it would have received under different circumstances. Then no one understood the disease; it baffled all the usual remedies and precautions. Probably the very attempts made to cure it, facilitated its march, and multiplied its victims. Wild terrors took possession of the multitude, who fled from its approach in the most distressing confusion; which, with their changes of air, diet, and general mode of living, rendered them much more susceptible to maladies of every description. Thus, while this state of affairs in reality increased the evil, it also gave rise to the most exaggerated accounts of that which actually existed. Since that time, however, science and intelligence, aided by unceasing perseverance, have been concentrating their powers for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the disease, and of the best methods of preventing and curing it. Every part of Europe and Asia, where the scourge has existed, has given the world works of the highest merit on the subject; and, from the sum of all accounts, we deem ourselves quite justifiable in expressing the opinion, that however unwelcome such a visitor may be, we have less to dread from its actual presence than from the dreadful confusion which we fear it would create. This paper of the Philadelphia delegates is well calculated to quiet the public mind; or at least to reduce their fears within the control of reason. In its contagiousness no one can believe, after perusing the report, which furnishes innumerable instances of individuals who have exposed themselves in every possible variety of manner—who have washed and worn the clothes of the dead, who have slept with the sick, who have been wounded while dissecting their bodies, who have used their baths, inhaled breath, fresh from their lungs—and so satisfactory are these testimonials, that the delegates broadly assert, *there is not a single positive instance of the cholera having been propagated by other means than some uncontrollable atmospheric peculiarity.* We agree with them that such facts are worth a million of speculative opinions. A curious anecdote is related by Dr. Edwards, surgeon of the United States' frigate Congress. He states, that the natives of Manila accused the foreign residents of having poisoned the air and water to destroy them; and, in the violence of their rage, seized Europeans who were well, and confined them for hours in contact with the dying, in order to communicate to them the disease; but even that expedient failed, and all others to establish the opinion of its contagiousness. Another feature on this subject, which should be eagerly seized by the people of this continent, is the fact, that the cholera grows milder as it advances westward, and the report states, that "the mortality of the disease has been much exaggerated in Europe." To prove this, also, a few facts are given. In St. Petersburg, with a population of three hundred thousand, between four and five thousand deaths have occurred, making one in every sixty. In Berlin the deaths were as one to one hundred and thirty-three. In Vienna one to one hundred and fifty. In Hamburg one to five hundred.

If this atmospheric pestilence can cross three thousand miles of ocean, we have every reason to hope that its virulence will be nearly exhausted; that care and science, and a uniform understanding of its nature, will greatly diminish its horrors; and that coming thus upon a population comparatively diffuse, and more intelligent, and better prepared for it than any before them, it will turn out (supposing the possibility of its approach—a doubtful point) by no means so terrible a calamity as we have hitherto suffered from other causes. Many of the European ports have nearly altogether relaxed quarantine regulations. England and France, where it is supposed the most accurate knowledge of the disease prevails, have taken the lead. It is, however, very properly recommended to the authorities to exercise rather too much caution than too little. The greatest detention which is deemed necessary is fifteen days, even under the worst circumstances.

It is to be hoped that the thousand rumors which may be expected to break out on this subject will receive no attention, till their truth shall be acknowledged by competent official authority. The document in question closes with the observation, that "the best

protection against all epidemics is a composed and confident state of mind."

The precautions which can be adopted by all are "personal cleanliness, regular habits, and temperance," which, we suspect, will produce more of good than the cholera will of evil.

Campbell and Bryant.—Sometime ago the celebrated author of the "Pleasures of Hope," at a public dinner, was designated by one of the company in such a complimentary manner as called for a reply. He accordingly addressed the assembly, and closed with the observation, that he could not imagine any better way of contributing to their enjoyment than by soliciting their attention to a few stanzas, which he had lately met in an English newspaper, and which he deemed so exquisite a specimen of poetry, that he could not forbear reciting them. He had no idea who the author could be, but, whoever he was, he would venture to predict for him a high destiny. He then repeated some lines to a Water Fowl, and expressed great surprise on being informed that they were from the pen of Bryant, an American poet. Since that he has received the recently published volume, and thus speaks of it in the Metropolitan.

"We think, with Mr. Irving, that these poems are 'gems,'—that their own merits are their best passport. The poetry of Bryant, though 'essentially American,' is most pure as respects style: the language is that of the best writers of the English tongue, and is an excellent model for the author's countrymen. The beauties are various and original—the defects trivial. Bryant is a name of which America may justly be proud. The volume proves to us, that if the sterling spirit of poetry is evaporating here—if that which has charmed our fathers, and been the delight of the most generous part of our existence, no longer finds admirers, or degenerates into that boarding-school sentimentality which is so prevalent at present, we may turn to a nation sprung from our own loins for the refreshing spring to invigorate us, and find in American literature, as refinement increases there, a fount of imaginative delight; we may extract honey, delicious to the taste, and vivifying to the soul."

"There is a solemn spirit of poetry and reverence for the 'First Cause' throughout this volume, most pleasing yet natural. America may glory in the name of Bryant."

Oratorio.—The New-York Sacred Music Society will give an oratorio on Thursday next, in the Sacred Music Hall, late Chatham theatre. That building has been altered, and adapted to the purposes of a music-hall, and has been engaged by the society for its meetings and oratorios. It is admirably calculated to accommodate an audience. The whole area of the building, except the portion occupied by the orchestra of the society, is covered with seats, on a sloping floor, and two of the original tiers of boxes remain. This arrangement enables all to see and hear with ease. It is estimated that it can accommodate two thousand persons with seats, and hold three thousand. It is also formed most admirably to give effect to music. Solos can be heard distinctly in all parts of the house, and the concerted pieces are blended into the finest harmony. It may therefore be considered as one of the best, if not the very best music saloon in the country; and the society deserve all praise for their spirit and enterprise in procuring so fine a place.

The oratorio next week will consist of what is most judicious at this season, a selection of pieces, instead of one entire composition. The names of Mrs. Austin, Mr. Jones, Mr. Earle, Mr. Riley, and Mr. Norton for the trumpet, appear in the bill for the solos. In the orchestra will be found the most eminent professors on their respective instruments, and the strong chorus the society usually bring forward, will be further increased by the great addition of members constantly taking place.

In short, we may expect the whole effect of the oratorio to be greatly superior to that of any performance, of a similar kind, given in St. Paul's church, a building which, for musical purposes, is wholly inadequate, from the columns, archways, and other objects, which interrupt the sound. The situation of the pews also is exceedingly awkward, and a ludicrous sight is presented in a multitude of enthusiastic amateurs with their backs turned to the performers. The efforts of this excellent institution have ever been directed with great care and propriety. They have seldom failed to collect the most powerful musical talent which could be procured, and the critics unite in speaking of them in the warmest spirit of praise.

Exercise.—We commend the Gymnasium established by Mr. Fuller, to the attention of all sedentary folks. The *literati* should go in a body. Painters, vocalists, every one indeed, except such as are compelled professionally to exercise a great deal, should become a pupil in this establishment. It is situated in Ann-street, near Nassau, adjacent to the most business parts of the city, and will amply repay all for the moderate time and expense required. Many gentlemen accustomed to meet there have acknowledged its beneficial effects.

Literary.—"Swallow Barn, or a Sojourn in the Old Dominion." Carey and Lea have issued two duodecimo volumes bearing this name. It is an original American work, dedicated to William Wirt. Also, "The Alhambra," by the author of "The Sketch Book." They announce the "Heidenmauer, or Pagan Camp," by the author of the Spy, as nearly ready for publication. The brothers Harper have issued "Adventures of a Younger Son," a novel, by Edward Trelawny, Esq. one of Lord Byron's companions. In press, and will shortly be published, "The Little Genius, and other fugitive pieces."

LA PLAISANTRIE.

We are indebted for the manuscript of this exquisite *morceau* to an amateur, of whose admirable taste the fashionable circles of this city have had numerous proofs. It has never before, to our knowledge, been published here, and we present it to the musical reader as a little *gem*, full of simple beauty.



BREVITIES FROM BULWER.

BULWER'S writings are full of *flashes*. He possesses a good deal of that quality which he ascribes to Dr. Young, viz. the power of condensing much in a sentence. In a certain style of passionate, metaphysical, and declamatory composition, he stands prominent among the popular authors of the day; and he pours out his thoughts with a rapidity, and indeed an impetuosity, strongly characteristic of genius. He also displays a mind familiar with all the refinements of literature and sentiment, and his outbursts sometimes of classical erudition are truly fine. We glean for the Mirror a few sententious remarks from certain of his works, which have only been lately republished in this country, being a volume of Essays, &c. issued by the Harpers.

STRENGTH OF AFFECTIONS IN THOSE WHO DIE YOUNG.—Could you but know how forcibly it appears to me, that as life wanes the affections warm! I have observed this in many instances of *early death* (early, for in the decay by years the heart outlives all its ties). As the physical parts stiffen, so harden the moral. But in youth, when all the affections are green within us, they will not willingly stretch forth their arms from their ruined and falling prison-house—they yearn for expansion and release. "Is it," as Bolingbroke, that divine, though often sullied nature, at once the luminary and the beacon to English statesmen, has somewhere so touchingly asked; "is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches, or is it that they who are to live together in another state (for friendship exists not but for the good) begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great bond of their future society?"

YOUNG.—Young is, of all poets, the one to be studied by a man who is about to break the golden chains that bind him to the world—his gloom, then, does not appal or deject; for it is the gloom of this earth we are about to leave, and casts not a single shadow over the heaven which it contrasts—the dark river of his solemn and dread images sweeps the thoughts onward to eternity.

QUOTATION FROM GOETHE.—When we have despatched a letter to a friend which does not find him, but is brought back to us, what a singular emotion is produced by breaking open our own seal, and conversing with our altered self as a third person.

AN USHER.—There was a certain usher in the school, a very pink and pattern of ushers. He was hard to the lesser boys, but he had his favorites among them—fellows who always called him sir, and offered him oranges.

QUOTATION FROM GIBBON.—Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.

BIRDS.—Birds have often seemed to me like the messengers from earth to heaven—charged with the homage and gratitude of nature, and gifted with the most eloquent of created voices to fulfil the mission.

CHILDE HAROLD.—The fault of the "Childe Harold" is as a whole. There is no grandeur in its conception. Every novel in the Minerva Press furnishes a similar idea of the hero and the plan. A discontented young nobleman, sated and jaded, setting out on his travels—turn the conception as you will, it comes always to that in plain and sober reality. But this poor and hack-nied conception the poet has hid in so magnificent a robe, and

decorated with such a costly profusion of gems, that it matters little to the delight and interest of the reader.

YOUNG AS A PREACHER.—Young was usually a powerful and victorious preacher. He is recorded to have once burst into tears on seeing that he could not breathe his own intense emotion into the hearts of a wordy audience.

DEATH.—It is a beautiful sight, even in the midst of its melancholy, the gradual passing away of one of the better order of souls—the passions lulled as the mind awakens, and a thousand graces of fortitude and gentleness called forth by the infirmities of the declining frame.

AMBITION.—No, say what we will, you may be sure that ambition is an error; its wear and tear of heart are never recompensed; it steals away the freshness of life; it deadens its vivid and social enjoyments; it shuts our soul to our own youth; and we are old ere we remember that we have made a fever and a labor of our raciest years.

ARAB SUPERSTITION.—It is the belief of the Arabs, that to the earliest places of human worship there clings a guardian sanctity—there the wild bird rests not, there the wild beast may not wander; it is the blessed spot on which the eye of God dwells, and which man's best memories preserve.

ROYALTY AND WISDOM.—Royalty and its symbols were abolished in France. A showman of wild beasts had (the pride of his flock) an immense Bengal tiger, commonly called the royal tiger. What did our showman do? Why, he knew the world, and he changed the name of the beast from the *tigre royal* to the *tigre national*!

YOUTHFUL TALENT.—Congreve had written his comedies at twenty-five; the best anecdotes of the acuteness of Cyrus are those of his boyhood.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.—There are men who say they know the world, because they know its vices. So does an officer at Bow-street, or the turnkey at Newgate. This would be a claim to knowledge of the world, if there were but rogues in it.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.—To show wisdom in a book, it is but necessary that we should possess the theoretical wisdom; but in life, it requires not only the theoretical wisdom, but the practical ability to act up to it. We may know exactly what we ought to do, but we may not have the fortitude to do it. "Now," says the shy man in love, "I ought to go and talk to my mistress—my rival is with her—I ought to make myself as agreeable as possible—I ought to throw that fellow in the shade by my *bons mots* and my compliments." Does he do so? No! he sits in a corner, and scowls at the lady. He is in the miserable state described by Persius. He knows what is good, and cannot perform it. Yet this man, if an author, from the very circumstance of feeling so bitterly that his constitution is stronger than his reason, would have made his lover in a book all that he could not be himself in reality.

VANITY.—Two persons in one of Sir John Suckling's plays are under sentence of execution, and the poet hits off the vanity of the one by a stroke worthy of a much greater dramatist:—"I have something troubles me," says Pellagrin. "What's that?" asks his friend. "The people," replies Pellagrin, "will say, as we go along, 'thou art the properer fellow!'"

CHEERFULNESS.—Montaigne insists upon it in right earnest, with plenty to support him, that *continual cheerfulness* is the most indisputable sign of wisdom, and that her estate, like that of things in the regions above the moon, is always calm, cloudless, and serene. And in the same essay he recites the old story of Demetrius the grammarian, who, finding in the temple of Delphos a knot of philosophers chatting away in high glee and comfort, said, "I am greatly mistaken, gentlemen, or by your pleasant countenances you are not engaged in any very profound discourse." Whereon Heracleon answered the grammarian with a "Pshaw, my good friend! it does very well for fellows who live in a perpetual anxiety to know whether the future tense of the verb *Ballo* should be spelled with one *l* or two, to knit their brows and look solemn; but we who are engaged in discoursing true philosophy, are cheerful as a matter of course!"

INEFFICACY OF AMBITION.—Ask the oldest, the most hacknied adventurer of the world, and you will find he has some dream at his heart, which is more cherished than all the honors he seeks; some dream, perhaps, of a happy and serene retirement, which has lain at his breast since he was a boy, and which he will never realize. The trader and his retreat at Highgate are but the type of Walpole and his palace at Houghton. The worst feature in our knowledge of the world is, that we are wise to little purpose—we penetrate the hearts of others, but we do not satisfy our own. Every wise man feels that he ought not to be ambitious, nor covetous, nor subject to emotion—yet the wisest go on toiling and burning to the last. Men who have declaimed most against ambition have been among the most ambitious; so that at the best we only get wise for the sake of writing books, which the world seldom sees till we are dead—or of making laws and speeches which, when dead, the world hastens to forget. "When all is done, human life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

SENSE.—When one of our most popular moralists observed, "that he never knew a man of sense a general favorite," he uttered a sentiment peculiarly adapted to charm the English. In France every man of sense would have aspired to be a general favorite, and every man of literary distinction might have won easily enough to that ambition. But here intellect alone does not produce fashion, and the author, failing to attain it, affects the privilege of railing, and the right to be disappointed.

THE PEOPLE.—Were it not something profane to accuse so glorious a benefactor as Shakspeare of any offence, it might, perhaps, be justly observed, that while his works abound with pithy sarcasms on the foibles of the common people, they have never brought into a strong light their nobler qualities; even the virtues accorded them are the mere virtues of servants, and rarely aspire beyond fidelity to a master in misfortune. But not now, thank heaven, is it the mode, the cant, to affect a disdain of the vast majority of our fellow-creatures—an unthinking scorn for their opinions or pursuits; the philosophy of past times confused itself with indifference; the philosophy of the present rather seeks to be associated with philanthropy.

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No. 49.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

THE FICKLE MAN.

Yes—I must confess—in fact there would be no use in denying—every body knows it—I am—I always have been—I always shall be—a *fickle* man. I have no fixed opinions, no fixed wishes, no fixed passions, no fixed prejudices, or partialities, or antipathies. I am the regular creature that men talk so lightly of, that women hate so. Nature, nature, why didst thou create me *fickle*? That one fault has swallowed up all my accomplishments, all my virtues.

I am ingenuous, affectionate, talented, well-informed, and, withal, (so people say,) rather peculiar for good appearance and interesting address. But they have a cant way of talking about me, as, "he is certainly a fine fellow, but then" (fancy the face drawn up into an expression of half pity and half contempt,) "but then he has no *stability*. He is *fickle* as the wind."

Well! so I am; and I must bear the consequences; and so I will, let hum-drum people with stability and fidelity, and all that, say what they please. I hate stability. Heaven formed me of fine, subtle materials, susceptible to every impression, full of fire and enthusiasm. What they call stability is *selfishness*, the want of noble and uncontrollable impulses. The existence of such persons is confined within the narrowest circle. They are like certain animals or insects. Your spider, now, is a stable, faithful, precious character. He sits all night and all day in his dark dusty corner, weaving his murderous web, ignorant of all the magnificent operations around him. Suppose he had a heart to feel the glowing charms of nature, would not he oftentimes abandon his lowly task? and then the people would grieve that he had no *stability*.

As the world is, however, my disposition subjects me to many misconstructions. In business matters I am shunned by all who know me. In affairs of the heart, heaven help me, I fear I have got my reputation up for a sad fellow, but upon my soul I cannot help it. Let me give you a brief account of my last year.

I met Charlotte A— at a jam, in — street. She was the belle of the evening, and her beauty, wit, and animation unmanned me quite. With what taste she dressed! Sure some *perukier* from Paris had modelled her rich hair so ingeniously. The saucy New-York fashions. What daring spirit set them? They are worthy of the genius of Napoleon. Their audacious elegance appeared to me graceful as the lovely being who wore them, and what with dancing, waltzing, singing and eating ices, I—I—fell in love with Charlotte, and she with me.

She reminded me of those superb lines by the author of Lillian.

"She sketched—the vale, the wood, the beach
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized—I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading.
She warbled Handel—it was grand,
She made the Catalani jealous
She touched the organ—I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the bellows!"

I should certainly have married Charlotte, had I not the next week met her sister. Fancy can picture no beings more unlike. The first was, I soon found out, a great tall forward girl, who had flirted with all the handsome men in town. But Laura! a rosebud just uncurling its leaves—a dove seeking the loneliest shade—a creature so gentle and pure, that to see her and not to love her, would have been in me—not fidelity, but stupidity. Why should I not love her? She was every way better than her sister, both in person, mind and disposition. When I compared their dress I was compelled to make up my mind at once. Charlotte has a child's passion for finery and gewgaws. I had been dazzled by her complexion. I had looked into her eyes, and taken it for granted that the mind was as beautiful; and I had not seen that her heart was trifling and her soul low—that she had no intellect and no feeling—that she snapped at a good offer of matrimony as a codfish snaps at a baited hook—and that, in short, she was not the woman to make me happy. No Charlotte, I said to myself, thou hast deceived me: I deceived myself, I thought I loved thee, but I loved thee not. It was a spirit of my own imagination, which I conceived dwelt in thy form—to marry thee would make us both miserable. So I abandoned myself entirely to my passion for Laura. Never shall I forget the impression the first sight of her made upon me. After the tinsel and glitter both in the apparel and manners of her sister, how grateful to my observation was her quiet demeanour; the hair parted so simply over her forehead—her dress so proper, and obviously arranged to avoid notice. The dress of a modest woman is the thing after all, however unfashionable such an affair certainly is. I'll tell you he identical moment when I fell in love with Laura. It was one afternoon in summer on a walk. I had been rather interested in watching her actions, but never dreamed of loving her,

till a casual remark was made by one of the party. It appeared strange to me; but no one noticed it. I passed my eyes deliberately over every face to detect an expression of that feeling which it had awakened in my breast. No one responded with even a glance, till I came to her. Her eyes were fixed on a flower which she held in her fingers. I observed her face. Did you ever in nature gaze on any thing more beautiful than the expression on a sweet woman's features, while she is quietly engaged in a pleasurable thought? When she looked up, my first thought was that she had precisely my own idea of what had been said. My second—that it was exceedingly strange I had seen her so often, without perceiving how superior her beauty was over that of all her companions. My third—that I wondered if any one was in love with her; and my fourth, that I was actually in love with her myself. I offered her my arm immediately. She accepted it with the sweetest of sweet smiles. By heaven, she was an angel! Her voice—the tone of a running brook was not more full of nature's own melody, and her mind—

Now what was I to do? I was positively engaged to Charlotte. But what of that? Could a contract entered into through a mistake, excuse me for swearing at the altar that I would for ever love her? It would be a downright —. No, I would not "lay perjury to my soul;" so I wrote her a civil note, couched in the most delicate terms, and calculated not to wound her feelings. I felt like a scoundrel when I sealed the letter. Every thing I had ever read about broken hearts came up in my memory; I thought of Mr. W. Irving's delicious bit of poetic prose, and I recollected, "she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection, and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless," &c. I had not well finished my reveries, when the messenger brought her reply, which stated, "that she was extremely happy to find I had taken off her hands the trouble of breaking from a match which must eventuate unhappily." "Gracious heavens!" said I to myself, quite glad to find I was no murderer, but a little piqued, notwithstanding; "what an escape I have had!"

I was soon on such terms with Laura that we had only to name the day. I sat one morning in my office, alone and thoughtful. "Dear Laura," said I to myself, "how happy will thy artlessness make me! Thy pure trusting innocence—thy very ignorance of the world"—(I think ignorance in a woman is becoming; it flings her sounder under the control of her husband.) "Laura knows nothing of the world. She cares for it so little that she has not even taken pains to acquire those accomplishments which would make her appear well in fashionable society. She does not draw—and paint and dance—and play and sing. These are allurements which lead to dissipation. Dear Laura, thou art made for me."

I was interrupted by the entrance of an intimate friend. He knew me well, and I unbosomed myself to him.

"Yes, dear Tom, I am going to marry."

"And whom?"

"Dear Tom, the loveliest of her sex."

"Fiddlesticks, so you said of Mary B.—ditto, Henrietta L.—ditto, Anna V.—ditto, —"

"But, Tom, these feelings were merely the ebullitions of a boyish fancy; they were bubbles which broke—dreams—all nonsense: but now, I am not only in love, but actually engaged—engaged; and I am this very morning waiting to receive from her, sole object of my everlasting love, a letter, naming the day that is to make us happy—and, by Jupiter, here it is!"

A boy entered, and handed me the letter. It was the first I had ever received from her. I kissed it—pressed it to my bosom—kissed it again, then opened it, and read—

"MY DEER W.—I am now thine forever and ever—so shall not make no bones of saying that next Tuesday night two weeks shall be the period of our union.—Yours affectionately,—LAURA."

I put up the letter. I recollected at that moment that I had been told something of her sickness in early life, and backwardness in education. My friend wished me joy, and as soon as he had gone, I answered the letter, saying, that some inexplicable accidents in my pecuniary matters had reduced me so far as to render matrimony out of the question. She never replied to the letter. These are a few of the disadvantages we *fickle* men feel.

I am ashamed to confess how little pain I suffered from this disappointment. I foreswore all womankind however, as I had done several times before, and resolved to apply myself to mathematics, so I shut myself up in my study, resolved to admit no one, and to spend all my leisure moments there alone. I had just moved into the house. Some one tapped at the door—heavens, what a lovely creature! fresh as a full-blown rose. She curtsied, blushed, and spoke very prettily to tell me her master had sent her to know whether I "wanted anything." "By Jove," said I, as I closed the door, "Is it possible I am in love again?" W. M. B.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.

BY A LADY.

"Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast? Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek. She is clothed with neatness, she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head. Her eye speaketh softness and love; but discretion, with a sceptre, sitteth on her brow. The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments; he putteth his heart in her bosom and receiveth comfort."

"Love guard thee, gentlest! and may every woe
Be far from thy young heart,—and sorrow not
For me, sweet daughter, in my lonely lot
God will be with me."
This was a mother's parting with her child,
A young meek bride on whom fair fortune smiled,
And wooed her with a voice of love, away
From childhood's home."—MRS. HEMANS.

You are, at this moment, the happiest woman in existence. The visions of bliss that have long floated over your imagination are now about to be realized; and the cares, anxieties, (and regrets, that have heretofore thrown shadows over your path now vanish, and are dissipated by the bright sun of rapture that beams so joyously upon your heart. But in the midst of all this brightness, all this happiness, do not forget the fable of the boy, who, enraptured with the delightful flowers that were springing up around him, abandoned his allotted task, to wile away his hours in the midst of their fragrance. In other words, let not the fairy joys that now surround you, induce you to forget the task which you have voluntarily undertaken, or allow your present happiness to render you neglectful of the DUTY of a WIFE.

The task appears light, and it will be found light if you enter upon it in time; a day, an hour's neglect is important, we know not what an hour may produce. It is necessary for you to commence with those reflections, and the ideas which they inspire will lead you on to the consummation of that happiness which you so ardently aspire to and expect. You are the wife of one whom you have reason to believe is the best disposed, and the most honorable of men; he appears passionately devoted to you, and, in all probability, he himself imagines that his affection will endure, in all its strength and purity, to the latest moment of life. But there is not a greater contradiction in nature than the character of *man*. Made up of passions and prejudices, his merits are mostly negative, and consist not in the actual presence of good, but in the fortitude with which his more endured nature enables him to withstand evil. Thus he becomes the creature of circumstances, and is swayed and biassed by associations.

The great endeavor of a *wife* must be, therefore, to fix the disposition of her husband by increasing and persevering attentions; there is nothing more easy, if the task is assumed upon the outset in the marriage state; it is then a pleasure—the *bride* thinks no exertions too great to promote the happiness of the man she loves, and she perseveres in the task, until the very task itself becomes connected with her habits and manners of life, and consequently with her happiness. But if she neglects this opportunity, it can never be regained; the favorable moment will not return, and then, when the excitement of the occasion has abated, and the novelty of the new situation worn off, she discovers the fallacy of her expectations, and that all her high-built hopes are castles in the air. The early hours of married life glide on so felicitously, that the proper energies of the wife are lulled, as it were, into repose; a state of blissful repose certainly, but the more dangerous the nearer it approaches bliss. She fondly imagines the same happiness which attends her wedding-day, and continues for some time after, will be permanent; that her husband's enthusiasm will continue, and that, therefore, she may remain a passive participator in the enjoyment, which will last forever! This is the idea of most newly-married ladies, but the experience of every day proves their error. It is upon this belief that the foundation of most unhappiness is established. A bride must never encourage it. She must not regard marriage as the perfection, but as the means of happiness; she must commence the new condition of life as if she were about to commence a journey, the destination to be arrived at with difficulty, although roses and bright flowers enliven the way.

Man, as I have before said, is the creature of circumstances, and unless his disposition is naturally depraved, it is in the power of a wife to render him a source of perfect enjoyment. She must not abandon those little artifices which she so successfully exerted in winning a heart, now that heart is entirely her own; for when it finds the attraction is gone, it will rebel. The common way of wives is to resign themselves to utter heedlessness and negligence. Then the husband finds his way home wearisome. He sees in his walks, beautiful women, dressed and adorned with choice attractions; and when he returns home, he

finds his wife *en deshabille*. Then his imagination institutes comparisons between the carefully adorned beauties, that have met his glance in the morning, and the neglectful wife, who has received him at home. Then that home becomes wearisome; perhaps he may prove his wife's negligence; if she is what is termed spirited, a quarrel ensues; if her disposition is sullen, she turns her back upon her husband, and plays with her lap-dog, or sits in silence, contemplating the fire-tongs and shovel, or some such interesting piece of furniture.

Conclusion in our next.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1832.

The Irving dinner.—To the exclusion of almost every thing else, we make room for the *entire* proceedings at the dinner, given on the thirtieth ultimo. It was one of the most interesting entertainments ever offered in this country. The name of Washington Irving is familiar to every lip, and his delightful writings to every heart. His celebrity has been of a nature so unalloyed and universal, as to rank him with Addison, Goldsmith, and Steele; and the younger part of our community have been so long accustomed to hear of him, and to read his thoughts, without the hope of seeing his person, and listening to his voice, that the appearance of the *man* among us is almost like the coming to life of some of those departed poets and authors whose works enrich our libraries, and whose names are cherished as something sacred and apart from those of the living. In every way, to all parties, all ages, this festival teemed with extraordinary interest and associations. It is, indeed, seldom the lot of any one to be so warmly, so perfectly and generally beloved, as the object of these remarks. The old recollected him as a boy. The young had, at their school-desks, drunk in the inspirations of his genius, and read him by stealth behind Homer and Virgil. When we entered the drawing-rooms adjoining the apartment where the tables had been set, and singled out the author of *Rip Van Winkle*, the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, the *Wife*, and those other beautiful creations in the *Sketch-book*, *Salmagundi*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and excellent old *Deidrich Knickerbocker*—when we followed him farther in his course over foreign lands, collecting the materials for "*The Tales of a Traveler*," and "*Columbus*," and when we ran over in our mind the many a hearty laugh, the many an hour of pleasant melancholy, which we owed to him, we felt that he truly deserved the lively gratitude and admiration which beamed from every face.

At six the company, now increased to nearly three hundred, entered the large assembly-room, where a splendid dinner had been spread. We give the account below, not as news, but with the view of securing its preservation for future reference, several thousand copies of the *Mirror* being annually bound in volumes.

At the right hand of Mr. Irving, sat his old friend and literary associate, Mr. Paulding; and on the left, our venerable and gifted countryman, Chancellor Kent. When Mr. Irving arose to speak, we found ourselves under the influence of a strong excitement, which, indeed, pervaded the whole assembly, hushed every breath, fixed every eye upon him. There was a moment's pause—deep and impressive in the extreme—and, after his first few words, which were low, and would have been inaudible but for the perfect silence around, there ran through the whole crowd a murmur of delight. As he continued he grew gradually warm and enthusiastic; if he paused again, it seemed only to select from the throng of ideas which pressed upon his mind; and we certainly never witnessed more graceful embarrassment, more eloquent hesitation. The effect of his few, and evidently unpremeditated remarks, surpassed that of any other we ever heard.

In the course of the evening one of the speakers observed, that while Mr. Irving had been doing honor to his country *abroad*, Mr. Paulding had been doing honor to his country *at home*; and the health of the author of the "*Dutchman's Fireside*," was drunk with acclamations. Much sparkling wit and eloquence were displayed, and toasts enough sent up by the numbers present to fill a small duodecimo, drunk *en masse*, and consequently not collected.

In common with our fellow-citizens, we can scarcely express how sincerely we participate in this spontaneous burst of feeling, which welcomes back the distinguished wanderer to his native city. We have not, it is true, such allurements to offer him as have lighted his steps over other lands—the wonders and luxuries, the high refinements, and classical associations of our mother country—but we offer him the homage of a free nation, on which he has shed splendor, as well by the purity of his private life as by the brilliancy of his literary reputation. While indulging in the loose reflections natural to the occasion, we are led to an animating and irrepressible conviction that there are around us, in the daily routine of life, and, especially, in those paths which are thronged with aspirants after professional distinction, many others capable of illustrating the genius of our country. It must have struck others, as well as our ourselves, that our literary talent, with a few brilliant, and we may add, accidental exceptions, has not received sufficient encouragement either from the gentle hand of friendly criticism, or the fostering care and inspiring attention of a liberal public. We hope these times are passing away. We hope this high model will at once cheer our youth and awaken the minds of the community to the real importance of the subject. There are, doubtless, under the obscure names about us, many intellects, amply competent to enter upon the literary arena, and cope with the mightiest of the old world, were their powers developed by stimulants to action. We have the fervid poetry of Moore, the all-comprehending genius of Scott, the classical taste of Bulwer, and the chaste elegance and exquisite humor of Addison, pleading at the bar, lecturing in our medical colleges, and passing away from the earth without ever appearing in their proper element. If we are not mistaken, the honored guest who elicited the present expression of public sentiment, after having been himself educated for the bar, was, by the accident of ill health, led to those pursuits, whose triumphant success in every part of the civilized world, his ardent friends met together to celebrate.

As not an inappropriate offering in this place, we copy the

following "literary treasure" from the American, written many years since:

My Dear Sir—I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently jocose History of New-York. I am sensible, that, as a stranger to American parties and politics, I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece; but I must own, that, looking at the simple and obvious meaning only, I have never read any thing so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of *Diedrich Knickerbocker*. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. Scott, and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think, too, there are passages which indicate that the author possesses power of a different kind, and has some touches which remind me much of Sterne. I beg you will have the kindness to let me know when Mr. Irving takes pen in hand again; for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat, which I may chance never to hear of but through your kindness. Believe me, dear sir, your obliged humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbottford, 23d April, 1813.

We now proceed to present the details of the dinner, which commenced with the following correspondence:

New-York, May 23, 1832.

Washington Irving, Esq.—Sir: A number of your townsmen, many of them the associates of your youth, impatient to evince to you their feelings of gratification at your return among them, to express the interest they have felt in your career in every period of its increasing brilliancy, to pay a just tribute to private worth, and to give you a warm and cordial welcome to your native city, beg that you will appoint some day when you will honor them with your company at a public dinner. We are, with great regard, your friends and servants.

James Renwick, W. B. Lawrence, Geo. W. Strong, Henry Ogden, F. B. Cutting, Cornelius Low, Peter Schermerhorn, James J. Jones, Richard Ray, Chas. Fenne Hoffman, Frederick Depeyster, Jr. Chas. F. Grim, Thomas R. Mercein, Augustus Fleming, M. C. Paterson, James G. King, Morris Robinson, Thomas L. Wells, Charles Graham, Chas. L. Livingston, John W. Francis, James Kent, T. L. Ogden, Saml. Swartwout, Jno. Duer, Jno. W. Nelson, Abm. Schermerhorn, W. Gracie, B. Robinson, William M. Price, Wm. Van Wyck, J. J. Van Wageningen, F. Verplanck, David C. Colden, J. A. King, Chas. King, Peter J. Stuyvesant, Ogden Hoffman, N. Low, Jacob Morton, Philip Hone, Wm. Bard, Thos. W. Ludlow.

New-York, May 24, 1832.

Gentlemen—It is with feelings of the most gratified pride and affection that I accept of your kind and flattering invitation. It is one of the many testimonials of cordial welcome on the part of my townsmen and early friends, that have made my return to my native land and city the happiest moment of my life. As you have had the kindness to leave to me the naming of the day for the honor you propose to confer on me, I will, if suitable to your convenience, appoint Wednesday next for that purpose. I am, gentlemen, with the deepest feelings of gratitude and affection, your friend and townsman,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The great saloon of the City-hotel was thrown open, and three lines of tables were covered with all the substantial and delicacies of the season. Chancellor Kent officiated as president, assisted by Messrs. J. Hone, J. Duer, Professor Renwick, T. L. Ogden, Samuel Swartwout, and Charles Graham, as vice-presidents. After the company was seated, the guests entered, preceded by the president and Mr. Irving, who, on taking his seat at the table, was received with loud acclamations. Among the guests were W. A. Duer, LL.D., Bishop Onderdonk, the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, General Santander, president of the republic of New Grenada; Edward P. Livingston, Esq., lieutenant-governor of the state; the venerable Mr. Gallatin; Mr. Behr, the representative of the Belgian government; Senor Don Thomas Gener, formerly president of the Constitutional Spanish Cortes; General Scott, of the U. S. army; Commodore Chauncey, of the U. S. navy; M. Le Ray de Chaumont, of Jefferson county; Chancellor Walworth, Vice Chancellor McCoun, Judges Jones, Oakley, Irving, and Hoffman, James K. Paulding, Esq. G. S. Newton, Esq., and several other distinguished individuals. Many more were invited, but were unable to attend: among the number, were the governor, the mayor, Joseph Bonaparte, Jacob Sutherland, H. G. Otis, S. Jones, and G. C. Verplanck.

The Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk asked a blessing upon the feast, and the Rev. Dr. Wainwright briefly returned thanks, in which he alluded to the influence of literature and science upon the cause of religion.

When the cloth was removed the president read the following letters of apology:

POINTE BREEZE 29th MAY, 1832.

Messieurs—Je ne reçois qu'à cette heure, seulement, la lettre que vous avez bien voulu m'écrire le 25 du courant. Il ne me reste que le temps de vous exprimer mes regrets de ne pouvoir me rendre à votre invitation, et vous prier d'agréer mes remerciements et ma considération la plus distinguée.

JOSEPH CTE. DE SURVILLIERS.

Messieurs du Comité de New-York, à l'occasion de l'arrivée de Mr. W. Irving.

New-York, May 26, 1832.

Gentlemen—I have had the honor of receiving your note enclosing a card of invitation to the dinner to be given to Washington Irving, on the 30th instant. I regret exceedingly that I am obliged to leave town before that day, and that it will therefore not be in my power to unite with you in that testimonial of respect to our distinguished fellow-citizen. In addition to the consideration to which his private character and virtues entitle him, I feel that I owe him a debt of gratitude for his unremitting and successful efforts in the cause of literature, and particularly for the distinction which those efforts have conferred upon the literary character of our country. I am, with great respect, your obedient servant.

JACOB SUTHERLAND.

To Messrs. J. G. King, Samuel Swartwout, and others, Committee.

New-York, May 29, 1832.

Sir—It is with extreme regret that I am obliged to decline the invitation of the committee for the dinner to our distinguished fellow-citizen, Washington Irving, on Wednesday, the thirtieth instant. It would have given me great pleasure to meet this our much esteemed fellow-citizen, who has been so long absent from us, but whose feelings have been so uniformly true to the land of his nativity, and the friends of his youth. We recur with delight to our recollections of his genius in early life; and we follow him, with high gratification, in his literary career in foreign countries, where he has won rich, imperishable fame for himself, and has contributed so largely to the honor and glory of his native land. I join most cordially with my fellow-citizens in greeting his return to us, and in tendering to him the assurance of our confidence in his love of country, and of our gratification in the proud eminence he has gained for himself and for his country in the republic of letters. Be pleased to accept for yourself and your fellow-members of the committee, my thanks for the honor of the invitation I am thus obliged to decline, and assure them and our mutual friends, who may assemble on this great occasion, that although personally absent from them, my liveliest feelings and best wishes attend them. I have the honor to be, dear sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,

S. JONES.

M. C. Patterson, Esq.

Washington, May 27, 1832.

Dear Sir—I tender my thanks to yourself and your friends, for their kind invitation to participate in the dinner proposed to be given to Washington Irving, on the 30th instant.

The recollection of an early and uninterrupted friendship, as well as the pride which I have, for many years, cherished in the constantly increasing literary honors which he has conferred upon our country; and let me add, upon his and my native city, would not permit an ordinary cause to prevent my meeting with you on this joyous occasion. But I am compelled, reluctantly to forego this pleasure, by the urgency and importance of the great subjects now before congress at this late and busy period of the session.—I am, very truly, yours, &c.

G. C. VERPLANCK.

M. C. Patterson.

After the above letters were read, and toasts given, the president, (Chancellor Kent) rose, and delivered the following address:

We have met to express to a distinguished fellow-citizen, our gratitude for the exalted rank to which he has raised the literary reputation of this country; to testify our admiration of his genius, and to show that we cordially partake of the kindly and generous sympathies which pervade and have been diffused by his works. The mention of this subject calls up a

crowd of associations and recollections, which even adequately to refer to, would carry me far beyond the limits of the time and the occasion; but on which my feelings compel me, for a few minutes, to linger.

When the gentleman alluded to, commenced his brilliant career (and which we trust is far from its termination,) by a display of the wit and humor, the keen satire and sprightly portraits which distinguish his earliest production (in which it is understood he was assisted by a kindred genius) we had scarcely any literary character as a nation, though we were entitled to claim the exhibition of a due share of national energy and enterprise. Our taste and manners were greatly in need of improvement. The admirable work to which I have referred, partook largely of a dramatic character, and being armed with wit and powers of the highest order, it undertook to chastise folly, correct false taste, reform bad manners, and mend the heart. The effort was well received, and the public judgment had no reason, in anywise, to be offended. No composition of this kind was ever more distinctly stamped with the impression of sterling morals, and invariable good feelings, or more free from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. The work even abounded with touches of sentiment and pathos, and with fictitious scenes, calculated to awaken the deepest sympathy. The legend of the first colonization of this city, and of the adjacent shores, must at this moment be vivid in the memories of us all. Such a mock-heroic history; written in the finest strain of burlesque gravity, and of witty and ludicrous description, and of playful, but pointed satire and ridicule. It has rarely, perhaps never, been surpassed, not even by *Rabelais* or *Swift*, in its power, spirit, and effect. It was, at the same time, written with so much good temper and humanity, that there is nothing in it justly chargeable with a tendency to make one worthy man its foe. The materials of both those satirical productions were of a lively growth. They partook of no transatlantic flavor. They were original and inimitable creations of American genius, in all its freshness, fullness and strength, and solely erected upon American topics. But the mind that produced them was soon destined to display in another hemisphere its powers of thought and invention, amidst the beautiful scenes of English rural life, and the magnificent remains of Gothic grandeur.

In the sketches and essays of *Geoffrey Crayon*, we have a series of liberal, moral and pathetic reflections, interwoven with legendary tales of fascinating interest, and adorned with the utmost purity of taste and elegance of style. Many of the stories possess the charm of the finest fictions in the English classics. The liberality, the gentleness, the philanthropy, the taste, the sound judgment and varied accomplishments of the writer seem to have at once surprised and delighted the English reader. Those sketches were attended with magical effects. Arrogance stood rebuked and ashamed, and prejudice was subdued and succeeded by admiration and love.

We rejoiced to behold one of our own native sons rival on English ground, the grace and elegance, the pathos and lofty morals of Addison, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie; we shared equally with our transatlantic brethren in the pleasure afforded by his graphic descriptions; and hung with an equal intensity of interest over the descriptions of some of his matchless English scenes and incidents. But we are free to admit that we took a far deeper interest in those enchanting visions which brought us back to the borders of the romantic Hudson; "to the blue hills of our own country, which we love so dearly," and to the "deep mountain glens" of the Kaatskills, and to the "twilight superstitions" of the *Sleepy Hollow*. Through all the writings of our distinguished countryman, even in his earlier and sprightlier productions, we meet with occasional sentiments of high and grave import, the genuine growth of ardent feelings which go directly to the heart. Nothing can be more soothing and gratifying to meditative minds than such pensive, chaste and mellowed reflections, arising from views of autumnal scenery, the ruins of ancient art, and the monuments of departed greatness. The gentleman who favored the world with these productions, not contented with enjoying the admiration of the republic of letters to a very eminent degree, was in the mean time busy in earning for himself a title to a still higher niche in the temple of fame. Having access to original and fresh documents relating to the life of *CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS*, he was encouraged and enabled to undertake and execute a great historical work, and on a subject the most rich in its details, and the most magnificent in its results, of any that ever employed the pen of the historian. He brought to the task all his great and diversified powers. His materials were selected with judgment and studied with diligence, arranged with skill and exhibited with fidelity, polished with taste and recommended by finished specimens of a graceful, flowing and dignified composition. The discovery of America was essentially a domestic theme. Though the enterprise was begun in Europe, it was consummated on this side of the Atlantic. The settlement of this new world seems to be a subject peculiarly appropriate to the pen of an American writer, who would naturally feel and appreciate most deeply and justly, the inestimable value of the discovery and the mighty consequences of the establishment of great nations on this continent, with their languages and institutions, their freedom of religion, their arts and sciences, spreading themselves over its surface. The choice was most propitious, and the *History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus*, will probably become the standard work on that subject through all succeeding ages. It equals the most distinguished historical compositions, not only in the dignity of the subject, but in the judgment, skill, spirit and felicity of its execution. This eminent historian, honored and beloved abroad, now returns with joy to the home of his youth, and to the beloved companions and scenes of his earliest glory. Let us then drink to

Our illustrious guest—thrice welcome to his native land.

When the applause with which this toast was received ceased, Mr. Irving rose, greatly agitated by the warm cheers with which he was hailed. He observed, that he believed most of his hearers were sensible of his being wholly unused to public speaking, but he should be wanting in the feelings of human nature, if he were not roused and excited by the present scene. After renewed cheering he proceeded in, as nearly as can be recollected, the following words:

"Mr. President and gentlemen—I find myself, after a long absence of seventeen years, surrounded by the friends of my youth—by those whom in my early days I was accustomed to look up to with veneration—by others, who though personally new to me, I recognise as the sons of the patriarchy of my native city. The manner in which I have been received by them, has rendered this the proudest, the happiest moment of my life. And what has rendered it more poignant is, that I have been led, at times, to doubt my standing in the affections of my countrymen. Rumors and suggestions had reached me (here Mr. I. betrayed much emotion) that absence had impaired their kind feelings; that they considered me alienated in heart from my country. Gentlemen, I was too proud to vindicate myself from such a charge; nor should I have alluded to it at this time, if the warm and affectionate reception I have met with on all sides since my landing, and the overpowering testimonials of regard here offered me, had not proved that my misgivings were groundless. (Cheers and clapping here interrupted the speaker for a few moments.) Never, certainly, did a man return to his native place, after so long an absence, under happier auspices. On my side I see changes, it is true, but they are the changes of rapid improvement and growing prosperity; even the countenances of my old associates and townsmen, have appeared to me but slightly affected by the lapse of years, though perhaps it was the glow of ancient friendship and heartfelt welcome beaming from them, that prevented me from seeing the ravages of time. As to my native city, from the time I approached the coast, I had indications of its growing greatness. We had scarce descried the land, when a thousand sails of all descriptions gleaming along the horizon, and all standing to or from one point, showed that we were in the neighborhood of a vast commercial emporium. As I sailed up our beautiful bay, with a heart swelling with old recollections and delightful associations, I was astonished to see its once wild features brightening with populous villages and noble piles, and a seeming city, extending itself over heights I had left covered with green forests (alluding, probably, to Brooklyn and Gowanus.) But how shall I describe my emotions when our city rose to sight, seated in the midst of its watery domain, stretching away to a vast extent; when I beheld a glorious sunshine lighting up the spires and domes, some familiar to memory, others new and unknown, and beaming upon a forest of masts of every nation, extending as far as the eye could reach? I have gazed with admiration upon many a fair city and stately harbor, but my admiration was cold and ineffectual, for I was a stranger, and had no property in the soil. Here, however, my heart throbbed with pride and joy as I admired—I had a birthright in the brilliant scene before me:

"This was my own, my native land."

Mr. Irving was here interrupted by immense applause: when the cheering had subsided he went on as follows. "It has been asked, 'Can I be content to live in this country?' Whoever asks that question must have but an inadequate idea of its blessings and delights. What sacrifice of enjoyments have I to reconcile myself to? I come from gloomier climes to one of brilliant sunshine and inspiring purity. I come from countries lowering with doubt and

danger, where the rich man trembles and the poor man frowns—where all repine at the present and dread the future. I come from these to a country where all is life and animation; where I hear on every side the sound of exultation; where every one speaks of the past with triumph, the present with delight, the future with glowing and confident anticipation. Is this not a community in which one may rejoice to live? Is this not a city by which one may be proud to be received as the son? Is this not a land in which one may be happy to fix his destiny, and ambition—if possible to found a name? (A burst of applause, when Mr. Irving quickly resumed)—“I am asked how long I mean to remain here? They know but little of my heart or my feelings who can ask me this question. I answer, as long as I live.” The roof now rung with bravos, handkerchiefs were waved on every side, “three cheers” again and again, and plaudits upon plaudits following in such quick succession, begun, ended and begun again, that it was some time before the toast with which Mr. Irving concluded, could be heard. It was as follows:

Our City—May God continue to prosper it.

Mr. Hone, the first vice-president, being called upon for a toast, addressed the meeting in a neat and appropriate speech, of which we add a sketch:

I rise for the purpose of proposing as the next toast—*The memory of the first settlers of our city.*

This sentiment is always acceptable on occasions of this kind; for those of us whose blood has flowed from other fountains are ever ready to acknowledge their virtues, and to express our veneration for the foundation on which the superstructure of our prosperity has been erected. But there is a peculiar propriety in its introduction at this time, when we see around us so many of their lineal descendants, who furnish in their own characters the best eulogium on the virtues of their ancestors, and when we are assembled to do honor to our distinguished townsman, whose youthful associations were connected with that race of men, and who has happily illustrated the history of former days in some of his earliest productions. I am warranted in saying, that during his sojourn in foreign countries, he has never forgotten his first love, (applause,) and while partaking of the hospitality of England, and describing, in terms at once glowing and just, the beauties of her scenery and the proud traits of her national character; and, while seeking amongst the archives of Spain materials for the history of the illustrious navigator who brought a new world to light, he has never ceased to cherish an affectionate remembrance of his native land; (cheers;) and so deeply is this feeling implanted in his heart, that even now (he) will excuse me for betraying family secrets, I hope, on the morning after his arrival, when the fatigues of a sea-voyage, and the excitement arising from this meeting after an absence of seventeen years, he arose with the sun, and sallied out in search of places endeared to him by early recollections. And although I suspect he may have felt it incumbent upon him to visit “the Independent American Hotel in Mulberry-street,” formerly kept by one Seth Handaside, for the purpose of paying off certain scores for sourcrot, (a laugh,) krullekes and olykoekjes, which were left unpaid by his friend Diederich Knickerbocker, at the time of his sudden and mysterious disappearance from that respectable hotel, I have no certain information that he extended his perambulations on that occasion farther than William-street, and the vicinity of the North Dutch church, a classic ground to him and our youthful associates. And here, sir, I must ask your indulgence for a few moments, while I defend my pronunciation of the name of “the little brick old gentleman, dressed in a rusty black coat, olive velvet breeches, and a little cocked hat,” who albeit he did leave his bill unpaid at the “Independent American Hotel,” left a treasure in his saddle-bags, which insured him the gratitude of the present generation. (Bravo.) I am quite sure it is correct, for Miss Nancy Bowles, who “taught my young idea how to shoot,” instructed me to pronounce *knave*, and *knock*; and if I failed in giving the full aspiration to the initial letter of each of these words, she was sure to supply the first to me as an *epithet*, and to inflict the other upon my offending pate. Moreover, I am informed, that the respectable family of Knickerbockers, of Scaghticoke, still adhere to that pronunciation. I have spoken of the attachment which our guest evinces for the relics of the days of our Dutch ancestors, and the avidity with which he has been seeking for memorials of their former existence. I hope he will not be discouraged from his pursuits by the difficulty of tracing them; for, although the ruthless hand of modern improvement has nearly obliterated them, and he may seek in vain Verlatenburg Hill, Smith’s Vile, and the Incleburgh, he may still find Coenties-slip, Dutch-street, and the Hell-gat. But to return to the subject of my toast. It will be allowed that the introduction of the laws of England, with her valuable improvements in the arts, sciences, and literature, and the powerful auxiliaries furnished by the ingenuity and enterprise of our eastern brethren have added greatly to the prosperity of our city. Yet the success of their transplanting proves the goodness of the original soil, and the names of the Russels, the Howards, the Sidneyes, the Stanleys, the Percys, and the Beauchamps of old England, do not call up feelings of more honest pride in the bosoms of her sons, than do the names of the Stuyvesants, the Brinckerhoffs, the Schermerhorns, the Van Schaicks, the Van Wageningen, the Van Rensselaers in ours. (Hearty cheering.) I propose the following toast:

To the First Settlers of New-Amsterdam; their virtues are illustrated in the correct conduct and sound principles of their descendants.

Mr. Duer, the second vice-president, being called upon for a toast, began by prefacing it with a few remarks, which, as their eloquent diction and refined humor kindled the attention of his hearers, and their murmurs of applause excited the speaker, he imperceptibly swelled into the following brilliant and finished essay:

It is expected, I presume, sir, (the presumption is at least convenient) that I should follow the example of my senior colleague, and preface the toast for which you call, with some remarks. Indeed, without the explanation I mean to give, I fear the toast I have to offer would be hardly understood—I fear also, that not only an explanation is requisite, but in some degree an apology. There is no vanity, I hope, in saying that I yield to no one who is present, in a sincere desire to do honor to our friend and guest. No one will or can suspect that I have any wish to wound his feelings—any desire (were that possible) to injure his fame. Yet I am by no means certain that my intended toast, even explained and justified, as it shall be, will be entirely agreeable to him—nor am I certain that the explanation itself may not tend in the estimation of some, to reduce him from the high rank he now holds, still more proceeded; a paramount regard to truth forbids me to be silent; imperative reasons of duty and conscience urge the disclosure I am about to make; which in truth has been already too long deferred. This disclosure I shall certainly manage with all possible consideration and delicacy towards the feelings of our guest; but to suppress it is impossible. It is necessary to dispel an error so prevalent as to be nearly universal. It is necessary to relieve the public mind from a delusion—a very serious delusion, on a very serious subject.—That our guest has contributed by his own acts to create this delusion, I do not assert, yet it cannot be denied, that by his silence he has permitted it to exist. You doubtless well recollect, sir, (most who are present recollect) that sometime in the year 1808 or 9, a work in two volumes was published in this city, containing a very minute and interesting narrative of the early and golden era of our colonial history—I mean the period when the colony was blessed with Dutch rulers, the Dutch language and the Dutch manners. The work bore the title, somewhat ambitious, of a *History of New-York*, and on its title-page the name of Diederich Knickerbocker, as its author. This book, you will remember, was not only received with general applause, but for many months continued to be read with implicit faith. It was universally regarded as containing a narrative equally authentic and curious, not only of the sufferings and exploits of our ancestors, but of the literature, manners, dress, modes of living—I had almost said of thinking—of those primitive times. I correct the error as to thinking, for I believe that habit, not very prevalent in any age, had then scarcely commenced. After the lapse, however, of those few months, during which the “History of New-York” was considered by all competent critics as the most valuable addition that had yet been made to the serious literature of our country—after the lapse, I say, of these few months—a report was invented and circulated, with unusual rapidity and success, denying to Knickerbocker the authorship of his own work, and even the fact of his own existence—a report improbable and scandalous; that the book was not, as it claimed to be, a history, but was a work merely of imagination and fiction—in short, that it was not the matured result of the long continued and successful diligence of Diederich Knickerbocker, but was the sudden fruit of the creative genius of Washington Irving. The author of this report I cannot name, as I have never been able to discover him, but I confess that at first I suspected, and for very obvious reasons, that it had an eastern origin. A friend, however, to whom I communicated my suspicions, (a friend, on whose judgment I had much reliance,) observed, in reply, that it was hardly probable that the laurel would be plucked from the brows of

Diederich Knickerbocker, of Rensselaer, by eastern hands, to be fixed on those of Washington Irving—not of Boston, but of New-York; and I own the reply put an end to my suspicions. Leaving, however, the author, and returning to the report, we all know that it passed rapidly from private circles into the public prints, from newspapers into magazines, from magazines into reviews, and that it has since been monthly and daily repeated, in every form of assertion, and in every mode of publication, until it has at last obtained entire and absolute possession of the public mind, so that, at this time, and in this large assembly, there is not, I am persuaded, a single person, with the exception of myself, who does not believe, with an undoubting faith, that Washington Irving is as truly the author of this “History of New-York” as of the Sketch-Book or of the Life of Columbus. That your own mind, sir, shares deeply in this strange delusion, has already appeared by your opening address, in which (you will pardon me for saying) you have not only entirely mistaken the true character of the work, but have publicly ascribed its merits, such as you conceive them, to the guest whom we are met to honor. Were this a question of law, I should, as we are all accustomed to do, defer to your authority and be silent; but on a question of fact, sir, and where conscience is concerned, even your authority must not subdue me. I have a duty to perform, as we lawyers are somewhat apt to say, when addressing a court or jury, and must proceed—proceed, though I provoke the ridicule or incur the derision of all who hear me.

Yes, gentlemen of the jury, for to you I now direct myself, I know that all of you, numerous as without precedent you are, and it was fitting you should be—that all, every man of you are against me, but strong in the armor,—not as some of you seem disposed to hint “that rings when struck with brazen sounds,” but in the armor of truth and evidence, I fear not to approach you. I know your determined, obstinate, long-cherished partiality for your townsman; ye are all of you lovers of Washington Irving—be it so; but ye are ye not also lovers of truth? If ye are, ye will not, because ye cannot, resist the force of the evidence, the power of the argument, I mean to produce—ye listen to me now with impatience, perhaps indignation, but continue to listen, and even from you, obstinate, incredulous, pre-determined and prejudiced as ye are, I shall yet extort a unanimous verdict. All I ask is your attention—hear me—open your ears, and I promise to reach your consciences, if, pardon the doubt—if consciences ye have.

I resume my address to you, sir, as the most convenient mode of addressing others. The position I lay down, and mean to establish is this: that the work, entitled the “History of New-York” in two volumes, published at the time I have mentioned, with the name on the title-page of Diederich Knickerbocker as the author, is a genuine and authentic work—genuine, as actually written by the man whose name it bears—authentic, as a faithful narrative of the characters and events of the times to which it relates. I hope this is plain, and is understood. The first question I admit to be, did Diederich Knickerbocker ever exist at all? And here I have to regret, that the witness I had summoned from Scaghticoke, and on whom I relied, by some strange accident, are none of them in court. Following therefore, a not unfrequent, and sometimes successful practice, no one doubts its propriety—I offer myself as a witness. Certainly Diederich Knickerbocker has existed. My recollection is clear and distinct—I have seen the man. Cross-examined—I cannot exactly fix the time and place—I cannot state how I knew, and where I conversed with him, but these are trifling particulars; my forgetfulness does not do at all shake the certainty of my belief in the main fact, the man I have seen. Nay, I go farther. Task your own recollection, sir, for it is upon you that I may next call as a witness. Task your own recollection, by the process I shall mention, and you will not refuse to join me in bearing testimony. You have read, I doubt not, frequently the preface to the first edition of the “History of New-York.” Do you not remember, sir, the description it contains of the person, appearance, and dress of Diederich Knickerbocker—the few scattered gray hairs, the bending form, the humble and thoughtful look, the rusty black coat, the tarnished green vest, the olive-colored breeches, and the blue stockings? Have you not seen that man, sir? For myself, I never read this preface, but Diederich stands before me, and so distinct is the image that I know at once, with an intuitive certainty, that it is an image recalled by my own memory, not impressed by the fancy of another. I pass now from the external proof, rigid as you are, sir, you may think it is somewhat weak; be it so; strike it out of the case. The chasm is far more than supplied by the abundance and certainty of internal evidence, to which I shall now appeal.

I begin by stating the question in its true form—Why should we doubt the authenticity of Knickerbocker’s History of New-York? When a work is published with such a title, having on its title-page a christian and surname, as of the author—these, too, the well-known appellatives of an ancient and respected family, the presumption is, that the work is what it purports to be, and the stress of the argument plainly lies on those who impeach its authenticity. I start, then, with this presumption in my favor, and I put again the question, why should we doubt? Are not all the grand, the most important facts related in this history confirmed to us, by every other historian—by every account and tradition that has reached us, of that remote age? Did not Hendrick Hudson discover the Hudson? Was not the colony first settled by emigrants from Holland? Did they not bring with them a language called the Dutch, a very corrupt and dissimilar dialect which is still spoken in various parts of the state? Did they not land on this island, then called by the native Indians Manhattoe, or Manhattan, and adopting the usual process—a process in good repute to the present day—did they not without delay, put out the savages and put in themselves? Were they not, shortly after their establishment, and did they not for a series of years, continue to be vexed, harassed, and put beside their patience, by the encroachments, inroads, proclamations, reasonings and questions of their eastern neighbors? Were not the character and pursuits of those neighbors, such as Diederich Knickerbocker has described them, and such, as to a considerable extent, those of their descendants remain? Were they not talkative and long-winded, inquisitive and subtle, disputations and devout? Did they not fatten pork, import molasses, raise in quantity inordinate, onions and pumpkins, and delight and excel in psalmody? In spite of this persevering, puritanical and most perilous race, did not our ancestors, sir—I say our, for “Io ancho sono Pittore.” I also have a spice of the Dutchman, and in spite I say of this restless and locomotive race—did not our ancestors continue to maintain this goodly city in their own exclusive possession, thereby accomplishing a feat that has utterly baffled the skill of their degenerate sons? Did they not so retain, not the city only, but the state, and were they not for many years, to all intents and purposes, a Dutch community, a Dutch colony, and were not Wouter Van Twiller, Wilhelmus Kieft and Petrus Stuyvesant, in succession their rulers? Now, sir, in all this extended narrative, full of events so various and important, has any incongruity, any inconsistency, yet been detected? Has any one discovered or pretended to discover any mistake or blunder in geography, chronology, or genealogy? You, sir, accustomed to reason, see the force of the argument; you see, sir, there is a consistency here that truth only can give, truth only preserve—a consistency never found in any work of fiction, professing to adopt the events and follow the train of history. Look, for example, at the historical novels of Sir Walter Scott; yet his books abound with flagrant inconsistencies and gross anachronisms, and so abound, even by his own confession.

[Mr. Duer next proceeded to show that the very circumstantial character of the narrative was no objection to its authenticity—he explained the means by which Knickerbocker was enabled to prepare the materials of his history, the details of which, though very minute, he contended were precisely such as the diligent lover of truth was likely to collect, and such as the most lively imagination could never invent, but in this and in other parts of his speech, we feel authorized to condense our report. He resumed as follows.]

I pass now, sir, as rapidly as I can, to another head or branch of my argument. It is amazing to me, sir, amazing that any man can read this “History of New-York”—any man, I mean, of ordinary mind, can read it with ordinary attention, and not be satisfied that it was written by a Dutchman, and not only, sir, that it was, but that it could only have been written by a genuine, full-blooded, unsophisticated Dutchman. Is there not a manifestation—an overflowing of Dutch opinions, and feelings, and prejudices in every page? Open the book where we may, do we not find the Dutch jealousy of Yankee acuteness? the Dutch dread of Yankee audacity? and the Dutch horror of Yankee innovations? But above all, sir, I appeal, with exultation appeal, to that honest Dutch enthusiasm, I repeat it, *Dutch enthusiasm*, that meets us at the very commencement of the narrative—that deepens and brightens as we advance, until it bursts forth, so gloriously at the close, to illuminate with a never-dying splendor the heroic Dutch obstinacy of Peter Stuyvesant! (The company seemed struck with the force of his reasoning, and manifested their assent rather loudly.) I see, sir, my cause advances. I am yet doomed to be victorious—for how triumphantly do I now put my question—Could Washington Irving have written thus? Washington Irving have felt thus? Is there a single drop of Dutch blood in his veins, a single Dutch opinion in his mind, or Dutch feeling or prejudices in his heart? Why, sir, the Irvings are Scotch, I repeat it, sir, Scotch, and not a little proud are they, as I have some

reason to know, of their Scotch descent. It was near the debateable land, not in the fens of Holland, that their ancestors dwelt, and to this day, the imagination of an Irving dwells with far more delight on the ricks and forays of the reivers and moss-troopers of the border, than on that ever-memorable expedition to the Delaware, in which, by Dutch valor, the pride of Sweden was so effectually humbled. It is needless, sir, to need your approbation, I know you are now with me. Your mind is disciplined to yield its preconceived opinions to the force of demonstration, and my reasoning I cannot deny is demonstration. But, sir, there is an obstinacy in that other end of the tables, who are still incredulous, and to drive scepticism from its last refuge, it is necessary that I should produce my last and most conclusive argument. If, when it is heard and considered, any heretics shall remain, I can only say, their case is desperate. They should be marked, sir, as men not to be reasoned with in future.

Let us go back, sir, to the History of New-York, and let me recall your attention to the first five chapters, forming the first book of this immortal work. I mean the chapters which commence with a scientific description of the globe we inhabit—of the matter and magnitude of the sun—the revolutions of the planets—and the errors of comets—which proceed to treat of the cosmogony or creation of the world, of the discovery and peopling of America, and of those vexed questions in the law of nations, the rights acquired by conquest or discovery, and which conclude with a most interesting account of the names, characters, dispersion and adventures of the sons of Noah.—I do not now, sir, call your attention to the very original and profound speculations of the author on these various topics, or to the admirable skill and still more admirable impartiality with which he weighs and balances, and in succession demolishes the rival hypotheses of rival philosophers; but I do call, earnestly call your attention to the learning, extensive, vast, accurate and profound, which these chapters exhibit. Why, sir, in this respect they are absolutely without a parallel. Not only in the literature of our own but any country. Without a parallel in the mass of erudition which in the compass of a few pages they concentrate and condense. It is evident, sir, in reading these chapters that the author is well acquainted with all writers, illustrious and obscure of every country, age, nation, and tongue, and was more particularly conversant with the Hebrew, Arabic, Sanscrit, and Greek literature, in all their branches. He quotes from writers in all these languages, (I have, of course, verified the quotations) with an ease, precision, and fidelity that marks his perfect knowledge of their contents. Why, sir, in these few chapters, in the compass of these few pages, he quotes Plato, Aristotle, Xenophon, Timæus, the Locrian, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Diogenes Laertius, Polybius, Plutarch, Strabo, Stobæus, Photius, Porphyry, Proclus, and Jamblichus, Cassiodorus and Jordanes, Ben-Manasseh, Ben-Leda, and Ben-Er, Abal-Manzar, Abul-Feda, and Abul-Pharagius, with a host of others, not forgetting the favourite authors of Ephraim Jenkinson, Sanchoamath, Maneth, and Berosus. You see, sir, the argument is at an end. I smile in the pride of conscious victory—I smile, when I ask could Washington Irving have written these chapters? Did he ever possess, was he ever suspected to possess, I will not say a tithe, but the smallest imaginable fractional part of that dark, difficult, and abstruse lore, and in which these chapters show their author was so deeply versed? Mr. Irving himself, if I can catch his eye—I have it, sir—Mr. Irving himself shall and does smile when I put the question, when and where he acquired his knowledge of Hebrew, Arabic, and Sanscrit? As to the Greek, I do not push him; he may have read Homer, Pindar, and Anacreon, but he will not, I am sure, assert that he has ever wasted the oil of his midnight lamp over the visions of Plato or the subtleties of Aristotle. But I ask not, sir, that Mr. Irving himself should reply, I ask not his confessions, I refer, sir, to his own works, his acknowledged writings, those to which his title as author is not disputed, and they shall furnish all the evidence I desire. Take, for example, the Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall, the Tales of a Traveller. Do all, any or either of these productions, or any other of his productions, exhibit any, the slightest trace of that “prodigious erudition,” which would have called forth the special wonder of Dominie Sampson himself, and which Diederich Knickerbocker in the first book of immortal history actually displays? That these writings of our friend and guest manifest considerable talent, I am not disposed to deny. The world seems disposed to attribute to them merits of a very high order; but their merits, whatever they are, I affirm with confidence, are not such as books have supplied, or ever will or can supply. The writer, it is evident, depends too much on his own resources. His sentiments are such as his own observations, reflections and feelings have suggested—and his books, far from being a transcript of the words of other men, are the transcript merely of the mind and heart of their author. Rate then as high as you please, the merits and excellencies of these acknowledged writings of our guest, my answer still is, their excellencies have nothing in common with those of my inimitable chapters, and it would be absurd therefore to attribute to them a common origin. What avails it then to tell me, sir, that in the production to which I have referred, our guest has evinced a mastery almost unrivalled of our noble language; that his English is not only rich and copious, but genuine and idiomatic—manifesting his intimate familiarity with the best writers of the best age of our literature—the age of Elizabeth and Shakespeare—showing with what delight he has bathed in those “living founts of poetry and thought”—with what delight he has drawn from those “pure wells of English undefiled.” What avails it to tell me of the varied structure, the rhythmical flow, the harmonious cadence of his sentences, of all those thousand nameless beauties of style, which taste and feeling can alone suggest, taste and feeling alone appreciate? What avails it, I persist, to tell me of those higher qualities of his mind, which his productions are by his partial friends supposed to exhibit—his deep knowledge of the human heart, his nice discrimination of character, his exquisite moral sensibility, his racy and original humour, his keen and delicate wit, his bright and boundless fancy? (much cheering)—I am not so foolish, sir, as to take this applause, any portion of it to myself, nor so weak as to permit it to divert me from my argument.—You mean, all of you to say, that these praises of our guest are well deserved and true. Be it so. Endeavoring to conquer your prejudices, I am on my guard against my own—wishing you to be just to Knickerbocker, I would not be myself unjust to Irving. The praises may be true, but they concern me not. I listen to them calm and unmoved, for they touch not my argument. They do not prove—they have nothing to prove—that Washington Irving ever did, ever could write, the unequalled chapters on which I rest my cause. I resume then—how does it affect my argument, that in some of these writings of our friend, and guest, and townsman, (I grow, I confess, more and more fond of our right to call him so,) that in some of them we find a vein of grave and effective irony, that reminds us irresistibly of the happiest efforts of Cervantes and Fielding—that in some he has rivalled the humour of Swift, unpolluted by an atom of his grossness—in others, the pathos of Sterne redeemed from any mixture of affectation and quaintness? how does it affect my argument, that in some of his productions he fixes our attention and steals into our hearts with all those unobtrusive graces, that unpretending and quiet, yet, most bewitching and intelligent simplicity that gives to the writings of Goldsmith their peculiar charm, whilst in others, he melts and elevates and purifies our affections by a strain of moral sentiment, so true and lofty and refined as to leave in the whole circle of English literature, Addison and Mackenzie as his only rivals? (Loud and repeated cheers.) Again, gentlemen, I understand you. Again, whilst I disclaim the applause, you compel me to say, you move me not. You mean to re-echo and ratify the praises that others have bestowed and I repeat. Be it so—but, planted within the circle of the Five Chapters, the praises and the echo “pass by me as the idle wind,” for they shake not the lightest outwork of the impregnable fortress in which I am stationed. Some, however, of the friends of our guest may think it possible to refute me by referring to what they may deem the greatest and most valuable of his works, the Life of Columbus. They may assert that this work contains evidence that our friend is capable of the application, and may therefore well possess the acquirements of the scholar, not of an ordinary and superficial, but of a thoroughly instructed, a deeply learned scholar. They may tell me that the information contained in this work, is fuller, more curious, authentic, and original, than is to be found in any similar work, in any language on the same subject. That they show the researches of the author to have been most extensive, and prove him to have explored with an untiring and successful zeal, every possible source whence light and knowledge could have been derived or expected. All this may be admitted; but when admitted, what does it prove? Does it prove that Washington Irving ever possessed that abstract love of study, for the sake of study, those habits of unintermitting plodding diligence, which Diederich Knickerbocker must have possessed and exercised for years, to enable him to acquire those stores of literature which in his first book he pours forth with all the profusion of unbounded wealth? Not at all. Any man, when stimulated by a powerful motive, may evince for a time the application of a student; any man engaged in the composition of a work, which he hopes may extend his own fame or the fame of those he wishes to

Continued on page 390.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

Legion of Honor—Presentation to the King—The Throne of France—The Queen and the Princesses—Countess Guiccioli—The late Duel—The season of Carnival—Another Fancy Ball—Difference between private and public maskers—Street masking—Ball at the Palace—The young Duke of Orleans—Princess Christine—Lord Harry, Vane—Heir of Cardinal Richelieu—Villiers—Bernard, Fabvier, Cousin, and other distinguished characters—The Supper—The Glass Verandah, &c.

As I was getting out of a *fiacre* this morning on the Boulevard, I observed that the driver had the cross of the Legion of Honor, worn very modestly under his coat. On taking a second look at his face, I was struck with its soldier-like, honest expression; and with the fear that I might imply a doubt by a question, I simply observed, that he probably received it from Napoleon. He drew himself up a little as he assented, and with half a smile pulled the coarse cape of his coat across his bosom. It was done evidently with a mixed feeling of pride and a dislike of ostentation, which showed the nurture of Napoleon. It is astonishing how superior every being seems to have become that served under him. Wherever you find an old soldier of the "emperor," as they delight to call him, you find a noble, brave, unpretending man. On mentioning this circumstance to a friend, he informed me, that it was probably a man who was well known, from rather a tragical circumstance. He had driven a gentleman to a party one night, who was dissatisfied with him, for some reason or other, and abused him very grossly. The *cocher* the next morning sent him a challenge; and, as the cross of honor levels all distinctions, he was compelled to fight him, and was shot dead at the first fire.

Honors of this sort must be a very great incentive. They are worn very proudly in France. You see men of all classes, with the striped ribbon in their button-hole, marking them as the heroes of the three days of July. The Poles and the French and English, who fought well at Warsaw, wear also a badge; and it certainly produces a feeling of respect as one passes them in the street. There are several very young men, lads really, who are wandering about Paris, with the latter distinction on their breasts, and every indication that it is all they have brought away from their unhappy country. The Poles are coming in now from every quarter. I meet occasionally in society the celebrated Polish countess, who lost her property and was compelled to flee, for her devotion to the cause. Louis Philip has formed a regiment of the refugees, and sent them to Algiers. He allows no liberalists to remain in Paris, if he can help it. The Spaniards and Italians, particularly, are ordered off to Tours, and other provincial towns, the instant they become pensioners upon the government.

I was presented last night, with Mr. Carr and Mr. Ritchie, two of our countrymen, to the king. We were very naturally prepared for an embarrassing ceremony—an expectation which was not lessened in my case, by the necessity of a laced coat, breeches, and sword; matters which I had contended with our excellent minister, Mr. Rives, were neither necessary nor becoming to American citizens. I was overruled, however, and we drove into the court of the Tuilleries, as the palace clock struck nine, in the costume of courtiers of the time of Louis the twelfth, very anxious about the tenacity of our knee-buckles, and not at all satisfied as to the justice done to our unaccustomed proportions by the tailor. To say nothing of my looks, I am sure I should have felt much more like a gentleman in my *costume bourgeois*. By the time we had been passed through the hands of all the chamberlains, however, and walked through all the preparatory halls and drawing-rooms, each with its complement of gentlemen in waiting, dressed like ourselves in lace and small-clothes, I became more reconciled to myself, and began to feel that I might possibly have looked out of place in my ordinary dress. The atmosphere of a court is certainly very contagious in this particular.

After being sufficiently astonished with long rooms, frescoes, and guardsmen, seven or eight feet high, (the tallest men I ever saw, standing with halberds at the doors,) we were introduced into the *Salle du Trône*—a large hall, lined with crimson velvet throughout, with the throne in the centre of one of the sides. Some half dozen gentlemen were standing about the fire, conversing very familiarly, among whom was the British ambassador, Lord Grenville, and the Brazilian minister, both of whom I had met before. The king was not there. The Swedish minister, a noble-looking man, with snow-white hair, was the only other official person present, each of the ministers having come to present one or two of his countrymen. The king entered in a few minutes, in the simple uniform of the line, and joined the group at the fire, with the most familiar and cordial politeness; each minister presenting his countrymen as occasion offered, certainly with far less ceremony than one sees at most dinner parties in America. After talking a few minutes with Lord Grenville, inquiring the progress of the cholera, he turned to Mr. Rives, and we were presented. We stood in a little circle around him, and he conversed with us about America for ten or fifteen minutes. He inquired from what states we came, and said he had been as far west as Nashville, Tennessee, and had often slept in the woods, quite as soundly as he ever did in more luxurious quarters. He begged

pardon of Mr. Carr, who was from South Carolina, for saying that he had found the southern taverns not particularly good. He preferred the north. All this time I was looking out for some accent in the "king's English." He speaks the language with all the careless correctness and fluency of a vernacular tongue. We were all surprised at it. It is American English, however. He has not a particle of the cockney drawl, half Irish and half Scotch, with which many Englishmen speak. He must be the most cosmopolite king that ever reigned. He even said he had been at Tangiers, the place of Mr. Carr's consulate. After some pleasant compliment to our country, he passed to the Brazilian minister, who stood on the other side, leaving us delighted with his manner; and, probably, in spite of our independence, much more inclined than before to look indulgently upon his bad politics. The queen had entered, meantime, with the king's sister, Lady Adelaide, and one or two of the ladies of honor; and, after saying something courteous to all, in her own language, and assuring us that his majesty was very fond of America, the royal group bowed out, and left us once more to ourselves.

We remained a few minutes, and I occupied myself with looking at the gold and crimson throne before me, and recalling to my mind the world of historical circumstances connected with it. You can easily imagine it all. The throne of France is, perhaps, the most interesting one in the world. But of all its associations, none rushed upon me so forcibly, or retained my imagination so long, as the accidental drama of which it was the scene during the three days of July. It was here that the people brought the Polytechnic scholar, mortally wounded in the attack on the palace, to die. He breathed his last on the throne of France, surrounded with his comrades and a crowd of patriots. It is one of the most striking and affecting incidents, I think, in all history.

As we passed out I caught a glimpse through a side door of the queen and the princesses sitting round a table, covered with books, in a small drawing-room, while a servant, in the gaudy livery of the court, was just entering with a waiter of tea. The careless attitudes of the figures, the mellow light of the shade-lamp, and the happy voices of children coming through the door, reminded me more of home than any thing I have seen in France. It is odd, but really the most aching sense of home-sickness I have felt since I left America, was awakened at that moment—in the palace of a king, and at the sight of his queen and daughters!

We stopped in the antechamber to have our names recorded in the visiting-book—a ceremony which insures us invitations to all the balls given at court during the winter. The first has already appeared in the shape of a printed note, in which we are informed by the "Aide-de-camp of the king and the lady of honor of the queen," that we are invited to a ball at the palace on Monday night. To my distress there is a little direction at the bottom, "*Les hommes seront en uniforme*," which subjects those of us who are not military, once more to the awkwardness of this ridiculous court dress. I advise all Americans coming abroad to get a commission in the militia to travel with. It is of use in more ways than one.

I met the Countess Guiccioli, walking yesterday in the Tuilleries. She looks much younger than I anticipated, and is a handsome blonde, apparently about thirty. I am told by a gentleman who knows her, that she has become a great flirt, and is quite spoiled by admiration. The celebrity of Lord Byron's attachment would, certainly, make her a very desirable acquaintance were she much less pretty than she really is; and I am told her drawing-room is thronged with lovers of all nations, contending for a preference, which, having been once given, as it has, should be buried, I think, for ever. So, indeed, should have been the Empress Maria Louisa's, and that of the widow of Bishop Heber; and yet the latter has married a Greek count, and the former a German baron!

I find I was incorrect in the statement I gave you of the duel between Mr. Hesse and Count Leon. The particulars have come out more fully, and from the curious position of the parties (Mr. Hesse, as I stated, being the natural son of George the Fourth, and Count Leon of Napoleon) are worth recapitulating. Count Leon had lost several thousand francs to Mr. Hesse, which he refused to pay, alledging that there had been unfair dealing in the game. The matter was left to arbitration, and Mr. Hesse fully cleared of the charge. Leon still refused to pay, and for fifteen days practised with the pistol from morning till night. At the end of this time he paid the money, and challenged Hesse. The latter had lost the use of his right arm in the battle of Waterloo, (fighting of course against Count Leon's father,) but accepted his challenge, and fired with his left hand. Hesse was shot through the body, and has since died, and Count Leon was not hurt. The affair has made a great sensation here, for Hesse had a young and lovely wife, only seventeen, and was unusually beloved and admired; while his opponent is a notorious gambler, and every way detested. People meet at the gaming-table here, however, as they meet in the street, without question of character.

Carnival is over. Yesterday was "*Mardi Gras*"—the last day of the reign of Folly. Paris has been like a city of grown-up children for a week. What with masking all night, supping, or breakfasting, what you will, at sunrise, and going to bed betwixt morning and noon, I feel that I have done my *devoir* upon the experiment of French manners. I desire to be regular, and follow a grave vocation for the rest of my life.

It would be tedious, not to say improper, to describe all the absurdities I have seen and mingled in for the last fortnight; but I

must try to give you some idea of the meaning the French attach to the season of carnival, and the manner in which it is celebrated.

In society it is the time for universal gaiety and freedom. Parties, fancy balls, and private masques are given, and kept up till morning. The etiquette is something more free, and gallantry is indulged and followed with the privileges, almost, of a Saturnalia. One of the gayest things I have seen was a fancy ball, given by a man of some fashion, in the beginning of the season. Most of the *distingués* of Paris were there; and it was, perhaps, as fair a specimen of the elegant gaiety of the French capital, as occurred during the carnival. The rooms were full by ten. Every body was in costume, and the ladies in dresses of unusual and costly splendor. At a *bal costumé* there are no masks, of course, and dancing, waltzing, and galloping followed each other in the ordinary succession, but with all the heightened effect and additional spirit of a magnificent spectacle. It was really beautiful. There were officers from all the English regiments, in their fineshowy uniforms; and French officers who had brought dresses from their far off campaigns; Turks, Egyptians, Mussulmen, and Algerine rovers—every country that had been touched by French soldiers, represented in its richest costume, and by men of the finest appearance. There was a colonel of the English Madras cavalry, in the uniform of his corps—one mass of blue and silver, the most splendidly dressed man I ever saw; and another Englishman, who is said to be the successor of Lord Byron in the graces of the gay and lovely Countess Guiccioli, was dressed as a Greek; and between the exquisite taste and richness of his costume, and his really excessive personal beauty, he made no ordinary sensation. The loveliest woman there was a young baroness, whose dancing, figure, and face so resembled a celebrated Philadelphia belle, that I was constantly expecting her musical French voice to break into English. She was dressed as an eastern dancing-girl, and floated about with the lightness and grace of a fairy. Her motion intoxicated the eye completely. I have seen her since at the Tuilleries, where, in a waltz with the handsome duke of Orleans, she was the single object of admiration for the whole court. She is a small, lightly-framed creature, with very little feet, and a face of more brilliancy than regular beauty, but all airiness and spirit. A very lovely, indolent-looking English girl, with large sleepy eyes, was dressed as a Circassian slave, with chains from her ankles to her waist. She was a beautiful part of the spectacle, but too passive to interest one. There were sylphs and nuns, broom-girls and Italian peasants, and a great many in rich Polonaise dresses. It was unlike any other fancy ball I ever saw, in the variety and novelty of the characters represented, and the costliness with which they were dressed. You can have no idea of the splendor of a waltz in such a glittering assemblage. It was about time for an early breakfast when the ball was over.

The private masks are amusing to those who are intimate with the circle. A stranger, of course, is neither acquainted enough to amuse himself within proper limits, nor incognito enough to play his gallantries at hazard. I never have seen more decidedly *triste* assemblies than the balls of this kind which I have attended, where the uniform black masks and dominoes gave the party the aspect of a funeral, and the restraint made it quite as melancholy.

The public masks are quite another affair. They are given at the principal theatres, and commence at midnight. The pit and stage are thrown into a brilliant hall, with the orchestra in the centre; the music is divine, and the etiquette perfect liberty. There is, of course, a great deal of vulgar company, for every one is admitted who pays the ten francs at the door; but all classes of people mingle in the crowd; and if one is not amused, it is because he will neither listen nor talk. I think it requires one or two masks to get one's eye so much accustomed to the sight, that he is not disgusted with the exteriors of the women. There was something very diabolical to me at first in a dead, black representation of the human face, and the long black domino. Persuading one's self that there is beauty under such an outside, is like getting up a passion for a very ugly woman, for the sake of her mind—difficult, rather. I soon became used to it, however, and amused myself infinitely. One is liable to waste his wit, to be sure; for in a crowd so rarely *bien composée*, as they phrase it, the undistinguishing dress gives every one the opportunity of bewildering you; but the feet and manner of walking, and the tone and mode of expression are indices sufficiently certain to decide, and give interest to a pursuit; and, with tolerable caution, one is paid for his trouble, in nineteen cases out of twenty.

At the public masks, the visitors are not all in domino. One-half at least are in caricature dresses, men in petticoats, and women in boots and spurs. It is not always easy to detect the sex. An English lady, a carnival-acquaintance of mine, made love successfully, with the aid of a tall figure and great spirit, to a number of her own sex. She wore a half uniform, and was certainly a very elegant fellow. France is so remarkable indeed, for effeminate looking men and masculine looking women, that half the population might change costume to apparent advantage. The French are fond of caricaturing English dandies, and they do it with great success. The imitation of Bond-street dialect in another language is highly amusing. There were two imitation exquisites at the "*Variétés*" one night, who were dressed to perfection, and must have studied the character thoroughly. The whole theatre was in a roar when they entered. Malcontents take the opportunity to show up the king and ministers,

and these are excellent, too. One gets weary of fun. It is a life which becomes tedious long before carnival is over. It is a relief to sit down once more to books and pen.

The three last days are devoted to street masking. This is the most ridiculous of all. Paris pours out its whole population upon the Boulevards, and guards are stationed to keep the goers and comers in separate lines, and prevent all collecting of groups on the *pavé*. People in the most grotesque and absurd dresses pass on foot, and in loaded carriages, and all is nonsense and obscenity. It is difficult to conceive the motive which can induce grown up people to go to the expense and trouble of such an exhibition, merely to amuse the world. A description of these follies would be waste of paper.

On the last night but one of the carnival, I went to a ball at the palace. We presented our invitations at the door, and mounted through piles of soldiers of the line, crowds of servants in the king's livery, and groves of exotics at the broad landing places, to the reception room. We were ushered into the *Salle des Maréchaux*—a large hall, the ceiling of which rises into the dome of the Tuileries, ornamented with full-length portraits of the living marshals of France. A gallery of a light airy structure runs round upon the capitals of the pillars, and this, when we entered, and at all the after hours of the ball, was crowded with loungers from the assembly beneath—producing a splendid effect, as their glittering uniforms passed and repassed under the flags and armor with which the ceilings were thickly hung. The royal train entered presently, and the band struck up a superb march. Three rows of velvet-covered seats, one above another, went round the hall, leaving a passage behind, and in front of these the queen and her family made a circuit of courtesy, followed by the wives of the ambassadors, among whom was our countrywoman, Mrs. Rives. Her majesty went smiling past, stopping here and there to speak to a lady whom she recognized, and the king followed her with his eternal and painfully forced smile, saying something to every second person he encountered. There was not a passably handsome woman in the train, our dignified countrywoman, Mrs. R., alone excepted. The princesses have good faces, and the second one has an expression of great delicacy and tenderness, but no beauty. As soon as the queen was seated, the band played a quadrille, and the crowd cleared away from the centre for the dance. The duke of Orleans selected his partner, a pretty girl, who, I believe, was English, and forward went the head couples to the exquisite music of the new opera—Robert le Diable.

I fell into the little *cortège* standing about the queen, and watched the interesting party dancing in the head quadrille for an hour. The duke of Orleans, who is nearly twenty, and seems a thoughtless, good-natured, immature young man, moved about very gracefully with his handsome figure, and seemed amused, and quite unconscious of the attention he drew. The princesses were *vis-à-vis*, and the second one, a dark-haired, slender, interesting girl of nineteen, had a polytechnic scholar for her partner. He was a handsome, gallant-looking fellow, who must have distinguished himself to have been invited to court, and I could not but admire the beautiful mixture of respect and self-confidence with which he demanded the hand of the princess from the lady of honor, and conversed with her during the dance. If royalty does not seal up the affections, I could scarce conceive how a being so decidedly of nature's best nobility, handsome, graceful and confident, could come within the sphere of a sensitive-looking girl, like the princess Christine, and not leave more than a transient recollection upon her fancy. The music stopped, and I had been so occupied with my speculations upon the polytechnic boy, that I had scarcely noticed any other person in the dance. He led the princess back to her seat by the *dame d'honneur*, bowed low, colored a little, and mingled with the crowd. A few minutes after I saw him in the gallery, quite alone, leaning over the railing and looking down upon the scene below, having apparently abandoned the dance for the evening. From something in his face, and in the manner of resuming his sword, I was certain he had come to the palace with that single object, and would dance no more. I kept him in my eye most of the night, and am very sure that he did not. If the little romance I wove out of it was not a true one, it was not because the material was improbable.

A very plain, ill-dressed young man, was dancing soon after with the elder princess. I asked an English officer of my acquaintance who he was. "*Lord Harry Vane*," was his answer. You should see the unknightly shoulders on which this gallant name has descended! I expressed my astonishment, and my friend pointed to a low-browed, ill-natured, inferior looking man, standing by the wall opposite. "There," said he, "is a duke, the lineal descendant and heir to the titles of the Cardinal Richelieu." It was a young man, whom I had seen very often at parties, and had uniformly wondered how so ordinary and unattractive a person could ever have found his way or kept his footing in the gay world. I have made the acquaintance of one gentleman, however, since I have been in France, who seems to have inherited the talent with the name and blood of his ancestors. He is a Villiers of the Buckingham and Clarendon race, and just now a colleague with Dr. Bowring, in his private political embassy to the French court. He is a radical, and certainly knows more of America than all the other foreigners I have heard speak upon the subject together. I have found such universal ignorance of America among all classes of people here, that I begin to be astonished at even a knowledge of the names of our capitals. That a young man, of the highest blood of England, should possess a

minute knowledge of our politics and social distinctions, surprised me as much as an ignorance on the subject would have done six months ago. A traveler from the moon would find it much easier, than an American, to make the existence and geography of his country comprehended.

As I was looking still at the quadrille dancing before the queen, Dr. Bowring took my arm and proposed a stroll through the other apartments. I found that the immense crowd in the *Salle des Maréchaux* was but about one-fifth of the assembly. We passed through hall after hall, with music and dancing in each, all crowded and gay alike, till we came at last to the *Salle du Trône*, where the old men were collected at card tables and in groups for conversation. My distinguished companion was of the greatest use to me here, for he knew every body, and there was scarce a person in the room who did not strongly excite my curiosity. One-half of them at least were maimed; some without arms, and some with wooden legs, and faces scarred and weather-burnt, but all in full uniform, and nearly all with three or four orders of honor on the breast. You would have held your breath to have heard the recapitulation of their names. At one table sat *Marshal Grouchy* and *General Exelmans*; in a corner stood *Marshal Soult*, conversing with a knot of peers of France; and in the window nearest the door, *General Bernard*, our country's friend and citizen, was earnestly engaged in talking to a group of distinguished looking men, two of whom, my companion said, were members of the chamber of deputies. We stood a moment, and a circle was immediately formed around Dr. Bowring, who is a great favorite among the literary and liberal people of France. The celebrated *General Fabvier* came up among others, and *Cousin* the poet. Fabvier, as you know, held a chief command in Greece, and was elected governor of Paris *pro tem.* after the "three days." He is a very remarkable looking man, with a head almost exactly resembling that of the bust of Socrates. The engravings give him a more animated and warlike expression than he wears in private. *Cousin* is a mild, retired looking man, and was one of the very few persons present not in the court uniform. Among so many hundred coats embroidered with gold, his plain black dress looked singularly simple and poet-like.

I left the diplomatist-poet conversing with his friends, and went back to the dancing rooms. Music and female beauty are more attractive metal than disabled generals playing at cards; and encountering in my way Mr. H., an *attaché* to the American legation, I inquired about one or two faces that interested me, and collecting information enough to pass through the courtesies of a dance, I found a partner and gave myself up, like the rest, to amusement.

Supper was served at two, and a more splendid affair could not be conceived. A long and magnificent hall on the other side of the *Salle du Trône*, was set with tables, covered with every thing that France could afford, in the royal services of gold and silver, and in the greatest profusion. There was room enough for all the immense assemblage, and when the queen was seated with her daughters and ladies of honor, the company sat down and all was as quiet and well regulated as a dinner party of four.

After supper the dancing was resumed, and the queen remained till three o'clock. At her departure the band played *cotillons* or waltzes with figures, in which the duke of Orleans displayed the grace for which he is celebrated, and at four, quite exhausted with fatigue and heat, I went with a friend or two into the long glass verandah, built by Napoleon as a promenade for the empress Maria Louisa during her illness, where tea, coffee, and ices were served to those who wished them after supper. It was an interesting place enough, and had my eyes and limbs ached less, I should have liked to walk up and down, and muse a little upon its recollections, but swallowing my tea as hastily as possible, I was but too happy to make my escape and get home to bed.

[After the foregoing letter was in type, we received new communications from the same hand. The subjoined, being on a subject which greatly occupies and interests the public mind, we are unwilling to detain from our readers, and accordingly add it in the present number.]

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

Cholera—Universal terror—Flight of the inhabitants—Cases within the walls of the palace—Difficulty of escape—Deserted Streets—Cases not reported—Dryness of the atmosphere—Preventives recommended—Public Baths, &c.

Cholera! cholera!—It is now the only topic. There is no other interest—no other dread—no other occupation, for Paris. The invitations for parties are at last recalled—the theatres are at last shut or languishing—the fearless are beginning to be afraid—people walk the streets with camphor bags and vinaigrettes at their nostrils—there is a universal terror in all classes, and a general flight of all who can afford to get away. I never saw a people so engrossed with one single and constant thought. The waiter brought my breakfast this morning with a pale face, and an apprehensive question, whether I was quite well. I sent to my bootmaker yesterday, and he was dead. I called on a friend, a Hanoverian, one of those broad-chested, florid, immortal-looking men, of whose health for fifty years, violence apart, one is absolutely certain, and he was at death's door with the cholera. Poor fellow! He had fought all through the revolution in Greece; he had slept in rain and cold, under the open sky, many a night, through a ten years' pursuit of the profession of a soldier of fortune, living one of the most remarkable lives hitherto, of which

I ever heard, and to be taken down here in the midst of ease and pleasure, reduced to a shadow with so vulgar and unwelcome a disease as this, was quite too much for his philosophy. He had been ill three days when I found him. He was emaciated to a skeleton in that short time, weak and helpless, and, though he is not a man to exaggerate suffering, he said he never had conceived such intense agony as he had endured. He assured me, that if he recovered, and should ever be attacked with it again, he would blow out his brains at the first symptom. Nothing but his iron constitution protracted the disorder. Most people who are attacked die in from three to twenty-four hours.

For myself, I have felt and still feel quite safe. My rooms are in the airiest quarter of Paris, facing the gardens of the Tuileries, with windows overlooking the king's; and, as far as air is concerned, if his majesty considers himself well situated, it would be quite ridiculous in so insignificant a person as myself to be alarmed. With absolute health, confident spirits, and tolerably regular habits, I have usually thought one may defy almost any thing but love or a bullet. To-day, however, there have been, they say, two cases *within the palace walls*, members of the royal household, and Casimir Perier, who probably lives well and has enough to occupy his mind, is very low with it, and one cannot help feeling that he has no certain exemption, when a disease has touched both above and below him. I went to-day to the messagerie to engage my place for Marseilles, on the way to Italy, but the seats are all taken, in both mail-post and diligence, for a fortnight to come, and as there are no *extras* in France, one must wait his turn. Having done my duty to myself by the inquiry, I shall be content to remain quiet.

I have just returned from a social tea-party at a house of one of the few English families left in Paris. It is but a little after ten, and the streets, as I came along, were as deserted and still, as if it were a city of the dead. Usually, until four or five in the morning, the same streets are thronged with carriages hurrying to and fro, and always till midnight the *brocttoirs* are crowded with promenaders. To-night I scarce met a foot-passenger, and but one solitary cabriolet in a walk of a mile. The contrast was really impressive. The moon was nearly full, and high in the heavens, and the sky absolutely without a trace of a cloud; nothing interrupted the full broad light of the moon, and the empty streets were almost as bright as at noon-day; and, as I crossed the *Place Vendôme*, I could hear, for the first time since I have been in Paris, though I have passed it at every hour of the night, the echo of my footsteps reverberated from the walls around. You should have been in these crowded cities of Europe to realize the impressive solemnity of such solitude.

It is said that fifty thousand people have left Paris within the past week. Adding this to the thousand a day who are struck with the cholera, and the attendance necessary to the sick, and a thinned population is sufficiently accounted for. There are, however, hundreds ill of this frightful disease, whose cases are not reported. It is only those who are taken to the hospitals, the poor and destitute, who are numbered in the official statements. The physicians are wearied out with their *private* practice. The medical lectures are suspended, and a regular physician is hardly to be had at all. There is scarce a house in which some one has not been taken. You see biers and litters issuing from almost every gate, and the better ranks are no longer spared. A sister of the premier, M. Perier, died yesterday; and it was reported at the *Bourse*, that several distinguished persons, who have been ill of it, are also dead. No one feels safe; and the consternation and dread on every countenance you meet is enough to chill one's very blood. I went out to-day for a little exercise, not feeling very well, and I was glad to get home again. Every creature looks stricken with a mortal fear. And this among a French population, the gayest and merriest of people under all depressions ordinarily, is too strong a contrast not to be felt painfully. There is something singular in the air, too; a disagreeable, depressing dryness, which the physicians say must change, or all Paris will be struck with the plague. It is clear and cold, but almost suffocating with dryness.

It is very consoling in the midst of so much that is depressing, that the preventives recommended against the cholera are so agreeable. "Live well," say the doctors, "and bathe often. Abstain from excesses, keep a clear head and good spirits, and amuse yourself as much and as rationally as possible." It is a very excellent recipe for happiness, let alone the cholera. There is great room for a nice observance of this system in Paris, particularly the eating and bathing. The baths are delightful. You are received in handsome saloons, opening upon a garden in the centre of the building, ornamented with statues and fountains, the journals lying upon the sofas, and every thing arranged with quite the luxury of a palace. The bathing-rooms are furnished with taste, the baths are of marble, and covered inside with spotlessly white linen cloths; the water is perfumed; and you may lie and take your coffee, or have your breakfast served upon the mahogany cover which shuts you in; a union of luxuries, which is enough to enervate a cynic. When you are ready to come out, a pull of the bell brings a servant, who gives you a *peignoir*—a long linen wrapper, heated in an oven, in the warm folds of which you are enveloped, and in three minutes are quite dry. In this you may sit, at your ease, reading, or musing, or lie upon the sofa without the restraint of a tight dress, till you are ready to depart; and then four or five francs, something less than a dollar, pays for all.

celebrate, may submit with cheerfulness and success to all the labor which the performance of his task requires. In the preparation of his work, it is plain, the author of the *Life of Columbus* was influenced by strong and peculiar feelings; feelings, that not only incited him to commence his labors, but animated and sustained his toils. He was inspired with a very sincere and deep, I had almost said passionate, many will think romantic admiration, of the character, virtues, talents, of his selected hero. He was desirous to disperse forever the calumnies and misrepresentations, that even when he meditated his work, continued in a manner to obscure his fame, and discover and place in its true light every fact and circumstance that could tend to illustrate and enhance his glory. He was most anxious, in short, that his history should appear as the work (if I may so express myself,) of an intellectual statuary, in which the form and lineaments of his hero should be sculptured forth in all the truth and dignity of the moral sublime, appealing with a restless force to all the higher and holier feelings of our nature, and awakening in every breast congenial sentiments of admiration, reverence, and love. Such were Mr. Irving's wishes in undertaking his work, and all that he wished he may have accomplished. I go farther—no concession can now flatter me—I avow my conviction, all that he wished he has accomplished, and so accomplished, that for myself I firmly believe, that in the hearts and memory of Americans at least, the names and the glory of the hero and the biographer, of Columbus and of Irving, are, and forever will be as inseparable, as in themselves they are imperishable.

I perceive, sir, the difficulty of returning to my subject; our minds are too full of Irving to dwell longer upon Knickerbocker; what, therefore, remains to be said, shall be said briefly. I have now made all the concessions that the advocates of Mr. Irving's claims to be considered the author of the "*History of New-York*" can possibly desire; and what, as touching my argument, do all these concessions amount to? Nothing, nothing at all; the original demonstration remains: it still remains certain that Mr. Irving could not, and therefore did not write the first five chapters of the work: the whole is evidently the production of one mind. If Washington Irving was not the author of these chapters, he was not the author of the work; consequently, "*Quod erat demonstrandum*," Diedrich Knickerbocker was, for it is admitted by all that the question lies between them. My argument is therefore closed. The existence of Knickerbocker is proved—the true design of his work explained, and his fame vindicated and established. I had intended, indeed, to have given a narrative (derived from a most authentic source) of the circumstances and causes of his death, (for many years have elapsed since he paid the last debt to nature) but I perceive in the outskirts of the assembly an incipient commotion that admonishes me to forbear; besides, the story, I own, is melancholy, and I would not throw a sudden gloom over the festivities of the day. Suffice it therefore to say, that Diedrich Knickerbocker is dead, but we survive to render at last to his memory the honor it deserves, for I am sure there is none present who will now refuse to join me, and with due reverence, in the tribute I mean to offer. I give you

The memory of the Dutch Herodotus—Diedrich Knickerbocker.

The manner as well as the matter of this address, was really delightful. It was delivered with a flowing ease, a grace of gesture, a perfect gravity, and apparent earnestness to convince, which wonderfully enhanced the effect, and secured the most eager attention of the auditory, only interrupted with sudden peals of laughter, or bursts of acclamation, at some fine stroke of humor or felicitous allusion. Never have we known compliments conveyed with more happy force, yet entire delicacy. Mr. Irving repeatedly betrayed his interest by a hearty laugh. It was indeed a scene to be remembered. The reputed author of Diedrich Knickerbocker—no statue, painting, or engraving, but himself—returned from his long wanderings, and listening to this accusation from one of his old friends, with undisguised merriment.

At this moment an incident occurred, a very mysterious and extraordinary one. We are shocked at the manner in which the daily editors have treated it. The American touches on it rather lightly. We copy his ideas; but his lame explanation at the close is ridiculous. The public—our distant readers—must believe us—we saw it—it was no apparition. It passed within arm's reach of us, and glided through the crowd, after having gained in a threatening manner on Mr. Irving, as stated below. Some laughed—some stared—others spoke—"ask it to sit down," exclaimed one—"heaven preserve us!" murmured another—and then it vanished. We know more of the subject than we have yet expressed to any one. On the morning of the day of the dinner, when we entered our office, we were surprised to find it filled with smoke, through which, after a few moments, we detected this very figure, seated in our editorial chair, with a huge pipe in his mouth, attentively examining those numbers of the *Mirror* which contained the wood engravings of the old Dutch houses, &c. the likeness of which we have endeavored to preserve from oblivion. On turning over to the mansion of his favorite Peter Stuyvesant, he puffed forth more voluminously the fragrant clouds, then pointing to it, he shook his head mournfully, and muttering an exclamation in low Dutch, which sounded very like "*der duyvel*," he slowly melted into the general smoke, and floated out of the window. Beside this, reports have reached us that this phantom has made itself visible to many other people in parts of the city quite distant from each other, and almost at the same moment of time. It came into the court of chancery the other day, and audaciously passing by the chancellor, told him in a sepulchral tone, to "*speak louder!*" The officers approached it in a body, and committed it to prison for a contempt; but to their utterable surprise, on their return with the information that it was safely under lock and key, they found it sitting in the very chair beside the chancellor, with a pipe twisted in its hat-band, whereupon, it being dinner time, the court adjourned in great haste. A number of other incidents of a supernatural kind, have greatly alarmed the city, especially in those parts marked by Dutch vestiges. It is said all the brimstone-colored unmentionables and thunder-and-lightning gaberdines, have suddenly disappeared from the shelves of the ready-made clothes-shops; the water of Hell-gate has exhibited unusual signs of agitation; that there has been the very old Harry to pay among the bricks and timbers of the ancient sugar-house in Liberty-street, and that the little old steep-roofed Dutch edifice down in New-street—but our readers, who are too many of them the incredulous descendants of the yankees and English, laugh at these sacred signs; and here the editors of the *American*, although we might have expected from it better things, are attempting to glose over the matter as a joke. Their opinions, however, which follow, will now pass only for what they are worth. Just hear them:

"During Mr. Duer's singularly felicitous speech," says that voracious print, "which was frequently interrupted by the murmurs of applause which pervaded the room, as some exquisite touch of whim or humor would call out these marks of approbation, an incident occurred, which has since been the subject of much speculation. Many of the company, that they might not lose one word of an address, in which every word had point, had left their seats, and crowded towards the upper end of the room, and near the speaker. At the moment when he was describing the personal appearance of 'the Dutch Herodotus,' and asking the chairman, 'Have you not seen that man, sir?'—a strange

figure, in an antique dress, appeared on the instant, in the midst of the company. How he came there—whence he appeared, and why he did thus start among them, none could tell. But there he stood, with his trunk breeches, brown doublet, and broad-brimmed hat, confronting the author of the *Sketch-Book*, with a fixed and unearthly gaze! A solemn emotion seemed, for a moment, to pervade the assembly of revellers; and then, as the apparition glided from among them, and disappeared beneath the shadow of the orchestra, a faint and unnatural laugh could be heard from those who were nearest the spot, although it was echoed more cheerily by others, as if every one were eager to pass over the circumstance as lightly as possible, yet men whispered, and looked strangely at each other, as if all were not right, until the orator swept their minds onward with his surpassing eloquence. An attempt has since been made to hush up this affair; and some, when they do speak of it, try to give matters a ludicrous turn; and some would fain make us believe, that the uninvited guest was only a quaker gentleman, who, happening to be in the hotel at the time, could not resist the temptation of getting one look at the historian of Columbus, and therefore thus entered the room but for a moment. The majority of those who were present, however, will smile incredulously when you tell them of this solution of the mystery. It is said that the door-keepers, waiters, and porters of the city-hotel all swear, that they saw no one enter or depart the premises; and some assert, that all the smoke-jacks in the numerous kitchens of the establishment ran down about the time the event is believed to have occurred. Strange rumors too are afloat, that about that hour, sounds such as have not been known 'in the memory of the oldest inhabitants,' were heard in the vicinity of the old Dutch church; and people say that the weathercock upon the brick meeting, which had not moved since the last war, has changed its station at least an inch. All these, however, are mere idle reports; and though as faithful chroniclers of the times, we are bound to record, if not to give currency to them, yet our own particular belief is, that this apparition, about whom there is so much talk, instead of being the veritable spirit of Diedrich, revisiting the glimpses of the moon in the same guise in which the buried majesty of Manhattan did sometime walk, was but a shaping fantasy, conjured into our seething vision by the magical description of the orator who vindicated his fame."

Professor Renwick, the third vice-president next rose, and said:

Mr. President—I shall give you as my toast, a name that would be well received on any literary occasion; and which, I doubt not, will be peculiarly acceptable on this. Fifty years have not gone by, since it was gravely maintained that the powers of the human species both physical and mental, degenerated on this side of the Atlantic. We can all of us remember the time when it was tauntingly asked, "Who reads an American Book?" The success of the *Sketch Book* of Geoffrey Crayon has furnished a triumphant answer to this question. But there was a time when that success, high as are the merits of that work, was doubtful. We therefore owe a debt of gratitude to those Europeans who aided in overcoming inveterate prejudices, and rendered the triumphs of the genius of our guest, more rapid and immediate. This first European reader and admirer, he it said to their mutual honor, was Walter Scott; and this admiration was not confined to simple expressions, but was evinced in active services at a time when such services were of real value. Such are the claims of Walter Scott to remembrance on the present occasion; and here I would conclude, were it possible that his name should pass the lips without drawing forth some tribute to his transcendent merits. All, however, who hear, are too familiar with his works to require their admiration to be stimulated by such feeble praise as I can bestow. It is sufficient for me to say, that in the delineation of human character, not by cold and diffuse description, but by the vivid delineation of thoughts, words, and actions, he particularly excels. By such delineations, instinct with life, and replete with vivid reality, he has enlarged the limits of our social circles, and brought us acquainted with friends in whose converse we may luxuriate without any of the alloy that too often mingles with the communion of mere flesh and blood. If the mind of man be the noblest work of the Creator, the delineation of the workings of that mind, in all its varieties of character and culture, is the highest effort of poetic genius. However, ages have produced but two writers who have possessed this creative talent in perfection; these are Homer and Shakespeare; the present era will add a third to the list, in the person of Walter Scott. I shall therefore propose that we drink to

Walter Scott—Non, ei priores Maronius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindarice latent
—Camenæ.

(Drunk standing with cheers.)

Mr. Thomas L. Ogden, the fourth vice-president, addressed the chair, and said:

"I will not trespass on the time of this company, by any remarks in elucidation of the toast I am about to offer. It certainly needs no vindication, for civilized nations in all ages have sought to cherish and perpetuate the fame of the great and good men among their countrymen. The lustre shed by such men on the nation of their birth, is reflected upon all its citizens, and equally demands of all the expression of their homage; but the toast I have to propose addresses itself more particularly to the hearts of those who in by-gone days have chanced to share the friendship of our distinguished guest, and they I am persuaded will readily respond to the sentiment conveyed in it.

The Memory of Early Associations; identifying names, now the pride of a nation, with the objects of our own youthful friendships.

Mr. Samuel Swartwout, the fifth vice-president, rose and addressed the chair as follows:

What subject shall I select? To whom shall I address myself? To you, my friend, the oldest and dearest, and most cherished of my youth. Welcome, thrice welcome, to your native country, your native city; and the hearts of your friends and fellow-citizens! Gentlemen, after the display of learning and eloquence which you have just heard, it is hardly to be expected that any thing new or interesting could be said by me, in relation to the subjects which have been so ably discussed, and which so appropriately belongs to the occasion—I shall not attempt it. But, gentlemen, there are associations and reminiscences which may be indulged in at this moment, with pleasure by the company, and with pride and delight by our guest. Surrounded as we are by the earliest and dearest associates of our youth, welcoming with the renewed feelings of other years, the long absent traveler, I cannot but consider the occasion peculiarly appropriate to record some mark of respect to the character and talents and virtues of an old and cherished friend, fondly esteemed, and affectionately remembered by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. I will detain you no longer, gentlemen, but give you

The health of PETER IRVING.

Which was drunk with much applause.

Substance of Mr. Vice President GRAHAM's remarks on proposing his toast:—

Mr. President—I am flattered by your calling upon me for a toast, and regret my inability to do justice to your choice. As I propose, sir, to change the subject of remark from our friend to the other gentlemen who honored us with their company on this occasion, I beg your indulgence, to preface my toast with some remarks, which will make it better understood. At these tables, Mr. President, are assembled, not merely the friends and companions of Mr. Irving's early life, but distinguished and respected strangers from other countries, and distinguished magistrates, officers, and citizens of our land; among the former we recognize one, who having presided over the deliberations of one of the most august assemblies of modern times, (the Cortes of Spain) now prefers banishment among us to submitting to tyranny in his own land; another only lately in banishment among us, now elected

to the presidency of a powerful republic in our hemisphere: this last is about to leave us to impart to our South American neighbors just ideas of our character and institutions; another, the first diplomatic representative of a new kingdom (Belgium) which has for the last few months, indeed for the last year, excited all our sympathies. Among the distinguished citizens of our own land, we recognize the patriotic Lieut. Governor of our State, and near him, one who has ably and faithfully represented his adopted country, both abroad and at home; some who have fought the battles of the Revolution, have gained for us that freedom and independence which are now our boast; others in that second war of Independence (which commenced in 1812, and terminated in 1815) equalled the valor of our sires, and nobly sustained the fabric of our free institutions, and I see with satisfaction almost the whole body of our judiciary, those judges who now administer the legal and equitable jurisdiction of this state with so much usefulness to the people and credit to themselves. It appears to me proper, highly proper, Mr. President, to acknowledge and to record so far as may be in our power, that such distinguished individuals have united with us (his early companions) in paying respect to our guest and friend; it is a tribute paid to literary merit, alike honorable to those who confer it and him to whom it is offered; it is a pure offering, and on that account more worthy of estimation and most appropriately to be noticed. Under these impressions I propose the following:

The distinguished strangers and citizens who have united with us in this tribute of respect to Washington Irving.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. The President of the United States.
2. Literature, commerce and the fine arts—their union, the glory of our parent land—soon destined to adorn our own.
3. The triumphs of intellect, which even the vanquished rejoice to celebrate.
4. The trio of Salmagundi.
"Ay, rare, rare fellows,
Full of quips and turns, and jeers, and swift conceits,
Yet veiling still their mischievous intents
With most provoking gravity."
5. The pilgrim of genius, who worships at distant shrines with incense from his own domestic altar.
6. The men of genius in England—the associates and friends of our townsman—They forgot he was not their countryman, they felt he was their brother.
7. Christopher Columbus and his biography—the hero and the record alike immortal.
12. Hume and Dugald Stewart—they also were members of an embassy—but all official dignity fades before literary renown.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

After the speech and toast of Col. Graham, the Rev. Dr. Wainwright requested that he might be permitted to offer a sentiment. He said:

"In enumerating those who have assembled to do honor to the distinguished person whom we rejoice to see amongst us, my worthy friend who has just addressed you, omitted to mention that profession of which I am an humble member. Knowing the respect and affection which he entertains for my much esteemed friend the Bishop of this diocese, who has just left us, and who so worthily represented that profession, I could not attribute this omission to any thing like design. We, certainly, as a class of men, have every reason to unite with our fellow-citizens in doing honor to him whose return to his native city has called forth this expression of public feeling. And should any one demand the reason, it will be found in the sentiment which I beg leave to propose:

"Our distinguished guest—in all the pages which he has written for our instruction, amusement and delight, he has put forth no line which, dying, he would wish to blot."

Mr. Graham briefly explained, that his omitting to notice the right reverend gentleman, and the profession to which he belongs, was purely accidental. Mr. Hone, in a few appropriate remarks, proposed the health of our countryman, Mr. Newton, who during his sojourn in Europe, had been the warm personal friend of Mr. Irving, and had, by his talents, done honor to our country.

Mr. Newton in reply said:

I feel greatly honored by the compliment that is paid me in drinking my health, and by the obliging terms in which it has been proposed, especially so, in associating my name with one which I not only join with the world in honoring, but which is also endeared to me by long and close intimacy; accustomed as I am, however, to convey my impressions by another vehicle than that of language, I feel on this occasion particularly, how much the latter fails me in expressing my sense of this flattering distinction, and will therefore trust to the kindness which confers it on me, to understand the gratified feelings with which it is received.

I have the honor, gentlemen, to pledge you most cordially in return, and to wish you, individually and collectively, all happiness and prosperity.

By William Turner—The return of Rip Van Winkle—"Why, sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle; it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"—[Sketch Book.]

Judge Irving being called on for a toast said, that his emotions were too strong to allow him to say any thing on this occasion, but that he would give them.

"The feelings of the heart, which may be conceived, but cannot be expressed."

By the President—Our distinguished countryman, James Fenimore Cooper, Esq.

Mr. Charles King rose and said:—

Called upon, Mr. President, for a toast, I cannot do better on this occasion of honor to literary renown, than to offer you the name of one, a native of our city, who, by his talents as a writer, has illustrated both it and the gallant navy to which he belongs. I refer, sir, to the author of *A Year in Spain*. Forbidden, happily forbidden, by the state of peace which exists among nations, from achieving glory in the shock of battles, that gentleman has sought it in the fields of literature—and the work I name bears witness of his success. But it is not, sir, for the merits of that work, eminent as they are, that I ask to add his name to the list of those whom we have to-day so freshly remembered; but because he is, in some degree, associated with our distinguished guest in that great work, which, among Americans at least, will, to the latest time, constitute his most lasting memorial—the *History of Columbus*. While that was in progress, Lieut. Silldell was in Spain, and joining Mr. Irving at the *Athens*, there labored with him in tracing the daring and perilous career of the Great Navigator over unknown seas. He is the unnamed young American officer—unnamed because his modesty refused permission to Mr. Irving to name him—to whom that gentleman acknowledges his obligation for much aid derived from his personal skill and experience, in reconciling difficult, and oftentimes, contradictory accounts, respecting the course followed by Columbus in his voyages. He is, too, the writer of the clear and lucid critique, published in the *Appendix to the Biography*, particularly referring to the first voyage and the place where the Discoverer first landed in the new world. This critique, I venture to say, no one can read without being satisfied, notwithstanding the opinion of an eminent Spanish writer to the contrary, that Mr. Silldell has proved his case; and, aided by the advantage of having cruised much, and with intelligent attention, among the Bahama Islands, has established beyond dispute the precise spot of this Western World, which first received Columbus. With these explanatory remarks, Mr. President, I beg to propose as a toast:—

Lieutenant Alexander Silldell, of the United States' navy, who with the skill of a sailor, and the taste of a scholar, has illustrated the voyages of Columbus.

By General Santander, the president of New-Grenada—The city of New-York—Distinguished by her commercial activity, honored by her patriotism, and illustrated by the writings of her intelligent son.

By Lieut. Gov. Livingston—A freeman's duty and a freeman's pride—To defend liberty, promote virtue, and honor genius.

By Chancellor Walworth—The triple emancipation of mind—From the bonds of ignorance and superstition, from the chains of civil despotism, and from the iron fetters of moral degradation.

By General Scott—The republic of letters—The only one which gives to its members a passport to all countries and to all hearts.

By Com. Chauncey—The memory of Washington.

By William A. Duer—The memories of Addison and MacKenzie—More strongly associated through the medium of that living author who combines their excellence.

By Mr. Handy—Our countryman Washington Irving, like the great original whose immortal name he bears, has won for his country unfading laurels, which will be transmitted from sire to son until the last hour of recorded time.

By a gentleman—Charles R. Leslie—The friend of our friend. How increasing the ties which bind them to each other! those of a common country, a kindred genius and a pure and elevated fame.

By M. M. Noah—"The Dutchman's Fireside" and its able and patriotic author.

By P. M. Wetmore—The author of *Thanatopsis* and the *Ages*—The favorable judgment of his own countrymen has been sustained by the unanimous verdict of foreign criticism.

By Mr. Sullivan—Our distinguished guest—May he also be distinguished for founding the Irving Literary Fund for the honor of his country.

By James Lawson—Samuel Rogers, the poet and banker—the friend and admirer of American literature; to whom our guest dedicated a volume of one of our most distinguished poets.

By Charles de Behr—Holland and Belgium—May they soon be united by the tie of friendship, and father and son never contend in opposite ranks.

Mr. Jesse Hoyt said,

He should not have obtruded himself upon the attention of this assembly, if the President had not honored him by a call for a toast. He had expected that some one more entitled to command attention than he felt himself to be, would have alluded to one of our citizens now abroad in a public station, and who was honorably connected with the literary character of the age and of his country. He alluded to Mr. Wheaton, who is a ripe scholar, and one who, like the distinguished individual we had met to honor, had searched the archives of a distant country to add to the literary reputation of his own. He would therefore offer to the company the name of

Henry Wheaton—The accomplished author of the *Northmen*.

By Judge Hoffman—Louis M' Lane, the friend to our guest—Endeared to his country by his public virtues, and equally distinguished by his private worth in all the relations of domestic life.

By James K. Paulding—Old times, old friends, and old associations.

By Le Ray de Chaumont—James Madison—Equally conspicuous in literature, agriculture, and politics.

By Vice-chancellor M'Coun—Our countryman; alike distinguished at home or abroad.

By a guest—General Lafayette.

By Ogden Hoffman—The only useful Absentee—who gathers the intellectual treasures of other lands, to embellish and adorn his own.

By J. W. Francis—Columbus and Irving; the one made known the new world, the other its genius.

By a guest—The memory of Anthony Bleecker, one of the companions of Washington Irving.

By Mr. Gener—The last good luck of Columbus, his late historian.

By C. W. Sanford—The New-York Mirror—a gallant pioneer in the cause of American periodical literature.

By William A. Mercein—Washington Irving; the illustrious hero whose name he bears, and to which he does honor, achieved the liberty and secured the prosperity of his country; our distinguished guest has, by his genius and virtues, shed a lustre on the literature and exalted the name of America in the estimation of mankind.

By Captain De Peyster—"Jonathan Oldstyle" put to sea with fame at his mast-head—his biographer comes into port under the broad pennant of immortality.

By W. P. Hawes—William C. Bryant; a kindred spirit of our Irving; their names are bound up in the same book.

By William Leggett—James Fennimore Cooper.

By William H. Maxwell—May the homage this night rendered to genius and literary attainments prove an incentive to the rising youth of our country.

By J. Watson Webb—Our countryman, Charles Robert Leslie; like our distinguished guest, the productions of his genius during a long residence abroad, have done honor to the land of his fathers.

By a gentleman—Gulian C. Verplanck, a laborer in the same vineyard with our guest.

Mr. Price in offering his toast remarked, that

He should not attempt to dwell on all the topics which had been so skillfully addressed to our distinguished guest. There was one, however, of which he might be permitted to speak in his presence. During his residence abroad, he constructed his *History of Columbus*—"that link which connects the history of the old world with that of the new." His execution of this great work was the offspring of filial duty, and the monument of unfading glory to his country. It stands unparalleled amidst the efforts of men upon that theme during three hundred years; and it is now, and will be the elementary work in the teaching of American history throughout the world. I offer you, Mr. President,

The *History of Columbus*—A filial offering of the author to his native land.

Several speeches were delivered, of which we have not been able to procure any report.

The company separated about twelve o'clock, all highly delighted with the *fete*. It is rumored that, in the ensuing autumn, the *ladies*, who so far have but slightly participated in the pleasure of welcoming their favorite *bachelor* home, intend to give him a grand *fancy-ball*, at which all the characters in his works are to be represented. An entertainment of this description was given, we believe, in magnificent style, to Sir Walter Scott, at Naples. We wait the denouement of the plan with much interest.

FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

SECOND NOTICE.

"Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind."—*Shaks.*

We refer again to this exhibition, in which we find so much to occupy and amuse us. There is a pleasant charm in a room of paintings, of which one is sensible even before he has had time to examine each deliberately. The idea alone that we are surrounded by the various results of intellect, genius, and long solitary silent labor, fills the mind with elevated thoughts. The fancy first pictures the artist's still chamber, the light shed down upon him through the half-opened shutter; and the workman himself, bending hour after hour, day after day, month after month, perhaps year after year, to his lonely task. It is beautiful, also, to remark the different imaginations thus rendered visible in the various works, and they present a study every way appropriate and delightful, especially for youth. It is a good sign to see a young boy fond of paintings; they offer pure subjects for his reflection, and he will, after perusing them carefully, be a better observer of the things around him, will be more alive to the wonderful forms and charms of nature, and, consequently more enthusiastic in his adoration of the Great First Cause. It would be humiliating to an American to find his own countrymen dead to such influences, to behold the fine ardor of the artist chilled by neglect; to witness the gallery where the products of young genius are hung up, deserted and still, while the circus and the theatre, and every ordinary resort of profit or pleasure is crowded. If such should prove the case, no artist from abroad will visit our shores; and they who are among us, (and such there are, who only want the assistance of public patronage, and the inspiration of public praise, to run a career as honorable and brilliant for themselves as it would be gratifying to us,) they will depart from our society, and take refuge in other lands, and the sneers against our taste and our liberality will never cease. It is very certain we shall never have arts or sciences or literature, unless we know and reward those who devote themselves to their promotion. There is no excuse for apathy among us. Our country is flourishing, our people are free, peaceful, and happy. The earthquakes, both moral and physical, which shake the eastern continent to the centre, are not felt on these shores. We have neither tyrants, nor revolutions, nor want; our public coffers are overflowing. When shall we reach a more proper period for cherishing those elegant embellishments of civilization, among which the art of painting holds such a prominent rank? A good painter here in want, unless from his own idleness or extravagance, is a rebuke to the taste and liberality of the whole city; and, we may add, an exhibition like the present, comprising the works of so many talented men, and not noticed by the editors, visited by the community, and honored with ample encouragement, is a proof that we are progressing much more slowly towards the real refinements of cultivated life than we are willing to allow.

We shall in this number designate several other paintings of the catalogue.

24. Portrait of T. Hamilton, Esq. Weir. The property of the artist. A fine head of the author of *Cyril Thornton*. The resemblance is marked, and the execution masterly. Likenesses of such men adorn the academy.

93. Sketch from nature. Mount. Owned by A. B. Durand, Esq. A pretty piece, representing a country lad resting himself on an old rail fence. Mr. Mount is very young in years, but his productions display a decided natural bias, which we think peculiar. A dash too of the humorous is generally visible in most of his conceptions; and he paints, evidently, from his own impressions. There are some rare touches in his "Ball after the sleigh-ride," exhibited last year. Perhaps his ideas are rather exaggerated on the canvas. He is fearful lest his meaning will not be readily detected. It is the fault of many artists as well as authors, both young and old.

201. Interior of a barn, with figures. Mount. Much broad comic power is thrown into this piece, and in the peculiar style of the artist. A country lad is playing the violin, another is dancing on the "seedy floor," and the faces of both have the expression of persons listening to enlivening music. We observe this picture is for sale.

54. Juliet. C. R. Leslie. Owned by G. Storm, Esq. There is here the talent of our distinguished countryman very perceptible, but the idea of the beautiful Capulet is not well represented. Juliet should be soft, youthful, artless, innocent, and lovely. Weir's Bianca comes much nearer to the description. Leslie's lady has boldness and hardihood, which, notwithstanding the many merits of the work, fail to touch the heart. There is too little tenderness and imagination.

56. Portrait of Miss Gillingham. J. Paradise. The likeness really excellent, and one of the best from the same hand.

10. Landscape. (Composition.) T. Cole. For sale. It is rather difficult to say precisely what this is intended to represent. It is, however, a striking scene. Water and abrupt crags, a wild deer bounding desperately over a shallow stream, and savages bending their bows in eager pursuit.

7. Family piece of James Lorimer, Esq. of London. Sir William Beachy. Owned by Colonel James L. Graham. A pleasing family group, delightfully painted.

2. Portrait of Mr. Hackett. H. Inman. Owned by Mr. Hackett.

Every one knows the success of this gifted artist in whatever he undertakes. His portraits are eminently striking. He is totally free from affectation in his coloring, and seeks neither to dazzle nor deceive in his portraits, but simply paints to the life, and with the most admirable facility. This is the original of the engraving published in the last impression of this journal.

220. Landscape. Weir. Owned by C. March, Esq. We know of few who light up their landscapes so well as Weir. The sunshine and shadows here are exquisite. It is a charming evidence of the artist's skill; and we are really gratified to observe that such pictures are owned by somebody, besides those who painted them.

200. Portrait. Twibill. Owned by Mr. Miller. This youthful aspirant after distinction surprises us, by the ability he displays both in the productions from his hand in the academy, and in others which we have casually met abroad. He is exceedingly skillful in the accuracy of his likeness, and his pieces would reflect no discredit on names with which the public is much more familiar.

142. Portrait of E. Forrest. S. H. Gimber. You can trace the expression of the tragedian, but not so forcibly as to be flattering either to the artist or the original. The drawing is good.

1. Ship Natchez, of New-Orleans, scudding under a reefed foresail, and close reefed main-topsail. James Pringle.

22. Position of the ship Sampson, immediately after the rudder was carried away, December, 1831. J. Pringle.

91. Wreck of the schooner Charles. J. Pringle.

These three sea-pieces are marked by the admirable representation of the water and the excellence of the drawing. The heaving and swelling of those stupendous ocean surges, the lowering of the atmosphere, the beautiful vessel holding its way daringly onward through the surrounding horrors, are fit subjects for the pencil, and are here delineated in a manner which must convey to an inexperienced spectator a tolerable idea of the "vasty deep."

81. Another sea-piece. Birch. Owned by Mr. Clover.

A most magical effect is produced here, in the breaking of the transparent green waves on the stony shore. It is really beautiful, and every thing but sound and motion. The billows curl "their monstrous heads" with a singular look of reality.

97. View of Governor's Island. Thompson. Full of good drawing, but the water is too stiff and regular, and the war-ship out of proportion for the distance.

We have left some very charming pictures for another notice. The landscapes are among them. Also miniatures, engravings, pencil drawings, &c. In fine weather the city does not afford a more delightful resort for a morning or afternoon lounge. It is also beautifully lighted up in the evening.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE, ETC.

WHAT an opportunity is now afforded the managers of the Park to treat the town to a succession of fine musical entertainments. They have the most efficient band in the Union, and the talents of Mrs. Austin, Miss Hughes, Messrs. Jones, Sinclair and Horn, entirely at their command. A selection of operas, by the best masters, might be made, cast to the strength of these performers; and, if they should be produced under the superintendence of the amateur to whom we are indebted for *Cinderella*, the *White Lady*, &c. they would, unquestionably, attract the public in large numbers, and thereby, which is of far more consequence to them, enrich the coffers of the establishment. It is seldom that managers have so fair a chance of accomplishing their great end—that of putting money in their purse, and of contributing to the reputation of their establishment at the same time; and we advise them to improve it while it lasts. "Make hay while the sun shines,"—"strike while the iron is hot,"—"there is a tide in the affairs of men," and other homely scraps of worldly wisdom are none the worse for being old; and when Mr. Simpson puts on his "considering cap," he is very apt to con them over to some advantage. If Gilfert were only alive, and had such materials in his hands, how he would make the Bowery ring with his "little arrangements!" But we have no room for speculations of this kind, and it is not our business to suggest what ought to be, so much as to criticise what is done upon the boards.

At the American theatre the managers continue to produce new attractions. Among recent ones are Miss Clifton's *Count Belino*. Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore are also engaged, both exceedingly well calculated to raise the character of the theatre; the former being inestimable as a getter-up of dramas, and the latter admirable in a variety of ways—a neat and graceful dancer, an intelligent and animated actress, and probably the best pantomime performer among us. Another prodigy is announced in the person of Master *Mangeon*.

The company at the Richmond Hill is now quite strong. Mrs. Hilson is still the same lively, charming, girlish actress as ever, and is invaluable; and Mr. Hilson, as Paul Pry, puts every feeling of gravity to flight. The name of Mrs. Barnes is also, a sufficient inducement to many visitors to this house; and her Myrtillo in the *Broken Sword*, to Mr. Hilson's *Estivan*, was emphatically excellent. They can now perform the most interesting comedies in the language, at this theatre. John Bull, for instance: Green is Dennis Bulgruddery himself, and Hilson's Job Thornberry one of his most happy efforts.

THE BROKEN HEART.

An affecting Ballad, founded on a distressing occurrence in the neighborhood of Basingstoke, Hampshire, England. Set to music by Mr. E. MERRIOTT. The style is chaste and appropriate, adding to the words a melancholy strain of melody in perfect unison with the subject.

WITH FEELING.

I saw that the glow of her beau-ty had fad-ed, The eye that il-lum'd it gazed wild-ly and de-ar, Her tress-es neg-lect-ed hung loose and un-braid-ed, And shroud-ed a cheek dew'd with me-mo-ry's tear! Yet she breath'd not the name of her tru-ant de-ceiv-er, The so-lace of friend-ship 'twas vain to im-part, She had loved with the warmth of a guile-less be-liev-er, But man had been faith-less and bro-ken her heart.

The dwelling is lone where she wither'd in sadness,
The bower deserted, her harp is unstrung,
The roses she twined, and the light notes of gladness,
No longer shall blossom—no more shall be sung!
The dove hath a refuge—a house of protection,
When rent is the storm-cloud, and vivid its dart;
But desolate wanders the maid of affection,
Whose truth has been slighted, and broken her heart.

2

3

She is gone, and her relics the willow weeps over—
In the grave's quiet slumber are hush'd her deep woes—
She hears not the sigh of a recreant lover—
No promises blighted disturb her repose.
Her spirit, too pure for the bonds that enchained it,
Now hallow'd in realms whence it ne'er shall depart,
Looks radiantly down on the wretch who disdain'd it,
On him who has rifed and broken a heart.

From the last number of Fraser's Magazine.

ADDRESS TO CUPID.

Why dip thy shafts in poison, god of Love?
Lo! twanging idly from thy sportive bow,
'Tis thine dread tumults in the heart to move,
And make it throb with unaccustomed woe.
Small pleasure mingles with the cloud of pain
Which settles round the subjects of thy reign.
The poets feign thou art of heavenly birth—
But this thy victims idle fiction deem;
Can minds celestial agonize the earth,
And needless anguish add to life's sad dream?
Wert thou of heaven, thou hadst not left thy sphere
Of endless bliss to cause distraction here.
Why dip thy shafts in poison? why in smiles,
Playful, yet false, conceal thy dangerous art?
To thee belong the scaly serpent's wiles,
To cheat the eye and crush the trusting heart.
Alike is felt the anguish of thy power,
In peasant's cot or high-born beauty's bower.
Thou art not of the skies, as poets feign,
Deceitful archer! yet thy conquering bow
Hath sent its shafts into their bright domain,
And made immortals taste of human woe.
Beloved of Venus! thy presumptuous dart
Left not unscathed e'en her own beautiful heart.

And still thou roam'st, a harbinger of ill,
Torturing with wicked pranks the maiden's brain;
The bashful youth, obedient to thy will,
Thou goadest on with strange, delirious pain.
Time lessens not the arrows in thy quiver—
Like thine own freaks, they shall endure forever.
E'en age to thee a subject homage pays,
Mischievous boy! Not e'en can wrinkled years
Arrest thee on thy wild fantastic ways;
Thou shoot'st, and lo! antiquity appears,
In form of bachelor or maiden hoary,
Writhing with pain—at once thy shame and glory.
All climates are thine own: with tyrant sway
Thou rul'st. Alike the icy polar sphere,
And the warm regions where the god of day
Most loves to linger in his bright career.
In every land thy glittering altar starts—
Its offerings—idle vows and broken hearts.
The same to thee is day or starry night;
For rambling, like the borealis' beams,
Thou holdest on thy mad eccentric flight,
And cheat'st the slumberer's soul with idle dreams—
Raising delusive forms before his eyes,
And pleasures which he ne'er shall realize.
And monarchs, too, thy matchless archery
Hath stricken, as the hunter strikes the doe;

The flames of Dido's pile were lit by thee;
And Troy—majestic sepulchre of woe—
Fell from her high estate, in evil hour,
A monument of thy stupendous power.

Conquerors have owned thy sway—the sons of song,
And daughters too have pined beneath its spell;
Immortal Tasso, Dante, Petrarch long
Bowed at thy shrine; and Lesbian Sappho fell
Victim of love's insufferable load,
Beneath thy arrows, all-subduing god.

Why dip thy shafts in poison? why invade,
With such dread arms, "the palace of the soul?"
Why veil the sunshine of the heart in shade?
Lo! steep'd in tears beneath thy fierce control,
Pale beauty like a phantom fades away,
And manhood's sterner spirit knows decay.

Dread are thy triumphs, Love! The maniac's cry—
The poisoned cup—the broken heart—are thine,
Alas! too often. Therefore, let us fly
From the false flowers that strew thy gilded shrine
And on the icy wings of cold disdain,
Escape at once thy snares and all their pain.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

Printed by George P. Scott & Co.—successors to J. Seymour.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1832.

No. 50.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.

[Concluded.]

THIS she considers a fine stroke of domestic policy or retaliation. Alas, alas! she dreams not that the stroke is aimed alike at *her own happiness*. For though her husband may endure this conduct for a season, every recurrence serves to wean away his affection, and then he seeks that gratification in the society of others, which is denied him in that of *his wife*. At this period it is difficult, nay, I may say, it is impossible to call the wanderer back; or if it were, you have too much self-esteem to attempt it; you have suffered vanity to master your better feelings, and you cannot stoop, *then*, to acknowledge yourself in error.

This is the general course of wedded life—the parties set out erroneously, and, in the rapture of the moment, forget their duty to each other. The ardor of man's disposition leads him to very romantic professions; this you are aware of, but still you act as if you were not at all conscious of it. The protestations of the newly-married man are, without doubt, sincerely intended—but he professes more than humanity can accomplish—yet you believe it. This is your first error. You are flattered into vanity and self-esteem; the romance of the lover is regarded by you as *truth*, and, certainly, if you still continue the same means of excitement, you may experience its truth as far as such romance can possibly be true; but believing, from his asseverations, that you have a most powerful hold upon him, you abate every means of retaining that hold, and then that wearisome monotony is experienced which too generally characterizes the marriage-state.

The nature of man is such, that where there is no excitement, there he is faithless; like the bee, he is constant to no flower after the charm has worn off. It is your task to preserve a *perpetual charm*; or rather a variety of charms, by which your husband, always finding pleasures at home, will never wish to roam abroad for others. You must consult his taste and his partialities. Whatever he may commend in another, that you should strive to imitate, or if that is not practicable, then atone for it by something else for which you have the capability. If he is a well-disposed and honorable man, these are the means he will adopt in order to insure *your affection*; but should he find all those attentions unrepaid by similar exertions on your part, he will abandon them altogether, and you will prove the truth of the vulgar expression, "courtship and matrimony are different things."

It will be your plan, in order to inspire perfect connubial happiness, to regard all the expressions of your lover, not as *true*, but as only expressed with a sincere intention of fulfillment; your exertions, therefore, must be directed to preserve *your lover*. From the first hour of your marriage, you must regard your husband as the means of happiness, but which is only to be *insured* by a strict course of conduct. You must, in reality, make him your *study*; and what employment can you have more pleasurable? If his temper is faulty, then strive to amend it by kindness; if he be a good man, kindness will shame him from his error. I have heard many women termed 'spirited,' all the 'spirit' of whom consisted in their irritable disposition, and their desire to talk louder and faster than their husbands. The true "spirit" of a wife is of a gentler nature; spirit is not vehemence, but that soft and tender feeling which is ever most effectual in its appeal to the honorable mind; a spirit which inspires, not riot, nor outrageousness, not threats, but mild forbearance, merciful reproof—that feeling which induces a wife to weep over the errors of her husband—to take the hand of the faulty one, to lay the other kindly upon his shoulder, and, looking up into his face, urge her remonstrance in the plain and unadorned—the calm but expressive language of a *tear*.

If he be worthy of your love, the husband so addressed will not be addressed in vain.

The love of woman is very different from man's love; there is more devotion, more reality in it. Man, in his connexion with society and the world, passes through scenes calculated to alienate the kinder feelings of humanity: woman has no such trials of her faith; thus, her love is more pure and devoted. Mrs. Norton has very powerfully delineated it:—

"To worship silently at some heart's shrine,
And feel, but paint not, all its fires in thine;
To pray for that heart's hopes when thine are gone,
Nor let its after-coldness chill thine own;
To hold that one, with every fault, more dear
Than all who whisper fondness in thine ear:
To joy thee in his joy, and silently
Meet the upbraiding of his angry eye;
To bear unshrinking, all the blows of fate,
Save that which leaves thy sorrow desolate;
To bide with him, and for him, through every ill:
To smile on him,—nor weep, save when apart,
God, and God only, looks into thine heart!
Oh! THIS IS WOMAN'S LOVE!"

The task of a wife is thus comprised, and nothing can be more easy of accomplishment; but to be pursued successfully, you must never allow anger, nor any other evil feeling or disposition to rise into predominance. Bear always in mind your true situation, and have the words of the apostle perpetually engraven on your heart. Your duty is submission—"submission and obedience are the lessons of your life, and peace and happiness will be your reward." Your husband is, by the laws of God and of man, your superior; do not ever give him cause to remind you of it. If he be an honorable man, he will never exert his authority, but rather seem to yield submission—never exert authority over him, but, remembering the wayward nature of man, still act and demean yourself according to the duty of a *wife*. Your husband will love you more for that denial, and your happiness will proportionably increase. Milton has defined the duty of a wife in the following beautiful poetry, which I quote from an address by *Eve* to her partner *Adam*.

"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law, THOU MINE: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike."

Let all your enjoyments centre in your *home*. Let your home occupy the first place in your thoughts; for that is the only source of happiness. Let all your endeavors be directed towards the promotion of your husband's welfare, and he will reward your faithful zeal. May heaven prosper those exertions, and bless your union with perpetual felicity; that after years may witness no diminution of your happiness, which has been inspired on this—*your wedding-day*.

"Happy then will be the man that hath made you his wife,
Happy the child that shall call you mother."

JEAN JACQUES TARDEE.

Of the many diversities of men who compose the great stream of emigration annually setting towards the western world, few comparatively are natives of France. Whether the love of home be stronger in them than in the men of other lands, or that the land of labor has no charms for the man accustomed to the lighter employments of the vineyard, the toy-shop, and the camp, it is certain that the roadside inquiries of the traveler in the western world are seldom answered by the voice of a Frenchman. Of the few natives of that country, none are in circumstances of laborious poverty; and, whilst nationality is traced in the crowds from Ireland, toiling as at home, in the most degrading employments of human life, the wealthy and intelligent Frenchman is usually encountered at the wharf, the gaming-house, or the tavern.

Of the latter description of men was Jean Jacques Tardee, of whom during a recent sojourn in the United States of America, I learned the following dark history. He was a native of Paris, and emigrated to America about the year 1816, a dentist by profession; and though possessed of many fine accomplishments of person, manners, and knowledge of languages, he yet preferred, to the steady exercise of a lucrative and useful profession, to grasp at fortune by the most iniquitous means. His first exploit was at Charleston, in South Carolina. In that port was a newly-built, fast-sailing, and valuable pilot-boat, the most superb of that class of vessels that grace the harbors of America. Jean Jacques there formed the design of carrying off this vessel from the wharf, and having corrupted the negroes employed in the navigation of the boat, a night was appointed, when this villain rightly judged, that once unmoored and under way, pursuit was in vain even by the fastest sailing vessel in the port, and that the circumstance of a pilot-boat passing out at night, would excite no suspicions from the fortifications at the mouth of the harbor. But slight circumstances often frustrate the most skilful projects of human villany. A mercantile gentleman of Charleston had observed Tardee in conversation with the negroes attached to the vessel, and with that watchful spirit which pervades all residents in slave countries, he communicated his suspicions to the master of the boat, when, by a separate examination of the negroes, it was discovered that the Frenchman had prevailed upon them, by promises of liberty, a large sum of money, and a share in his future adventures, to carry off the vessel to the island of Cuba. Being resolved to secure the Frenchman in his own toils, the negroes were enjoined, upon promise of forgiveness for the past, to carry on the plot; and accordingly, on a certain night, the master was informed that Tardee would arrive at midnight in a wherry from a neighboring wharf, to which his baggage was already conveyed, for the purpose of eluding the vigilance of the police by night. True to the appointed time, a boat with muffled oars crept stealthily along at midnight to the side of the vessel; its only tenant was Tardee, who handed up a trunk and mounted upon deck. The pilot first met him. Tardee instantly discharged a

pistol at his breast but without effect, and was soon overpowered, secured, and conveyed to the guard-house. When taken before the magistrates on the following morning, his fine address did not forsake him, and in answer to the charge, he described himself as a dentist, who, being engaged to go down to Sullivan's Island, to perform an operation on the teeth of a lady resident there, the negroes attached to the pilot-boat had offered to convey him to the island for a small remuneration, and upon coming accordingly to the vessel, he had been met and assaulted by the owner, and was compelled, in his own defence, to fire the pistol. The plausibility of this account, and his manner, assumed as that of an injured and much-outraged man, added to the inadmissibility of the evidence of the negroes in support of the charge, had almost ensured his dismissal, when search was thereupon made in his trunk, from which was produced a deed of transfer of the pilot-boat, with her tackle, furniture, and negroes, to Jean Jacques Tardee, bearing the forged signature of the complainant himself, and a large and most imposing seal. At sight of this the confidence of the Frenchman deserted him; he attempted no explanation of the document, and was immediately committed to prison. It being subsequently thought that the charge of piracy could not be supported, owing to the incompleteness of any overt act, the vessel not having been unmoored, the indictment was accordingly founded upon a conspiracy to have stolen and feloniously carried away the vessel; upon which charge Tardee was arraigned, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for the term of two years.

These transactions brought to the remembrance of the citizens of Charleston the melancholy particulars of an affair then of recent occurrence, in which the captain and several of the passengers and crew of a packet-ship, trading thence to the port of New-York, had been carried off by poison. This tragic event had happened at sea, and a negro cook being suspected under circumstances of extreme probability, upon the arrival of the vessel at Charleston, the unfortunate man was tried, condemned, and executed. It now, however, was remembered that Tardee had been a passenger in the vessel at the time, that he and two fellow-passengers, having the appearance of Spaniards of fortune, had not partaken, upon pretences of religious scruples, of the food which had contained the deadly adulteration; and it was moreover known, that Tardee had been a witness of a quarrel which had occurred between the captain and the cook upon the morning in question, when the latter had declared his intention to be revenged in consequence—a circumstance which, upon his trial, had sealed his condemnation. There now remained little doubt that Tardee and his accomplices were the perpetrators of the murderous deed, that an artful advantage had been taken of the occurrence of the quarrel and declarations of revenge, to ensure the success of the plot for which they had embarked as passengers, and none doubted now that the unfortunate negro had died an innocent man. This is the case related by Captain Hall, in the year 1817. He was present in Charleston at the time of the trial of the negro; and, though his impressions of the innocence of the man were only founded in a feeling of humanity, it is now certain that he was too correct in his narrative of an affair which he has treated with such power and pathos. With all this accumulation of crime upon his head, still, Tardee was imprisoned but a short time, and he was added to those criminals too easily pardoned by the executive, the list of whom does undoubtedly sully the administration of justice in America. After a confinement of a few months, a remission of the remainder of his sentence was granted by the new governor of South Carolina, and this dark demon was once again let loose upon the world.

In a few weeks he was heard of again, and his fatal and final exercise of his black art covered him with destruction. Being rejoined by the two Spaniards, mentioned as his fellow-passengers in the former voyage from New-York, he had departed from Charleston for the port of New-Orleans on the Mississippi river; thence they embarked again as passengers in the brig Crawford, bound to the Chesapeake. Towards the conclusion of the voyage, poison was again administered in the food, and the captain, crew, and every human being, excepting the three passengers and the mate of the vessel, lay dead upon the deck! Tardee then assumed the command; the mate had been preserved for the purpose of navigating the vessel, and as it was not expedient to enter any of the harbors of America, and the cargo consisted of merchandise suitable to a European market, it was determined to sail for Hamburg. It was found, however, that the remaining water and provisions were insufficient for a voyage across the Atlantic, to procure a supply of which, the vessel stood into the Chesapeake, and anchored in Hampton Roads, opposite to a small fort and country town. Here the two Spaniards were dispatched to the shore in a boat, for the requisite supplies, and

Tardee and the mate were now alone in the vessel. His dreadful situation flashed across the mind of the mate; he was now for the last time in sight of his native shores; in a few hours he would again be on the lonely waters of the ocean, his companions pirates, and at any hour he might convey to his own lips the cup of death. The vigilance and ready weapons of Tardee forbade the risk of an encounter; the return of the Spaniards would be a signal for the departure of the vessel; another boat containing only a single oar was alongside; the Frenchman had retired for a moment to the cabin; and the mate, descending to the boat, had sculled beyond the reach of the pistols of Tardee, who was at last seen rushing frantic upon deck. In his boat, and with a single oar, the mate soon reached the shore, and having communicated the affair to the commander of the port, the Spaniards were secured in the village, and a party of soldiers were soon dispatched to the brig. Upon the floor of the cabin Tardee lay dead, his throat severed, in despair, from ear to ear. The Spaniards were afterwards tried, condemned, and executed; the vessel is now peacefully trading along the coasts of America, and I recently was in that cabin where ended the crimes and existence of Jean Jacques Tardee!

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A GENIUS.

BY BOLLEY MC PHERSON, ESQ.

"He was not of the herd—in childhood lone,
He mixed not, even when his wondrous powers
By sage maturity were fully ripe,
In such concerns as engage the world.
In infancy he prattled to the moon,
And with most rare device his cunning showed
In divers structures, formed of pictured cards;
The which did trace upon his early brow,
The lines of thought precocious."—*MS. tragedy.*

A BRIGHT autumnal morning, the successor of a night of storm and terror, was distinguished by the birth of the gifted subject of this article. The angry elements seemed hushed, and the blackness dispersed, either by the sun of heaven or the son of my father, on that memorable morning; that it was the latter, I have little reason to disbelieve, as my whole life has appeared a commentary on such an auspicious augury; inasmuch, as it has shown itself peculiarly fitted to dispel the mists of this age of doubt,

"And gild a world of darkness with its rays."

To describe here the joy of my father, or the rapture of my mother, would be a superfluous task. I grew up as children who are decreed to be spoiled, generally do—that is, I was petted and grew fat, scratched the nurse's face, broke every thing I could lay my hands upon, and soon became distinguished among the old ones of the neighborhood, as the smartest boy with the shrillest voice in the whole country. My eyes were gray, large, and peculiarly wild—when I was in a passion; an unerring proof, so said my father, that I was destined to immortality. My forehead was remarkably high, deep and expanded—that is, before my hair was perfectly grown; another indubitable mark of genius. My nose was (and, alas! now is) something "of a snub," that resisted all the kind and well-meant pinchings of my dear mamma, assisted by the forefinger and thumb of my excellent nurse, (whose good intentions I have, however, since then somewhat doubted,) in their endeavors to fashion it into somewhat of a Roman character. It is a terrible thing to have a snub nose; there is, however, a consolation in knowing that such a nose does not offer that prominent temptation to the digitals of one's particular friends, that is presented by those of either a Grecian or Roman formation. I was sent to school at an early age, at which time I distinguished myself, not so much by my progress in Corderii, as by some other matters which shall be related. My father had impressed upon me the caution, as soon as I could understand any thing, (which was not remarkably early,) to avoid mediocrity; or, in his own expressive words, for he was a Kentuckian, to "go the whole or nothing." In pursuance of this excellent advice, I generally, unless by accident, stood number one in my class, counting from the bottom; while I looked with supreme contempt on those boys whose mediocrity kept them between me and the head of the form. I considered myself superior to them all, and only second to the boy at the top—it was merely turning the file about and I was even his superior; while the middle boy, the mediocres, would neither gain nor lose much by the change of position. They had told me at home that I was a genius, and I had no sort of desire to contradict the assertion; indeed, I began to flatter myself that such was actually the case. I had a high forehead—I was as lazy as Diogenes himself—I was careless about my dress—my face was not always clean, and I was abstracted even at this early age; indeed, so far did absence of mind incommode me, that I often entirely forgot that I had a lesson to learn, and the fact that I was expected at school, so completely slipped my memory, that for an entire week at a time I have not crossed its classical threshold. On such occasions I was generally found by my affectionate parents, either up to my knees in the mud of a fish-pond, engaged in the elegant occupation of catching eels—or amusing myself by throwing stones from behind a hedge at the passengers, or perhaps asleep under a hay-stack. My most usual occupation, however, during these fits of absence, and one to which I was particularly attached, was angling. I believe all great geniuses are, more or less, addicted to the "gentle science." I was a great angler. These peculiarities, which my beloved parents called "eccentricities," together with an inherent good opinion of myself, strengthened the belief I began to entertain of my own ge-

nus. The pedagogue, under the terrors of whose birchen rod I was first initiated into the mysteries of "*Etic, hæc, hoc*," was one of those itinerant mediciners of the mind that are found almost every country village, boarding in every body's house, with all their "worldly contents in a pocket handkerchief," and whose ostensible occupations are somewhat multitudinous. The delightful task of teaching "the young idea how to shoot," was not therefore the only occupation of the excellent Doctor Quipes. He was singing master of the parish, and would often, on Sunday morning, amuse himself by ringing the bell of the meeting house: he was a sort of physician, likewise, as his style signified; and in the matter of curing a lame spaniel, or splintering the limb of a crippled chicken, was without an equal. The learned gentleman was somewhat lengthy, his height being a fraction over six feet; and being tolerably lean withal, and with legs that were almost interminable, he was well calculated to perform the pedestrian feats he sometimes accomplished—in walking to and from the school. The doctor's sojourn was, of course, by turns taken up at my father's; at such times I had the satisfaction of hearing my genius extolled, and my astonishing precocity expatiated upon, by this "learned pundit"—most particularly whenever the honest gentleman was desirous of increasing his privileges. My father being one of the trustees of this literary establishment, a good word in his ear concerning his very hopeful progenitor, was sure to work wonders in behalf of the disinterested doctor. On such occasions he was truly eloquent; and I have actually blushed, "albeit unused" thereunto, at the flights of fancy in which this sober minded gentleman would at such times indulge. According to these private accounts, I was the best—the most promising scholar in the school—whereas, I had often, before the whole literary *posse*, the satisfaction of hearing myself dubbed, "the greatest dolt it had ever been his ill fortune to fall in with." The doctor was peculiarly partial to the system of Solomon in training up youth, and whenever he gave any of us a lecture, he generally finished the same with an appropriate flourish of his stick, and a warm greeting thereof with the shoulders of the offender. This he called "driving it in;" "for," said he, "there are two parts to a lecture, the subject and the application,"—the flogging we understood to be "the application." In a short time my genius began positively to display itself in a variety of projects and contrivances, which evinced that peculiar character of intuition which is ever the attendant of precocious talent. It is true, the products of my ingenuity were not generally known, but were confined principally to such uses as they could be applied to, within the immediate vicinity of their origin. The first effort in which my inventive genius particularly displayed itself, was in the construction of a machine for catching flies. Being possessed of that sensitiveness that is generally the concomitant of true genius, it had ever appeared to me, when I saw one of those little innocents put out of the world, that the manner in which their exit was consummated must be attended with unnecessary pain to the victim. I had seen fly-traps that gave me a sensation of infinite horror whenever I thought of them; and among these, the kind generally in use in the country houses of the neighborhood, was particularly revolting to my delicate sensibilities. This cruel machine consisted of two shingles, placed one above the other, and joined with a sort of hinge at the ends; to the upper piece a string was attached, while upon the surface of the under one was spread a thick coat of molasses. The flies, enticed by the smell of the luscious sweet, would rush in swarms to the bait, and the moment their toes touched the adhesive consistence, their hopes of life were over, for the more they endeavored to extricate themselves, the deeper they became immersed in the mire: and there they stuck "*in medio laborare*." At such moments, I could not but pity these innocent unsophisticated insects; their struggles for release—their supplicating countenances—their silent agony—their piteous gestures—all tended to show the utter misery, the absolute *murder* of such a death; perhaps for half a day they would linger in this state of torture, before some friendly hand pulled the string and released them from pain and life together. To remedy these cruel evils it was, that I first set about the invention of a machine, that should accomplish the death of the flies, without committing an act of murder upon the souls and bodies of the sufferers. The instrument that I planned and executed, while it effectually did the work of death upon its victims, sent them to the land of shades, without the accompaniment of prolonged torture, or mangled carcasses. It was modelled something after the manner of a guillotine, and decapitated its subjects with astonishing celerity. But I was a poet—a born poet—"Poeta nascitur," &c. A most precocious instance of this spirit was displayed in my first effort, entitled, "Lines on a deceased Canary bird." The unhappy exit of this feathered favorite was accomplished through the means of a certain four-footed feline savage, of the Maltese species, under very melancholy circumstances. This cat flourished under the patronage of a maiden sister of my father, and was boarded and lodged for the ostensible purpose of catching rats; but an abominable thirst for blood, inherent in the animal, caused her sometimes strangely to mistake her victims, as the ghosts of some dozens innocent goslings and that of the unlucky canary can testify. In these lines, therefore, I set forth in strong relief, the contrast between the ravenous, blood-thirsty disposition of the assassin, and the gentle, playful and unoffending character of the defunct. It contained a truly feeling and pathetic appeal to the consciences of all the cats in the neighborhood, and was concluded by an appropriate moral application. This affecting lucubration was read before the parson and Doctor Quipes, at a family dinner, just after the second bottle, and was by them likened to

some of the early productions of Shelley. I remember that my father was so delighted with their remarks, that he instantly called for the third bottle. My collar was worn carelessly open, after the manner of Byron, and I conceived a particular fancy for biscuit and soda-water—two propensities that essentially belong to the poetic character. No man can be a poet without eccentricity. No one can write good poetry, who is not fond of soda-water; and any person guilty of the act of imbibing a heavier fluid than "gin and water," may consider himself as having nought of the spirit of poetry in his soul. The poetic temperament is full of romance, and, of course, I became enraptured with the romantic. I was fond of sallying forth at night in the clear moonshine—straying through silent groves—meditating among the tombs—listening from some mighty steep, to the deep booming thunder—or in watching the forked lightning as it darted from the black shroud of the storm. So enamored did I become of solitude, that I have actually for hours been seated on a three-cornered rail in the neighborhood of some waterfall, and in an attitude so rural and picturesque, that I was once shot at, being mistaken for a bear in the act of stealing into a corn-field.

FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THIRD NOTICE.

We claim the indulgence of our readers, and feel confident that it will be cheerfully awarded, while we glance once more at the pictures exhibited in this institution. A number of admirable pieces remain, which we have not yet named. Of those mentioned heretofore we have only taken a cursory view. Many contemporary journals have, however, solicited the public attention to this display by our untiring artists, and we sincerely congratulate the academy on the increasing numbers of visitors who are in daily attendance.

No. 3. Portrait of Signor Da Ponte. Frothingham. This well-known artist possesses strong claims to attention as a portrait painter. His usual skill is clearly visible in this resemblance of our venerable and highly-esteemed fellow-citizen.

11. Landscape. Gerardi.

17. Landscape. Gerardi. This and the foregoing are small but strikingly pretty, expressing a great deal of imagination, if they are fancy pieces, and much power and taste whether they are or not. They are by an Italian artist.

12. Portrait of the late Colonel Fairman. T. Sully. This is done in a pleasing and lively style, by a successful artist, who makes a sweet toil of copying the faces of our fair friends in Philadelphia.

13. View on the North river. A. Richardson. For sale. A dijn scene, of hill and river, in "Cynthia's lonely, lovely light."

14. Lady Beatrice Cenci, in the castle of St. Angelo, in Rome, about being conducted to the place of execution. G. Marsiglia. For sale. The lofty columns and ceilings have here an imposing look, and the whole is well done; but the smallness and indistinctness of the figures make the piece rather a likeness of the castle than of the lady.

15. Italian Kitchen. Beautiful, beautiful, indeed. The spectator will admire the Italian sky gleaming through the window, and the clear light and soft shadows which fill the apartment, and the fine accuracy with which the whole is finished. We suppose this is from the same hand as the small but striking picture, entitled, in the catalogue "Interior view," and also anonymous. They are both worthy a careful and minute examination. Are the members of the academy unacquainted with the name of the artist?

16. Portrait of Colonel Childs. H. Inman. Full of life and character, and admirable; as are all from the same source.

18. Landscape—evening. Richardson. For sale.

20. Portrait of the late Dr. Mitchell. Frothingham. A strong likeness, and, both from the merits of the piece and the esteemed character and profound learning of the lamented original, a highly appropriate and valuable embellishment to the exhibition.

23. Landscape. W. Allston. Owned by E. Weeks. The reputation of Mr. Washington Allston is extended. He is at present residing in Boston. This is a dark-looking group of buildings and stretch of landscape, without any particular merit.

25. Composition (a sketch) for a larger picture. Weir. The execution of this design would afford the artist a capital opportunity to illustrate his warm imagination. A young painter is seen in the midst of a hall, gazing in mute rapture on a lovely Italian girl, whose portrait he has come to paint. The story goes on to state, that when he paid his second visit he found her dead.

70. Spalatro's vision of the Bloody Hand. W. Allston. This fine and spirited production continues to excite general admiration. We recur to it again, however, to rectify an error in the first notice, when we stated that it was the property of W. Bull. It is owned by Mr. H. S. Ball, of South Carolina, for whom it was originally painted, and who, we learn, recently brought it from Charleston, for the purpose of loaning it to the academy.

28. Portrait of John Lang, Esq. A. L. De Rose. Owned by Colonel Gamble. Mr. De Rose is indefatigable in his profession, and continues to improve. Some of his portraits are exceedingly accurate.

31. View in Trimble Valley, near Newburgh. Hoyle. Owned by Mr. John Parker. We cannot say precisely that we are familiar with Trimble Valley; but we do say, that the vicinity of Newburgh presents specimens of landscape, of hill and valley, wood and meadow, river and mountain, of a rich luxuriance, of a

gorgeous beauty and magnificence, probably surpassed by few in the world. The present is a soft and pretty scene, marked by Mr. Richardson's peculiar manner.

34. Landscape. G. W. Tyler. We have before spoken of the merits of this young artist as a landscape painter. He must subdue the brightness of his coloring, and his pieces will be much better.

39. Landscape. W. M. O. We presume some one enamored of the art. He need not be ashamed of this effort. It is a quiet, pleasant-looking picture of rural beauty, rich tufts of foliage, the turn of a road, and soft scenery in the distance. It is very well imagined and executed.

46. Fruit piece. G. Marsiglia. The jar and fish are not well done; the fruit rich and natural; the cut orange has a pretty transparency, and the grapes are admirable, but slightly tinged with a propensity this artist discovers for coloring too highly. After all there is nothing like nature, which is often brilliant, but not always.

58. Sketch for a larger picture. Weir. Owned by W. M. Oddie. Here again the hand of Weir is easily recognized. A lady looking from a balcony over a soothing scene.

104. Coast scene. Richardson. Owned by J. F. Burrell.

105. Coast scene. Richardson. Owned by J. F. Burrell.

Both charming. The misty atmosphere, the rocky coast and ocean dimly seen through, are finely represented.

106. Engraving. (Convent gate.) Smillie. The great merit of this skilful artist is now becoming generally acknowledged. He has few equals, and we think no superiors, in the country.

107. Young Artist. Johnson. Truly comic. A little boy has persuaded his companion to stand for his portrait. The attitude and expression of the original is ludicrous enough, but the portrait drawn by the young artist on the board is inimitable. The droll resemblance of the picture, the effort of the one child to stand still, and the eagerness of the other, are all admirable.

211. Portrait. C. Ingham. The sunshiny face of a smiling girl, with golden ringlets. Ingham's pictures combine softness and brilliancy delightfully, but sometimes to a fault. His old men are occasionally too smooth complexioned and rose-lipped. The artist, we think, should subdue his propensity for high and warm coloring, when he paints those faces which are "written down old with all the characters of age;" but a lovely woman or a happy child cannot be too strikingly soft and clear for nature. The present is done with his usual skill, and cannot fail to secure to itself a favorable notice.

205. Full-length portrait. Weir. Owned by Dr. Hosack. A graceful female, the head and face quite prettily finished.

199. Portrait. Ingham. The bonnet is almost reality. The hand is either badly painted or the position badly chosen. The coloring, as usual, appears more beautifully finished the more closely it is examined.

190. Full-length portrait. De Rose. We must compliment this artist on a visible improvement, but we do not admire the design of this at all. The attitude of the gentleman, "armed *cap-a-pie*," is ungraceful and unnatural. There is, however, a good deal of merit displayed in the face, which we learn is a strong likeness.

207. Brother and Sister. F. Agate. H. Tolman. Very pretty, but the heads much better than the figures.

4. Scotch Pensioner. Weir. A fine venerable head, "blasted with antiquity" and long-past battles.

5. View of Ponte de la Trinta. Weir. Owned by Miss M. Glover. A fine city view—battlements, bridges, a stone pier, a stream, a statue—and the moon shining down dimly over all. A very charming piece. Every wealthy American should own a picture or two of this kind. They are, indeed, rich and elegant ornaments for the drawing-room.

6. Woodland scenery. Weir. For sale. A track of brown heath. The vast distance stretches away to the horizon, like nature itself.

8. Family piece of the late James Lorimer, Esq. of London. Sir William Beachy. Owned by Colonel J. L. Graham. We have noticed this once previously, but not with sufficient care. It improves wonderfully on acquaintance. The animated yet easy and natural grouping, the sweet infantile faces of the children, the quiet expression of paternal pride and satisfaction in the countenance of the father, are altogether worthy of a second look.

18. Landscape. (Evening.) A. Richardson. (For sale.) Will not bear a close inspection. As a mere sketch it is one of his best.

21. Portrait. Syms. Owned by A. Richardson. Well-painted and natural.

26. Landscape. Hoyle. Owned by Mr. Weir. A soft view, a winding river, rich foliage, distant hills, and all glowing in a mellow light, which falls very effectively on the foreground.

30. View on the North river. Richardson. For sale. There is a whiteness about some of Mr. R.'s pictures, which strikes the eye unpleasantly. The scene here is lovely but for this.

33. Lake Sebago. C. Codman. For sale. A charming landscape, and well lighted.

36. A landscape. Richardson. More whitish hills and trees; but truly beautiful as a sketch.

37. The Two Sisters. W. Page. Owned by S. Dewitt Bloodgood, Esq. A pretty domestic scene. The interior of a room, book, bust, table, sofa, &c. The light streaming through a window, and two dear little girls at play.

38. Portrait. Furguson. Very fair portrait—of marked merit, of a little boy in blue.

40. Portrait. R. Peale. Spirited female face.

45. Portrait. Peale. Said to be a head of Greenough, whose admired "Chanting Cherubs" stand in the opposite side of the room.

49. View near Worcester, Mass. Hoyle. Owned by James J. Mapes, Esq. A luxuriant piece of landscape, seen from the brow of a hill.

53. La Berretta. Weir. Owned by Philip Hone, Esq. Really beautiful; a female face, much in the style of the Greek. By the same artist.

61. Portrait. Leslie. Owned by S. Ward, jun. Admirable. The head of our friend, Dr. Francis, taken many years ago.

63. View on the Lake of Bolsena. Weir. Owned by Mr. Parker. A beautiful, rich view, with figures.

73. Landscape. Smith. A fine rural scene; cottages and distant country; dark, but imposing, and finely executed.

75. Landscape. Hoxie. Fault in the coloring; a want of discrimination and distinctness.

76. The Rose. A. Smith, jun. Owned by Allen Smith, Esq. If by a young artist, this has merit, though without taste or expression.

77. Landscape. Cole. For sale. A daub, but by a masterly hand; careless, but betraying a fine conception.

Besides the above enumerated paintings, there are several portraits of great merit, by Inman, Ingham, Dunlap, Mount, Morse, Sully, Twibill, and others.

Several cases of admirably executed wood engravings, by Mason, are also exhibited; many of them were done for, and have appeared in this journal.

Some able drawings in pencil also are displayed, highly creditable to the artists. We observe likewise a large view of the City—hotel and a part of Broadway, by Mr. C. Burton; and some exquisite engravings on steel, by Smillie. We would particularly designate the small plate, "Garden of Eden," from Cole's large oil painting; some humorous burlesque sketches by Johnston, (his militia muster is capital;) and a large number of elegant miniatures, by Cummings, Mapes, Badger, Newcombe, Bartlet, Winter, Dodge, Shumway, &c. Mr. W. G. Wall, of Newport, has contributed several peculiarly pleasing landscapes. We may have casually omitted the mention of others of equal merit. The artists have our congratulations upon the favorable notice taken of this exhibition by the public. We are indebted to them for several hours of delightful recreation, and we sincerely trust they may, both as individuals and academicians, persevere and prosper.

MUSIC.

THE SPRING ORATORIO.

The New-York Sacred Music Society, to which we are indebted for whatever of advance has been made in the cultivation of the noblest and most sublime branch of the musical art, gave their usual spring performance, on Thursday, the seventh instant, at the chapel in Chatham-street, which has been rented for the express purpose of producing oratorios at stated periods. The building is admirably adapted for this praiseworthy purpose, and has been converted, with considerable judgment, into a convenient and handsome apartment, with a spacious orchestra, well calculated either for the purpose of devotion, or of a grave musical performance.

The selection was not an entire oratorio, by some great master, as at the last performance, but two acts of a miscellaneous description, embracing choice *morceaux*, the compositions of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. Mrs. Austin led the *soprano* department, Mr. Jones, the *tenor*, and a Mr. Riley, for the first time, appeared as the principal *bass* singer. We cannot encourage the latter in the hope that he can ever succeed as a vocalist.

We refer with pleasure to the merits displayed in this performance, and they were neither few, nor of a common description. Mr. Jones, for the first time in our remembrance, introduced Handel's unrivalled *recitative* and *air* from the oratorio of Jephthah, descriptive of that patriarch's rash vow, and the immolation of his daughter. It is certainly one of the most difficult of Handel's compositions, and the *recitative* is allowed by the musical world to be the most refined and beautiful description of compunction and remorse which the union of sentiment and sound is capable of producing. Braham, in England, has raised an imperishable name by his touching description of the father's misery; and those who have ever heard him will remember, that it is scarcely possible to conceive a more sublime musical effort than his rendering of that *recitative*, and the prayer which follows for the immortality of his child, commencing, "Waft her, angels, through the skies." We can call to mind no equal to this splendid performance by Braham, unless it be the various passions described by the inimitable Pasta, in the opera of *Media*, when about to put the children of Jason to death.

Mr. Jones really did himself honor by his finished mode of singing the prayer; and the *recitative* was highly creditable to his conception of the author. His "Lord, remember David," was a smooth and pleasing performance; but that in which he least excelled was Martin Luther's Judgment Hymn. We prefer Mr. Horn's performance of this piece. It is but justice, however, to add, that when we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Horn, he was supported by the fine organ at St. Paul's church, whereas Mr. Jones and Mr. Norton were assisted by an instrument not capable of the same effect. Of Norton, we can only lament that he is the only professor of the trumpet in the country who really develops the beauty of the instrument. He is indeed, far beyond all competition.

Mrs. Austin's "Angels ever bright," is too well known, and too well appreciated by the amateurs of the city, to need comment. To our mind, it is one of her happiest efforts: the liquid quality of her voice—the facility with which each note glides after the foregoing one—the pleasing contour of her countenance, unmoved by exertion, and betraying no contortion, the only peculiarity being the inclination of her head rather on one side—her studied and unvaried attention to the business of the evening, as well in the *chorusses* as in her own department—altogether form an agreeable picture of a practised and finished vocalist, which is not often realized. The spirited air, "Let the bright Seraphim," accompanied by Norton, caused an evident sensation among the audience, and which burst forth in plaudits, and were only checked by one of the directors addressing them, and requesting them to desist. The band, on the whole, played well. Mr. Hill mistook the time of the overture of Sampson, by leading the first movement much too slow; he, however, made amends by throwing a good deal of fire into the *fugue*. The *chorusses* were really admirable. The fine *double chorus*, "The horse and his rider," was beautifully precise. The ladies of the society we have had occasion to speak well of in former articles. Their appearance and performance on this evening were alike praiseworthy; the former being remarkable for a neatness and uniformity of dress, which produced a fine effect; the latter displaying a knowledge of music, creditable to their talents and industry. We conclude by offering the society our best wishes, and recommending them not to relax in their exertions.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE, ETC.

Mrs. Austin concluded her engagement and took her benefit at the Park theatre, on Monday evening. The selections made on that occasion, were parts of the *White Lady*, the *Tempest* and *Cinderella*. A crowded and fashionable audience manifested their delight by judiciously bestowed and enthusiastic applause. Mr. Charles Horn, and Mr. Norton with his trumpet, added greatly to the evening's attractions. Mr. Hackett appeared on Tuesday, in *Nimrod Wildfire*. We learn the report, that the Kentuckians had "looked down *stentendicular*," at the humorous points in this character, is without foundation. His sketches of this description are strong, though peradventure, exaggerated likenesses; not precisely of a species, but of individuals to be met not unfrequently, and his Yankee stories are full of spirit and truth. No one has ever approached him in this department. This is great but deserved praise. On Wednesday Mrs. Austin and Miss Hughes sang the sweet music of the *Marriage of Figaro*. We most cordially greet the return of the latter lady to our boards.

We were much gratified with "Artaxerxes," an opera which presented us with the blended efforts of Mrs. Austin, Mr. Horn and Mr. Jones, as Mandane, Artaban, and Artabace. It was indeed an unusual and delightful treat. Mr. Horn is a spirited and sweet singer, with a smaller voice than Jones, but nevertheless, treading often near him on his path. Between the play and farce, his "Deep, deep sea," with the admirably soft and brilliant accompaniment, were first-rate, and rapturously encored. Jones sang "Water parted from the sea," with a rich tenderness and effect that put criticism out of the question. By the way, we have a remark to make here. Jones does too much work. We claim him as our own vocalist—the pride and ornament of American opera. If the managers make a *hack horse* of him, as they are doing, both he and they will be eventual losers. As Artaxerxes we should do injustice, were we to omit complimenting Mrs. Sharpe's style of giving her music.

We have seen two prodigies at the American theatre. Miss Clifton's *Belshazzar*, and Master Mangeon's *Richard*. The first was an extraordinary undertaking, for which the lady did not possess a solitary requisite qualification. The latter was better though not so pleasing to us, as it seemed to be to the audience. The line, "Well, as you guess," (to which Cooke's famous burst of sarcastic passion has given an additional interest) was delivered by this young lad with great force and truth. His other points were not good. He is too audacious in his appropriation of the regular stage tricks, and carries them to a degree bordering on caricature. He, however, went through his part with a very commendable fluency, and if not aspiring to be a prodigy now, may make a fine actor in time.

The Richmond Hill attracts increased attention and respect. There is really excellent acting there. Mrs. Hilson, Mrs. Barnes, Mr. Hilson, and other sterling performers, insure every visitor against disappointment.

We learn that the female vocalist selected to support Mr. Sinclair in Baltimore is Mrs. Keppel!

LITHOGRAPHY.

Endicott and Swett have issued, on an imperial sheet, a most admirable lithographic full-length portrait of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. It is the best executed and most interesting plate we have seen for many a day. The venerable old revolutionary veteran is sitting in his easy chair, with a countenance finely expressive of age and reflection. Every one must be gratified with the sight of this likeness of the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence.

A lithographic print has been issued by Peabody and Co. representing the saloon of the city-hotel, and the company assembled at the Irving dinner.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

Morning view from the Rue Rivoli—the Bois de Boulogne—Guiccioli—Simondi the historian, &c.

It is now the middle of April, and sitting at my window on the Rue Rivoli, I look through one of the long, clipped avenues of the Tuileries, and see an arch of green leaves, the sun of eight o'clock in the morning just breaking through the thin foliage and dappling the straight, even gravel-walk below, with a look of summer that makes my heart leap. The cholera has put an end to dissipation, and one gets up early from necessity. It is delicious to step out before breakfast, and cross the street into those lovely gardens, for an hour or two of fresh air and reflection. It is warm enough now to sit on the stone benches about the fountains, by the time the dew is dry; and I know nothing so contemplative as the occupation of watching these royal swans in the dreamy, almost imperceptible motion with which they glide around the edges of the basins. The gold fish swim up and circle about the breast of the imperial birds with a motion almost as idle; and the old wooden-legged soldier, who has been made warden of the gardens for his service, sits nodding on one of the chairs, or drawing fortifications with his stick in the gravel; and so it happens, that in the midst of a gay and busy city one may feel always a luxurious solitude; and, be he ever so poor, loiter all day if he will, among scenes which only regal munificence could provide for him. With the Seine bounding them on one side, the splendid uniform façade of the Rue Rivoli on the other, the palace stretching across the southern terrace, and the thick woods of the Champs Elysées at the opposite gate, where could one go in the world to give his taste or his eye a more costly or delightful satisfaction?

The Bois de Boulogne, about which the Parisians talk so much, is less to my taste. It is a level wood of small trees, covering a mile or two square, and cut from corner to corner with straight roads for driving. The soil is sandy, and the grass grows only in tufts, the walks are rough and either muddy or dusty always, and, barring the equipages and the pleasure of a word in passing an acquaintance, I find a drive to this famous wood rather a dull business. I want either one thing or the other—cultivated grounds like the Tuileries, or the wild wood.

I have just left the Countess Guiccioli, with whom I have been acquainted for some two or three weeks. She is very much frightened at the cholera, and thinks of going to America. The conversation turned principally upon Shelley, whom, of course, she knew intimately; and she gave me one of his letters to herself as an autograph. She says he was at times a little crazy—"fou," as she expressed it—but that there never was a nobler or a better man. Lord Byron, she says, loved him like a brother. She is still in correspondence with Shelley's wife, of whom also she speaks with the greatest affection. There were several miniatures of Byron hanging up in the room, and I asked her if any of them were perfect in the resemblance. "No," she said, "this was the most like him," taking down an exquisitely finished miniature by an Italian artist, "*mais il était beaucoup plus beau—beaucoup!—beaucoup!*" She reiterated the word with a very touching tenderness, and continued to look at the picture for some time, either forgetting our presence, or affecting it. She speaks English sweetly, with a soft, slow honied accent, breaking into French whenever she gets too much interested to choose her words. She went on talking in French of the painters who had drawn Byron, and said the American, West's, was the best likeness. I did not like to tell her that West's picture of herself was excessively flattered. I am sure no one would know her from the engraving of it at least. Her cheek bones are high, her forehead is badly shaped, and altogether, the frame of her features is decidedly ugly. She dresses in the worst taste, too, and yet, with all this, and poetry and celebrity aside, the Countess Guiccioli is both a lovely and a fascinating woman, and one whom a man of sentiment would admire even at this age, very sincerely, but not for beauty. She has white and regular teeth, however, and her hair is incomparably the most beautiful I ever saw. It is of the richest and glossiest gold, silken and luxuriant, and changes, as the light falls upon it, with a mellow softness, than which nothing could be lovelier. It is this and her indescribably winning manner—which is lost in a picture, and therefore, it is perhaps fair that she should be otherwise flattered. Her drawing-room is one of the most agreeable in Paris at present, and it is one of the chief *agréments* which console me for a detention in an atmosphere so *triste* as well as dangerous.

My bed-room window opens upon the court, in the interior of the hotel Rivoli, in which I lodge. In looking out occasionally upon my very near neighbors opposite, I have frequently observed a gray-headed, scholar-like, fine-looking old man, writing at a window in the story below. One does not trouble himself much about his fellow-lodgers, and I had seen this gentleman at his work at all hours, for a month or more, without curiosity enough to inquire even his name. This morning the servant came in, with a *Mon Dieu!* and said M. Simondi was frightened by the cholera, and was leaving his lodgings at that moment. The name

*"But he was much more beautiful—much—much."

startled me, and making some inquiries, I found that my gray-headed neighbor was no other than the celebrated historian of Italian literature, and that I had been living under the same roof with him for weeks, and watching him at his classical labors, without being at all aware of the honor of his neighborhood. He is a kind, benevolent-looking man, of about sixty, I should think; and always had a peculiarly affectionate manner to his wife, who, I am told by the valet, is an Englishwoman. I regretted exceedingly the opportunity I had lost of knowing him, for there are few writers of whom one retains a more friendly and agreeable remembrance.

In a conversation with Mr. Cooper, the other day, he was remarking of how little consequence any one individual found himself in Paris, even the most distinguished. We were walking in the Tuileries, and the remark was elicited by my pointing out to him one or two celebrated persons, whose names are sufficiently known, but who walk the public promenades, quite unnoticed and unrecognized. He said he did not think there were five people in Paris who knew him at sight, though his works were advertised in all the bookstores, and he had lived in Paris one or two years, and walked there constantly. This was putting a strong case, for the French idolize Cooper; and the peculiarly translatable character of his works makes them read even better in a good translation than in the original. It is so all over the continent, I am told. The Germans, Italians, and Spaniards prefer Cooper to Scott; and it is easily accounted for when one remembers how much of the beauty of the Waverley novels depends on their exquisite style, and how peculiarly Cooper's excellence lies in his accurate, definite, tangible descriptions. There is not a more admired author in Europe than Cooper, it is very certain; and I am daily asked whether he is in America at present—so little do the people of these crowded cities interest themselves about that which is immediately at their elbows.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

THE MELANCHOLY MAN.

Mac.—I feel 'tis so.
Thus have I been since first the plague broke out,
A term, methinks, of many hundred years!
As if this world were hell, and I condemned
To walk through woe to all eternity.
I will do suicide.
Astrologer.—Thou canst not, fool!
Thou lovest life with all its agonies;
Buy poison, and 'twill lie for years untouched
Beneath thy pillow, when thy midnight horrors
Are at their worst. Coward! thou canst not die.
Wilson's City of the Plague.

I HAVE been all my life haunted with a desire to commit suicide. It has crossed me—it still does cross me continually. It is partly the result of constitution, and partly of early and frequent misfortunes, and a habit of brooding over them. This dreadful disease has forever caused me to look with sickly eyes on the charms of life and the beauties of nature. I shall not here write any history of myself. It would not interest others. Those incidents which have made me wretched, happier dispositions would soon forget. I can never forget them. I feel that my game of life has been played and lost. Those secret springs of joy and hope, which give elasticity to other minds, in me are broken. I have been always struggling against the current; and sometimes, nay often, it has appeared to me as if some awful and inexorable power were present at my undertakings, and took a mysterious delight in bringing them to ruin. True, my reason often teaches me that this is merely an absurd fancy, and that it cannot be. Yet I think it is, and that is sufficient to make me wretched. Sometimes, in the endeavor to combat this opinion as a superstition, I have compelled myself to embark in a design, or to entertain an affection; but invariably I have met with such severe disappointments, that I have long since ceased to hope. When I first reached the years of manhood, I found this in all my pecuniary business. Stock fell if I touched it; banks broke as soon as I became interested. The fable relates, that whatever the celebrated king of Phrygia touched, turned to gold; wherever I laid my hand, I was sure to produce destruction. At length I have grown so timid, that I am afraid to love, afraid to form a friendship, afraid to offer advice. He who peruses this will, doubtless, smile incredulously on me; he will say it is impossibility. Well, let him. Indeed it seems equally so to me. I have racked my brain to believe it merely an accidental train of unfavorable events, which to-morrow may change; yet it has not changed, and I am half fain to abandon myself to the startling and terrible thought, that I am branded with some mysterious curse. Whatever may be the cause, I am miserable, and always have been so beyond description. I look for nothing this side the grave.

I became acquainted some time ago with a little girl, eight or nine years old, with unusual powers of mind and charms of person. The sight of her face positively dispelled the shadows which brooded over my mind. She discovered a singular attachment to me. I was delighted with her thousand winning ways. I was almost happy while under the influence of her irrepressible happiness. It was a joy for me to meet her in the street. I have caught a gleam of her beautiful light countenance, amid a group of her companions going to school early in the morning, which haunted me all day.

"Shall I love this creature?" said I to myself; "will it not be bringing down upon her sweet young head the dark influence which has ever pursued me and mine? Yes," I said, "I will love her. I will once more try this fearful experiment. I will watch

to see in what form the effects of my interests in her welfare will fall on her; to what doom it will consign her? Will the turf soon press her tender breast? Will some mournful doom darken her living heart?"

I made these reflections one morning as she passed me, with a smile, in the street.

One week after, a single line in the newspaper answered my interrogatories. She had died of a sudden and painful attack of the scarlet fever. As I perused the information I positively thought I heard the laugh of a demon in my ear, whispered on the passing breeze.

It is not one, two, nor indeed twenty circumstances of this kind which could have alone prostrated my love of life so utterly. I never had a real friend, except my mother, and she died just when I was old enough to mourn for her acutely. Among my other tortures, disease has not been wanting. A violent pain in my chest has, at certain intervals, incapacitated me for all employment. Sometimes my head grows dizzy, or burns with shooting pains. I feel like Caliban, forever contending against a supernatural enemy, whose spirits appear busy about me. That speech of the deformed monster ever haunts my memory:

"For every trifle they are set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their prick at my foot-ball. Sometimes I am
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness."

The idea of being perpetually encumbered with a disease, which, while it takes from your heart the secret hope that leads to action, does not exclude you from the necessities of toil, is one of the most benumbing and wretched evils that man can suffer. He wanders through the crowd, without participating in their gladness. He gazes on nature with an admiration, which only heightens his inward anguish. In the most soft and alluring periods of pleasure, the loathsome image of a grave continually obtrudes itself upon his imagination; the icy hand of death is ever on his shoulder, and he hears the phantom whispering, "Victim of my unrelenting power, haste ye through these sunny scenes; in a short time you must quit them forever." I have felt all this; who can wonder that I am tired of life? I have loved in this world but few, and none successfully. No man nor woman nor child has ever been other than as gleamings of what my fellow-creatures have enjoyed. I recoil from one who excites in me any feelings of affection. No one shall suffer the fatality of my friendship who is shocked to learn that I covet my last sleep? Death, mysterious power! language cannot express the intense curiosity with which I have watched every thing appertaining to it. Yes, I have pursued the ghastly phantom in all its forms. I have gone to the prison-house, and pried into the mind of the felon who was at the break of day to expiate his crimes on the scaffold. I have planted myself there to behold him take his last gaze forever and forever on the sky, the green earth, the river, the light. How strange it has seemed that he, that being, that breathing living creature, formed as I am, who speaks, and thinks, and utters requests, and walks, and takes me by the hand to say farewell; how difficult to conceive, how awful, how deeply thrilling to reflect, that in one minute more he will not exist! That which addresses you now *will not be*. Its semblance only will remain, to mock you, with a vivid recollection of the original nature you had held communion with. I once formed a vague resolution of suicide, and I thus strengthened it. I wished to become familiar with death. I would gaze quietly on him, and apply what I saw concerning him to myself. I strained my fancy to conceive how I should feel, and act, and appear in such a crisis. I have held a loaded pistol to my brain sometimes, or a viol of poison to my lips; or I have stood leaning over the edge of a dizzy height; or I have looked down into the clear ocean billows, and goaded myself on to pass the dreadful gulf. Alas! coward that I was. I feared to die as well as to live, and have turned to my lonely walk with a relief, and put off till some other period the execution of the design.

One day I met a fine fellow, from whom I had been separated many years. He was a scholar and an observer, and, somehow or other, he had the art to draw from me an account of the true state of my feelings.

"Pray," said he, when I had finished pretty much what I have related above; "pray what time do you rise?"

"At ten," said I, rather surprised at the oddity of the question.

"And what time do you retire to bed?"

"At one, two, or three o'clock," said I, "just as it happens."

"What time do you devote to cheerful exercise?"

"Devote?" asked I, "why, no time. I exercise just as I happen to feel."

"And how is your appetite?"

"Enormous."

"And you gratify it to—"

"The full extent."

"What do you drink?"

"Brandy and water, gin and water, &c."

He laughed heartily, although it made me angry; also, I confess, it made me excessively ashamed of my talk about suicide.

"Do you know what ails you?" said he.

"Yes," I replied, "I have a broken heart."

"Broken fiddlestick," said he, "you have the dyspepsia. Diet yourself; go to bed early; rise early; exercise much." I have done so; I am now a healthy and a happy man. I smile to think I was going to blow my brains out, because I had the dyspepsia.

UNOWNED ARTICLES.

HUMORS OF A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

NUMBER NINE.

RHYMES ON WEST-POINT.

I've trod thy mountain paths, thy vallies deep,
Through mazy thickets, and through tangled heath;
I've climbed thy piled up rocks, from steep to steep,
And gazed with rapture on the scene beneath.

The noble plain that lies embosom'd there,
The jutting headlands in thy mimic bay—
The stream impatient of his curbed career,
Sweeping through mighty mountains far away.

His bosom burnished by the setting sun,
Who, loth to leave his own illumined west,
Dyes with his hues the wave he shines upon,
And gilds the clouds which cradle him to rest.

I love West-Point, and long could fondly dwell
On scenes which must through life my memory haunt,
But you, too, reader, have been there as well
As I, if not—you'd better take the jaunt.

You rise at six, and by half after ten
You're at the Point—I was when last I went—
You rest awhile at Cozens's, and then
May stroll toward the upper Monument.

At two you dine—(you'll think it not too soon,
Being sharpset from the morning's ramble)—
And to Fort Putnam in the afternoon,
O'er rocks and brushwood up the mountain scramble.

The view which this majestic height commands
Repays the trouble of its rough access;
For he beholds, who on the rampart stands,
A scene of grandeur and of loveliness:

The chain of mountains, sweeping far away—
The white encampment spread beneath his feet—
The sloop, slow dropping down the placid bay—
Her form reflected in its glassy sheet.

And where the river's banks less boldly swell,
Villas upon some sunny slope are seen;
And white huts buried in some wooded dell—
With chimnies peering through their leafy screen.

'Tis sweet to watch from hence at close of day,
While shadows lengthen on the mountain side—
The sunbeams steal from peak to peak away,
And white sails gleam along the dusky tide.

And sweet to woman's eye at evening hour,
The gay parade that animates the plain,
When martial music lends its kindling power,
To thrill the bosom with some stirring strain.

Who, when they to their gleaming ranks repair,
Delight to gaze upon the bright array
Of young, good-looking fellows marshal'd there
In pigeon-breasted coats of iron-gray.

For girls the glare of warlike pomp adore,
Since, cased in steel with lance and curtle-ax on,
Bold Cœur de Lion led his knights to war,
Down to the days of Major General Jackson.

At night, when home returning, it is sweet,
While stars are twinkling in the fields above;
And whispering breezes in the foliage meet,
To move in such a scene with one we love.

To feel the spell of woman's witchery near,
And while the magic o'er our senses steals,
Believe the being whom we hold most dear,
As deeply as ourselves that moment feels!

* * * * *

The dolphin's hues are brightest while he dies,
The rainbow's glories in their birth decay,
And love's bright visions, like our autumn skies,
Will fade the soonest when they seem most gay.

In "true love" now I am an arrant sceptic,
My heart's best music is forever hushed;
Perhaps because I'm thirty, and dyspeptic,
Perhaps my hopes were once too rudely crushed.

But to return—to those who are too poor,
Leaving their duns and business to a friend,
To take the northern or the eastern tour,
This short excursion I will recommend.

'Tis but two dollars and a day bestowed,
And far from town, its dust and busy strife,
You'll find the jaunt a pleasing episode
In the dull epic of a city life.

H.

Western landscape.

"In the 'far west,' most things wear a character of a higher grandeur and intensity than on the east side of the mountains. Nature has a deeper and richer dash of poetry in her composition. Her domain is wider and wilder; and if her attire is less trim and symmetrical, it is more opulent in color, and magnificent in drapery. She is enthroned in more queenly pomp and splendor; and the beauty and gorgeousness of her gardens, parks, and pleasure-grounds, not only satisfy the senses, but feast them to satiety. Being free from the haze of the ocean, and other large bodies of water, the atmosphere is more pellucid than along the Atlantic border. Hence the blue of the heavens is purer and deeper, and their arch loftier and of wider compass to the eye. For the same reason, the moon and stars have greater brilliancy. This is known to be still more remarkably the case in latitudes nearer to the path of the sun, until, within the tropics, the atmosphere assumes its greatest transparency."

Whirlwinds of the west.

"The equinoctial gales and rains do not occur so regularly in the Mississippi Valley, as they do east of the mountains. But the country is more frequently visited by tornadoes, or a sort of typhoons, which sweep along, in narrow veins, with a force that prostrates forests, demolishes houses, and scatters, like chaff, other fabrics of art, in common with the products of the field. The traveler often meets with the paths of those wild and terrible gushes of wind, where scarcely a tree has withstood their fury. They are sometimes accompanied, along their edges, by eddy-currents, which dash down trees in the opposite direction to that of the main stream."

Western rivers.

"The Atlantic states have nothing to compare with the rivers of the west. The length and depth of those mighty streams, the boldness of their present shores, and the loftiness of the cliffs, which run parallel to them, and once constituted their banks, are matters of peculiar majesty. When swollen by the floods of spring, overflowing their usual boundaries, inundating their low grounds, at times to the width of miles and leagues, uprooting trees like grass, and bearing them, as stubble, on their bosoms, they present a scene of fearful sublimity, which can scarcely be surpassed. On these occasions they frequently sweep off whole acres of their banks, loaded with gigantic timber, from some points, and pile them up, in majestic confusion, on others. Now, they cover their shores, to a great depth and distance, with sand or rich vegetable mould, and again wash them away, leaving their beds ragged and bare. In other instances they form for themselves new channels, converting their old ones into stagnant ponds, or waterless canals. Such are their power, and the ravages and mutations they often produce."

Western trees.

"The trees of the west have no equals in size; and, in depth and magnificence, the forests are unrivalled. Whether it be viewed while under the blossom of spring, the leafy luxuriance of summer, or the variegated and splendid garniture of autumn, the western landscape is unmatched in beauty. When glowing, in particular, in its autumnal garb, it is scarcely surpassed in richness and radiance by the splendors of the morning or evening sky. Those who have gazed on it when gilded with sunbeams, will perceive no just ground to charge this representation of it with extravagance."

Plains of the west.

"Another sort of landscape, not so picturesque and romantic, at least not so bold in its outline, and so diversified in its features, yet scarcely less delightful to the eye, is formed by the great western prairies. To communicate to readers who have never seen them, a just conception of those resplendent and illimitable flats, on whose distant borders the arch of the heavens seems to rest, is impossible. But the attempt, however hopeless, may be made. Let us fancy ourselves, then, in the midst of one of them, in a clear summer day, when vegetation is in its prime. Above, is the blue sky, radiant with the sun, and, on every side, the eye reposes on an ocean of blossoms, gorgeous in color, delicious in fragrance, and, for aught that is discoverable, without a shore. Is it calm? The surface is unruffled, and all is still and silent, as if nature were at rest. Does a breeze spring up? Every thing is in motion; and the living sea around us, thrown into easy and graceful fluctuations, presents a succession of fleeting pictures, which seem to chase each other in sport, and, varying at the pleasure of the capricious wind, fascinate the eye with their ever-changing forms. There is one plant in particular, the product of some of the prairies, which, when in abundance and perfection, constitutes one of the richest ornaments of the landscape. It is the wild heliotrope, with large flowers of gold and bronze. Its growth is lofty, and thousands of acres are, at times, so densely covered by it, that other plants are scarcely visible. Like all its congeners, it inclines toward the sun, the circumstance from which it derives its name. An entire wilderness of so splendid a production, thus bowing in homage to its parent luminary, and gracefully following him as he moves along his path, forms a pageant, not only of beauty, but eloquent in expression, and rich in moral suggestion. To those who delight in such scenes, the sight of it is worth a journey to the west."

WOOD'S TREATISE ON RAIL-ROADS,

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

One of Carey and Lea's substantial publications, in one volume, pages five hundred and ninety-eight. It also embraces an intelligent view of interior communication in general, an account of the performances of the different locomotive engines, and at subsequent to the Liverpool contest, and other interesting matters. This is the first American from the second English edition, with notes, and an appendix, containing a detailed account of a number of rail-roads in Europe and the United States. The American editor, in his preface expresses his intention of hereafter compiling a detailed statement of the cost, length, plan, and character of every rail-road in Europe and America, exceeding five miles in extent; and also an accurate list of the canals in this country and Great Britain. The work will be read with interest. We subjoin

several gleanings from the preface of Mr. George W. Smith, the American editor.

Importance of rail-roads.

"The public attention is, at the present moment, powerfully attracted by the importance of rail-roads: immense investments of capital have been made, and expenditures far more enormous are contemplated, throughout every part of the United States, for the construction of these important roads, which are destined to revolutionize the inland commercial intercourse of the civilized world. In a few years they will extend from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi—connecting the extremities of our widely extended republic, and binding our population by links stronger than iron, by lines extending thousands of miles, and thereby promoting our intercourse, facilitating our commerce, and strengthening our means of defence.

"Rail-roads were probably invented by the ancient Egyptians; their origin can be traced to a period of the most remote antiquity. Rail-ways, composed entirely of massive blocks of smooth stone, and adapted to the passage of wheeled carriages, are still in existence in the vicinity of the quarries whence the stupendous stones were extracted which were used in the construction of the Pyramids. These roads have been incidentally mentioned by the French and Italian savans who have visited that cradle of the arts; but none of them have hitherto imagined that they were, in fact, rail-ways. Their preservation for three thousand years, notwithstanding their exposure to the assaults of time, the havoc of war, and the ravages of barbarians, is remarkable; whilst every vestige of the numerous canals which were constructed by the Ptolemies, or the Caliphs, in Egypt, has long since been obliterated from the face of the earth. In Palmyra and Balbec, similar rail-ways still exist: and in Cyrene, in Africa, long lines of such rail-ways, composed of stone blocks, may yet be traced for many leagues, connecting the ruins of the once splendid cities which the modern desert contains."

Their inventor.

"The world is indebted to Oliver Evans, a native citizen of Pennsylvania, for the discovery of their latent and hitherto unsuspected value and pre-eminent importance. In 1784, he first conceived the idea of his high-pressure steam-engine, and the application of it to carriages, on common roads, as a motive power. He foresaw the superiority, and strenuously urged the adoption of rail-ways and locomotive engines in lieu of canals, some time before it had entered into the imagination of any other human being. His zealous efforts to promote this favorite scheme, were in advance of the opinions of the age; he attracted no attention, and was charged with insanity for believing in the possibility of effects which are now daily witnessed."

GIORDANO—A TRAGEDY—BY JAMES LAWSON,

AUTHOR OF TALES AND SKETCHES.

A late English writer on our dramatic literature remarks, that we have few tragedies; but adds, the mere attempt shows a laudable spirit, and should be greeted with every indulgence. The present play is from the pen of one of the editors of the *Mercantile Advertiser*, the author of "Tales and Sketches." It is recently published by E. B. Clayton and the Carvills, although it was produced at the Park theatre as long ago as November, 1828. The scene is laid in Florence, and the plot illustrates one of those civil commotions of which history affords so many examples, and which have long been deemed peculiarly appropriate themes for dramatic composition. We shall run through a brief recital of the plot, and offer some remarks on the style and general execution, with a few hints to the author as well as observations to the public.

It seems the duke of Florence, blessed with several real friends, (one of whom is a generous and brave young soldier, and lover of his daughter Emelda,) is the object of hate and envy among Giordano, Neri, Cosmo, and other of his subjects who conspire against his authority, and endeavor to end at once his reign and existence by violence and bloodshed. The rebellion is detected, and the conspirators fall. The interest of the story is considerably enhanced by an under plot, comprehending the affection of the rival suitors, the noble Conradine and the base Giordano, for Emelda.

The play opens with news of a great victory just obtained by the seemingly virtuous Giordano—the rejoicing of the duke, &c. The second scene lets the audience a little more into the character of Giordano, who has been the assassinator of his rival Conradine, and the ruin of Manari, by accusing him of the murder; and closes with a soliloquy in which the audacious traitor unfolds his wicked intentions.

The third act shows the actual conspirators about the duke, who seems a person very easily taken in, and is made to believe by his companions, that the good Manari murdered Conradine, and that he is the author of a dreadful plot to overthrow the state. He is of course a good deal alarmed, but Giordano tranquilizes his spirits, assuring the company,

"Knowledge gives us time for preparation;
And in the sinews of this happy realm,
A strength immortal lives, that will, my liege,
Crush the foul traitor in his vaunted power."

We think Mr. Lawson has drawn the character of the duke really to admiration. He makes him what dukes as well as common men very often are, when suddenly placed in any crisis of importance or danger, a weak and shallow-minded gentleman, unfit to mingle in public affairs. We quote an observation by the duke, which proves clearly that he must have possessed a kind of character calculated to encourage the wild and daring plans of his treasonable and ambitious subjects. On learning that several had it in contemplation to put him out of the way, and assume the government himself, instead of proceeding imme-

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

NUMBER TWENTY-TWO—FOR JUNE.

THE present is an excellent number. All the reviews are written with spirit, candor, and ability—a strong evidence that none of them were furnished by the author of the article entitled "*American Lake Poetry*," which lately disgraced the pages of this work. The praise bestowed upon the "History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley," is well merited, and will be responded to by the whole country. Mr. Flint has never had justice done him by the American press, and we are glad to find the Quarterly so zealous in his cause. We make a few desultory extracts from the admirable paper referred to, and regret that we have not space for more.

diately to action he tells what he dreamt the night before, and interprets his dream, thus proving that he was not only imbecile but superstitious.

Duke. I saw a serpent in my dream last night,
With double head and most venom'd sting;
Its eyes seemed brighter than two balls of fire,
Which flashed upon me with so wild a glare,
They tortured e'en my soul. I am an old man;
My blood is cold, imagination tame,
And seldom do I conjure fancies up,
But look on things with calm and thoughtful eye.
Yet in this case, despite all former rule,
I think my better angel hovered near,
To wake my mind against some threatened ill.
Now is my dream explained—but I shall be
Prepared to meet the serpent, and to crush it.

Again there is a touch of character in him, when he nearly went out without bidding those that remained "good night;" evidently betraying that he was not sufficiently strong-minded for his situation.

Duke. Didst thou speak?
We do forget ourselves—so does this plot
On our imagination fix withal,
That we are bankrupt in each thought beside,
And lack all courtesy. Good night.

The fourth scene discovers Emelda weeping for the loss of her lover Conradine, who she, with all the world, supposes has fallen by the hand of the hero. After having given vent to her grief, she is addressed by Bella, her chambermaid, who goes on consoling her very prettily in the fashion of such things.

Bella. Wo, wo! he is no more: but, pray thee, turn
Thy thoughts away from melancholy themes.
Think of the living; for there breathes the one,
Who loves thee well, and well deserves thy love.
Emel. O, Bella, none.
Bella. The pride of all the realm,
Thy brother's friend—thy father's proudest boast:
The brave Giordano.
Emel. Thou dost talk ill-timed;
He ne'er can fill a corner of my heart,
For now my love and lover both are dead.
Pray thee, leave me.

Notwithstanding this resolution, which being merely made by a woman, does not get much credit with Giordano—he goes through a well imagined love scene with her—she refuses his entreaties—he vows revenge, and leaves the room, when Conradine himself, escaped by a miraculous accident from the steel of the assassin, comes in and relieves her anguish.

Scene first of act second. A crowd of conspirators plotting treason, and making their last preliminary arrangements for the rebellion.

Scene second. The senate house. Manari, the supposed murderer of Conradine, is sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, and they proceed to elect some one to hold his office, "of chief adviser in our happy realm." Giordano, upon whom it is expected the dignity will fall, is requested to withdraw, when the following scene takes place. The ideas are excellent; the rhythm good, and the language easy and flowing.

Duke. The weighty trust which late the traitor held,
By one more worthy must with speed be filled—
That one, my judgment and my heart proclaim
To be our own victorious general.
Grave senators, how stand you all disposed?
Speak freely each: meets this your approbation?
Col. It does, my sire—their silence gives approval.
Cav. No! I oppose: I will not lend my vote
To raise a victor to such high control:
I fear the sway his office might insure
Over the people's mind. Success in war
Circles the hero in a glare of light,
That dazzles those who move within his sphere.
Civilians, soldiers, all might bow to him;
Pause at his word, or at his bidding move.

Duke. False are thy fears; I know Giordano well.
Col. As I can vouch! from boyhood we have been
In friendship strong as fable ever told.
Give him your voices, friends. Why sit you mute?

Cav. I prize him dearly, and I hold his deeds
The proudest records on our history's page;
For these would yield him all becoming honor.
What is becoming? Give him wealth immense—
The arch triumphal, titles proud, and love,
Yea boundless as the realm, or as his fame—
But dress no hero in our civil robes.

Duke. Why should you fear? Does history not record
Examples parallel, and where renown,
As great in council as in tented field,
Has brightly marked the warrior-statesman's course?
Ay, in a land as brave and wise and free,
As the wide globe contains, there's proof supreme.

Cav. I grant you this, but does not history, too,
Record, that heroes by their country prized,
(And man is prone to love the brave in war)
Have made, without a stepping-stone like this,
Their martial deeds a claim to civil rule,
And won it too? Then tyranny hath marched
With ruthless vengeance, and with sword unsheathed,
Drenching the frightened land in native blood.
Why should I bring you instances to prove,
From ancient times, or e'en in modern days,
The truth and force of my asseveration?
I say, what has been once may be again;
And, though I speak not present fears, I would
Avoid all possibility of fear.

Col. Who else opposes? Silent all!—then none.
Duke. Yea, answer us! who does oppose our choice?
Who will refuse all honor to the man
That's won his country's battles, and subdued
An insolent foe? Let him arise and speak.

Cav. Will none support me in the vote I give?
Grave senators, to you I speak; hear me:
I pray ye all, beware. Lend not your votes
To yield such power to an ambitious man,
A daring soldier and the people's idol—
There's danger in't. Who speaks? None! I'm resigned.

Emelda then, to the great astonishment of all present, brings Conradine himself, who relates the chance whereby he was preserved.

Conrad. The battle is o'er, it was my first desire
To view the bleeding pictures on the field,
And hear the tales related by the serfs.
With this intent, I changed my dress for that
My valet wore; and, thus disguised, set out.
An hour thereafter the report went round,
That I was murdered and my servant fled;
Or whom suspicion rested of the deed.

On hearing this, I judged how it might be—
And 'twas—the servant for his master fell.
Unknown to all I changed my dress again,
(Remember, 'twas my first essay in arms,
The sooner then you will forgive this act.)
To test what soldiers would report of me,
For truth is always spoken of the dead;
But, when I learned, that couriers were sent
To Florence and my father—I resolved
To gladden those who might lament my fall.
Last night in haste and secret I arrived;
Yet, still disguised, an audience I obtained
With fair Imelda—she, my friends, may tell
Why the revelation was postponed till now.

Scene third reveals another conspiracy to kill Conradine. In the first scene of the third act, Conradine and Emelda are enjoying each other's society together. There is a gradual rise here in the beauty of the language. For example:

Conrad. Leave blood and battles to ambitious minds.
Emel. Who knows what's love?
Conrad. The world is full of it;
There's not a living thing but loves its kind,
And nothing is 'twixt heaven and earth so true.
Sweet ever-living love! and oh! as pure
As waking zephyrs, or as opening flowers!
Emel. It ne'er was praised by man so much before.
Conrad. It is great nature's first and sweet conception:
It is God's gift, to prove he thinks of man;
It is the link that binds us to Himself!
And in those hearts which have such cause as I,
To feel its heavenly power and influence,
It lives supreme: it rules in every thought,
It dwells in every vein—by day, by night,
In fiery youth and chilly age the same—
Heaven's first and best, and aye-enduring blessing!

They are interrupted by a forged letter, which calls the unsuspecting Conradine forth upon a long journey, when his life is again attempted, and his servant again slain in his stead. We think this similarity in the catastrophe a fault. The servant should not have been killed both times.

In the course of the second scene, the heart of the criminal hero is displayed with its dark workings and agonizing remorse.

Giord. Now I repent of all my deep designs,
And curse ambition, which has urged me on.
Could I recall my pristine state of mind,
With feelings pure and conscience undelied,
How gladly then would I lie down to die,
And leave dominion to the bolder soul.

The annexed is quiet and pensive, and does credit to the talents of the author.

Giord. I've often thought upon this world—and wondered!
What is ambition, why are men ambitious,
And what avail their petty hopes and fears,
Their brief authority and baseless pride?
A few years pass—then, where are the renowned?
Ask the dank charnel-house—no voice responds:
Ask the vain living—we may hear, they were,
But now are gone, and with them is entombed
Each aim and action of life's fretful hour:
The world has spared them, and regrets it not!
The mausoleum proud, and towering pile,
Crumble to dust; yea, all memorials die.

True to nature, however, notwithstanding his moralizing, he proceeds in his plans, like many people to be seen every day, who "know the right but still the wrong pursue," and the conspirators fix upon that very night as the period for the consummation of their nefarious designs.

Neri. Now art thou worthy of the coming glory.
Giord. Ay! here I cast all pity and remorse
To the infernal gods—and freight my mind
With strength, revenge, with cruelty and daring;
All of that manly and immortal cast,
Which now becomes the ambition of my soul;
From which, if I do wince, great Jove, forgive me!
Neri. Amen!
Giord. Speak out; by thee I will be ruled.
Neri. All are convened within the Sibyl's cave:
Let's thither go, and not a moment lose.
Giord. Ev'n fate's despite, I am resolved to dare.
Neri. To-night, to-night—our watch-word be, to-night.
Giord. To-night, to-night—to glory or to death.

Act fourth, scene first, shows the conspirators in assembly. Scene second, the servant of Conradine is brought back to the duke.

Duke. My son!
Col. A wounded man is hither brought,
So much with gaping stabs and blood disguised,
By none around has he been recognised.
Duke. Well, what of that? For such unruly times,
Is aught unnatural, although to nature
It speaks rebellion?
Col. Sire, he strangely talks;
In broken accents, and by gestures vague,
(For scarcely hath he breath to speak or live,)
Reveals all is not right.
Duke. So! lead us to him.
Col. Come, question quickly, else he may be dead.

In scene fourth, act fourth, Manari is discovered in chains. We shall copy this entire.

Man. Who could have thought that this would be my doom!
That I, who from green youth to wintry age
Had served the state, would in a dungeon close
A life of useful toil. No traitorous aim
Had ever being here. O that the world
Might, from my undeserved fate, behold
The ingratitude of man. Perchance I stood
Before the sun and an ambitious mind,
Who, for my place, had charged me with rebellion.
Hark! hark! the door unbars; some one approaches,
I know not what new doom awaits me now.

Enter the Duke.
Duke. Canst look us in the face?
Man. Through the dim light
That sickly lives within my prison-house,
I gaze on thee; yea, were the brilliant sun
Shedding his golden beams full on thy brow,
Should not avoid thine eye.
Duke. Is guilt so bold?
Man. I never wronged thee: by my hoary hairs,
And by name, which spotless was till now;
Yea, by the love I bore and bear thee still,
Before high heaven's all-searching eye, avouch
That in intent or act, I never wronged thee.
Duke. Not in reality—thy hireling failed.
Duke. Failed! what failed?
Man. Yes! and Conradine still lives.
Man. Upon my knees, protecting powers, I thank thee!
Now will my innocence be proved, for he
Can speak how I have loved him, and can tell
That I have doted on him as my son.

O, thanks, kind heaven! for now, indeed, there's hope,
I may not in my wintry age descend
Into the grave, stained with a traitor's name.
Where is he now?

Duke. Alas! we cannot say;
To learn from thee, has been our errand hither.
Man. From me! what do I know? I'm ignorant.
Duke. Thou know'st he scarcely had returned from war,
(Ere he could turn a thought to thee, or else,)—
When he set out to see his father die—
For such a hapless message was received—
And thither bound, he was in Arno's vale
This day attacked by some rebellious band:
Thank heaven! he 'scaped, although his servant fell.
Man. Returned from war! I attacked in Arno's vale!
Mysterious all! I do not comprehend.

Duke. Why did ye this?
Man. It was no act of mine.
I am amazed! Think, what converse had I,
Or could have had, with villains, here pent up?
As I am guiltless of the last attempt,
So was I also of the first, my liege.
Duke. [Aside.] Is this the face of guilt? it cannot be!
If thou didst not, who could have been so base?

Man. That I am guiltless, I again aver,
But who is guilty, there's no certain proof:
Yet, look to my accuser.
Duke. Ha! what's this?
Man. Yes, look to him.
Duke. What! know'st thou aught? Speak out.
Man. I say no more.
Duke. Unfold thy heart before us.
Man. 'Tis ever yours, yet nothing certain knows;
But I have watched him with a lynx-eye gaze,
And read his thoughts, and therefore do suspect.
Duke. Tush, tush! suspicion merely: not one charge
Canst bring against his sun-encircled name?
Think'st that aspersing him, will prove thee guiltless?

Man. I shall say nothing further of myself;
I am adjudge guilty by my peers,
And quietly yield unto my hapless fate.
Duke. [Aside.] More, and still more, our heart inclines to him.
Each word and look assures us he is wronged.
We are resolved. My ancient friend.
Man. My sire!
Duke. Doubts have this day so settled on our mind,
That we believe thou mayst be innocent:
On one condition, therefore, we will ope
Thy dungeon bars.
Man. Sire, what is this? name it.
Duke. That thou before the senate wilt appear,
To establish here, not plead, thy innocence,
Which, if thou fail to do, thy doom is death.
Man. Is there a chance that I may yet be free,
And stand acquitted of this horrid crime?
To live to see that day, were life enough!
Duke. Dost thou consent?
Man. With thanks and gladness, sire.
Duke. Jailor, attend!
Man. Bless thee, my revered monarch!

In the last scene of this act, the guilt of the hero is manifest. He is confronted before Manari, and the jailor who is about relating that he had been offered a bribe to kill his prisoner, by the villain Giordano, is stabbed by him before the face of the duke. This act closes in a confusion very natural, when we consider the manner in which the author has wrought up the plot.

The fifth act unravels all the mysteries—brings the lovers together—clears the duke of his enemies, and drags the malefactors to condign punishment. We make room for the following graphic description of a great city, on the eve of a revolution.

Col. A feeling strange prevails throughout the city;
Some move with stealthy step, and speak by signs;
Some whisper and start back, as if observed;
While others pale or redder, as they gaze
Upon the firmament, and watch the stars
Twinkling their fires as darkness thickens round.
Old men appear as if distressed in thought,
And to inquiring looks, show doubt and fear.
Women address a prayer to heaven, and sigh,
Then hug their infants closer to their breasts;
While children, seeing them, do weep and tremble.

The hero is killed in open fight by the noble Conradine, and the four lines with which the play closes, spoken by the duke over the body of the bleeding traitor, are really beautiful.

Duke. Lo! how ambition and unlawful pride
Have lost a stately bark.—Look where it lies—
Forced by the waves of passion's stormy sea,
Upon the shoals of crime—a worthless wreck.

We have made the foregoing extracts in order to let the work speak for itself. We think it creditable to the talents of Mr. Lawson. There is much to admire, and much to condemn. A more careful revision would have purified it from many defects. Of them we would instance the declaration made by the ambitious Giordano, in the second scene of the first act, in his soliloquy.

"Yes! I remember that an eaglet thrice
Forsook his lofty eyry in the sky,
To light upon my head, when but a boy,
And seemed delighted with its perching place."

If this is historical, we have nothing to say, but if it is merely the exuberance of the author's imagination which thus breaks out, regardless of strict probability, we must regret its admission. These and similar instances, however, are errors easily avoided in future compositions, and corrected in a future edition. We are glad to perceive the attention of literary men turned towards the regular drama, and therefore welcome every attempt to write a play as meriting encouragement.

We have to Giordano also, a neat and appropriate prologue, from Mr. William Leggett, of the Post, and a spirited epilogue by Mr. P. M. Wetmore. The volume is dedicated in the following words:—"To Prosper Montgomery Wetmore, as a record of his worth, as a tribute to his genius, and as a token of esteem, this tragedy is inscribed, by his friend, the author."

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS D'ABRANTES.

A large octavo volume, under this title, neatly bound and printed, and from the Harpers, has afforded us several hours' amusement. They are by the duchess herself, (Madame Junot,) who declares—"I may fearlessly affirm, that of all the individuals who have written about Napoleon, few are so competent as myself to give a detailed account of him." These sketches, for they may be appropriately termed such, are full of grace and anima-

tion; with a feminine liveliness and untiring observation at many characters and events, of intense interest, during and subsequent to the period of the revolution. They possess claims upon attention which, we doubt not, will be universally allowed.

JOURNAL OF A NATURALIST.—We perceive that this well-conducted journal, which has been for some time printed in Boston, and which we have already mentioned in terms of commendation, is for the future to be published simultaneously at that city, New-York and Philadelphia. In accordance with this design, a circular has been issued, presenting the most favorable opinions respecting the high character of the work, from a number of eminent literary gentlemen, among whom we perceive our fellow-citizens, the Rev. J. F. Schröder, and Joseph Delafield, president of the New-York Lyceum of Natural History.

THE COOK'S OWN BOOK.—Containing two thousand six hundred receipts. Boston, published by Monroe and Francis. We have not, of course, perused this volume; but, in turning over the leaves, we certainly were struck with many pleasing reminiscences, with much to improve the *taste* and provoke the imagination. A hungry man would enjoy an equivocal satisfaction in wandering through the savory labyrinths which overspread these pages. How he would linger upon the introductory essays on boiling, baking, frying, broiling and roasting! Peruse the observations on asparagus and eggs, sausages royal, and Scotch dumplings! Young wives and housekeepers, get the "Cook's Own Book," and practise its precepts, as the best method of retaining the affections of your husbands and families.

POEMS BY THE LATE MRS. SMITH.—A friend has presented us with an exceedingly pretty edition of the poems of Mrs. S. Louisa P. Smith. This lady has never been properly appreciated beyond a certain private circle of warm admirers. She possessed a strong poetical talent, and we shall, at some future period, endeavor to do justice to her memory in a careful review of her book. Although it may be a melancholy one, no task can be more grateful than that of rescuing the name of a young, lovely, and amiable woman from unmerited oblivion.

THE CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.—A new volume of Dr. Lardner's invaluable publication is just out from the press of Carey and Lea. It comprises a treatise on the origin, progressive improvement, and present state of manufacture of porcelain and glass.

THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY.—The Harpers have recently published the first number of a theological library, comprehending the life of Wyckliff, by C. W. Le Bas, with a steel plate.

THE SHRINE.—The first number of a new monthly, conducted by a number of undergraduates in Amherst college, and published by J. S. and C. Adams, has just been issued. It is neatly printed, and filled for the most part with lively and well-written matter. The plan is laudable, exceedingly so, and modestly expressed. Let us warn these young gentlemen against the chronic disorder of nearly all periodicals, namely, *puffing*; and, doubtless, they will both improve and amuse themselves, and gratify their readers.

POETRY.—Burnett and Smith have published "The origin and course of Intemperance: a poem, in five cantos; by John Thomas." The work is ornamented with an engraving.

SELATHIEL.—This neat volume is just published by Peabody, and is dedicated by the author ("yet in his teens,") to his mother. In addition to the principal poem, we have a number of smaller pieces. A cursory glance has discovered to us several poetic thoughts which do credit to a juvenile author.

A SERIES OF MAPS FOR A GENERAL ATLAS, COMPILED BY DAVID H. BURR.—The third number of this publication has appeared. As it progresses it justly receives numerous complimentary notices from scholars and critics.

THE ALHAMBRA.—A review of these long-expected sketches has been unfortunately crowded out of our paper to-day. It shall appear in our next.

IN PRESS.—New Gazetteer of the United States of America. The editors of this forthcoming work are Mr. William Darby, of Maryland, and Mr. Theodore Dwight, of this city, both of whom have already afforded ample evidence of their peculiar competency for the task before them. This volume will be published by Mr. Hopkins, of Hartford. It will be handsomely printed, and will contain much information valuable to all classes of society, and which cannot be obtained elsewhere in a condensed form. A volume of Tales, by Mr. James Hall, of Illinois, is about being published at Albany, by Mr. Hanson Hall. We have observed the talent of Mr. J. Hall with great pleasure, and feel assured his book will do him honor.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—As one of the vice-presidents commenced his speech, at the Irving dinner, I also say, "to whom shall I address myself? which way shall I look?" I have been waiting to see your paper take notice of a piece of ungallant negligence on the part of the gentlemen, which took place at the above-mentioned festival. You, however, are silent on the subject. So I must *en* take up the cudgels myself in the cause of my sex. I am one of

those who believe women rank higher in the scale of creation than most men are willing to allow. In this country it is they who preserve the seeds of taste and literature. It is they who cherish the arts and courtesies which adorn and elevate the character of human nature. Who is it, gentlemen, that attend your exhibitions of paintings? The women. Who grace the theatre, on the performance of a fine opera? The women. Who are the soul of every delightful ball—every social party—every brilliant jam—every heavenly excursion to the country—every mellow summer day in the city? The women. Who shed happiness on your homes—soothing you in trouble—watching by you in sickness—inspiring you in health? Who but the women? Ye who have mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and wives, must acknowledge their sweet and potent influences? My opinion on this theme may be rather peculiar, but I shall adhere to it nevertheless; it is that but for the pure taste and feeling displayed by our sex, you would lose the last relics of elegance in all the walks of life. The gentlemen here have no literary taste. It is the women who buy your books, or make their fathers, husbands, and brothers buy them. Pray what would Mr. Irving have been but for the women? What would all the publishers be but for us? There would be no work of sentiment and fancy, no romances, no poems, no books at all, except now and then a treatise on mathematics—an essay on the steam-engine—or a pamphlet containing some stupid stuff about the tariff. Notwithstanding this palpable debt of gratitude due to us, I have to complain, that on the entertainment with which the author of the "Sketch Book" was complimented on his arrival in his native city, the ladies received no more notice—were honored with no more signs of recollection, than if they had never existed! Yet who more than they have hung enamored over the enchanting pictures of the master hand of *Geoffrey Crayon*, and upon the delineation of whose character has that hand been more successfully engaged? We shall endeavor to give our fortunate countryman and favorite author a welcome more appropriate to his genius. Please to let me add, Messrs. Editors, notwithstanding the commendation which you and many others have bestowed so lavishly on the style of this dinner, I think there were many other omissions among the toasts, and much less literary feeling prevailing, than befitted the occasion. Excuse me for saying, that after an attentive perusal of the account published in your paper, I am clearly of opinion that a proper literary dinner had never before been given in this city, and has never been given yet. For my part, I wonder they did not go into a committee of the whole, and discuss the tariff question at once—nominate some candidate for the presidency, and ask the new comer for his vote. With greater respect, gentlemen, for yourselves than your literary dinner, I am, &c. ELLEN B.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1832.

The streets.—We have been so long, in common with our brother editors, accustomed to mention this subject only in a tone of complaint, that the rare opportunity of praise and congratulation must not be omitted. The committee of the board of assistants have handed in their report on the matter, accompanied by an ordinance, which has passed that board. The inspector of each ward is authorized to employ, twice a week, as many sweepers as may be required; and the masses of filth, which have been so long accumulating, are to be carried off in carts. We unite with a morning journal in the suggestion, that this operation be commenced at *daybreak*. This is of importance to the comfort of the citizens. We earnestly entreat that there will be no delay in carrying this plan into execution; although the middle of *June* is something late, under existing circumstances.

Ever-pointed pencils.—The most highly wrought and admirable specimen of the ever-pointed pencil, we have lately seen from the manufactory of William H. Hale (Woodwards and Hale) of Brooklyn. It is not only superior, we believe, to all others in usefulness, but exceeds in beauty any thing of the kind we ever saw. The point through which the lead passes is of *steel*, a decided improvement, rendering it more durable and complete; and the wreath of flowers and foliage entwined around the surface is really brilliant. We learn that the original inventor of this article is Mr. John J. Hawkins, civil engineer, and formerly a citizen of the United States. He sold the patent right for a trifling sum, to Mr. Mordant, without being aware how profitable it was destined to become. The Physiognotrace, and also the Manifold Letter Writer, were invented by the same individual. The great perfection to which this indispensable requisite to a gentleman's pocket, and a lady's desk, has been brought in the manufactory of Woodward and Hale is certainly creditable to those artisans, and to the country, which has long been far behind France and England in similar works of elegance and taste.

The Wurttemberg Biblical Library.—A literary friend has handed us the following. It is interesting to the biblical scholar. "In the king of Wurttemberg's library, there are more than four thousand different editions of the whole bible, or distinct parts of it, in European and foreign languages; of the former it contains—thirty-five upper German, eighteen Portuguese, fifteen Spanish, forty-three Italian, two hundred and ninety French, one Rhetian, one hundred and fifteen Saxon, two hundred and fifteen English, two hundred and seventy-four Dutch, one hundred and sixteen Danish, fourteen Icelandic, three Greenlandic, forty-five Swe-

dish, six Finnish, three Lapponic, eight Russian, three Croatian, twenty-one Bohemian, ten Wendish, twenty Polish, six Lithuanian, seven Lettonian, four Esthonian, seven Hungarian, five Welsh, one Irish, and one Contabarian, or Base."

Foreign items.—A London paper of the fifth ultimo states, that the Rev. C. C. Colton, the author of *Lacon*, lately put a period to his existence, at Fontainebleau. The dread of undergoing a surgical operation, is the cause assigned for committing this melancholy act.

The cholera has greatly abated in Paris. There were but forty-eight deaths during the twenty-four hours ending at midnight on the seventh ultimo, and thirty-five on the preceding day. It continued its ravages, however, in the provinces.

A letter, dated tenth of April, from Havre, written by a respectable commercial house there, has a postscript which says, "We just learn that young Napoleon, the duke de Reichstadt, is dead."

The following strange occurrence has taken place at Champignolles, France. An inhabitant of the village having dug a hole to entrap a wolf, put upon it a live goose, as a bait for the voracious animal. Another inhabitant, on perceiving the fluttering goose at a distance, approached it, and fell into the ditch, which was eight feet deep, the sides being cut out so as to form an inverted cone. He vainly attempted to get out, and was patiently waiting for the return of day. But he had not waited long when something very heavy fell upon his shoulders. This was a wolf attracted by the bait. The fright of the man may be easily imagined; that of the wolf was equally great, for he immediately got into a corner whence he did not stir all night. When the day appeared, the man who had made the trap came up for his prey, and was not a little surprised to find his two prisoners. The man was taken out more dead than alive. No forbearance was shown to the wolf, who was killed for his forbearance during the night.

Poor Tray!—The annexed appears in one of the daily journals. What can it mean? Is it a *hoax*—a fable—or an allegory? We sincerely hope, for the sake of our fraternity, that it is not literally true. "A gentleman called at our office on Saturday morning with a dog-collar he had just caused to be filed off the neck of a fine terrier dog, which, while harmlessly passing the office of the Journal of Commerce, was killed by one of the editors, Mr. Hale, with a club he snatched from a cart standing by."

Western poetry.—Here are several verses from the Illinois Patriot, quite entitled to a place in our columns, and also in the memory of the reader. We make no apology for presenting them. They are one example, among many others which have lately met our view, of the great talent existing among our western brethren.

THE EMIGRANT.

My native hills! far, far away,
Your tops in living green are bright;
And meadow, glade, and forest gray,
Bask in the long, long summer light;
And blossoms still are gaily set
By shaded fount and rivulet.
Oh, that these feet again might tread
The slopes around my native home,
With grass and mingled blossoms spread;
Where cool the western breezes come,
To fan the fainting traveller's brow—
Alas! I almost feel them now.
Would that my eyes again might see
Those planted fields and forests deep—
The tall grass waving like a sea—
The white flocks scattered o'er the steep—
The dashing brooks—and o'er them bent
The high and boundless firmament.
Fair are the scenes that round me lie,
Bright shines the glad and glorious sun,
And sweetly crimsoned is the sky
At twilight when the day is done;
And the same stars look down at even,
That glitter in my native heaven.
On wide savannahs, round me spread,
A thousand blossoms meet mine eye;
The red rose meekly bows its head,
As balmy winds go dancing by;
And wild deer on the green bluffs play,
That rise in dimness far away.
Majestic are these streams, that glide
O'er shadowed by continuous wood,
Save where the lone glade opens wide,
Where erst the Indian hamlet stood;
But sweeter streams, with sweeter song,
In home's green valley glide along.
And there, when summer's heaven is clear,
Sweet voices echo through the air;
For children's feet press softly near,
And joyous hearts are beating there,
While I afar from home and rest,
Thread the vast rivers of the west.
Oft, in my dreams, before me rise
Fair visions of those scenes so dear—
The cottage home, the vale, the skies;
And rippling murmurs greet mine ear,
Like sound of unseen brook, that falls
Through the long mine's unlighted halls.
As down the deep Ohio's stream
We glide before the whispering wind,
Though all is lovely as a dream,
My wandering thoughts still turn behind—
Turn to the loved, the blessed shore,
Where dwell the friends I meet no more.

I'LL ONLY HEAR THE WORD FAREWELL.

A BALLAD—COMPOSED BY JOHN BARNETT—THE WORDS BY T. H. BALLY.—FROM THE MUSICAL RIJOU, FOR 1832.

ANDANTINO MOLTO ANIMATO.

I'll on-ly hear the
word fare-well, I will not now be told, That when you come a-gain, you'll bring A store of gems and gold. To o-ther who love you less, That pro-mise you may
tell; At such a mo-ment let me hear That one sad word, fare-well! At such a mo-ment let me hear That one sad word, fare-well!

SECOND VERSE.

Yes, breathe no other word but that,
Unless it be the vow
That promises a safe return,
With love as fond as now.
Say you'll be true, though in the halls
Of splendor you may dwell;
Oh! let me hear you tell me this—
Or only say—farewell!

MISCELLANY.

LOGAN.—An old officer of the United States' army, who, soon after the close of the revolutionary war, was ordered to make surveys of the country watered by the Alleghany river, informed me that Logan's nephew, a remarkably fine young Indian, dined with him one day in his tent, and that he asked him what became of Logan. "I killed him," was the reply. "Why did you kill him?" "The nation ordered it." "For what reason?" "He was too great a man to live; he talked so well, that although the whole nation had intended to put any plan in execution, yet, if Logan did not approve of it, he would soon gain a majority in favor of his opinions." "Was he not, then, generally in the right?" "Often; but his influence divided the nation too much." "Why did they choose you to put him to death?" "If any one else had done it, I would certainly have killed him: I, who am his nephew, shall inherit his greatness." "Will they not, then, kill you also?" "Yes; and when I become as great a man as Logan," (laying his hand on his breast with dignity,) "I shall be content to die!" He added, that he shot him near the Alleghany river. "When informed of the resolution of the council of his nation, Logan stopped his horse, drew himself up in an attitude of great dignity, and received the fatal ball without a murmur.—*Vigne's Six Months in America.*

SALE OF LITERARY WORKS.—A contemporary print alludes to the great sale of the Waverley novels, and of Lord Byron's works, as being almost unprecedented. Two or three other publications, however, might be mentioned, which have equalled, if not surpassed them, in point of number. As a single instance, we might mention "Washington Irving's Sketch Book," of which we have the best authority for believing that not less than twenty-five thousand copies have been sold up to the present time; and we believe that from the new Sketch Book which is forthcoming from the same author, the publishers calculate, allowing for the altered state of the times, on a sale of twenty thousand.—*London Globe.*

A CHILD KILLED BY A RAT.—An inquest was lately held at Ecclesfield, England, on view of the body of an infant about seven months old, which had met with its death in the following most extraordinary manner:—It appeared in evidence, that between one and two o'clock in the morning, John Nicholson and his wife went to bed with their twin children Mathew and Mark, at their dwelling-house, in Rotten-row, one of the infants sleeping in the same bed with the father and mother, and the other in a bed adjoining, in the same room. Near three o'clock in the morning the mother waked her husband, and asked him if it did not rain, as she thought she heard something drop. After listening awhile, she fancied she heard a rat muttering, or scrap-

ing, as if in the meal box. The husband immediately got up, and heard a rat run across the floor and down stairs, and on obtaining a light, discovered that the greater part of the left cheek of his child (Mark) had been much lacerated, and nearly all eaten away. The infant survived little more than an hour. Mr. Shearman, surgeon, of Rotherham, was examined, and he was decidedly of opinion that the injuries received by the child were sufficient to procure death, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly.—*York Courant.*

GOETHE.—A medal in memory of Goëthe has been struck in Germany. The principal side represents the image of Goëthe crowned with laurel, and bearing this inscription—"Goethe Nat. D. XXXI. Aug. MDCCCXXXIX." The other side presents the apotheosis of the poet; a swan bears him on its wings to the starry circle, to which the poet's eyes and arms are directed. Below are these words: "Ad astra rediit D. XXII. Mart. MDCCCXXXII."

LOVE.

There's a love which, born
In early days, lives on through silent years,
Nor ever shines but in the hour of sorrow,
When it shows brightest—like the trembling light
Of a clear sunbeam, breaking o'er the face
Of the wild waters in their hours of warfare.

Printed by George P. Scott & Co.—successors to J. Seymour.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1832.

No. 51.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ALHAMBRA.

A SERIES OF TALES AND SKETCHES OF THE MOORS AND SPANIARDS,
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH BOOK.*

Most people are disappointed, at the first glance of the falls of Niagara. They have so long heard of them as an immense wonder; they have pictured to themselves a stupendous mass pouring from the clouds upon the shaking earth; and, extraordinary and sublime as the scene actually is, they find it tame and common-place, when compared with the exaggerated image of their fancy. All greatness, and beauty, and skill, of every description, which have been long previously talked of, produce, in the same way, inadequate impressions on many people. If Demosthenes could be brought among us by a miracle, he would not come up to our pre-existing opinion. If Venus herself were once more to rise from the deep, she would, ten chances to one, be eclipsed by some Broadway belle, with bishop sleeves, and a jewel on her forehead. In the same way, a popular writer has a serious disadvantage to contend against in those unmeaning and vague expectations elicited by a brilliant fame; and we should not be surprised to learn, that many individuals have perused the volumes now under consideration, without that glow of delight—those bursts of laughter—that soft tenderness, into which one is surprised by a sudden gleam of wit, or an unexpected touch of pathos. He who writes with chasteness and simplicity, will fail to arrest the admiration of many a reader. Some pass over his unobtrusive charms, either from carelessness, or want of taste, as they would over the modest, but exquisitely beautiful flowers which gem the meadow, eclipsed by the glare of others more gaudy, but less fragrant and lovely. How many prefer the striking powers of Mrs. Radcliff to the simple nature, wit, and wisdom of Addison. Such will find little to admire in these pages. The world in this, as well as in many other respects, is unreasonable. It is, in a measure, injurious to a literary reputation, for a writer to produce a very perfect and popular composition. The "Pleasures of Hope" was the death of Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Moore was never thoroughly convalescent from the effects of Lallah Rookh. Walter Scott survived his superb poetry only by energetically entering upon an entirely new and uncultivated field where he got along tolerably well, till he had the misfortune to produce *Ivanhoe*, from which he survived only to lead a lingering and unequal career. Even Geoffrey Crayon, is something of a valetudinarian in these respects. His *Sketch Book*, and *Bracebridge Hall*, are the greatest enemies his future productions will probably ever meet; and we have every reason to fear that his *Columbus* has put an end to hopes of his succeeding hereafter in the department of history.

Yet the tales of the *Alhambra* are brilliant and striking, told with the most delightful grace of language, and addressed to the imagination of all classes. The preliminary sketches, relating the author's ramblings over Spain, his approach to the palace, from which the volumes derive their title, his drawings of character, his minute household observations, his moonlight thoughts on that interesting scene, his reveries from the various points of prospect, are, in our estimation, really delicious. Their very familiar and easy simplicity makes them so. They are impressed in every page, every line, every word, with the reality of truth and the glow of nature. They are evidently no inventions, but transcripts. His scenes stretch away before you; his people move, look, and walk, with an individuality and a force only to be produced by the hand of a master. Indeed, these opening pages are full of those delightfully graphic and pleasing delineations, peculiar to this author, and worthy of the best parts of the *Sketch Book*. The want of nationality is balanced by the richness of their historical associations; some of these will make the heart of the student beat, as he sits in his narrow and obscure chamber, tied down, peradventure, forever, to one single spot of the globe. Nothing can exceed the pleasure with which we accompany the author in his peregrinations. We are no half-way admirer of the former writings of *Crayon*, *Knickerbocker*, and *Jonathan Old Style*. We have been led by the same warm and gentle heart, the same refined and cultivated mind, the same soft and melting, yet disciplined imagination for many a year long gone by. We have been with him in the pit of our theatre, through the crooked lanes and antiquated Dutch houses of our town, along the windings of the blue Hudson, and among the luxuriant valleys and heaving hills, which deepen away and swell up from her emerald banks. We have followed, delighted observers, in the train of his Dutch heroes, on their sublime and warlike expeditions; and we have been ushered, by his welcome and potent rod, into many

a rich and mellow and melancholy scene in "merry England;" by her ancient piles, her meandering rivers, her magnificent palaces, and gardens: now, indeed it is pleasant to keep still onward with such a companion, over distant and more strange scenes, to the banks of the streams of Spain; by her mountains, topped with silver; to her old cities and romantic towers. We are there actually, while reading the *Alhambra*. We see the summit of the Sierra Nevada; we hear the rills and fountains playing through the palace; we see the moon, pouring her floods of light into every court and hall and ruined decoration; and we are surprised to perceive what strong impressions are made on us, and by how few words. We are charmed, completely, to follow him in his quiet observations through those lofty and dilapidated towers; and to be so well beguiled by the flowing fancies which gleam along his pages; and by that continual and sweet play of all the most delicate and beautiful lights and shades of pathos and humor. He is as fresh as ever in his feelings. He looks upon the wonders around him with the enthusiastic ardor of a glowing boy.

There is not a string in his soul but is tuned for the true harmony of poetry. It still vibrates responsive to every passing impression, to every moral or natural beauty. Indeed his perceptions of nature and the world, which we were prepared to find blunted by travel and years, are yet alive in all their pristine vigor, and are exercised with a grace and a discrimination peculiar to himself, upon every golden sunset—every dim mountain-top—every light incident of real life. Who but he could have so wrought up the trifle of the pigeon. There is another remark to be made, *en passant*, on our author. One cannot help smiling at the right hearty enthusiasm with which he rouses himself to paint every pretty woman he meets. It is positively delightful to come suddenly, (as we continually do, by the way,) upon one of his "plump little black-eyed Andalusian damsels," with her "bright looks and cheerful disposition;" or some other rosy cheeked maiden, with dark eyes, and round and pleasant form. When he lays hold of such an one, he does it with a downright sincerity, and an outbreathing of gladness and spirit, which actually do our heart good, and he never lets her loose without bestowing upon her such a list of sweet adjectives as refresh our ideas most wonderfully.

We have selected below several extracts, illustrative of these observations. The reader must admire them as the perfection of refined and elegant writing. He will not find a word out of place—a deficiency, or a superfluity. He will find imagination chastened by taste—humor purified by delicacy, and blended with pathos. In perusing these volumes, many will have smiles on their lips, and tears in their eyes, and in their hearts will be an increased pride, that our humble literature can quote such a writer, as a sufficient comment on the baseness of vagabond and venal bookmakers, who at once slander our country and disgrace their own.

We confess the error mentioned below. Spanish scenery has generally figured differently in poems and romances.

The interior scenery of Spain.

"Many are apt to picture Spain to their imaginations as a soft southern region decked out with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet, for the greater part, it is a stern, melancholy country, with rugged mountains and long, naked, sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and invariably silent and lonesome, partaking of the savage and solitary character of Africa. What adds to this silence and loneliness, is the absence of singing birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges. The vulture and eagle are seen wheeling about the mountain cliffs and soaring over the plains, and groups of shy bustards stalk about the heaths; but the myriads of smaller birds, which animate the whole face of other countries, are met with in but few provinces of Spain, and in them chiefly among the orchards and gardens which surround the habitations of man. * * * * *

"But though a great part of Spain is deficient in the garniture of groves and forests, and the softer charms of ornamental cultivation, yet its scenery has something of a high and lofty character to compensate the want. It partakes something of the attributes of its people, and I think that I better understand the proud, hardy, frugal and abstemious Spaniard, his manly defiance of hardships, and contempt of effeminate indulgences, since I have seen the country he inhabits."

"There is something, too, in the sternly simple features of the Spanish landscape, that impresses on the soul a feeling of sublimity. The immense plains of the Castiles and La Mancha, extending as far as the eye can reach, derive an interest from their very nakedness and immensity, and have something of the solemn grandeur of the ocean." * * * * *

A graphic description of Spanish travelling. How grateful should be the citizens of our peaceful country that they may wander from Maine to Mexico unarmed and fearless.

The muleteer.

"The muleteer is the general medium of traffic, and the legiti-

mate wanderer of the land, traversing the Peninsula from the Pyrenees and the Asturias, to the Alpujarras, the Serran de Ronda, and even to the gates of Gibraltar. He lives frugally and hardily; his alforjas (or saddle bags,) of coarse cloth, hold his scanty stock of provisions; a leathern bottle hanging at his saddle-bow, contains wine or water for a supply across barren mountains, and thirsty plains; a mule cloth spread upon the ground is his bed at night, and his pack-saddle is his pillow. His low but clear-voiced and sinewy form betokens strength; his complexion is dark and sun-burnt; his eye resolute, but quiet in its expression, except when kindled by sudden emotion; his demeanour is frank, manly, and courteous, and he never passes you without a grave salutation—"Dios guarda a usted!"—"Vay usted con Dios, caballero!"—"God guard you!"—"God be with you, cavalier!"

"As these men have often their whole fortune at stake upon the burden of their mules, they have their weapons at hand, slung to their saddles, and ready to be snatched down for desperate defence. But their united numbers render them secure against petty bands of marauders, and the solitary bandalero, armed to the teeth, and mounted on his Andalusian steed, hovers about them, like a pirate about a merchant convoy, without daring to make an assault."

There is a constant propensity in our author to illustrate his subject with some humorous stroke, which delights the reader, while it adds force to the picture. How perfectly *Irving* is the mule as described below, "who seems to listen with infinite gravity" to the drawing cadence of his rider.

Singing and improvising.

"The Spanish muleteer has an inexhaustible stock of songs and ballads, with which to beguile his incessant wayfaring. The airs are rude and simple, consisting of but few inflexions. These he chants forth with a loud voice, and long drawing cadence, seated sideways on his mule, who seems to listen with infinite gravity, and to keep time with his paces, to the tune. The couplets thus chanted are often old traditional romances about the Moors; or some legend of a saint; or some love ditty; or, what is still more frequent, some ballad about a bold contrabandista, or hardy bandelero; for the smuggler and the robber are poetical heroes among the common people of Spain. Often the song of the muleteer is composed at the instant, and relates to some local scene, or some incident of the journey. This talent of singing and improvising is frequent in Spain, and is said to have been inherited from the Moors. There is something wildly pleasing in listening to these ditties among the rude and lonely scenes they illustrate, accompanied as they are, by the occasional jingle of the mule-bell.

"It has a most picturesque effect, also, to meet a train of muleteers in some mountain pass. First you hear the bells of the leading mules, breaking with their simple melody the stillness of the airy height; or, perhaps, the voice of the muleteer admonishing some tardy or wandering animal, or chanting, at the full stretch of his lungs, some traditional ballad. At length you see the mules slowly winding along the craggy defile, sometimes descending precipitous cliffs, so as to present themselves in full relief against the sky, sometimes toiling up the deep arid chasms below you. As they approach, you descry their gay decorations of worsted tufts, tassels, and saddle cloths; while, as they pass by, the ever ready trabuco, slung behind their packs and saddles, give a hint of the insecurity of the road."

A forcible sketch of the strange and interesting objects which arrest the attention of the traveller in the kingdom of Granada.

Kingdom of Granada.

"The ancient kingdom of Granada into which we are about to penetrate, is one of the most mountainous regions of Spain. Vast sierras or chains of mountains, destitute of shrub or tree, and mottled with variegated marbles and granites, elevate their sun-burnt summits against a deep blue sky, yet in their rugged bosoms lie engulfed the most verdant and fertile valley, where the desert and the garden strive for mastery, and the very rock, as it were, compelled to yield the fig, the orange, and the citron, and to blossom with the myrtle and the rose.

"In the wild passes of these mountains, the sight of wall-d towns and villages built like eagles' nests among the cliffs, and surrounded by Moorish battlements, or of ruined watch-towers perched on lofty peaks, carry the mind back to the chivalrous days of Christian and Moslem warfare, and to the romantic struggle for the conquest of Granada. In traversing their lofty sierras, the traveller is often obliged to alight and lead his horse up and down the steep and jagged ascents and descents, resembling the broken steps of a staircase. Sometimes the road winds along dizzy precipices, without parapet to guard him from the gulfs below, and then will plunge down steep and dark and dangerous declivities. Sometimes it struggles through rugged barrancos, or ravines, worn by water torrents; the obscure paths of the contrabandista, while ever and anon, the ominous cross, the memento of robbery and murder, erected on a mound of stones at some lonely part of the road, admonishes the traveller that he is among the haunts of banditti; perhaps, that very moment, under the eye of some lurking bandalero. Sometimes, in winding through the narrow valleys, he is startled by a hoarse bellowing, and beholds above him, on some green fold of the mountain side, a herd of fierce Andalusian bulls, destined for the combat of the arena. There is something awful in the contemplation of these terrific animals, clothed with tremendous strength, and ranging

* Two vols. 12mo. Carey and Lee: Philadelphia.

There is a good deal of characteristic humor in the author's bestowing upon their guide the appropriate name of Sancho. With the true spirit of enjoyment they started for the Alhambra.

Travelling through Spain.

"We set out on our journey with a genuine disposition to be pleased; with such a disposition, what a country is Spain for a traveler, where the most miserable inn is as full of adventure as an enchanted castle, and every meal is in itself an achievement! Let others repine at the lack of turnpike roads and sumptuous hotels, and all the elaborate comforts of a country cultivated into tameness and common-place, but give me the rude mountain scramble, the roving hap-hazard wayfaring, the frank, hospitable, though half wild manners, that give such a true game flavor to romantic Spain!"

Here is a pretty and dramatic scene for a painter.

Spanish Inn.

"While we were supping with our Andalusian friend, we heard the notes of a guitar and the clink of castanets, and presently, a chorus of voices, singing a popular air. In fact, mine host had gathered together the amateur singers and musicians and the rustic belles of the neighborhood, and on going forth, the court-yard of the inn presented a scene of true Spanish festivity. We took our seats with mine host and hostess and the commander of the patrol, under the archway of the court. The guitar passed from hand to hand, but a jovial shoemaker was the Orpheus of the place. He was a pleasant looking fellow, with huge black whiskers and a roguish eye. His sleeves were rolled up to his elbows; he touched the guitar with masterly skill, and sung little amorous ditties with an expressive leer at the women, with whom he was evidently a favorite. He afterwards danced a fandango with a buxom Andalusian damsel, to the great delight of the spectators. But none of the females present could compare with mine host's pretty daughter Josefa, who had slipped away and made her toilette for the occasion, and had adorned her head with roses; and also distinguished herself in a bolero with a handsome young dragoon."

They pursue their journey in a wandering, romantic style, worthy of Don Quixote, and here we have a

Spanish guide and dinner.

"What luxurious noontide repasts have we made on the green sward by the side of a brook or fountain under a shady tree, and then what delicious siestas on our cloaks spread out on the herbage!"

"We paused one day at noon, for a repast of the kind. It was in a pleasant little green meadow, surrounded by hills covered with olive trees. Our cloaks were spread on the grass under an elm tree, by the side of a babbling rivulet; our horses were tethered where they might crop the herbage, and Sancho produced his alforjas with an air of triumph. They contained the contributions of four day's journeying, but had been signally enriched by the foraging of the previous evening, in a plentiful inn at Antequera. Our Squire drew forth the heterogeneous contents one by one, and they seemed to have no end. First came forth a shoulder of roasted kid, very little the worse for wear, then an entire partridge, then a great morsel of salted codfish wrapped in paper, then the residue of a ham, then the half of a pullet, together with several rolls of bread and a rabble route of oranges, figs, raisins, and walnuts. His beta also had been recruited with some excellent wine of Malaga. At every fresh apparition from his larder, he could enjoy our ludicrous surprise, throwing himself back on the grass and shouting with laughter."

"Nothing pleased this simple-hearted varlet more than to be compared, for his devotion to the trencher, to the renowned squire of Don Quixote. He was well versed in the history of the Don, and, like most of the common people of Spain, he firmly believed it to be a true history."

"All that, however, happened a long time ago, Signor," said he to me, one day, with an inquiring look.

"A very long time," was the reply.

"I dare say, more than a thousand years?"—still looking dubiously.

"I dare say? not less."

"The squire was satisfied."

In the midst of their merry-making they are overtaken by a mendicant, who drank their wine, but refused their solicitations to eat, saying, "No, signors, the wine I drink or leave; but the bread I must take home to share with my family." We have afterwards an elegant description of this individual, quite expressive of the national character.

Spanish beggar.

"Still he was not a regular mendicant, it was not until recently that want had driven him to this degradation, and he gave a touching picture of the struggle between hunger and pride, when abject destitution first came upon him. He was returning from Malaga, without money; he had not tasted food for some time, and was crossing one of the great plains of Spain, where there were but few habitations. When almost dead with hunger, he applied at the door of a venta, or country inn. 'Perdona usted per Dios hermano!' (excuse us, brother, for God's sake!) was the reply;—the usual mode in Spain of refusing a beggar. 'I turned away,' said he, 'with shame greater than my hunger, for my heart was yet too proud. I came to a river with high banks and deep rapid current, and felt tempted to throw myself in; what should such an old worthless, wretched man as I live for? But, when I was on the brink of the current, I thought on the blessed Virgin, and turned away. I travelled on until I saw a country seat, at a little distance from the road, and entered the outer gate of the court-yard. The door was shut, but there were two young signoras at a window. I approached, and begged; 'Perdona usted per Dios hermano!' (excuse us brother, for God's sake!) and the window closed. I crept out of the court-yard; but hunger overcame me, and my heart gave way. I thought my hour was at hand. So I laid myself down at the gate, commended myself to the holy Virgin, and covered my head to die. In a little while afterwards, the master of the house came home. Seeing me lie at his gate, he uncovered my head, had pity on my gray hairs, took me into his house and gave me food. So Signors, you see that we should always put confidence in the protection of the Virgin."

At Loxa, the author again finds a motley groupe, which he

paints with his usual felicity. The reader will smile at the portrait of the braggadocio with which this extract closes.

Inn at Loxa.

"Our inn was suited to the place. It was kept by a young, handsome, Andalusian widow, whose trim busquina of black silk fringed with bugles, set off the play of a graceful form, and round pliant limbs. Her step was firm and elastic, her dark eye was full of fire, and the coquetry of her air, and varied ornaments of her person showed that she was accustomed to be admired."

"She was well matched by a brother, nearly about her own age; they were perfect models of the Andalusian majo and maja. He was tall, vigorous, and well formed, with a clear, olive complexion, a dark beaming eye, and curling, chestnut whiskers, that met under his chin. He was gallantly dressed in a short green velvet jacket, fitted to his shape, profusely decorated with silver buttons, with a white handkerchief in each pocket. He had breeches of the same, with rows of buttons from the hips to the knees; a pink silk handkerchief round his neck, gathered through a ring, on the bosom of a neatly plaited shirt; a sash round the waist to match; botinas or spatterdashies of the finest russet leather, elegantly worked and open at the calves to show his stockings, and russet shoes setting off a well shaped foot."

"As he was standing at the door, a horseman rode up and entered into low and earnest conversation with him. He was dressed in similar style, and almost with equal finery. A man about thirty, square built, with strong Roman features, handsome, though slightly pitted with the small-pox, with a free, bold, and somewhat daring air. His powerful black horse was decorated with tassels and fanciful trappings, and a couple of broad-mouthed blunderbusses hung behind the saddle. He had the air of those contrabandistas that I have seen in the mountains of Ronda, and, evidently, had a good understanding with the brother of mine hostess; nay, if I mistake not, he is a favorite admirer of the widow. In fact, the whole inn, and its inmates had something of a contrabandista aspect, and the blunderbuss stood in a corner beside the guitar. The horseman I have mentioned, passed his evening in the posada, and sang several bold mountain romances with great spirit."

"As we were at supper, two poor Asturians put in in distress, begging food and a night's lodging. They had been waylaid by robbers, as they came from a fair among the mountains, robbed of a horse, which carried all their stock in trade, stripped of their money and most of their apparel, beaten for having offered resistance, and left almost naked in the road. My companion, with a prompt generosity, natural to him, ordered them a supper and a bed, and gave them a supply of money to help them forward towards their home."

"As the evening advanced, the dramatis personæ thickened. A large man about sixty years of age, of powerful frame, came strolling in, to gossip with mine hostess. He was dressed in the ordinary Andalusian costume, but had a huge sabre tucked under his arm, wore large mustaches and had something of a lofty swaggering air. Every one seemed to regard him with great deference."

"Our man, Sancho, whispered to us that he was Don Ventura Rodriguez, the hero and champion of Loxa, famous for his prowess and the strength of his arm. In the time of the French invasion, he surprised six troopers who were asleep. He first secured their horses, then attacked them with his sabre; killed some, and took the rest prisoners. For this exploit, the king allows him a peçeta, (the fifth of a duro, or dollar,) per day, and has dignified him with the title of Don."

"I was amused to notice his swelling language and demeanor. He was evidently a thorough Andalusian, boastful as he was brave. His sabre was always in his hand, or under his arm. He carries it always about with him, as a child does a doll, calls it his Santa Teresa, and says, that when he draws it, 'tembla la tierra!' (the earth trembles!)"

After journeying some time in this way, our wanderers—(the author, with his friend David Wilkie, Esq. to whom the volumes are dedicated,) at length reach Granada.

Approach to Granada.

"Journeying in this manner, we at length emerged from the mountains, and entered upon the beautiful Vega of Granada. Here we took our last mid-day's repast under a grove of olive trees, on the borders of a rivulet, with the old Moorish capital in the distance, dominated by the ruddy towers of the Alhambra, while far above it the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada shone like silver. The day was without a cloud, and the heat of the sun tempered by cool breezes from the mountains; after our repast, we spread our cloaks and took our last siesta, lulled by the humming of bees among the flowers, and the notes of the ringdoves from the neighboring olive trees. When the sultry hours were past, we resumed our journey, and after passing between hedges of aloes and Indian figs, and through a wilderness of gardens, arrived about sun-set at the gates of Granada."

They who are familiar with the writings of our author, will follow him impatiently, and be pleased to look in upon him and his

Guide through the Alhambra.

"At the gate were two or three rugged and superannuated soldiers dozing on a stone bench, the successors of the Zegris and the Abencerrages; while a tall, meagre varlet, whose rusty brown cloak was, evidently, intended to conceal the ragged state of his nether garments, was lounging in the sunshine, and gossiping with an ancient sentinel, on duty. He joined us as we entered the gate, and offered his services to show us the fortress."

"I have a traveller's dislike to officious ciceroni, and did not altogether like the garb of the applicant:

"You are well acquainted with the place, I presume?"

"Ninguno mas—pues, señor, soy hijo de la Alhambra."

"(Nobody better—in fact, sir, I am a son of the Alhambra.)"

"The common Spaniards have certainly a most poetical way of expressing themselves—A son of the Alhambra! the appellation caught me at once; the very tattered garb of my new acquaintance assumed a dignity in my eyes. It was emblematic of the features of the place, and became the progeny of a ruin."

Spanish superstition.

"The great vestibule, or porch of the gate, is formed by an im-

mense Arabian arch of the horse-shoe form, which springs to half the height of the tower. On the key-stone of this arch is engraven a gigantic hand. Within the vestibule, on the key-stone of the portal, is engraven, in like manner, a gigantic key. Those who pretend to some knowledge of Mahometan symbols, affirm, that the hand is the emblem of doctrine, and the key, of faith; the latter, they add, was emblazoned on the standard of the Moslems when they subdued Andalusia, in opposition to the Christian emblem of the cross. A different explanation, however, was given by the legitimate 'son of the Alhambra,' and one more in unison with the notions of the common people, who attach something of mystery and magic to every thing Moorish, and have all kinds of superstitions connected with this old Moslem fortress."

According to Mateo, it was a tradition handed down from the oldest inhabitants, and which he had from his father and grandfather, that the hand and key were magical devices on which the fate of the Alhambra depended. The Moorish king who built it was a great magician, and, as some believed, had sold himself to the devil, and had laid the whole fortress under a magic spell. By this means it had remained standing for several hundred years, in defiance of storms and earthquakes, while almost all the other buildings of the Moors had fallen to ruin and disappeared. This spell, the tradition went on to say, would last until the hand, on the outer arch should reach down and grasp the key, when the whole pile would tumble to pieces, and all the treasures buried beneath it by the Moors, would be revealed."

Of course the spot is redolent with historical, poetical and romantic meditations, and at every turn his eyes fall on scenes of the most striking interest and beauty. Among others, we take his picture of the

Court of Lions in the Alhambra.

"From the lower end, we passed through a Moorish arch-way into the renowned Court of Lions. There is no part of the edifice that gives us a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence than this; for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the centre stands the fountain famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops, and the twelve lions which support them, cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The court is laid out in flower beds, and surrounded by light Arabian arcades of open filigree work, supported by slender pillars of white marble. The architecture, like that of all the other parts of the palace, is characterized by elegance, rather than grandeur, bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste, and a disposition to indolent enjoyment."

"When we look upon the fair tracery of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile fret-work of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet, though no less baneful pilferings of the tasteful traveller. It is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition, that the whole is protected by a magic charm."

Here are paragraphs which may well raise envy in the bosom of a New-Yorker.

Streams and fountains of the palace.

"An abundant supply of water, brought from the mountains by old Moorish aqueducts, circulates throughout the palace, supplying its baths and fish-pools, sparkling in jets within its halls, or murmuring in channels along the marble pavements. When it has paid its tribute to the royal pile, and visited its gardens and pastures, it flows down the long avenue leading to the city, tinkling in rills, gushing in fountains, and maintaining a perpetual verdure in those groves that embower and beautify the whole hill of the Alhambra."

"Those, only, who have sojourned in the ardent climates of the South, can appreciate the delights of an abode combining the breezy coolness of the mountain with the freshness and verdure of the valley."

"While the city below pants with the noontide heat, and the parched Vega trembles to the eye, the delicate airs from the Sierra Nevada play through the lofty halls, bringing with them the sweetness of the surrounding gardens. Every thing invites to that indolent repose, the bliss of southern climes; and while the half shut eye looks out from shaded balconies upon the glittering landscape, the ear is lulled by the rustling of groves, and the murmur of running streams."

After describing the interior of the Alhambra, our author ascends the tower of Comares, in order to gain an idea of its vicinity.

Reveries on the summit of the Tower of Comares.

"The airy palace with its tall white towers and long arcades, which breast yon mountain, among pompous groves and hanging gardens, is the Generalife, a summer palace of the Moorish kings, to which they resorted during the sultry months, to enjoy a still more breezy region than that of the Alhambra. The naked summit of the height above it, where you behold some shapeless ruins, is the Silla del Moro, or seat of the Moor; so called from having been a retreat of the unfortunate Boabdil, during the time of an insurrection, where he seated himself and looked down mournfully upon his rebellious city."

"A murmuring sound of water now and then rises from the valley. It is from the aqueduct of yon Moorish mill, nearly at the foot of the hill. The avenue of trees beyond, is the Alameda, along the bank of the Darro, a favorite resort in evenings, and a rendezvous of lovers in the summer nights, when the guitar may be heard at a late hour from the benches along its walks. At present there are but a few loitering monks to be seen there, and a group of water-carriers from the fountain of Avellanos."

"You start! 'tis nothing but a hawk we have frightened from his nest. This old tower is a complete brooding-place for vagrant birds. The swallow and martlet abound in every chink and cranny, and circle about it the whole day long; while at night, when all other birds have gone to rest, the moping owl comes out of its lurking place, and utters its boding cry from the battlements. See how the hawk we have dislodged sweeps away below us, skimming over the tops of the trees, and sailing up to ruins above the Generalife."

"Let us leave this side of the tower and turn our eyes to the west. Here you behold in the distance, a range of mountains bounding the Vega, the ancient barrier between Moslem Granada

and the land of the christians. Among the heights you may still discern warrior towns, whose gray walls and battlements seem of a piece with the rocks on which they are built; while here and there is a solitary atalaya or watch-tower, mounted on some lofty point, and looking down as if it were from the sky, into the valleys on either side. It was down the defiles of these mountains, by the pass of Lope, that the christian armies descended into the Vega. It was round the base of yon gray and naked mountain, almost insulated from the rest, and stretching its bald rocky promontory into the bosom of the plain, that the invading squadrons would come bursting into view, with flaunting banners and the clangor of drums and trumpets. How changed is the scene! Instead of the glittering line of mailed warriors, we behold the patient train of the toiling muleteer, slowly moving along the skirts of the mountain.

"Behind that promontory is the eventful bridge of Pinos, renowned for many a bloody strife between Moors and Christians; but still more renowned as being the place where Columbus was overtaken and called back by the messenger of queen Isabella, just as he was departing in despair to carry his project of discovery to the court of France.

"Behold another place famous in the history of the discoverer; yon line of walls and towers, gleaming in the morning sun in the very centre of the Vega; the city of Santa Fe, built by the catholic sovereigns during the siege of Granada, after a conflagration had destroyed their camp. It was to these walls that Columbus was called back by the heroic queen, and within them the treaty was concluded that led to the discovery of the western world."

His reflections on viewing the distant peaks of the Sierra Nevada, are fraught with the spirit of poetry.

The Sierra Nevada.

"Now raise your eyes to the snowy summit of yon pile of mountains, shining like a white summer cloud on the blue sky. It is the Sierra Nevada, the pride and delight of Granada; the source of her cooling breezes and perpetual verdure, of her gushing fountains and perennial streams. It is this glorious pile of mountains that gives to Granada that combination of delights so rare in a southern city. The fresh vegetation, and the temperate airs of a northern climate, with the vivifying ardor of a tropical sun, and the cloudless azure of a southern sky. It is this aerial treasury of snow, which melting in proportion to the increase of the summer heat, send down rivulets and streams through every glen and gorge of the Alpuxarras, diffusing emerald verdure and fertility throughout a chain of happy and sequestered valleys.

"These mountains may well be called the glory of Granada. They dominate the whole extent of Andalusia, and may be seen from its most distant parts. The muleteer hails them as he views their frosty peaks from the sultry level of the plain; and the Spanish mariner on the deck of his bark, far, far off, on the bosom of the blue Mediterranean, watches them with a pensive eye, thinks of the beautiful Granada, and chants in low voice some old romance about the Moors."

Here is a paragraph worthy the richest and mellowest touches in the Sketch Book, and a true dash of Washington Irving.

Hall of Ambassadors.

"One of my favorite resorts is the balcony of the central window of the Hall of Ambassadors, in the lofty tower of Comares. I have just been seated there, enjoying the close of a long brilliant day. The sun, as he sank behind the purple mountains of Alhama, sent a stream of effulgence up the valley of the Darro, that spread a melancholy pomp over the ruddy towers of the Alhambra, while the Vega, covered with a slight sultry vapor that caught the setting ray, seemed spread out in the distance like a golden sea. Not a breath of air disturbed the stillness of the hour, and though the faint sound of music and merriment now and then arose from the gardens of the Darro, it but rendered more impressive the monumental silence of the pile which overshadowed me. It was one of those hours, and scenes in which memory asserts an almost magical power, and, like the evening sun beaming on these mouldering towers, sends back her retrospective rays to light up the glories of the past."

The annexed contains a forcible and poetic figure, worthy the author of Columbus.

The Moors.

"Potent and durable as was their dominion, we have no one distinct title by which to designate them. They were a nation, as it were, without a legitimate country or a name. A remote wave of the great Arabian inundation, east upon the shores of Europe, they seemed to have all the impetus of the first rush of the torrent. Their course of conquest from the rock of Gibraltar to the cliffs of the Pyrenees, was as rapid and brilliant as the Moslem victories of Syria and Egypt. Nay, had they not been checked on the plains of Tours, all France, all Europe, might have been overrun with the same facility as the empires of the east, and the crescent might at this day have glittered on the fanes of Paris and of London."

Our author now proceeds very much after the fashion of Bracebridge Hall, and lets us into all the pleasant matters around him. How little those obscure simple people who waited on him, suspected that they were sitting for their portraits before an immortal artist, and that they would actually form a family group, and be gazed on with delight by all the world, and posterity into the bargain? He soon discovers a pretty "plump little girl and a nephew," and that "a quiet courtship is going on." But he himself is soon plunged into an odd dilemma.

A Dilemma.

"With the good dame Antonio I have made a treaty, according to which, she furnishes me with board and lodging, while the merry-hearted little Dolores keeps my apartment in order, and officiates as handmaid at meal times. I have also at my command a tall, stuttering, yellow-haired lad, named Pepe, who works in the garden, and would fain have acted as valet, but in this he was forestalled by Mateo Ximenes, 'The son of the Alhambra.' This alert and officious wight has managed, somehow or other, to stick by me, ever since I first encountered him at the outer gate of the fortress, and to weave himself into all my plans, until he

has fairly appointed and installed himself my valet, cicerone, guide, guard and historio-graphic esquire; and I have been obliged to improve the state of his wardrobe, that he may not disgrace his various functions, so that he has cast off his old brown mantle, as a snake does his skin, and now figures about the fortress with a smart Andalusian hat and jacket, to his infinite satisfaction, and the great astonishment of his comrades. The chief fault of honest Mateo is an over anxiety to be useful. Conscious of having foisted himself into my employ, and that my simple and quiet habits render his situation a sinecure, he is at his wit's end to devise modes of making himself important to my welfare. I am, in a manner, the victim of his officiousness; I cannot put my foot over the threshold of the palace to stroll about the fortress, but he is at my elbow to explain every thing I see, and if I venture to ramble among the surrounding hills, he insists upon attending me as a guard, though I vehemently suspect he would be more apt to trust to the length of his legs than the strength of his arms in case of attack. After all, however, the poor fellow is at times an amusing companion; he is simple-minded and of infinite good humor, with the loquacity and gossip of a village barber, and knows all the small talk of the place and its environs."

Is not this pretty?

Geoffrey Crayon in the Alhambra.

"Though fond of passing the greater part of my day alone, yet I occasionally repair in the evenings to the little domestic circle of Doña Antonia. This is generally held in an old Moorish chamber, that serves for kitchen as well as hall, a rude fire-place having been made in one corner, the smoke from which has discolored the walls, and almost obliterated the ancient arabesques. A window with a balcony overhanging the valley of the Darro, lets in the cool evening breeze, and here I take my frugal supper of fruit and milk, and mingle with the conversation of the family. There is a natural talent, or mother wit, as it is called, about the Spaniards, which renders them intellectual and agreeable companions, whatever may be their condition in life, or however imperfect may have been their education; add to this, they are never vulgar; nature has endowed them with an inherent dignity of spirit. The good Tia Antonio is a woman of strong and intelligent, though uncultivated mind, and the bright-eyed Dolores, though she has read but three or four books in the whole course of her life, has an engaging mixture of naiveté and good sense, and often surprises me by the pungency of her artless sallies. Sometimes the nephew entertains us by reading some old comedy of Chaldeon or Lope de Vega, to which he is evidently prompted by a desire to improve as well as amuse his cousin Dolores, though to his great mortification the little damsel generally falls asleep before the first act is completed."

We must give the next graceful little chapter entire. Ye who have never read it, read it; now ye who have, read it again.

The Truant.

"Since writing the foregoing pages, we have had a scene of petty tribulation in the Alhambra, which has thrown a cloud over the sunny countenance of Dolores. This little damsel has a female passion for pets of all kinds, from the superabundant kindness of her disposition. One of the ruined courts of the Alhambra is thronged with her favorites. A stately peacock and his hen seem to hold regal sway here, over pompous turkeys, querulous guinea-fowls, and a rabble rout of common cocks and hens. The great delight of Dolores, however, has for some time past been centered in a youthful pair of pigeons, who have lately entered into the holy state of wedlock, and who have even supplanted a tortoise-shell cat and kitten in her affections."

"As a tenement for them to commence housekeeping, she had fitted up a small chamber adjacent to the kitchen, the window of which looked into one of the quiet Moorish courts. Here they lived, in happy ignorance of any world beyond the court and its sunny roofs. In vain they aspired to soar above the battlements, or to mount to the summit of the towers. Their virtuous union was at length crowned by two spotless and milk-white eggs, to the great joy of their cherishing little mistress. Nothing could be more praiseworthy than the conduct of the young married folks on this interesting occasion. They took turns to sit upon the nest until the eggs were hatched, and while their callous progeny required warmth and shelter. While one thus staid at home, the other foraged abroad for food, and brought home abundant supplies."

"This scene of conjugal felicity has suddenly met with a reverse. Early this morning, as Dolores was feeding the male pigeon, she took a fancy to give him a peep at the great world. Opening a window, therefore, which looks down upon the valley of the Darro, she lunched him at once beyond the walls of the Alhambra. For the first time in his life the astonished bird had to try the full vigor of his wings. He swept down into the valley, and then rising upwards with the surge, soared almost to the very clouds. Never before had he risen to such a great height or experienced such delight in flying; and, like a young spend-thrift, just come to his estate, he seemed giddy with excess of liberty, and with the boundless field of action suddenly opened to him. For the whole day he has been circling about in capricious flights, from tower to tower, and from tree to tree. Every attempt has been made in vain to lure him back, by seat-ter grain upon the roofs: he seems to have lost all thought of home, of his tender helpmate, and his callow young. To add to the anxiety of Dolores, he has been joined by two *palomas ladrones*, or robber pigeons, whose instinct it is to entice wandering pigeons to their own dove-cotes. The fugitive, like many other thoughtless youths on their first lanching upon the world, seems quite fascinated with these knowing, but graceless, companions, who have undertaken to show him life, and introduce him to society. He has been soaring with them over all the roofs and steeples of Granada. A thunder-shower has passed over the city, but he has not sought his home; night has closed in, and still he comes not. To deepen the pathos of the affair, the female pigeon, after remaining several hours on the nest without being relieved, at length went forth to seek her recreant mate; but stayed away so long that the young ones perished for want of the warmth and shelter of the parent bosom."

"At a late hour in the evening, word was brought to Dolores that the truant bird had been seen upon the towers of the Generalife. Now, it so happens, that the *administrador* of that ancient palace has likewise a dove-cote, among the inmates of

which are said to be two or three of these inveigling birds, the terror of all neighboring pigeon-fanciers. Dolores immediately concluded that the two feathered sharpers, who had been seen with her fugitive, were these bloods of the Generalife. A council of war was forthwith held in the chamber of Tia Antonia. The Generalife is a distinct jurisdiction from the Alhambra, and of course some punctilio, if not jealousy, exists between their custodians. It was determined, therefore, to send Pepe, the stuttering lad of the gardens, as ambassador to the *administrador*, requesting, that if such fugitive should be found in his dominions, he might be given up, as a subject of the Alhambra. Pepe departed, accordingly, on his diplomatic expedition, through the moonlight groves and avenues, but returned in an hour with the afflicting intelligence that no such bird was to be found in the dove-cote of the Generalife. The *administrador*, however, pledged his sovereign bird, that if such vagrant should appear there, even at midnight, he should instantly be arrested, and sent back prisoner to his little black-eyed mistress."

"Thus stands this melancholy affair, which has occasioned much distress throughout the palace, and has sent the inconsolable Dolores to a sleepless pillow."

"Sorrow endureth for a night," says the proverb, 'but joy ariseth in the morning.' The first object that met my eyes on leaving my room this morning was Dolores, with the truant pigeon in her hand, and her eyes sparkling with joy. He had appeared at an early hour on the battlements, hovering shyly about from roof to roof, but at length entered the window, and surrendered himself prisoner. He gained little credit, however, by his return, for the ravenous manner in which he devoured the food set before him showed that, like the prodigal son, he had been driven home by sheer famine. Dolores upbraided him for his faithless conduct, calling him all manner of vagrant names; though, woman-like, she fondled him at the same time to her bosom, and covered him with kisses. I observed, however, that she had taken care to clip his wings to prevent all future soarings; a precaution which I mention for the benefit of all those who have truant wives or wandering husbands. More than one valuable moral might be drawn from the story of Dolores and her pigeon."

Day Dreams.

"A few days since as I was reconnoitring with my glass the streets of the Albaycin, I beheld the procession of a novice about to take the veil; and remarked various circumstances that excited the strongest sympathy in the fate of the youthful being thus about to be consigned to a living tomb. I ascertained, to my satisfaction, that she was beautiful; and, by the paleness of her cheek, that she was a victim, rather than a votary. She was arrayed in bridal garments, and decked with a chaplet of white flowers; but her heart evidently revolted at this mockery of a spiritual union, and yearned after its earthly loves. A tall, stern looking man walked near her in the procession; it was evidently the tyrannical father, who, from some bigoted or sordid motive, had compelled this sacrifice. Amidst the crowd was a dark, handsome youth, in Andalusian garb, who seemed to fix on her an eye of agony. It was doubtless the secret lover from whom she was for ever to be separated. My indignation rose as I noted the malignant exultation painted in the countenances of the attendant monks and friars. The procession arrived at the chapel of the convent; the sun gleamed for the last time upon the chaplet of the poor novice as she crossed the fatal threshold and disappeared from sight. The throng poured in with cowl and cross and minstrelsy. The lover paused for a moment at the door, I could understand the tumult of his feelings, but he mastered them and entered. There was a long interval—I pictured to myself the scene passing within.—The poor novice despoiled of her transient finery—clothed in the conventual garb: the bridal chaplet taken from her brow; her beautiful head shorn of its long silken tresses—I heard her murmur the irrevocable vow—I saw her extended on her bier; the death pall spread over; the funeral service performed that proclaimed her dead to the world: her sighs were drowned in the wailing anthem of the nuns and the sepulchral tones of the organ—the father looked unmoved without a tear—the lover—no—my fancy refused to portray the anguish of the lover—there the picture remained a blank.—The ceremony was over; the crowd again issued forth to behold the day and mingle in the joyous stir of life—but the victim with her bridal chaplet was no longer there—the door of the convent closed that secured her from the world forever. I saw the father and the lover issue forth—they were in earnest conversation—the young man was violent in his gestures, when the wall of a house intervened and shut them from my sight."

"That evening I noticed a solitary light twinkling from a remote lattice of the convent. There, said I, the unhappy novice sits weeping in her cell, while her lover paces the street below in unavailing anguish."

"The officious Mateo interrupted my meditations and destroyed in an instant, the cobweb tissue of my fancy. With his usual zeal he had gathered facts concerning the scene that had interested me. The heroine of my romance was neither young nor handsome—she had no love—she had entered the convent of her own free will, as a respectable asylum, and was one of the cheer-fullest residents within its walls!"

Sunrise in Spain.

"Scarce had the gray dawn streaked the sky, and the earliest cock crowed from the cottages of the hill-side, when the suburbs gave sign of reviving animation; for the fresh hours of dawning are precious in the summer season in a sultry climate. All are anxious to get the start of the sun in the business of the day. The muleteer drives forth his loaded train for the journey; the traveler slings his carbine behind his saddle, and mounts his steed at the gates of the hotel. The brown peasant urges his loitering donkeys, laden with panniers of sunny fruit and fresh dewy vegetables; for already the thrifty housewives are hastening to the market."

"The sun is up and sparkles along the valley, topping the transparent foliage of the groves. The matin bell resounds melodiously through the pure bright air, announcing the hour of devotion. The muleteer halts his burdened animals before the chapel, thrusts his staff through his belt behind, and enters with hat in hand, smoothing his coal black hair, to hear a mass and put up a prayer for a prosperous wayfaring across the Sierra."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

CRANIOLOGY.

I WAS sitting the other day, conversing with a friend, when suddenly he fixed his eyes on my forehead, and with a singular earnestness exclaimed, "It is really extraordinary. I never saw it so strongly developed before." On inquiry, I found that he was an amateur craniologist—a great looker-on of every body's head—a professed seeker out of bumps. He tells you such a person is affectionate, and such an one witty. One is contemplative, and another musical, according to the little protuberances on their skull. I was really gratified to find myself possessed of divers qualities, which had before been hidden, even from suspicion. I find myself a great lover of music, and gifted with an immense genius for that species of composition, and that there is nothing in the world which I dislike more than contemplation! I am not an admirer of women, but am of a most merry disposition!

I told my friend that his art was exceedingly ingenious, by which he was enabled to discover such great secrets, but that, although I have lived to the age of manhood, and every opportunity has been presented of setting my character in a right light, yet that there was not a single one of those qualities he had ascribed to me, but was diametrically opposed to the truth. Music affords me no pleasure, and I cannot even turn a tune; so far from disliking contemplation, it is my weakness to fall into thoughts separate from those of the people about me. As for woman, I am not peculiar either for admiration or hatred of them, and I am seldom merry.

The craniologist answered, with an appearance of triumph, which rather puzzled me—"Why, my dear sir, that *confirms* my theory."

"I am at a loss to discover how a theory can be disproved and confirmed in the same way."

"That just shows your ignorance," said my companion. "When we say you are *musical*, we do not mean to imply that you practise or actually like music."

I stared, but he went on with the air of one quite satisfied of being in the right.

"You see, in this world, people's true talents and qualities never are, or seldom are, properly developed; because in their passage through life, they encounter adverse circumstances which cross and sometimes completely destroy or conceal them. Thus a man, intended by nature for a great painter, may be born the son of a blacksmith, and his father may bring him up to the anvil. He may never see a brush or a picture; and consequently, will never be, in reality, a painter; but nevertheless, he may possess the organ which, if it had been properly exercised, would have enabled him to be a Michael Angelo."

"But how are we to prove this?" I asked. "The blacksmith may live and hammer away his life, and never be brought to the test."

"There, too," said my friend, with sparkling eyes, "there, too, I am prepared for you, and this shows the advantage of our art, for unless some one who understands it should meet him, he would be forever but a blacksmith. To be sure some accidental circumstance may awaken his attention to the sacred capacity which lies idle in his bosom and his brain, and he may be tempted to *try*—but this may not happen often. We have among artists, several whose unextinguishable genius broke out from a cloud of obscurity, poverty and surrounding miseries; but it is my opinion, that no one can calculate what the world has lost in this way. Many an unhappy man has perished without dreaming of his own greatness."

"If this is so—"

"If it is so?" reiterated the craniologist: "it is so."

"Then let me ask you what organ do I possess, which excited your wonder?"

"You have," said he, "that of *music*. I never saw it more striking. If you were to commence at this time and study the science, there is not the shadow of a doubt but that you would, in a few years, produce a greater sensation in the world than has ever been created? You could coin dollars at your pleasure."

"Now," said I gravely, "I'll tell you what I will do. You are a man of capital."

"Thank heaven," replied he, "I am. I had the organ of prudence, and have not failed to profit by it in business. I am worth one hundred thousand dollars above the world."

"Well, then, if you will take me under your charge, supply me with funds, and cultivate my wonderful genius, I promise not only to immortalize you as the author of my greatness, but also to pay into your hands one half of every thing I receive for my composition."

He seemed a good deal surprised, and a little angry, at my proposition, which he called preposterous, telling me I talked like a madman.

Finding our debate brought abruptly to a conclusion, I did not seek to continue it, and we parted rather ill-naturedly.

Many people advocate things like the craniologist, without in fact believing them. It is so easy to talk; to reply ingeniously, and to lose one's self in the mazes of a discussion, without rule, and almost without object. Some are so fond of hearing their own voices, that they contend for the most absurd conceits, till they gradually themselves believe what they have been unsuccessfully endeavoring to force upon the credit of others. There is a sly discretion vested in every body, which relaxes opinions the moment it becomes their interest to do so, or else fixes upon

some cunning method of evading the consequences. I heard a young man at Delmonico's, sometime ago, swearing that something had happened, which another declared had not, and told the first he would bet him five dollars he was in the wrong. The swearer replied, he would take his oath it had, but he did not like to bet.

The confidence in craniology is widely spread, and many intelligent people are converts to it. For my own part, there is more than one reason why I am not one of the faithful, any more in its principles than in that of physiognomy. Nature makes our heads and faces, but she seldom altogether makes our tastes, dispositions, and intelligence, and when she does, she is not such a careful workman as to put her marks on every individual in the shape of a bump on the head. There is, I think, no truth in the outlines of either craniology or physiognomy, although it may sometimes happen that it appears otherwise. The remark said to have been made by Socrates on this subject, I have always thought a little bit pompous, and far fetched. In telling his friends that the physiognomist who had described his features as belonging to a drunkard, or a passionate and malicious man, &c. was right, he rather betrayed an inconsistency in himself, or the person who had made the assertion. If the science of physiognomy was authentic, the professor should have also added, "but although I see those evil propensities, I also see a great and god-like power of mind by which they will be ruled, and made subservient to wisdom and virtue."

SKETCHES BY A BRIEFLESS LAWYER.

TAXING COSTS.

If there is any branch of the legal science which is more talked of and less understood than another, it is that of costs. Like the idea entertained of conscience, by the author of *Lacon*, it is like a ghost—every body talks of it—yet nobody knows what it is. It is a sort of *terra incognita*, or undiscovered country, which few feel a disposition to explore, and from which, when those who have been tempted to venture, return, they know as little as when they went. It is, in short, the raw head and bloody bones of the law, and like most bugbears, is magnified in extent and ferocity, precisely in the ratio that it is unknown. The consequences resulting to contending parties from this cause, have been a theme of constant satire, and the ruin incident even to success in legal warfare, on this account, has become proverbial. The old caricature which has graced the window of every print shop, presenting a double view—on one side of a man bending under the weight of a bag of gold hung over his shoulders, with the inscription, "I am going to law," and on the other of a thin, half-starved ragamuffin, shivering through the street with the significant motto, "I have been to law," affords one, among a thousand illustrations, of the truth of this remark. Scarcely a day passes that some incident of a similar character is not presented to the public gaze; and even while I am now writing, the following epigram upon this favorite topic meets my eye:

"An upper and a lower mill
Fell out about their water;
To war they went, that is, to law,
Resolved to give no quarter.
A lawyer was by each engaged,
And hotly they contended;
When fees grew slack, the war they waged,
They judged, were better ended.
The heavy costs remaining still,
Were settled without pother:
One lawyer took the upper mill,
The lower mill the other."

In a word, whenever *law* is mentioned, however incidentally, "costs" follow close at its heels, as the shadow pursues the substance; or perhaps, I should rather say, in reference to the present subject, as the *substance* pursues the *shadow*, and by an irresistible association of ideas, the one comes to be considered the cause, while the other is viewed as the natural and necessary effect. An attorney trudging to the Hall, with his bundle of papers neatly tied up with red tape in one hand, and his cost-book in the other, presents in general acceptance, the very *beau ideal* of this "chief end" of the law. In him we are taught to behold a personification of the quibbling art, which, like the old hound, true to the scent, hunts down its victim, pursues it into a corner, and after preying upon its vitals, leaves it to expire; while in the clients we see two luckless wights, who have supposed that the trusty lawyers are all the while contesting and asserting their respective rights, when in reality, they are only concerting the most effectual method of picking their pockets.

The profession of the law is divided into attorneys and counsellors. The duty of the former is to conduct all the proceedings in a cause on paper, so as to reduce the question in dispute between the parties to a single point, and thus prepare it for trial; while the business of the latter is confined simply to the trial of the cause. These two branches of the profession, although they are frequently united in the same individual, are nevertheless distinct. When the cause is determined, each attorney makes up his bill of costs, which is an account of all the proceedings in the cause on his side, and of all the services rendered by him, charged for, according to the rates fixed by law, and both of which, after being taxed, are to be paid by the losing party. This taxation, as it is called, consists in submitting the bills to a judge of the court, in which the cause was contested, who strikes out all charges which are illegal, then taxes or approves the bill.

Among the thousand quibbles for which our profession has such ample credit, there is none which attaches to it with so much truth as that which relates to cost-making. Formed as an

attorney's bill is of numberless small items, which in no two cases have ever been known to resemble each other, it is not to be wondered at that this subject should afford so much room for caviling as it does. Judges and taxing officers are continually employed in adjusting these differences, and day after day is spent in adjudicating with solemn gravity upon a charge of two shillings for a paltry notice, or in determining the equally dignified question, "how many *folios*," (that is, how many *hundred* words,) "are contained in a declaration." These are matters to which every tyro feels himself adequate; and the consequence is, that the time of judges, which might not only be better employed, but is actually required for important purposes, is in many cases almost wholly engrossed by these petty wranglings of the small fry of our profession. Courts have repeatedly expressed their regret, and the liberal and enlightened of the bar have exerted themselves to the utmost to obviate the evil, but in vain. The same restless spirit of contention still exists, and for want of an opportunity to exhaust itself upon matters of moment, contents itself with worrying in the mire about the two-penny concern of a fictitious notice, or an overcharged folio in a bill of costs. Often have I had occasion to blush for the littleness which enters into these contentions, and I have never been able to imagine a stronger contrast than that which is presented by our most honorable profession in its different extremes. When we regard it as sustaining and enforcing the rights of the citizen, as interposing the shield between the oppressor and the oppressed, and as extending its benign influence over every relation of civil society, who can withhold from it his admiration? But when we see its noble attributes entirely overlooked by those who presume to pursue it, and its comprehensive principles frittered down into a paltry squabble about words, who, however devoted in his attachment, but must acknowledge its degradation?

I recollect an anecdote, illustrative of this remark, which I cannot withhold. I happened one morning to enter the office of Judge —, which was as usual crowded with attorneys, eagerly pressing forward for the transaction of what is technically called "chamber business." Among those who presented themselves was one, whose crookedness of intellect and repulsiveness of manner had provoked towards him the hostility of all who came within his range. He presented for taxation, as soon as he could obtain the floor, a bill of costs, written upon a small piece of blotting paper, amounting to a little over eleven dollars. As he approached the judge, another individual, no less celebrated than himself as a "sharp practitioner," advanced, announcing, with peculiar bitterness, that he "opposed." Knowing the calibre of the combatants, I prepared myself for a keen encounter; and it was not long before I was gratified. It seemed that the former, whom I shall designate as L—, had for some time been lying in wait for an irregularity in practice on the part of D—, with the intention of availing himself of it, and thus involving his adversary in costs. The wished-for opportunity had at length arrived, and L— had succeeded in setting aside some proceeding of D—'s, and had obtained an order that he should pay the costs of his irregularity. These were the costs which were now presented for taxation. From the temper of the parties, as I have described them, the reader will readily imagine that nothing was conceded on either side. Crimination and recrimination, assertion and contradiction, followed each other in quick succession; and, after a wrangle of half an hour, the judge had gone through the bill, and was just about signing the taxation, when D— exclaimed, that he had yet another objection.

"He has charged," said he, "two folios for drawing his rule; it is but one."

"Count it," said the judge.

They went aside, and with great eagerness separately commenced counting the number of words contained in the rule.

"Just one folio," exclaimed D—, who had finished counting before his antagonist.

"A hundred and one words," shouted L—, in triumph.

I should here inform the reader, who is, perhaps, ignorant of such matters, that but a single word over a hundred makes another folio, as the law allows no division of a folio.

"I am right," said D—.

"I will count again," retorted L—; and in the midst of a roar of laughter from all quarters, they commenced another count with unmitigated vigor.

"A hundred exactly," bawled D—, in the highest state of excitement.

"A hundred and one," still persisted L—.

The judge now interfered and directed one of them to count in his presence, while the other looked on. L— accordingly commenced, and went on without interruption, until he came to "19th," which he counted as three words.

"There," said D—, "it is but two words; each figure being but one."

"The 'th' is another word," said L—; "each figure is a word," and these letters are no part of either of the figures."

Here commenced a furious discussion, which lasted some ten minutes, as to whether the "th" was a word or not; for upon this depended the question whether the rule was *one folio* or *two*, making a difference of two or three shillings in the bill. The judge, with as much gravity as so ridiculous a scene would permit him to put on, decided to allow the charge, and the belligerents left the office, the victor triumphing in the defeat of his adversary; and the latter, vowing by all that was good, that he would appeal from the decision.

The matter passed off as a good joke; and, although, it occurred some years ago, is probably remembered to this day by many of my brethren. It is but one of a thousand similar scenes with which my observation has furnished me, and which, were it not for the veneration I entertain for my profession, would have almost reconciled me to the indifference with which clients seem to have regarded me. It is one of the incidents with which a noble and learned profession seems irreclaimably beset, but it is one of so inconsiderable a character as not in the least to dim its lustre; and, for my own part, as often as I have had occasion to contemplate scenes such as these, I have turned with pride to the contrast which that profession so powerfully presents, and have consoled myself with the reflection, that if, like the Nile, it be sometimes lost in the meanderings of a muddy brook, like that noble river it broadens and deepens into a majestic stream. G.

WHO COULD HE BE?

In the summer of the year, ever memorable on account of the short interval of peace, which at the commencement of the present century existed between England and France, a person arrived by the mail at the small town of Barnstaple, in Devonshire. From his accent and manners he was evidently a foreigner. He was neither accompanied by servant nor encumbered by baggage, with the exception of a small leathern valise, barely large enough to contain a change of linen. Nevertheless, it was soon discovered that he possessed, in the shape of sundry bank post-bills and notes, to a large amount, that which surpasseth show; consequently, his presence at the Golden Lion was no annoyance to the host. But the latter was soon doomed to be disappointed in his prospect of reaping the rich harvest which he had anticipated from the ample expenditure of his guest; for the stranger shortly intimated to him his intention of residing for some time in the vicinity of Barnstaple, and evinced his bad taste by expressing his wishes for relinquishing the comforts and independence of an inn for the more quiet and friendly intercourse of a family circle. In short, he requested his host to procure for him accommodations in a private house. However unwilling friend Boniface felt, to be the means of depriving himself of such a valuable customer, yet he was not unmindful that any unwillingness on his part might only tend to deprive him of occasional future favors, and he therefore neglected not to comply with the request of his stranger friend. This, however, he soon found to be a task more easily undertaken than accomplished; for at this period prejudice ran so high against any thing in the shape of a Frenchman, that no respectable family was to be found willing to receive such an individual for an inmate. Indeed it is a question of some doubt, whether the d—l himself would not have been, to the generality of the good people of Barnstaple, as welcome a guest as a Frenchman. At length, a Captain L—n, whose residence was within a few miles of the town, consented to find an apartment for him. For this imprudent conduct he was most severely censured by his friends. In fact, the heretical opinions of Captain L—n respecting Frenchmen had oftentimes awakened the displeasure of his more sagacious neighbors. There were many even who, from the liberality of his opinions, doubted his loyalty and attachment to the king and constitution; and at this period nothing was more particularly the boast of every Briton. Nevertheless, as if in defiance of public opinion, the stranger found himself welcomed into the house, and comfortably seated at Captain L—n's fireside. From this moment he seemed studiously to avoid the society of all persons without the family circle into which he had entered. With these, by numerous little acts of kindness and generosity, particularly to the younger branches of the family, he soon became a great favorite. Captain L—n was his only companion; with him he would perambulate the adjacent country; and, seated upon the loftier hills, take sketches of the surrounding coast. In one of these excursions, when his host had left him for a few moments, and suddenly returned, he heard him exclaim, in his native language, "What an admirable position would this be for the French to effect a landing; the coast is totally defenceless."

The numerous plans and sketches which he took upon these occasions, were regularly dispatched to London by the mail. He soon extended his rides and walks, and ere long his singular appearance attracted universal observation, and various rumors began to be whispered about among the astonished town's folk, as to the individual in question. In short, the stranger seemed to engross the entire attention of the neighbourhood, when an accident occurred, which appeared likely to restore tranquillity, by ridding them of the presence of this dreaded Frenchman.

In one of the extended trips which he was now in the habit of making, he was discovered by a sapient Welsh magistrate, in the neighbourhood of Swansea, taking sketches of the coast. He was required to give an account of himself, and as he did not think this necessary, a warrant was issued, and he was apprehended for a spy. The few documents which he possessed tended strongly to confirm the suspicion which had already been excited, for they were written in a language which the united learning of the Swansea magistrate, and all his friends, was unable to translate. The papers were therefore carefully sealed up, and dispatched to his majesty's secretary of state, together with a full detail of the suspicious circumstances which led to the apprehension and detention of the writer.

While the worthy mayor was indulging himself in the prospect of the immortal honors which he imagined this public display of zeal was sure to win for him, he received an answer from

the home department, with a severe reprimand for having detained any individual, under such shallow pretences.

At length the time for the departure of the stranger arrived, and sincerely sorry were the family thereat; for though he had shown himself at all times affable and kind, yet he had latterly more frequently joined in the family circle, and endeavored to amuse them by singing to them various songs of his native country. However, he consoled each of his young friends for his departure by some valuable *souvenir*.

The moment previous to his departure, he took Captain L—n aside, and addressed him thus:

"It is possible, captain, that you may sooner or later see me again, perhaps under very different circumstances. As I have experienced such kindness and liberality from you and your family during my residence among you, it may be in my power at a future period to render you some return, and therefore if from length of time or the multiplicity of the affairs in which I may be involved your person should escape my recollection, I shall esteem it as a particular favor if you will make yourself known to me."

The stranger departed with his little valise, no one knowing whence he came or whither he went. In the neighborhood he left no pleasing recollections, he came as an unbidden guest, and the tidings of his departure were listened to with joy. Who could it be? Surely not NAPOLEON.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE WARRIOR'S STEED.

From Fraser's Magazine.

With my glittering helm and my corselet of steel,
The sword on my thigh, and the spur on my heel,—
How light was the touch on my steed's jetty mane,
As I leaped to the saddle, and loosened the rein!

"My courser, my courser! how gladly we fly
From the quiet of home to the shrill battle cry,—
From the spot where my childhood contentedly strayed
To the thrust of the lance and the jar of the blade!"

"The shriek of the wounded comes borne on the gale,—
The poor orphan's sob, and the sad widow's wail:
And soon may my father and mother deplore,
A son and a brother they'll welcome no more!"

"My courser, my courser! dash gallantly on,
Where the havoc is reeking and glory is won;
Unheard is the prayer and unheeded the woe,
When vengeance is sought at the breast of the foe!"

He bore me through field, and he bore me through flood,
O'er the ranks of the slain where the bravest had stood;
And spurned was the breach by my steed's foaming pride,
Where the desperate struggled, and noble had died.

But that victory gained, by the just and the strong,
And the joys which to conquest and glory belong,
Are swept from the mind; for new conquests and spoil
Since have honored the freeborn, who fought for their soil.

The soldier's brow wrinkles with badges of war,
And his horse's broad chest will show many a scar;
But both can remember their first bloody field,
Where the patriot taught the proud foeman to yield.

A wife now reclines on her warrior lord,
Who won what he hath by the blade of his sword;
And those parents are watching their children, who feed
With crumbs from the casement their father's old steed!

The eye of the horse will ne'er lighten again,
Yet it glows as the child strokes the long silken mane;
And the son of the soldier already will dare
To mount the old charger, in mimic of war!

Years! years! that have crippled the hardy and fleet,
That have sprinkled the brow of the soldier with alet,—
Ye have not divided, nor lessened, the force
Of affection which rivets the knight to his horse.

SOME LOOSE REMARKS ON A DELICATE SUBJECT.

From Talbot's Edinburgh Magazine.

KISSING is a delicate subject, and must be handled accordingly. Kisses are of various kinds. There is the kiss infantile, and the kiss parental, the kiss friendly, the kiss amatory, &c. &c. We exclude from our catalogue the Judas kiss—a perversion of the nature of the institute, which, even leaving out of consideration the awful depth of impiety with which the designation associates it, can only rank with that class of crimes, the bare attempt to name which palsies the tongue.

First in dignity is the kiss parental. This kiss is witnessed in its purest and most amiable state in young mothers—matrons, so little faded from the free maiden bloom, that the stranger hesitates in what class of femininity to rank them. They have the rich blushing grace of the girl, and her coy timidity, most like to the caresses of a greyhound, insinuating fondness by approaches of serpentine grace, yet ready to bound away, startled even by an anticipated response. But in the midst of this softness we are aware of a growing dignity—a statelier bearing—a prouder consciousness and self-possession, not yet developed, but throwing herald beams before it. A being such as we have attempted to describe, bending over her first child with a love which no created being but herself can ever feel for another—so intense, so pure, so utterly devoid of selfishness—bathing its cheeks, chin, eyes, and

brow in a flood of kisses, is a picture which earth cannot surpass. If, at times, a thought of self do cross her devotion, it is but a slight tinge of vanity, so graceful as to lose every alloy of littleness that attaches to the feeling.

The kiss parental also includes that of the father. If it be less beautiful, less winning than that of the mother, it is on the other hand more impressive. The arrangements of society—perhaps also a natural tendency in women to bestow their affections upon men somewhat their seniors—the wish to temper in the pure draught of matrimonial happiness a feeling of awe and veneration with the more tumultuous throb of love—bring it about that the husband, in general, rather exceeds his wife in years. At all events, there is something in the tenor of man's life that gives a hardness to his outward bearing—an habitual repression of the utterance of his feelings—the very reverse of the graceful, wave-like yielding of woman's heart, voice, and features to the pressure of every breeze. When we see the face which never blenched at danger, which strives to mantle even the joy of its heart, as the smooth ocean the treasures which lie fathoms beneath its surface, soften, as his wife holds out the helpless one to woo his embrace, then relent into a grim smile, as he holds at a distance its little caressing hands, and finally imprints a long and deep kiss upon its cheek, or pouting lips, with a "God bless thee, my boy!"

So glad at this as he, we cannot be,
—but our rejoicing
At nothing can be more.

We have spoken of the kiss parental, unmixed with any associations. It assumes, under certain circumstances, the aspect of sublimity. It is easy to picture how the mother's instinctive love must grow, in the event of a worthy object, with every succeeding year; how the beautiful or manly form, the warm generous heart, and the frank bearing must heighten and ennoble her affection. It is impossible to imagine the full extent of a mother's agony, when deprived of such an object. "My son, my son, my beautiful, my brave!" Rachel weeping over her infants, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not, is a faint type of such a desolation. Yet there have been mothers who, when their country or their faith called for the sacrifice, could stamp a burning kiss on their son's brow, and motion him forth—there was no voice, nature so far asserted her supremacy—to the battle or to the stake.

Turn we to a less mournful subject, the kiss amatory. On writing this word, we feel our breast fluttering beneath a clogging weight of fear, just as it did—we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and a beautiful thing—first innocent love. There is that in female beauty that delights merely to gaze upon; but beware of looking too long. The lustrous black pupil contrasting with the white of the eye and the carnated skin—the clear placid blue, into which you see down, down into the very soul—the deep hazel, lustrous as a sunlit stream, seen through an opening in its willowy banks—all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times, and the hundredth you are a gone man. On a sudden the eye strikes you as deeper and brighter than ever; or you fancy that a long look is stolen at you beneath a drooping eyelid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek—and at once you are in love. Then you spend the morning in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door-bell your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed; and when admitted, you sit, and look, and say nothing, and go away determined to tell your whole story the next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower with which she presents you—perhaps in the daring intoxication of love wasting it towards her; or in an affection of the Quixote style, kneeling with mock heroic emphasis to kiss her hand in affected jest; and the next time you meet with her, both are stately and reserved as ever. Till at last, on some unnoticeable day, when you find yourself alone with the lady, you quite unawares feel her hand in yours, a yielding shudder crosses her, and, you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips delayed but not withheld.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.

The kiss conjugal is of a severer cast of beauty. During the first years of matrimony it approaches, according to circumstances and the dispositions of the individuals, to the character of the kiss amatory. Othello, when he rejoins his "fair warrior" at Cyprus is still all the lover. For a time his bliss is speechless; but as soon as he finds words—

If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Imogene's meditations upon the kiss of which her cruel step-mother had defrauded her, though less intensely passionate, have still more in them of the lover than the wife:

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or, I could make him swear
That she of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honor; or have charged him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orison; (for then
I am in heaven for him); or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

It is in Coriolanus that we find the pride, depth, and glory of the kiss of wedded love best exemplified. In the Volscian camp he at first affects to receive his wife and mother coldly. "These

eyes are not the same I wore in Rome." But nature will not be gainsaid:

Like a dull actor now
I have forgot my part, and I am out
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, "Forgive our Romans." Oh, a kiss
Long as my exile—sweeten my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heav'n, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

The kiss friendly is extremely graceful among girls. Among men we cannot endure it. Great rough-bearded carles slaving each other, is enough to turn one's stomach. For this reason, and because we esteem it a desecration of the ordinance to make a woman's lips common to every stray customer, we are averse to the "salute," (using the word in its old English acceptation,) which still remains the accustomed mode of greeting on some parts of the continent. "What you've touched you may take."

These four are the principal species of kisses—all the rest being mere combinations or varieties of them. A practical treatise on kissing would lead us into a wide field of discussion; but we regard this essay as standing in the same relation to such a dissertation as Euclid's Elements to a course of physical and mechanical science. Such a treatise is still a desideratum, although valuable and plenteous materials are scattered through the literature of various nations. Among the most important sources of information to which we may refer our readers are—Anacreon, Sappho, and Longus, among the ancients; the Sacontala among the orientals; and the dialogue between Orlando and Rosalind, together with that between Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet among the moderns. In conclusion, we have only to remark, that the state of the science of kissing in any nation may be assumed as a pretty accurate standard of its civilization. The inhabitants of the Tonga Islands know neither the practice nor a name for it. In Greek, the various kinds of kissing have as many distinctive designations as the various kinds of epicures in French.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

From *Jess's Gleanings*.

The captain of a trading vessel, who now resides at Brighton, picked up lately a dog at sea, more than twenty miles from land. This circumstance may throw some light on the fact of dogs, which have been sent to France or Ireland from England, finding their way back. The present earl of L— sent some drafted hounds from his kennel in Cumberland to Ireland, where they were safely received, and a receipt given for them to the person who brought them over. Three weeks afterwards, two of those hounds made their appearance at Lord L.'s kennel, though in a very exhausted state. A gentleman also informed me, that a pointer dog, which had been left at Calais, made its way over to England. The most amusing fact of this kind that I know of, is one that was related to me by a gentleman on whose veracity I can place the most implicit reliance; and, though it may appear to some of my readers to border upon the marvellous, I think it too entertaining to withhold it. He informed me that a friend of his, an officer in the forty-fourth regiment, who had occasion, when in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirtied by a poodle-dog rubbing against them. He in consequence went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against whom he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoeblick was owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick, in order to procure customers for himself. The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards, he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade on the bridge.

FINE ARTS.

THE MUSICAL FUND CONCERT.

In addition to the late performances of opera and oratorio, with which our amateurs have been regaled, the Musical Fund Society, a charitable institution for the relief of indigent and incapacitated musicians, gave a concert on Tuesday at the Chatham-street Saloon. Before we proceed to remark on the selection of the evening, we shall beg to offer a few observations on the management of the musical concerns of this society; for by the success of the entertainments offered to the public their financial prosperity must be greatly influenced, and, therefore, we conceive that every possible attention ought to be paid by the governor and directors to the getting up of their biennial concerts. We think we have much cause to complain in this respect, and the slovenly performances which have frequently taken place are a fair theme for criticism. Surely a society, which embraces the services of so many professors, and is instituted for their immediate benefit, ought to present an example of precision and excellence of execution, and of good taste in selection, and be a standard for the taste of the town. The Sacred Music Society offers a precedent worthy of imitation, their performances being conducted in such a manner as to evince foresight in the direction, and industrious perseverance on the part of the members. Nothing can be perfect in

concerted music, whether vocal or instrumental, without practice together of the members of either choir or band; and to the want of attention to this well-known musical axiom, the inferiority of the Fund concerts are to be mainly attributed. Zeal and liberality are qualities which the directors of the late concert have manifested to the fullest extent; had their prudence or practical knowledge been commensurate, the effect would have been much more decisive. We offer to the society the following hints, founded on our knowledge of the constitution of two of the best musical societies in England, perhaps in the world. A committee of management should be appointed, of the most experienced professors and amateurs, who should select not only the vocalists and solo instrumental performers, but the music to be performed. Care should then be taken that the copied parts of this music should be procured, and put into immediate rehearsal; the band then would be prepared to do justice to each *morceau*; for it is certain that, however able musicians may be on their respective instruments, yet that the art of accompaniment is only to be acquired by constant habit; and it is equally a fact, that unless at the Park theatre, and the French theatre at New-Orleans, sufficient practice is not afforded to any body of men that we know of in the Union, to enable them to attend upon and watch a vocalist, and give at once the effects which different singers produce in different manners. In selecting the music by committee we quote the example of the Philharmonic, and ancient concerts in London; and our professional readers at once will feel that this is the only way of excluding trash, and assisting the cause of pure taste. The committee might be instructed to wait upon the various vocalists engaged, and even to consult their wishes as to songs, retaining always a power of negation, to be exercised at discretion. The concerts thus would consist of a sufficient quantity of solo and concerted music, with an occasional concerto by some eminent performer, and would shortly give the entertainments of the society the stamp of first-rate excellence. Novices, and personages who rely more on long names than actual talent, would be rejected; and nothing but the compositions of great masters would be admissible, executed by competent talent, assisted by a band who thoroughly knew their business; and this, we submit, is a state of things highly to be desired, and certainly tending to the welfare of the society.

For the present concert more talent was engaged, and certainly less trash sung, than on former occasions; but the band in accompaniment was shamefully defective. The duets, "The master and scholar," by Fioravanti, sung by Mr. Horn and Mrs. Austin; and that of "Together let us range the fields," by Mr. Jones and Miss Hughes, were literally distressing; and a song, composed and sung by Mr. Jones, was ruined in the same way. Of the overtures, the first by Rossini was tolerably executed, but the tuning of the various instruments was defective. The second overture, by Mozart, was well performed, and the same fault was not perceptible. In the concertos M^r. Pentland, on the clarinet, was tolerable; his tone sweet, intonation correct, and taste that of a good school—his execution not brilliant. A gentleman, with an almost impracticable name, played with great zeal and industry on the violin, but with very little effect. Mr. Norton favored us with a *fantasia*, concerto we cannot call it, on the trumpet, introducing a couple of vulgar airs, arranged with great tact, and executed with his admitted ability; but, with due submission, Yankee Doodle and the British Grenadiers, although highly ornamental to Niblo's or the Castle gardens, added nothing to the *clat* of such a concert, notwithstanding Mr. Norton was applauded to the echo, and honored with the only encore of the night. Miss Sterling performed a concerto on the piano-forte, with a brilliancy, fire, and precision that astonished and delighted us. This young lady's performance is beyond all praise, and would be an ornament to the most refined concert in any country; but four concertos on one evening, and but one first-rate, evince bad judgment in selection. Mrs. Austin sang a ballad, and an air with difficult variations—"The Soldier's Tear," and "Sul margine d'un Rio"—both good in their way, and both sweetly executed. Miss Hughes also sang a ballad and a bravura, "*Savourneen Deelish*," with feeling; and the other by Rossini, from the Maid of Judah, with precision and good execution. Mr. Horn sang Beethoven's beautiful air *Rosalie*, accompanying himself admirably; and a song composed by the present musical star—the Chevalier Neukomin—an amateur, whose compositions at present are highly esteemed in Europe—a fine rattling composition, but written for a bass voice evidently. Mr. Jones manifested his usual superiority of voice and method to all the vocalists we have yet heard in America, of course excepting Garcia; but we should have preferred a different selection of music. The quartette, "Mild as the moonbeams," was sung by Mr. Jones, Mrs. Austin, and Miss Hughes as a *finale*, but, alas! as a *trio*, and accompanied by Mr. Horn. We had nearly omitted a Spanish lady, whose name looked most formidable in the bills, as having astonished all Mexico. She sang and acted into the bargain, but without a very decided effect upon the audience, that we could discover; her voice is a contra alto, of some power, but little cultivation, and we doubt the correctness of her auricular membrane. The concert was well attended.

THE DRAMA.

The heat of the weather, and the rapid flying reports of danger and alarm—the cholera—the comet—Indian wars—and other of those shadows which will, ever and anon, darken the path of nations as well as individuals, have thinned the theatres, and we fear, blasted the long-expected harvest of our good friends, the

players, in more than one instance. The benefits have not, generally, been crowded. We have heard of some fortunate French performer who congratulated himself greatly on his progress in public estimation. "I have had de fine benefice dis year, mon ami, much better than de last. Last year I lose forty pound—now I only lose thirty!" How many have been equally favored in this city we cannot say, but we fear the number is not small. Mr. C. Kean played Richard the other evening at the Park with his usual discrimination and occasional force. Mr. Thorne's benefit was attractive, but injured by the sudden news of the cholera. Mrs. Sharpe quite forgot the respect due from every performer to the audience, in the total absence of every effort to sustain her part. It was a general theme of notice and disapprobation. It would have spoiled the piece, but for Miss Hughes, whose fine voice and excellent spirits carried her through delightfully. Master Mangeon has left the American theatre. The Richmond is in the course of great improvement, and will probably run a brilliant season when the alarm now existing shall subside. This, however, now must be our apology, for so brief and cursory a glance, and for the substitution in place of a larger notice, the following from a London paper.

FRANCIS THE FIRST.

The grand attraction at Covent-garden theatre has been the tragedy of *Francis the First*, by Miss Fanny Kemble. It is astonishing with what varied comments it has been hailed; by some it is extolled as a *chef d'œuvre* of genius, by others it is barely allowed to possess the form without the spirit of dramatic excellence—we coincide with neither. We regard it certainly as a successful performance, particularly when we recollect that it is the work of a lady, a very young one too, who, however eminently gifted, can hardly be supposed to possess that daring originality of thought, that fitful and fiery energy of mind and passion, which appear to us to belong peculiarly to tragedy. "Women," said Byron, in one of his letters, "women cannot write tragedy; they have not seen nor felt enough of life for it." There are thoughts and there are actions with which they cannot sufficiently familiarize their contemplations, and which are, nevertheless, its essential ingredients. *Francis the First* is, in truth, an historical drama, (although we cannot but think that a stricter adherence to the original in the character of the *Duc de Bourbon*, a little more of the *high-minded* infused into his thoughts and actions, would have given us a nobler hero, and, at the same time, a more faithful transcript of the man;) and the success with which, in representation, it has met, must be extremely gratifying to its amiable and accomplished author. She is deservedly a favorite with the public, and she has not a more enthusiastic admirer than our humble self; yet we cannot accord so extravagant a meed of praise to her production as has been lavished on it by some critics, who, if we may judge from their chivalrous advocacy, are ready to mount their jaded rosinantes, and, setting lance in rest, to challenge every opponent to their literary fiat, for, in sooth, this is not the way to nourish genius. We are willing, however, to assure our readers that it possesses many marks of future greatness—much promise of good to come. It contains many splendid passages, and the extreme youth of Miss Kemble considered, it is, indeed, a surprising work; and we doubt not, that with her powers of observation, and the high discriminating judgment which she possesses, she will yet prove herself capable even of better things.

Miss Kemble represented *Louisa of Savoy*, the passionate—the proud, and her acting was fine and effective. Miss Taylor appeared as the mild and gentle *Margaret of Valois*, and did great justice to her part. The character of the feminine and unfortunate *Françoise de Foix*, which perhaps contains the most felicitous development of Miss Kemble's powers, was charmingly enacted by Miss E. Tree; and Kemble himself, as the haughty, overbearing, ambitious *De Bourbon*, performed to admiration—he was full of pride, and power, and energy; while Messrs. Mason, Warde, Dibden, Keeley, and Baker, played their parts with considerable *éclat*. We select, as a specimen of the style, a portion of the scene wherein *Margaret* visits *De Bourbon* in prison.

Bourbon. Lady, you speak in vain.

Margaret. I do beseech thee!

Oh, *Bourbon*! *Bourbon*! 'twas but yesterday
That thou didst vow eternal love to me;
Now, hither have I wended to your prison,
And, spite of maiden pride and fearfulness,
Held parley with thy guards to win my way.
I've moved their iron natures with my tears;
Which seemed as they would melt the very stones
Whereon they fell so fast. I do implore thee,
Speak to me, *Bourbon*!—but a word—one word!
I never bowed my knee to aught of earth.
Ere this; but I have ever seen around me,
Others who knelt, and worshipp'd princess' favors:
From them, or rather from my love, I learn
The humble seeming of a suppliant;—
Upon my bended knees, I do implore thee,—
Look not, or speak not, if thou hast sworn,—
But take the freedom that my gold hath bought thee:
Away! nor let these eyes behold thy death!

Bourbon. You are deceived, lady, they will not dare
To take my life.

Margaret. 'Tis thou that art deceived!

What! talk'st thou of not daring;—dost thou see
Yon sun that flames above the earth? I tell thee,
That if my mother had but bent her will
To win that sun, she would accomplish it.

Bourbon. My life is little worth to any now,
Nor have I any, who shall after me
Inherit my proud name.

Margaret. Hold there, my lord!

Posterity, to whom great men and their
Fair names belong, is your inheritor.
Your country, from whose king your house had birth,
Claims of you, sir, your high and spotless name!
Fame craves it of you; for when there be none

Bearing the blood of mighty men, to bear
 Their virtues also: fame emblazons them
 Upon her flag, which o'er the world she waves,
 Persuading others to like glorious deeds.
 Oh! will you die upon a public scaffold?
 Beneath the hands of the executioner?
 Shall the vile rabble bait you to your death?
 Shall they applaud and make your fate a tale
 For taverns, and the busy city streets?
 And in the wide hereafter—for the which
 All warriors hope to live,—shall your proud name
 Be banded to and fro by foul tradition,—
 Branded and cursed, as rebel's name should be?
Bowdoin. No! fall on those that curse that made me such—
 Who stole my well-earned honors from my brow,
 And gave such guerdon to whole years of service?
 Light the foul curse of black ingratitude—
 Of shame and bitter sorrow—and the sharp,
 Reproaching voice of after times and men,—
 Upon the heartless boy who knew not how
 To prize his subject's love! A tenfold curse
 Light on the royal harlot—
Margaret. Oh! no more—
Bour. Nay, maiden, 'tis in vain! for thou shalt hear me!
 Drink to the dregs the knowledge thou hast forced,
 And dare upbraid me, even with a look:
 Had I but loved thy mother more—these less,
 I might this hour have stood upon a throne!
 Ay, start! I tell thee, that the queen thy mother
 Hath loved—doth love me with the fierce desires
 Of her unbridled nature; she hath thrown
 Her crown, her kingdom, and herself before me;
 And but I loved thee more than all the world,
 I might have wed Louisa of Savoy!
 Now stare and shudder—freeze thyself to marble;
 Now say where best the meed of praise is due,—
 Now look upon these prison walls—these chains—
 And bid me reign my anger!
Margaret. Oh, be silent!
 For you have rent in twain the sacred 'at veil
 That ever hung upon the eyes of innocence.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. PAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1832.

The cholera.—After all our hopes and prayers, a universal thrill of horror, running through the whole nation, has announced that this disease has crossed the broad ocean, the mighty barrier to which we looked for safety, and, like Satan entering Eden,

"With one bound, high overleaped all bound,"

and planted itself upon our shores. Which way will it stalk? Who will be its victims? What time or space will limit its ravages? These are questions trembling at every one's heart. All would fly, but whither shall they fly? What place is secure from the approach of a scourge so awful and so stupendous, which has rolled, as if impelled by an Almighty hand, over all the nations of the world, and left millions of victims in its path? These are the first thoughts of many; but, again, there is much to hope, much to be accomplished by action. The common council are not competent to fulfil the duties which now devolve upon them; they are dilatory and sleepy. We want action—prompt, immediate action. We have been entreating for months that decisive measures should be adopted, relative to the cleanliness of this filthy, and much-neglected city. These measures have not been adopted properly. The apathy of the authorities in this respect is shameful and atrocious. If there is any virtue in the chloride of lime, why have not every street, lane, yard, and shiphold been visited and covered? Why have not the corporation long since advertised for men, bought the material, and roused themselves to do all for the preservation of our health, and to allay the fever of the public mind by such means as are in their hands? We must no longer suppress the opinion, that they are unfit for their stations, and that in suffering the time to pass now unimproved, they are incurring a fearful and guilty responsibility. We trust it is not yet too late for them to do something. All the accounts state that much depends on these measures, and that the cholera, if met with prompt medical aid, is a mild and very manageable disease. In the hope that our common council may at length be goaded on to their duty, we regard the future without that apprehension, that vague and exaggerated terror, which startle many around us. The approach of the plague is a misfortune, which, like all others, may be better endured with calmness and presence of mind. We trust the reality will be less terrible than the anticipation, and that business may go on without any material interruption. It is greatly in favor of the natives, that as yet the attacks appear to have been principally directed against emigrants, as if it were but the eruption of the pestilence which they had already inhaled in their own country. In London the people have quite lost their terrors; and even in Paris, after a tremendous panic, but not one of long duration, the clouds have rolled away, and left them again in safety to resume their ordinary occupations.

It is on occasions like this that the pious mind realizes the grandeur and joy of pure religion, and reposes itself amid the clash and thunder of surrounding dangers upon the faith in that Being who created them, and can support them in the dark hour. It is not that the believer is more safe than others from peril, for on all heads alike the tempest descends, but his heart is higher and calmer, he is readier to submit. The hurry and tumult of alarm and horror agitate not his bosom, but he awaits in quiet and cheerfulness the uncontrollable decree of heaven. Perhaps, against the fury of this terrific disorder no shield is more broad and impenetrable than such a spirit, which seems, like a spell, to guard the peaceful heart and at once to preserve it safe and happy.

Washington Irving.—This gentleman has acted with his characteristic and pervading sense of propriety in declining the polite invitation of our Philadelphia friends to a public dinner. It was quite proper that the invitation should be sent, but equally

so that it should not be accepted. The fact that this is his native city, rendered it impossible for him to obviate the difficulty here; but, if he should encourage the practice in a single other place, he would be compelled to eat his way from Canada to Georgia, if not from the Atlantic to the Rocky mountains. It is easy to conceive the reluctance with which such a mind consents to be dragged, even for once, directly and personally into the glare of public notice. Esteem for him may be more appropriately expressed by cherishing that increasing literature, to which he has devoted his genius, to which he has made such large contributions, and to which he has given such a happy impulse. Instead of giving him a dinner, go buy the *Alhambra*. By the way, of this last work, we learn that the sale will probably not be less than twenty thousand. Right glad we are to learn this. Every individual should purchase a copy, if not out of actual curiosity, then from motives of patriotism; from a desire to show the world that literary labor and literary genius are not regarded here with carelessness; that we are not a dull, tasteless, and mere bargain-driving community. It is also mentioned by a contemporary, that up to the present time about twenty-five thousand copies have been sold of the *Sketch Book*. When literature begins to be profitable, men of education and intellect will "lend their thoughts" to the world.

The following is the reply of Mr. Irving to the letter of C. C. Biddle, Esq. and numerous other gentlemen, inviting him to the dinner in Philadelphia:

"Washington, June 9th, 1832.

"GENTLEMEN—I cannot feel otherwise than deeply sensible of the distinguished honor you propose to confer on me, in giving me a public dinner, on my return to Philadelphia. Associated as your city is with some of the most agreeable recollections of my early life, and endeared as it is to me by many cherished friendships, I know of no city but that of my birth, where the proffered testimonial of esteem and kindness would be more acceptable. I have, however, so strong and unfeigned a repugnance to being the object of public distinction of the kind, that, with the exception of the first welcome to my native place, I have made up my mind to decline all invitations but those of a private nature.

"Trusting that you will properly appreciate these reasons, and will feel assured of my heartfelt gratitude and perfect respect, I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your very obliged friend and servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING."

Literary prize.—We do not think the sum mentioned below is sufficient for the occasion. The best writers will scarcely enter the lists, for the certainty of such a slender inducement; and, risk and all considered, we fear few will strive. A good essay should be well paid for. Literary labor is too cheap. We copy this from a Southern paper:

"James H. Caldwell, the proprietor of the new theatre in this city, offers a prize of a gold medal, or silver cup, of the value of one hundred dollars, for the 'best History and Defence of the Drama.' Candidates for the prize to send in their essays by the first of August."

Poetry.—We were almost afraid Mr. Clarke had abandoned the muses. He is an old and valued, yet recently, but an indolent correspondent for this journal. May this remind him that we have always a corner at his service, and a hearty welcome into the bargain. We select this last one of his effusions from a Philadelphia paper. It is highly poetic.

The anniversary of the American Sunday School Union was held in Philadelphia, on the twenty-second ultimo—Alexander Henry, president, in the chair. The following beautiful hymn, written for the occasion by the editor of the Philadelphia Gazette, Mr. WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE, was sung at the opening of the meeting.

We have met in peace, together,
 In this house of God again;
 Constant friends have led us hither,
 Here to chant the solemn strain:
 Here to breathe our adoration,
 While the balmy breeze of spring,
 Like the spirit of salvation,
 Comes, with gladness on its wing?

And, while nature glows with beauty,
 While the fields are decked with flowers:
 Shall our hearts forget their duty,
 Shall our souls neglect their powers?
 Shall not our hopes, ascending,
 Point us to a home above,
 Where, in glory, never-ending,
 He who made us smiles in love?
 There no autumn tempests gather,
 There no friends lament the dead;
 And on fields that never wither
 Fadeless rays of light are shed;
 There, with bright, immortal roses,
 Angels wreath their harps of gold,
 And each ransomed soul reposes
 Midst a scene of bliss untold.

We have met, and time is flying,
 We shall part; and still his wing,
 Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
 Will the changeful seasons bring;
 Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
 In our fresh and early years,
 Turn to Him whose smile is brightest,
 And whose grace will calm our fears.

He will aid us, should existence
 With its sorrows sting the breast,
 Gleaming in the onward distance,
 Faith will mark the land of rest;
 There, mid day-beams round him playing,
 We our Father's face shall see,
 And shall hear him, gently saying,
 "Little children, come to me."

New works.—Messrs. Carey and Lea have received, and, we learn, will forthwith publish, the three following works:—"A Queer Book, by the Ettrick Shepherd," one volume; "Klosterheme, or the Masque, by the English Opium Eater," one volume; "England and France, or a Cure for the Ministerial Gallomania."

Audubon, the Ornithologist.—J. J. Audubon, the celebrated ornithologist, and his two assistants, arrived at Charleston on the third instant, in the revenue cutter Marion, after a tour through the Florida Keys. They have succeeded in taking five hundred species of birds, some of them entirely unknown heretofore, besides several specimens of minerals, shells, rocks, &c.

Walter Scott.—It is stated that Walter Scott, who is in Rome, is engaged on a new novel, the subject of which is taken from the history of the Knights of Malta.

Reported for the New-York Mirror.

LAW CASE.

This was an action in a plea of *habeas corpus*. It appeared in evidence that the plaintiff had written to the defendant, to inquire if he had any green cucumbers to dispose of. The defendant wrote in reply, that he had one thousand green cucumbers, and the plaintiff might have them at the rate of one dollar per hundred. The plaintiff, in consequence, transmitted the defendant the sum of ten dollars, and made a great preparation, inviting all his brethren to a feast of cucumbers; but, when the goods arrived, it was found that the cucumbers were white. The plaintiff contended that the defendant had not fulfilled his part of the contract, and this action was brought for the recovery of the sum advanced.

Stokes, for plaintiff, contended that white cucumbers could not be comprehended under the appellation of green cucumbers; for it is an established principle of law that black is not white; ergo, white is not green. 25 *Johns. Rep.* 200.

Nokes, for defendant. It is notorious that all cucumbers are white when they are green; as, indeed, that is the best evidence of their greenness. 12 *Dow.* 289. 6 *Ves.* 490. 3 *Atk.* 76. It has also been laid down by Lord Eldon, that blackberries are red when they are green. 36 *Ch. Rep.* 286.

Stokes. With submission to my learned brother, the case cited is irrelevant. The principles of a court of equity are not applicable at common law, for law is one thing and equity another. 6 *Ves. & B.* 37. 12 *Ves. jr.* 30. 3 *Blackstone*, 145. Besides, green blackberries can be applied to some useful purpose; for instance, to be boiled up into dye-stuff; but I put it to the court, what use in the world can a man make of white cucumbers?

Nokes. He can feed his hogs with them. 3 *Chitty*, 507.

Stokes. The court must take into consideration the object with which the plaintiff sent for the cucumbers. It appears by the evidence that it was to feast his brethren; now, feasting his hogs would not answer that purpose; for no person can say that the hogs are the plaintiff's brethren, without calling the plaintiff a hog, and that is actionable, and derogatory to the dignity of the court. 4 *Starkie*, 75. 3 *Atk.* 6. 2 *Jac.* 999. 1 *Bla.* 446. 14 *Hopk.* 512. 2 *Dick.* 609.

Nokes. It is considered by the philosophers that there is no such thing as color, that it is something merely imaginary; and of this there can be no doubt; for here's black, white, green, red, and blue; let the court shut their eyes, and they are all one.

Stokes. I put it to my learned brother, whether it would be all one to him whether his nose were red or green?

[Here the nose in question reddened more than ever.]

Nokes. I appeal to the court against personal reflections.

The plaintiff's counsel was called to order, and the court expressed a wish to see the articles in respect to which the controversy was brought. The cucumbers were accordingly produced, and, after minute inspection and profound deliberation, the court delivered the following learned opinion:

Per curiam. This is a case of great importance and some difficulty. On the one hand it is contended that white is not green; and on the other, that all green cucumbers are white. But it appears, that both plaintiff and defendant have mistaken their grounds. Upon inspecting the articles, it is evident that they are neither white nor green, being both. There is a case in point. In the celebrated case of *Stradling versus Stiles*, it was decided, that pied horses did not come under the denomination of black and white horses, being neither black nor white, but both. As to the suggestion of the defendant's counsel to shut our eyes, and then all colors will be alike, it merits our severest reprehension, as calling upon the court to decide *blindly*, which is inconsistent with the perfection of human reason, and our known regard to justice. The defendant contends that green cucumbers are all white; then, by his own showing, these cucumbers are not green, inasmuch as they are not all white, but spotted with green in divers places. The defendant, therefore, has not fulfilled his part of the contract, and the money must be refunded. You will accordingly find for the plaintiff.

Motion in arrest of judgment, on the ground that the plaintiff had, in the declaration, erroneously spelled the articles *cucumbers*, instead of *cucumbers*.

This motion was resisted by the plaintiff's counsel, on the ground that the defendant had made use of the same erroneous orthography in the pleadings.

Per curiam. The motion is well taken. A word of such importance ought to be properly spelled; but the defendant, having committed the same error, has no right to the remedy he seeks. Even the suggested correction is erroneous, and the court thinks it due to its dignity to reprimand all parties for their disregard of the proper orthography of the word, which is *kookumber*. The motion is denied.

FROM THE BALLET OF ZEILA—COMPOSED BY P. LINDPAINTER.

Trio D. C. al Fine,
e nel Mercato D. C.

SHERIDAN'S DEVIL.*

*The devil alluded to above, is neither a printer's devil nor a sinner's devil, but only an epicurean's devil; or, in other words, a provocative for a failing appetite, composed generally of some kind of fish, flesh, or fowl highly seasoned, and then griddled.

[Translated from the Italian of Cesare Riga, for the New-York Mirror.]

Instruction.

The long robe is an emblem of uninterrupted business. The mirror intimates that our actions, in order to render them praiseworthy, should be accommodated to those of other men, with whom we reside; hence the motto which advises us to cast an eye on our own faults, so, that finding blemishes in ourselves, we may not only endeavor to clear ourselves thereof, but likewise to show a little indulgence towards those of others.

The ivy, which never seems satisfied with its elevation, but is always striving to climb, higher and higher, and destroying that from which it gathers its support, denotes ambition; for an ambitious man spares neither friendship, country, nor religion, if they stand in the way of his exaltation. The lion is emblematical of pride.

The maid is represented young, as being thereby more subject to infection, in consequence of the disorderly conduct and want of care common to youth in general. The palidness and languor denote the virulency which consumes by imperceptible degrees: the habit, the mournful condition of the infected, ending often in death. The walnut bough denotes contagion, as does the basilisk, whose breath and very look are contagious.

[Translated and verified for the New-York Mirror.]

He who is foolish when he wives,
Is like to die before he thrives.
He who still works, may, if he please,
Be always thinking of his ease.
Did every fool a white cap wear,
Men would a flock of geese appear.
Wine is a turn-coat, first a friend,
But e'er a traitor in the end.
Who seeks revenge for every wrong,
May live in honor—but not long.

He richer proves, whose wit was bought,
Than he who his obtained for nought.
What charity doth give away,
Heaven will with interest repay.
You ne'er should say, and ne'er should do,
The word or deed wrath prompts thee to.
That pleasure shun, which may to-morrow,
Perthance, become the cause of sorrow.

Printed by George P. Scott & Co.—successors to J. Seymour

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No. 52.

ORIGINAL TALES.

LAZARILLA, OR THE GIPSEY GIRL.

Initiated from the Spanish.

It was evening. Don Adolar, attended by a single servant, approached the skirts of a forest, in the neighborhood of Toledo. The spot was one of those which lovers would have chosen for their clandestine meetings, combining the wild with the beautiful, the solitude of the desert with the security of a castle. Adolar was dressed in the costume of a Spanish minstrel, with a guitar slung behind him, and Pedrillo, his attendant, wore the dress common to the generality of the peasants of the country. They had no sooner entered the obscurity of the forest, than the sound of a gong was heard. Adolar paused for a moment, in order to discover the direction whence it came, and then commanding Pedrillo to follow him, threaded his way through the entangling briars which interrupted his approach. They soon arrived at a glade in the bosom of the forest, in which the remains of a fire was still slumbering in its embers, surrounded by every appearance indicative of a recent encampment. Adolar stood for a few moments in silent astonishment, wondering at the novelty of the scene, when he was interrupted by Pedrillo, who, after examining the vistas through the neighboring trees, exclaimed, "Oh—oh—I understand—some of the gipsy folks have been here, and yonder they go towards the castle."

"Towards what castle?" inquired Adolar.

"Why that one, under the balcony of which you offered up your evening devotions last night," answered Pedrillo.

"Are we then so near to it?" said Adolar.

"Certainly," replied Pedrillo; "it is not above a quarter of a mile from the skirts of the wood; but do you know, señor, that I am confoundedly hungry."

"Talk not to me of hunger," exclaimed Adolar, "when I hope to behold her for whom only life is worth possessing."

"Well, I have heard that a hungry dog is sharp sighted," rejoined Pedrillo, "and so I expect you suppose that you will see better for going without your meals."

"None of your jests," retorted Adolar, with a portion of severity that he was seldom accustomed to use towards his attendant, "they but ill suit with my present humor."

"Quite as much so as your humor does with my appetite," returned Pedrillo, with the utmost impudence.

"Well, well," said Adolar, "do you away to the village. I will soon join you at the inn."

"I wish I was in it now," rejoined Pedrillo, "but had you not better go with me?"

Adolar shook his head.

"There is no time like the present," continued Pedrillo; "but to tell you the truth, señor, I have never been able to look at you for the last month without thinking of a camelion, for you live upon air, and change your color almost as often: last week you were a pilgrim, a day or two since you were a forester, and now you are a troubadour."

"Away, sirrah," exclaimed Adolar, "and wait for me at the inn."

"And must my appetite also wait?" inquired Pedrillo.

"Leave me, and do what you please," was the reply.

"One thing I can do," was the ready answer, "but not the other. I can leave you if you please, but I cannot do what I please; for I have no money. The five dollars which you gave me yesterday, were weeded out of me last night by a gipsy girl, even to the very last maravedi; so if you would wish me to do what I please, you must please to give me the means to do it with."

"Your extravagance is unbearable," observed Adolar, giving him a piece of silver.

"That is more than your liberality is," rejoined Pedrillo, as he turned the money over in the palm of his hand; "but never mind, this is enough for one day, and to-morrow must provide for itself, so fare thee well, master of mine. I will await for you at the inn."

Saying this, he soon disappeared under the branches of the trees, whereon Adolar turned his steps in the contrary direction, and was immediately followed by a little gipsy, who issued from the shelter of a wood, in the bower of which she had lain secreted during the above conversation.

The castle towards which Adolar had directed his steps, was one of those common in Spain, and had been erected more for the sake of security than beauty. It enclosed within itself all that might be necessary to enable it, in case of extremity, to sustain a siege of some duration, being entirely surrounded by a wall and moat. Over the water hung various balconies and towers, equally adapted for the different purposes of war or peace. The moon had just risen when Adolar appeared beneath its turrets,

followed, unknown to him, by the gipsy girl. He had no sooner arrived than he exclaimed,

"Yonder is the terrace on which I last night beheld my lovely Francesca, but she could not possibly recognize me in this disguise. I will endeavor to recall the air which I used to sing to her in the mountains of Andalusia; perhaps it may reach her ear and remind her of her Adolar."

He then struck his guitar, and sung the following song.

I love thee, Francesca—thy tresses of jet,
And the dark glancing light of thine eye,
On my heart an impression of magic hath set,
That will leave thy name there when I die.
But what is mere beauty? The brightness of spring,
Of autumn, when summer's sweet days have gone by;
A flower that once touch'd by Time's blighting wing,
Will be left all neglected to wither and die.

I love thee, Francesca—I doat on thy charms,
But how many have charms like to thine?
How many whom I might enfold in these arms,
And call them this moment all mine?
Yet they have but beauty, the bloom of an hour;
They know not, they feel not the love they impart,
But fade in our arms like a cold, senseless flower,
From its stem torn asunder, and blighted at heart.

I love thee, Francesca—and fondly believe
That my love is as warmly repaid;
Those eyes beaming fondness, they could not deceive,
Some glance had their falsehood betrayed.
Thou shalt be the blossom and I'll be the tree,
And when the cold winter of death shall come o'er,
When its blight, my Francesca, shall fall upon thee,
The tree shall grow sapless and blossom no more.

At the conclusion of the above, the gipsy girl who had, concealed behind a tree, listened with great attention to every word which Adolar had uttered, struck her tambourin, and came dancing towards him. He suddenly turned round and exclaimed,

"Whom have we here?"

"I am called," said she, "Lazarilla. To whom I owe my birth, I know not. I was brought up by a gipsy woman who treated me as her child, and whom I had the misfortune to lose about two months ago. Since then I have seen various changes: sometimes faring well, and sometimes ill: to-day in festivity, to-morrow in misery; but always light-hearted—dancing, singing, beating my tambourin, sounding my castanets and promising good luck to every comer, for which, in return, I get money and good advice. But I am not ungrateful—I prognosticate to the warrior, victory; to the sickly, health; to the maiden, a lover; to the widow, a comforter; to the advocate, a lawsuit; to the avaricious, riches—in short, I scatter around me health, wealth, honor, pleasure, and length of days."

"It is surprising," observed Adolar, "at what an early age you have learnt to profit by the follies of mankind: but here, take this, and leave me."

"Let me first, señor Adolar," said she, as she took the purse, "earn the gift."

"Do you then know me?" inquired Adolar.

"Let me see your hand, señor," said she, taking it, and then looking in his face. "I know that your name is Adolar; that you are in love, and that the hope of seeing your Francesca, brought you to this spot."

"Do you then know who Francesca is?" inquired Adolar.

"She is," said Lazarilla, "a rich and noble orphan, the ward of Don Renuncio de Zapardor, the owner of this castle, who is about to give her hand to a certain Don Antonio."

"Then all my hopes are vain," exclaimed Adolar.

"Why so?" rejoined Lazarilla, "she is not yet married; and if she return your love, and your intentions towards her are honorable, I will endeavor to obtain an interview for you."

"To obtain her hand," replied Adolar, "is the highest object of my wishes; and if you will only be the means of procuring me an interview, there is no reward which I will not readily afford you."

"It is not interest," replied Lazarilla, interrupting him, "which guides me; for I would not, for all the gold in the world, assist you, if I did not think that your intentions towards this maiden were honest and honorable. Do you then return to your servant at the village, and leave me to arrange my plans. You need rest and refreshment, and the sooner you take them both the better, for you must meet me here with the first dawn, as soon as the shepherd's star glitters in the sky."

"Farewell then, my little friend," ejaculated Adolar, "and may heaven aid and protect you."

On this Adolar returned to the village, and Lazarilla to join her companions.

Mischief seldom sleeps well, and thus it was with Don Zapardor and Don Antonio, who, without any preconcerted plans, found themselves up and in the garden long before the sun had risen.

"Good morning to thee, señor," exclaimed Zapardor, as he entered the garden and perceived Antonio. "I am glad I have met

with you thus early, for I have been ruminating nearly all night on our projects. And though you have done much in securing your uncle on his return from America, I have my doubts as to the fate of his daughter Maria, who, were she to make her appearance, would deprive you of all title to your uncle's estates."

Ere Antonio had time to reply, Lazarilla entered the garden and secretly approached a grotto flanked with stone seats on either side, and therein secreted herself.

"I must own," observed Antonio, "that the fear of Maria's reappearance has sometimes crossed my mind, but I think that there cannot be the shadow of danger as long as my uncle is an inmate in yonder tower, for no other person would be enabled to identify her."

"You are right," replied Zapardor; "but Alvarez has a friend more powerful, and therefore more dangerous than himself. I mean the viceroy. Now the grand inquisitor is anxious to remove the scandal which his appointment to the supreme power has occasioned. The viceroy has therefore been secretly tried, found guilty, excommunicated, and sentenced to death. Nor will the execution be much longer delayed; but zeal is sometimes obliged to give way to prudence. Know farther, the grand inquisitor has judged you worthy of being the means of delivering Spain from the power of this exalted criminal; obey, and the hand of Francesca, the ward of the viceroy elect, shall be yours; for it was to me that all Spain looked up when the intrigues of Alzirás obtained for him that power which by right ought to have been mine. Yet it heeds not for the past: when Alzirás falls, Zapardor will succeed him. Nay, answer not, but mark me. The secrets of the holy office must not be known to its enemies. At least while they have their liberty and the means of scandalizing the performances of its duties. Therefore, now I have informed you of their decision, if you will not be their friend, they will not let you live to be their enemy. But still there is no necessity that you should yourself be the executioner: there are a hundred bravos in Toledo, that for a little hire would do your duty. So that it be done, matters not how it is done. Let the duke fall, and Francesca shall be yours. He is hourly expected at Toledo. He is fond of hunting. The darkness of a forest might afford the means of completing our wishes; but that heeds not; if one occasion does not offer, we must make another. There is not a moment to be lost: away and prepare for his reception. You have heard my determination. I will now listen to no reply."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lazarilla, as she came forth from her hiding-place, as soon as Zapardor and Antonio had departed, "what villainous projects have I overheard? The danger to which the viceroy is exposed, must be immediately warded off, and I will then endeavor to obtain the release of this villain's uncle from yonder tower. But I must away, or I shall be too late for my appointment with Adolar; he might be able to assist me in warning the viceroy of his danger."

Adolar was, as Lazarilla expected, at the appointed place long before she arrived, awaiting her coming with the utmost anxiety. His first question was to inquire about Francesca, but as soon as Lazarilla made him acquainted with the danger to which the viceroy was exposed, he informed her that Don Alzirás was his father, whom he had offended, and was thus compelled to keep himself unknown. He immediately sent off Pedrillo to Toledo, and learnt that his father was hourly expected, and that he had appointed to hunt by torch-light, in Zapardor's forests, on the approaching night. This, from the conversation which Lazarilla had overheard, she knew would be the time chosen for his assassination, and it was therefore arranged that Adolar and Andreas, a favorite companion of Lazarilla, would watch the motions of Zapardor and Antonio. In the meantime, Lazarilla undertook to obtain the release of the prisoner in the tower, and to endeavor to prevail upon Francesca to leave the castle of Zapardor.

As was expected, the viceroy arrived, and the hunting tents were pitched on the skirts of the forest, at a short distance from the castle of Zapardor. As soon as this circumstance became known to Adolar, he, with Andreas, repaired to a spot, which they had previously selected, and whence they might discern every person who came out of the castle of Zapardor. After waiting for nearly an hour, he saw a figure enveloped in a large mantle pass the draw-bridge, and immediately plunge into the deepest recesses of the forest. They followed him to a spot where two men appeared to be waiting his coming.

"Now, my friends," said he, as soon as he came up to them, "the chase has commenced; it therefore remains for you to seek an opportunity of fulfilling your mission. But, hark! some one approaches. Hide yourselves, it may perhaps be the viceroy himself."

Antonio immediately retired, and the two men had no sooner

hidden themselves behind some bushes, than the viceroy, with a rifle in his hand, entered without any attendant. The two bravos immediately rushed upon him, and wrested the rifle from his hand, when Adolar and Andreas made their appearance. Thereon the assassins took to flight, and were pursued by Adolar and his companion. The viceroy had scarcely had time to recover himself from the confusion which this sudden attack occasioned, when some of his guards and attendants came up, and among others, señor Zapardor, who coolly asked,

"What may have happened to your highness?"

"Two bravos have just attempted to assassinate me; and, had it not been for the arrival of two strangers, they would have completed their purpose. Away, gentlemen, down yonder path-way. My protectors, for they have followed the villains, may perhaps need assistance. If you discover them bring them hither, that I may reward them according to their deserts."

No sooner had three or four of the viceroy's suit followed the path which he had pointed out to them, than Lazarilla made her appearance, attended by Alziras and Francesca. She exclaimed as she approached,

"I have brought to your highness an unfortunate man, who is not, I believe, utterly unknown to you, Don Alziras."

"Is it possible," said the viceroy, "that this can be my friend Alziras?"

"It is," replied the latter, "but too true. I had no sooner escaped from the dungeons of the inquisition, than I fell into those of the barbarous Zapardor, whence this dear child has just effected my deliverance; yes, this little gipsy girl, who, by the kind interposition of Providence turns out to be my long-lost daughter, my Maria! Her age, the resemblance which she bears to her mother, the time when and the place where she was lost and found, a medal which was around her neck, all prove to me that this is my long-lost daughter!"

"And where," cried the viceroy, "is my poor child? But did you say, my friend, that your captivity originated with Don Zapardor?"

"I did say so," replied Alziras; "but I was waylaid and delivered up to him by my nephew Antonio."

"Nor is this all, your highness," added Lazarilla, "for this Zapardor instigated Antonio to attempt the life of your highness, and the two assassins, from whose daggers you have just escaped, were hired by him for that purpose. The plot I overheard, and communicated to Don Adolar, who was one of those who preserved your life."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the viceroy, "I know him now; it was—it was my son; and why is he not here, that I may once more take him to my heart!"

He had scarcely uttered this exclamation, when Adolar entered, and was about to throw himself at his father's feet; but he caught him in his arms, and enfolded him to his bosom. Antonio had, in the meantime, rushed to the assistance of the assassins, whereby he received a wound from Adolar, which had caused his death. Zapardor was exiled, and Adolar blest with the hand of his beloved Francesca. Lazarilla was married to Andreas, who turned out to be a nobleman's son, who had, for the love of Lazarilla, forsaken his father's house and joined the gipseys.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

REVERIES BY NIGHT.

WHAT a lovely night! I cannot conceive two rivals more equally invested with charms of an opposite description, than a quiet, moonlight night, and a blossomy, fragrant, rich, dewy, still morning in June. For my part, I have ever found the former more tempting to the feet, more soothing to the imagination. I am even now touched by the delicious spell. I have roamed alone over the silent pavements, admiring the depth of shadows which the long wall of buildings casts broadly and with unequal outline upon the street, and the inexpressibly charming and mellow floods of light which the moon is pouring on the opposite side, softly sleeping, like a smile, on the lovely scene. Then moonlight is so exquisite in its picturesque effects—so magical and *subduing*. Every thing that is touched by it is, etherealized and elevated and softened. Beautiful objects are invested with higher beauty—grandeur rises to sublimity, and sublimity oppresses the mind with a heavy weight of admiration. Whoever looks at yonder church with deep porticos, lofty columns, and high flight of steps, will perceive what I am endeavoring to describe—the wonderful character of poetry which moonlight sheds upon the images of a landscape. The shadows falling at angles across the building—the gleaming light which streams down on the whole—strike the eye and the mind with unusual force. Have you ever been in the woods by moonlight? A scene always so full of romantic picturesqueness—the old heavy knotted vines, twisted and intertwined with each other, like anacondas—the fresh roof of green-leaved branches, and the tall trees, with all their variety—the straight, slender sapling, that rises like a graceful girl—the immense oaks, striking their gnarled roots far and wide, and heaving abroad their sinewy arms like giants—the old stumps—the bowers—the verdant glades—ravines—valleys and other recesses which awaken one's rapture so often, in a forest ramble; and then, peradventure, the brook—that beautiful roamer of the wood—that ever sweet and joyous daughter of the hill—leaping and singing for ever and ever in its fairy journey—taking every shape and form to please the most sportive imagina-

tion—now lapsing like liquid glass, then foaming with mimic fury—now winding with noiseless tread by emerald banks, and fringed with flowers; now bubbling on stones, now pouring in a tiny cataract, and now sleeping in a silver lake. These images, always so grateful to the imagination, become, in the mellow moonlight, positively gifted with a fairy beauty; and the rover through a wood, under a bright summer moon, must feel himself drinking in true inspiration at every step. How perfectly still: how hushed is all around, but for the brook and the catydid, and the distant frog and tree-toad. In the shades, how mildly the floating fire-flies flash, gleaming so strangely with their moving red light in the pale moonbeams; and how the light pours itself along the carpet of the wood, marking it with various shadows, and falling through the branches and every little opening of the trees, till it is all over sprinkled with the richest and loveliest of lustre. Then the sky at night! What a wonder; what a boundless profusion of magnificence. To what a stupendous elevation it works up the mind! There is no object in all creation, accessible to human eyes, half so immense in its wonders and splendors, half so calculated to lift the soul from earth, as the moon and sky at night, when the clouds are not so many as to obscure the gaze. Reflect upon it, dear reader, when next you look upon its blue tremulous bosom. Forget the last jam, the new opera, the contemplated excursion to the country, and *feel* what it is which overhangs you. That azure vault is *endless* distance. That silver spotted circle—those gems flashing in clusters—they are worlds, habitable worlds, suns, systems, created by the same hand which moulded thy pliant limbs, and gave thee eyes to regard, and mind to wonder at them. The beautiful earth on which thou creepst, a feeble evanescent insect, is nothing to these. It might be rent apart, and with all human pride and power be in an instant destroyed, yet this same star-paved road of heaven would be shining thus still and splendid.

I never, in my life, since I can recollect, looked upon that sight without an involuntary elevation of mind. It never failed to strike me with holy awe; to overwhelm me with calm but oppressive wonder. In my lightest moments it has cast its spell on me, and touched me with sudden thought and silence, even when I have been roaming forth in mirth, with the young and lively. I remember one night at the theatre there was a riot; an unpopular performer was hissed by one party and supported by another. The house was excessively crowded, and it seemed with actual demons—such shouting, screaming, shrieking, yelling and whooping—such swearing, cursing, quarreling and deadly blasphemous imprecations—such struggling, fighting, and diabolical passions were exhibited, that at length, wearied and disgusted, with a depressed heart and throbbing temples, half suffocated with the heated and smoky air, rendered more close and nauseous by the unusual crowd, I made my way to the saloon, and leaned from the window. The effect which the sight of the heavens had on me, I shall never forget. The deep pervading hushed stillness; the calm, holy light and order and beauty reigning there; the round moon, with a flashing diamond riding by her side, and the clusters of other large and trembling stars glimmering along that azure tide, through the slowly moving silver clouds, all combined to charm me forth from the loathsome revel within. I stole out alone, and drank in the fresh air like new wine. There was a pale light in the east before I tore myself away. Nothing is more beautiful than moonlight loneliness in a city. SEDLEY.

THE BAPTISM.

It was the sultry hour of noon. The leaves Hung almost motionless upon the branch That drooped, as it were faint, beneath the sun's Fierce power. From the high hills, where fiery rays Burned the unsheltered earth, the weary flocks Came down into the quiet vales, and stood In the cool places to allay their thirst, From streams whose running waters murmuring Refreshed the heated air. The shepherd lay Upon his grassy couch, beneath the shade Of some o'erarching bough, and so beguiled The tedious hour with his rude lay of love.

The corn was ripe. That beauteous morn had seen The yellow grain spread to the rising sun By groups of joyous reapers; but their toil Was for a while suspended. They had laid Their sickles down, and sought the gushing spring, Whose verdant brink allured them to repose.

The Jordan's waters slept—and not a wave Washed on its flowery bank; and o'er its breast, Which like a sheet of gold lay in the heat Of noontide, and reflected every beam With dazzling brilliancy, the stirring breeze, That bore a freshness scarce perceptible, So lightly passed, it rippled not the stream, Nor shook the slumbering quiet of the leaves And flowers that grew along the river's marge.

The Savior journeyed on. He had not stopped Since early morn to rest his weary limbs Beneath delightful shades, nor often turned From off his sunny path; save when athirst The gushing of a brook in some lone spot Fell sweetly on his ear, inviting thus To stay his footsteps by its plashing waves, And lave his burning lips. He tarried not Beside the crystal waters, but again Resumed his toilsome way, as if his long Hot task were but a pleasant wandering.

The sun hath sunken low behind the hills, Whose shadows stretch far o'er the spicy fields, And darken the deep valleys, where the flocks Have gathered for repose. The air is fresh As morning ere the orient be tinged With gold; and it is redolent of flowers, And frankincense, and myrrh, and passeth o'er Wide orchards of pomegranates, bearing thence A perfume, mingling with the fragrant breath Of ripen'd grain. It is the time when from The harvesting the reapers leave the field, And wend their homeward way. The deep blue sky Is pure as if there ne'er had been a cloud Upon the face of heaven; it is so calm, And so exceedeth nature's fairest mood, That not the first blue arch, which brightly shone On Eden's paradise was lovelier.

John standeth patiently on Jordan's bank. He holdeth in his hand a staff pluck'd from The wilderness, and leaneth for support, Like one fatigued with tiresome journeying. He hath unloosed the leathern zone, and cast Aside his raiment of the camel's hair, As if to woo the kisses of the breeze That stirs the tresses of his unshorn hair. He doth await his Master's presence there; And hath looked back to the far hills, o'er which The way-path leadeth up to Galilee, To mark the Savior's coming; and at length, Descrict him afar, descending slow The green declivity that slopeth down The distant mountain to the river's edge. John lingereth not, but like a gladsome child, That bounds away to greet its coming sire, He hastens forth elate with reverent joy To meet the Son of God.

They stand upon The Jordan's golden sands, and where the clear Blue stream flows with a gentle swell, and makes The water murmur with a pleasant sound, Inviting the warm bather to its cool Refreshing depths, the shore goes down into The crystal element, there Jesus' form Is bowed beneath the waves. The calm bright heavens Unfold their broad blue canopy, while from Th' invisible world God's spirit like a dove Descendeth, shrouded in a cloud of pure, Unspotted brilliancy, whence speaketh thus A voice, unlike the tones of earth, and heard Alone in Eden, and by holy men, To whom His will was spoken—"This is my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." W. H. W.

BRIEF EXTRACTS FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

GENTLEMEN—I have been reading the *Alhambra*, in common with many thousands, and am wonderfully pleased with the simplicity, grace, and elegance of the style. I am charmed with the description of the birds in the story called the *Pilgrim of Love*, in the second volume. It is indeed a lively transcript of nature, and truly witty and satirical. Many of the gentle strokes of humor are really delightful, as are also the little sententious remarks and off-handed similes with which the author's writings abound. I send you a few sentences which I have marked with my pencil as I read. As they are very brief, I hope you will admit them into the *Mirror*, and oblige your old correspondent PORTIA.

RUINED MANSION.—I have often observed that the more proudly a mansion has been tenanted in the day of its prosperity, the humbler are the inhabitants in the day of its decline; and that the palace of the king commonly ends in being the resting-place of the beggar.

THE RICH AND POOR.—There are two classes of people to whom life seems one long holiday, the very rich and the very poor; one because they need do nothing, the other because they have nothing to do.

SPANISH INDOLENCE.—Give a Spaniard the shade in summer, and the sun in winter, a little bread, garlic, oil, and garbanzos, an old brown cloak, and a guitar, and let the world roll on as it pleases.

SPAIN.—The moment it escapes from cultivation, the desert and the garden are ever side by side.

LOVE OF NATURE AMONG THE SPANIARDS.—I have often remarked the sensibility of the common people of Spain to the charms of natural objects. The lustre of a star, the beauty or fragrance of a flower, the crystal purity of a fountain, will inspire them with a kind of poetical delight.

FUNERAL IN THE NIGHT.—The torch-light was perfectly ghastly, as it revealed the countenance of the corpse, which, according to a Spanish custom, was borne uncovered on an open bier.

MATRIMONY.—He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, accommodates the yoke of matrimony to the submissive neck.

A GOOD HUSBAND.—Peregril bore all the heavy dispensations of wife and children with as meek a spirit as his donkey bore the water-jars; and, however he might shake his ears in private, never ventured to question the household virtues of his slattern spouse.

COMFORTABLE REFRESHMENT.—Dry blows serve in lieu of pander in Spain for all beasts of burden.

MAN'S LOVE.—What is the love of restless, roving man? A vagrant stream, that dallies for a time with each flower upon its bank, then passes on and leaves them all in tears.

PASSION MORE INFLUENTIAL THAN DUTY.—The plans of a lover are promptly executed.

WITS.—Wits have a great dislike to labor.

A BRUNETTE.—It is true, her complexion was tinged by the ardor of a southern sun; but it was to give richness to the mantling bloom of her cheek, and to heighten the lustre of her melting eyes.

WOMAN'S SHIELD.—The artless maiden, in her own modesty and innocence, had guardians more effectual than the bolts and bars prescribed by her vigilant aunt.

ANOTHER.—Nature had set up a safeguard in her face, that forbade all trespass upon her premises; but ladies who have least cause to fear for themselves are most ready to keep watch over their more tempting neighbors.

FAMILY GROUPE.—The niece had been transferred to the guardianship of her aunt, under whose overshadowing care she vegetated in obscurity, like an opening rose blooming beneath a briar.

PROGRESS OF THE SEASONS.—The pomegranate ripened, the vine yielded up its fruit, the autumnal rains descended in torrents from the mountains, the Sierra Nevada became covered with a snowy mantle, and wintry blasts howled through the halls of the Alhambra.

LUTE PLAYING.—She drew forth such ravishing tones as to thaw even the frigid bosom of the immaculate Fredegonda, that region of eternal winter, into a genial glow.

[Translated from the Italian of Cesar Ripa, for the New-York Mirror.]

MORAL EMBLEMS.

PLENTY.—A beautiful woman, crowned with a garland, dressed in a green embroidered gown, and holding a cornucopia in her right hand, and a sheaf composed of ears of corn, bunches of grapes, &c. in her left.

The garland denotes cheerfulness and mirth that inseparably accompany her. The cornucopia and sheaf are emblems of the affluence of all things necessary to human life.

IDLENESS.—An old hag clothed in rags, with her head covered with a black cloth, sitting in a careless posture upon a stone; her left hand, of which the elbow rests upon the knee, supports her reclining head; her right hand holds a torpedo. The motto is "torpet iners."

She is described old, because at that age strength and activity begin to fail; her rags denote that idleness produces poverty; the black cloth about her head signifies her senseless thoughts; the torpedo, which is a fish that even if only touched with a cord or stick, so benumbs the hand that it is unfit for any business, shows her sloth and aversion to labor, as intimated by the motto.

FLATTERY.—A woman dressed in an affected habit, playing upon a flute, a bee-hive is placed at her side, and a buck is sleeping at her feet.

The buck denotes flattery, because he is so charmed with music that he lets himself be taken. The bees are true emblems of the same, for they carry honey as well as a sting.

DESPAIR.—A sorrowful looking man, clothed in a black ragged garment; he holds back the covering from his breast with both his hands, and gazes upon his heart, which is encompassed with serpents.

The raggedness of his garment shows that he undervalues and neglects himself. His open breast, and the serpents, denote the trouble and vexation of worldly things, which are always gnawing the heart.

AGRICULTURE.—A woman with a homely rustic face, but comely notwithstanding! clothed in a green gown, and crowned with a garland, composed of ears of corn. She holds the zodiac in her left hand, and a flowering shrub in her right; a ploughshare lies at her feet.

The verdant robe signifies hope, without which no person would labor. The twelve signs declare the different seasons, which the tiller ought to observe; the plough, is the most useful instrument in agriculture.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

SCENE.—A room in antique taste, with folding doors and bay-windows; a harp and piano-forte. Emma alone, in a neat provincial dress of the Tyrolean border country.

SONG.

Emma. Still his image hovers round me,
Meets me still where'er I stray;
Oh what magic spell hath bound me,
Driven the power of flight away?
Why does memory fondly treasure
Hopes that never must be mine?
Why recall those dreams of pleasure,
That o'er me no more may shine?
Still e'en now would I dissemble,
From my heart my thoughts still hide;
But 'tis vain, my limbs all tremble,
Duty sinks 'neath love's deep tide.

Emma. He comes again! I must recall my spirits.
Emma, thou art the servant, he the master.
Remember not what he has been to thee,
But what thou art to him.

Enter Julius, whom she endeavors to escape.

Jul. Does Emma fly me!
What have I done to merit this reception?
Tell me, has childhood's playmate, youth's companion,
No claim, no title to a kinder greeting?

Emma. Count.

Jul. How have I from thee deserved this coldness?
Count! Is it thus that Emma greets her Julius?

Emma. You find a meaning in my words, which I

Ne'er placed thereon; for you were always kind,
Nor ever sought o'er me to play the master.
Believe me, then, I meant not to offend.

Jul. Whence is this coldness of thy words and manners?
Where is the confidence that once could pour
Our hearts' free thoughts into each other's bosoms?
Whence is this change? speak, speak?

Emma. Oh, lock thy memory!
Forget the time when we, like innocent flowers,
Nursed by the morning dews of life's first spring,
Unfolded to each other's gaze the blossoms
Of every thought, that budded in our hearts.
That time has passed away, those flowers have withered,
Or to each other would impart but poison.

Jul. Nay, tell me what has thus disturbed the current
Of thoughts that once together flowed so purely?

Emma. You have become the master, I the servant.

Jul. Ere I, some five years since, did join my regiment,
Did we not interchange our mutual vows
Of love eternal and of constancy?

Emma. We did, but rash vows ne'er should be fulfilled.

Jul. Oh, I to thee have kept mine still unchanged,
Though beauty's daughters, with love-beaming glances,
Have wooed me; though my comrade's taunting jests
Have striven to change my silent heart's religion,
And rob me of the faith I vowed to thee.
Yet thy pure image was my shield: I thought
Of thee, and thus the stormy world's wide waves
Against my heart's fidelity were broken.
When discord spread around, when glory's temple
In thunders opened wide, and for its heroes
My country loudly called, then I was with them.
I fought, I bled—this cross was my reward;
And when my name was ranked among the brave
Who saved their country, then I thought of thee,
And hoped thy heart would proudly beat to hear
The deeds that crowned thy lover's name with glory.
That thought was dearer to my heart than honor,
And louder than the praises of my triumph.

Emma. Oh heaven, look down, and nerve my heart with
firmness!

Jul. When peace returned, to thee I flew; for love
Lent wings unto my courser's speed, and strength
To me: no rest I knew nor night nor day,
But deemed delay a robbery on life's spring.
I came: a glance restored exhausted nature,
For in that glance love beamed with all its splendor.
But the first greeting o'er, in vain I sought thee;
The gleam of light, that seemed the dawn of day,
Has settled down into the depth of night.

Emma. Oh do not, count, thus rend my soul with anguish.

Jul. Methought at first it was my parent's presence,
Who knew not of our heart's pure union, darkened
Love's dawn; but now we are alone, and yet
Mine Emma flies th' embraces of her Julius.

Emma. Oh, this is more than mortal heart can bear!
Do not despise me if thy passionate words
O'er-mate my strength, nor scorn me though the visions
That memory wakes master my heart's endurance.
Leave me, then; leave me.

Jul. (pressing her in his arms.) Emma, none beholds us,
And yet thou fain wouldst hurry from my presence.

Emma. Have pity on me, count, nor break a heart
That love and sorrow have already blighted.

Jul. Oh, thou dost shun me now as eagerly
As thou wert wont to seek; let not restraint
Thus overcast the morning of our love.

Emma. Nay, call it not restraint, for it is duty.

Jul. Thou lov'st me still; and though thy lips conceal it,
'Tis glancing in thine eyes; "break not a heart
That love and sorrow have already blighted."

Those were thy words.

Emma. Oh yes, they were; and would
To heaven that I felt not their bitter import!

Jul. If joy or comfort thou wouldst see, behold
In me a friend whose heart and hand would serve thee.

Emma. But I from thee can never hope assistance.

Jul. And why? Perchance, thou fear'st my parents' anger
Would light upon our love, but there you wrong them;
The weeds of prejudice could ne'er take root
Within their noble hearts. Have we not shared
An equal love together?

Emma. Oh yes, I own it;

The child's adoption shared a child's caresses;
But now our fates must sunder us for ever.
Thou art the heir of noble ancestry,
I the poor daughter of a forester.

Jul. Think not thus meanly of thyself.

Emma. I must,

Or others would think meanly of me.
Shall I, by tearing from thy parents' arms
A son, on whom their every hope is fixed,
With black ingratitude reward that love
Which sheltered me in helpless infancy?
No, no, I was not born for that high state,
To which thy love would raise me; no, my home
Is 'neath a cottage, and the massy walls
Of this high castle press upon my heart.
If love can give thee courage to o'erleap
The barrier custom has around thee spread,
Then gratitude shall nerve my arm with courage
To bar the gates which fortune opens before me. [Exit Emma.]

Enter Rudolph.

Rud. The horn is sounding for the chase.

Jul. I follow.

Now she is gone, and absence o'er my soul
Comes like a dark cloud o'er the midnight moon,
To him who sees its glory on the mountains,
While he roams darkling through the vale below.
But let me hence, and strive in gloomy forests
To lose myself, and find the peace I've lost.

[Exit Rudolph.]

[Exit.]

FINE ARTS.

GREENOUGH'S CHANTING CHERUBS.

Two communications have been received on this subject, begging us to solicit public attention to these exquisite specimens of sculpture, from the chisel of our countryman, Greenough. This we have done several times before, but very cheerfully comply with the wishes of our correspondents in again expressing our admiration of this group, as a specimen of art probably never surpassed by any American, and which has a strong claim upon the liberal bounty of the community. We insert the remarks of D. and freely acquiesce in their truth.—Eds. N. Y. Mirror.

GENTLEMEN.—Nothing is more common than for us to boast of an ardent zeal for the promotion of the fine arts in this country, and of the progress which we have made towards the power of producing, from our own native resources, those elegant embellishments of life. It is not, however, my opinion, that we are yet advanced much beyond the incipient steps in this career, which may, to be sure, hereafter be brilliant. My reasons for saying so at the present time are, that poetry, painting, music and sculpture, all receive less encouragement and notice than they deserve, and than are necessary to their development and reward. There is too much mechanical calculation on these subjects. There is a too unexpressed eagerness to read horrid stories, to behold striking sights, and to enjoy the marvellous. Simplicity does not yet charm as it should. Calvin Edson, the living skeleton—a giant—a dwarf—these seldom fail to obtain a profuse patronage; but a book of sweet poetry lies on the publisher's shelves, and a charming picture is too often known only to artists and a small circle of amateurs. The highest order of music receives less applause than noisy choruses or comic songs; and I suspect a play actor who should stop at propriety and nature in his representations, would be considered, by the greater portion of the audience, but a dull fellow.

An evidence of the truth of these facts may be found in the fate of the Chanting Cherubs. There is every reason why we Americans should visit this group. In the first place, it is intrinsically and exquisitely beautiful; a choice and delicate piece of work; and all, capable of feeling the power of art, must derive sincere gratification from an examination of it. Secondly, it was executed by a gifted and youthful artist, who is dependent upon his labors, not only for advancement in life, but for his actual support, and the necessary means of improving—perhaps of continuing—in his profession. Thirdly, this artist is an American, toiling in a foreign clime, and cheered by the hope of encouragement and assistance from his countrymen. D.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"SWALLOW BARN" is the title of a work published not long since, by Carey and Lea of Philadelphia, and, as we perceive, noticed by very few of our contemporaries of the editorial corps. Nevertheless, we are greatly mistaken if it does not merit a very distinguished place among the attempts to delineate the scenery, manners and character of various portions of this country. The author has given one of the freshest, most natural, and agreeable sketches of a group of characters, living in the neighborhood, and frequenting the hospitable board of the proprietor of Swallow Barn, in "Old Virginia," that we have ever seen. The personages introduced are drawn with great truth and nature; the little incidents and events which serve to illustrate them, are apt, and brought about in the most natural way; and the style is remarkably pure and unaffected English. We cannot but predict a warm reception of this work among all persons who have not lost their relish for nature and probability, as well as all those who can properly estimate the beauties of simplicity in thought and expression. There are no marvels in the book, except it may be the marvellous absence of every thing out of the way or impossible.

NEW MAP OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.—We have before us a new map, just published by David H. Burr. It is a correct representation of this city from the Battery to Thirty-fourth street, embracing Brooklyn and Williamsburgh. This is the first we have seen, affording an accurate idea of the numerous alterations which the town has undergone during the last several years. Of these, by far the most important is that connecting Broadway with the Fourth-Avenue, as originally proposed in this journal. We have here a wide spacious thoroughfare, in nearly a direct line, nine miles long! three of which run through the centre of the most thickly populated and fashionable part of the city. We take to ourselves no little credit for this improvement, and have but one more suggestion to urge on the subject: the whole distance from the Battery to Harlem river should be known but by the single appellation of BROADWAY. The good effect of this must be obvious. When this street is completed, it may challenge competition with any in the world. On this excellent and beautifully colored map, may be found all the new and proposed squares. It is surrounded by fourteen engraved views of various striking parts of the metropolis, very prettily executed—some of them by Smillie. The whole is neatly framed, and forms a picture at once extremely useful and highly ornamental. There is not a merchant, lawyer, doctor, or indeed any man of business in the city, who should not embellish his counting-room or study with one of these elegant publications.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER TWENTY.

General Bertrand—Friend of Lady Morgan—Phrenology—Dr. Spurzheim—His lodgings—Process of taking a cast of the head—Incarceration of Dr. Bowring and De Potter—David the sculptor—Visit of Dr. Spurzheim to the United States.

My room-mate called a day or two since on General Bertrand, and yesterday he returned the visit, and spent an hour at our lodgings. He talked of Napoleon with difficulty, and became very much affected when my friend made some inquiries about the safety of the body at St. Helena. The inquiry was suggested by some notice we had seen in the papers of an attempt to rob the tomb of Washington. The general said that the vault was fifteen feet deep, and covered by a slab that could not be moved without machinery. The mind of the venerable old man is evidently giving way. He has shown this often of late in the chamber of deputies, of which he is a member. He told us that Madame Bertrand had many mementos of the emperor, which she would be happy to show us, and we promised to visit him.

At a party, a night or two since, I fell into conversation with an English lady, who had lived several years in Dublin, and was an intimate friend of Lady Morgan. She was an uncommonly fine woman, both in appearance and conversational powers, and told me many anecdotes of the authoress, defending her from all the charges usually made against her, except that of vanity, which she allowed. I received, on the whole, the impression that Lady M.'s goodness of heart was more than an offset to her certainly very innocent weaknesses. My companion was much amused at an American's asking after the "fender in Kildare-street;" though she half withdrew her cordiality when I told her I knew the countryman of mine who wrote the account of Lady Morgan, of which she complains so bitterly in the "Book of the Boudoir." It was this lady with whom the fair authoress "dined in the *Chaussee d'Antin*," so much to her satisfaction.

While we were conversing, the lady's husband came up, and finding I was an American, made some inquiries about the progress of *phrenology* on the other side of the water. Like most enthusiasts in the science, his own head was a remarkably beautiful one; and I soon found that he was the bosom friend of Dr. Spurzheim, to whom he offered to introduce me. We made an engagement for the next day, and the party separated.

My new acquaintance called on me the next morning, according to appointment, and we went together to Dr. Spurzheim's residence. The passage at the entrance was lined with cases, in which stood plaster casts of the heads of distinguished men, orators, poets, musicians; each class on its particular shelf, making altogether a most ghastly company. The doctor received my companion with great cordiality, addressing him in French, and changing to very good German-English, when he made any observation to me. He is a tall, large-boned man, and resembles Harding the American artist, very strikingly. His head is finely marked, his features are bold, with rather a German look; and his voice is particularly winning, and changes its modulations in argument from the deep, earnest tone of a man, to an almost child-like softness. The conversation soon turned upon America, and the doctor expressed, in ardent terms, his desire to visit the United States, and said he had thought of accomplishing it the coming summer. He spoke of Dr. Channing, said he had read all his works with avidity and delight, and considered him one of the clearest and most expansive minds of the age. If Dr. Channing had not strong developments of the organs of *ideality* and *benevolence*, he said, he should doubt his theory more than he had ever found reason to. He knew Webster and Professor Silliman, by reputation; and seemed to be familiar with our country, as few men in Europe are. One naturally, on meeting a distinguished phrenologist, wishes to have his own developments pronounced upon; but I had been warned by my friend, that Dr. Spurzheim refused such examinations as a general principle, not wishing to deceive people, and unwilling to run the risk of offending them. After a half-hour's conversation, however, he came across the room, and putting his hands under my thick masses of hair, felt my head closely all over, and mentioned at once a quality, which, right or wrong, has given a tendency to all my pursuits in life. As he knew, absolutely, nothing of me, and the gentleman who introduced me knew no more, I was a little startled. The doctor then requested me to submit to the operation of having a cast taken of my head, an offer which was too kind and particular to be declined; and, appointing an hour to be at his rooms the following day, we left him.

I was there again at twelve the morning after, and found Dr. Potter the Belgian patriot, and Dr. Bowring, with the phrenologist, waiting to undergo the same operation. The preparations looked very formidable. A frame, of the length of the human body, lay in the middle of the room, with a wooden bowl to receive the head, a mattress, and a long white dress to prevent stain to the clothes. As I was the youngest, I took my turn first. It was very like a preparation for being beheaded. My neck was bared, my hair cut, and the long white dress put on. The back of the head is taken first; and, as I was only immersed up to the ears in the liquid plaster, this was not very alarming. The second part, however, demanded more patience. My head was put once more into the stiffened mould of the first half, and as soon as I could get my features composed I was ordered to shut my eyes;

my hair was oiled and laid smooth, and the liquid plaster poured slowly over my mouth, eyes, and forehead, till I was cased completely in a stiffening mask. The material was then poured on thickly, till the mask was two or three inches thick, and the voices of those standing over me were scarcely audible. I breathed pretty freely through the two small orifices at my nose; but the dangerous experiment of Mademoiselle Sontag, who was nearly smothered in the same operation, came across my mind rather vividly; and it seemed to me that the doctor handled the plaster quite too ungingerly, when he came to mould about my nostrils. After a half-hour's imprisonment, the plaster became sufficiently hardened, and the thread which was laid upon my face was drawn through, dividing the mask into two parts. It was then gradually removed, pulling very tenaciously upon my eye-lashes and eye-brows, and leaving all the cavities of my face filled with particles of lime. The process is a tribute to vanity, which one would not be willing to pay very often.

I looked on at Dr. Bowring's incarceration with no great feeling of relief. It is rather worse to see than to experience, I think. The poet is a nervous man; and as long as the muscles of his face were visible, his lips, eyelids, and mouth were quivering so violently that I scarcely believed it would be possible to get an impression of them. He has a beautiful face for a scholar—clear, well-cut, finished features, expressive of great purity of thought; and a forehead of noble amplitude, white and polished as marble. His hair is black and curling, (indicating, in most cases, Dr. Spurzheim remarked, activity of mind,) and forms a classical relief to his handsome temples. Altogether his head would look well in a picture; though his ordinary and ungraceful dress, and quick, bustling manner, rather destroy the effect of it in society.

De Potter is one of the noblest looking men I ever saw. He is quite bald, with a broad, ample, majestic head, the very model of dignity and intellect. Dr. Spurzheim considers his head one of the most extraordinary he has met. *Firmness* is the great development of its organs. His tone and manner are calm and very impressive, and he looks made for great occasions—a man stamped with the superiority which others acknowledge when circumstances demand it. He employs himself in literary pursuits at Paris, and has just published a pamphlet on "the manner of conducting a revolution, so that no after-revolution shall be necessary." I have translated the title awkwardly, but that is the subject.

I have since heard Dr. Spurzheim lecture twice, and have been with him to a meeting of the "Anthropological society," (of which he is the president and De Potter the secretary,) where I witnessed the dissection of the human brain. It was a most interesting and satisfactory experiment, as an illustration of phrenology. David the sculptor, is a member of the society, and was present. He looks more like a soldier than an artist, however; wearing the cross of the legion of honor, with a military frock-coat, and an erect, stern, military carriage. Spurzheim lectures in a free, easy, unconstrained style, with occasionally a little humor, and draws his arguments from admitted facts only. Nothing could be more reasonable than his premises, and nothing more like an axiom than the results, as far as I have heard him. At any rate, true or false, his theory is one of extreme interest, and no time can be wasted in examining it—for it is the study of *man*; and, therefore, the most important of studies.

I have had several long conversations with Dr. Spurzheim about America, and have at last obtained his positive assurance that he would visit it. He gave me permission this morning to say, (what I am sure all lovers of knowledge will be pleased to hear,) that he should sail for New-York in the course of the ensuing summer, and pass a year or more in lecturing and traveling in the United States. He is a man to obtain the immediate confidence and respect of a people like ours, of the highest moral worth, and the most candid and open mind. I hope, my dear M. and F., that you will make our paper a vehicle for any information he may wish to convey to the public; and that you and all our friends will receive him with the warmth and respect due to his reputation and worth. If he arrive in August, as he anticipates, he proposes to pass a month or so at New-Haven, and then to proceed to Boston, to commence his tour at the North.

P. S.—As I shall leave Paris shortly, you may expect but one or two letters more from this metropolis. I shall, however, as I extend my travels, find a greater variety of materials for my future communications.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

SKETCHES BY A BRIEFLESS LAWYER.

TRIAL BY JURY.

It is an undoubted truth, that no fallacy is half so inveterate as that which is stamped by age. You may argue with an individual about his most favorite hobby, and as a reward for your pains, you may almost convince him he is in error; but against a principle which has nothing but antiquity to recommend it, your reasoning is in vain. Like an old oak, which has spread its roots far and wide, your efforts to eradicate it are fruitless; and if you should succeed in tearing it from its parent earth, you still leave behind some portion of its concealed extremities ready to sprout once more into verdant and vigorous existence. The palpable sophism which Jeremy Bentham has so well exposed, that the institutions of former ages are venerable, because they are re-

mote, presents an insurmountable obstacle to the profane intruder, and creates, (if my professional readers will pardon the simile,) a kind of statute of limitations against which no proof will avail. Shutting our eyes and ears to the experience which century upon century has furnished to us, we approach, with a veneration almost ludicrous, the structures, moral as well as others, of ages whose leading characteristics were barbarism and ignorance; and gravely reasoning that our ancestors were old, because they would have been so had they lived till now, shudder at the idea of innovation. Thus, for example, most of our rules of evidence respecting written instruments have been derived from ages when writing was but a rare accomplishment; and when, from the necessity of the case, they were involved in a cloud of what, to a refined modern, cannot appear in any other light than as the most egregious absurdities; and the sanctity with which a sealed instrument is invested, over one that is merely written, has no more substantial foundation than the fact, that from the ignorance of the age in which it originated, a seal was resorted to as a very convenient substitute for the signature of the party. Hence it is, also, that in judging of the difficult question of *hand-writing*, a witness is compelled to testify from vague and indistinct impressions, formed, perhaps, upon mere casual observation, while he is denied the right of comparing with an acknowledged *hand-writing* that which is the subject of dispute, and thus arriving at a clear and satisfactory result. It is, in short, to this mawkish veneration for antiquity that we are to ascribe so many of the institutions and rules with which our profession is invested, and in finding a reason for which the most acute and devoted lawyer is so frequently at fault; and it is for a pertinacious adherence to fancies, such as these, that the science of the law so often assumes a character purely technical, instead of appearing to be, as in the main it is, the very essence and perfection of human reason.

These ideas have often occurred to me, and I have never felt their force more strongly than when viewed in connection with trial by jury. There is no branch of the administration of justice which has been more universally cried up; and I hazard little in the assertion, that there is none so undeservedly popular. Notwithstanding it has been blazoned as the "palladium of our rights," "the safeguard of our lives and liberties," and a thousand other such unmeaning rhapsodies, I have always considered it, and, for any thing I can now foresee, ever shall continue to regard it as a kind of legalized lottery, in which the chances of right and wrong are about equally balanced; and, if I were to choose a definition of it, I should prefer, of all I have ever heard, that which describes a jury as "twelve prisoners in a box to try one at the bar."

Many in whose way the following remarks may fall, have possibly been in law. To such I would appeal, whether at the commencement of the campaign they have ever been able to form the remotest idea of what would be the result of the "judgment of their peers?" If they entered upon the strife with the consciousness of justice, has that consciousness emboldened their confidence in the ultimate success of their cause? If, with a full conviction that truth was against them, have they never been encouraged to put in for a chance by the proverbial uncertainty attending legal litigation? Who, however upright his cause, but has trembled before the perjury of witnesses, the ingenuity of counsel, and the ignorance, weakness, or prejudice of a jury? Who has ever been deterred from the pursuit of wrong, by the certainty that that wrong would recoil upon himself by the unerring judgment of a jury of his country? These inquiries may possibly to some indicate an unjustifiable want of confidence in the integrity or good sense of that portion of my fellow-citizens, upon whom the duty devolves of passing upon the rights of others in the capacity of jurymen. This by no means follows. I will grant them the ordinary intelligence and the greatest share of integrity, and the remark will hold equally true. What, after all, is this trial by jury? You have a controversy with your neighbor, about some question of right; you go to law; you each employ able and experienced lawyers; you come before a jury of twelve men, selected promiscuously from society; your witnesses contradict each other upon the facts; your counsel do the same upon the law; the court, with a few very general remarks, leave the facts to the jury, with alternative instructions upon the law; and they are then locked up in a room, without "meat, drink, fire, or candle," until they come to a unanimous conclusion on the complicated mass with which for hours, or perhaps days together, they have been bewildered. They remain out a few hours, wrangling about matters of which, perhaps, two-thirds of them understand nothing; and when, at length, the most hungry have resolved to give way to the rest, they come into the court with a verdict which astonishes even the party in whose favor it is given. Is there a man on earth who would be willing to say that, even upon a fair average, a system such as this can result in justice? Do we not constantly see the ablest judges perplexed in the extreme in deciding upon matters such as are every day thrown upon the helter-skelter opinions of twelve inexperienced laymen? Look at our highest courts, in almost every important case, deciding not as the result of their unanimous opinion, but of an almost equal division among them. Look at the conflicting views which all men will necessarily take of disputed cases, and contrast these with the ease with which the law cuts the gordian knot in the case of trial by jury, by starving them into what is called, as if in mockery, "*unanimity*."

Thousands of anecdotes might be presented, tending to illustrate the unanimity of juries, and the manner in which it is brought

about. I am induced to select the following, however, to which I am persuaded the experience of such of my readers as have been unfortunate enough to be in the situation of jurors, will furnish many a parallel.

The first was a horse cause, recently tried in the north of England:

"The case was a clear one in favor of the plaintiff; but the jury, after having been locked up all night, and to a late hour on the day following, gave, to the astonishment of every body, except those in the secret, a verdict for the defendant. The circumstance was a good deal talked of at the time, and it appeared from the statements made in conversation by some of the jurors, that the result had been produced in the following manner. When the jury had retired to their room, it was immediately ascertained that eleven were for the plaintiff and one for the defendant. All manner of arguments were addressed to the understanding and conscience of the solitary dissident, but utterly in vain. Like Major Bellenden in *Old Mortality*, he protested that sooner than abandon his position, he would eat up his boots; and, showing a pocket-full of horse beans, he declared that he was provisioned for two or three days. The night came, but he remained inexorable.

"Supperless th' eleven sat,"

while the jurymen settled himself in a corner, munched away at his horse beans, and looked out with infinite philosophy upon the turmoil around him. The morning, the noon, and the evening drew on; the patience and strength of the eleven were exhausted, but the horse beans were not; and at length the twelve made their appearance in court with a verdict which every man among them knew to be a false one."

The next case was an action of libel, and the following proceedings of the jury in deliberating upon their verdict are taken from the *London Times*:

"Immediately after the jury were shut up in the Bail Court, the tendency of the alleged libel was warmly discussed. The special jurymen used great abundance of language, if not of argument, for the purpose of convincing Mr. Sawyer, that it was a false, malicious, and injurious publication. That gentleman manfully defended his opinion against all their objections; alleging, that he thought the remarks made upon Mr. Bodkin's conduct to be such as the occasion required, and such as he himself should have written, had he possessed the necessary talent. Several speeches were made upon the subject, which produced no effect except it were that of making the speakers more obstinately attached to the side they advocated. A Mr. Cooke, who was a talesman, was a silent, but not an ineffectual assistant to Mr. Sawyer, in the vast fire of words which his brother jurymen opened upon him. He agreed with Mr. Sawyer, that the paragraphs complained of, formed no libel; and declared that he could not consent to give a verdict which should declare them to be such. The libel was in consequence read over, paragraph by paragraph, several gentlemen commenting upon it as they went along. Still the two jurymen remained unconvinced. Under these circumstances the jury came into court about seven o'clock, and the conversation then took place between Mr. Justice Littledale and Mr. Sawyer, which was reported in our paper of Saturday. The result of it was, that Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Cooke, in consequence of the doctrine laid down by Mr. Justice Littledale respecting constructive malice, gave up their intention of finding a verdict for the defendant, and agreed to join their brethren in a verdict for the plaintiff. They then left the box to consider of the damages which they should give the plaintiff for his loss of character. A question then arose as to damages. The two jurors who had reluctantly consented to find a verdict for the plaintiff, said that nothing should induce them to give more than nominal damages; and not knowing that in an action for a libel, a farthing's damages will carry costs, if the judge does not certify, declared their intention of submitting to starvation before they gave Mr. Bodkin more than the costs of his suit. This declaration was not likely to excite much satisfaction in the minds of any of the jurors, and some of the special jurors, we are informed, evinced great displeasure at it. Their usual hour of dinner had arrived, and the sherry and sandwiches which Mr. Justice Littledale had permitted to be sent in to Mr. Robertson and Mr. Horton, on account of their advanced age, tending only to excite the appetite of their brother jurors, Mr. Godsall, who, we understand, was engaged to dine with his father-in-law, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, seemed particularly to regret the loss of his dinner. About half past eight o'clock several jurymen wrote to their families stating that they must not expect them that night; and their notes were dispatched by the officer of the court. As it had now become evident to both parties that they could not convince the other, the matter ceased to be one of argument, and became one of starvation. At this stage of the proceeding, the jurors formed themselves into detached groups, and amused themselves as they could in their dark, hungry, and desolate situation. It was a Vauxhall night; and one of the jury attempted to console his fellows by reminding them that, at twelve o'clock at night, they would have the fire-works at Vauxhall to enlighten their darkness. Twelve o'clock came, but the fire-works though they were heard, were not seen, for the towers of the Abby intervened, and interrupted the line of vision. Mr. Godsall, at this hour of the night, was rather obstreperous. He stomped about the room in a great passion, and committed other extravagancies. Mr. Sawyer, having heard all that could be said against him, and having said all that he could say in his own behalf, now prepared himself for sleep, by taking off his coat, rolling it up, and placing it as a pillow upon some chairs, which he had put together to serve him as a bed. His brother jurors expressed dissatisfaction at this proceeding, and urged many objections to his novel mode of discharging the duties of a jurymen. After giving them such answer as he thought proper, and recommending his seconder, Mr. Cooke, to follow his example, on the ground that sleep was the best antidote against the evils of fasting, he proceeded to carry his own advice into execution as rapidly and comfortably as he could under existing circumstances. This was the gentleman who was described in our paper of Saturday as seen lying upon some chairs at one of the periods when the room was open, by the officer to attend to the complaints of the jury. Daylight

at last dawned upon these unhappy jurors, but brought with it little relief to their misery. At half past five, Mr. Sawyer, who had been able to sleep soundly, awoke, and told his brothers in thralldom that he was as much refreshed by his sleep as if he had taken a meal. This was not a very delightful announcement to those gentlemen who were suffering under the want of sleep and the want of sustenance. To Mr. Godsall it proved particularly exasperating; he exhibited symptoms of temporary insanity; he jumped upon a bench, and threatened destruction to Mr. Sawyer, for detaining him from his family, by his obstinate opposition. He then seized his cane, which was of considerable thickness, and struck it so forcibly upon the judge's seat as to make several indentations, and did not cease from this violence till he had broken it completely into shivers. He then began to rail with great vehemence against Mr. Sawyer, who had the good sense not to make any answer to his ravings. This appeared to offend him still more: he cried out, 'I shall go mad, I shall go mad, he—he' (pointing to Mr. Sawyer,) 'is cutting my throat with a feather.' He then made a spring at that gentleman, and would certainly have done him some injury, had he not been prevented by the strong arms of those that surrounded him. It has been stated, that he then endeavored to tear up a bench as a weapon, and that he broke a window in endeavoring to escape; but we have reason to believe that there is no truth in either of these statements. He sunk, at last, into a silent melancholy, and was for some time quiet from complete exhaustion.

"Very early in the morning, the question had been narrowed to this point—whether the verdict should be a farthing or forty shillings. Mr. Sawyer was obliged to consort with his silent but effective seconder, Mr. Cooke. Whenever he approached any of the groups into which the other jurors had formed themselves, they fled from him as from a pestilence. The consequence was, that he was flung upon his own resources for amusement, and at seven o'clock was seen seated at the window, gazing very placidly on the passengers in the street. Poor Mr. Godsall could not, however, conduct himself thus quietly; he attempted to force himself out of court, but was unsuccessful, in spite of all his protestations that parties within were driving him to madness."

These are cases to which the parallels are by no means few. To starve a jury into a verdict has become a proverb; and in the administration of justice, as far as this branch of it is concerned, at least, it may be safely asserted that the result depends almost as much upon the constitutions of the jurors as upon the justice of the case upon which they are called to pass.

The length to which these remarks have already extended admonishes me to close; I cannot, however, do so without adverting to one benefit, and I may almost say the only one, resulting from trial by jury. I allude to criminal cases. In such my observation and experience have, I confess, satisfied me that it is an institution of inestimable value. It is undoubtedly just, as well as humane, that where the life or liberty of the citizen is involved, it should be protected by some power as far removed as possible from the reach of technical distinctions; and that the benefit of the generous doubt which the law always interposes in behalf of every prisoner should be administered to him by men whose sensibilities have never been deadened by a familiarity with the details of crime. So far as this is concerned, our feelings and our judgments unite in awarding to every accused the privilege of a trial by his peers. But when we view it as the arbiter upon mere personal rights, turning as they often do upon questions of the most difficult construction, its most devoted admirers cannot but yield at least a doubt of its utility. No man need be told that in the administration of justice every thing depends upon its certainty and uniformity; and, where we find any of its branches calculated to defeat this object, disposing of questions of right through whim, caprice, obstinacy, or ignorance; establishing no precedent; but, on the contrary, tending to set every thing like precedent at defiance, can we hesitate a moment in ascribing to this cause all the uncertainty with which the law has been so universally upbraided?

I do not make these remarks at random; a long course of observation, coupled with at least some experience, has strengthened my conviction of their truth. If it were necessary to go further, I might confidently appeal to the experience of the profession at large, whether they do not regard trial by jury as the most uncertain of all modes of legal proceeding. I might appeal to suitors, whether they have not often shrunk from the doubt in which their rights are involved when centred in a jury-box; and I might even appeal to jurors themselves, whether their own experience has not impaired their confidence in the excellence of this system. An old and intelligent friend of mine, who is well known in our courts as a most conscientious and experienced juror, has often assured me, that he never entered a jury-box without feelings of the most painful character. "Not," said he, "that I doubt either my own integrity or capacity to decide; for with an ordinary share of both, I should have no cause for alarm. But I am placed there under the sanction of an oath, which in its terms, it is true, calls upon me to render a true verdict according to the evidence, but in its effect requires me either to yield my own judgment to the obstinacy of others, or submit to the accumulated horrors of hunger and imprisonment." This is the dilemma in which, in nine cases out of ten, a juror is placed. Who can wonder, then, that to escape from it, he is often compelled to bend the dictates of his conscience to less worthy considerations; or that he should frequently consent to throw upon chance the rights, the liberty, perhaps the life, of a fellow-being?

SPANISH PROVERBS.

He who gives unto the poor,
Does only lend to swell his store.
He who once proves himself a knave,
Does seldom change this side the grave.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A GENIUS.

"So reeking mists do shade the golden sun,
So is the glowing eye bedimmed with tears;
So love is checked before the goal is won,
And so o'er purest lives, some reckless chance will run."

That expression of a certain great poet, "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," may be all very true, in regard to what he calls the "common mind," but it is a positive absurdity, when applied to the growth and culture of a genius. My own manhood is sufficient proof of this; for of a verity, if my maturity was inclined into that variety of twists, that "the twig" my childhood received, I should be at this time a most intolerably crooked stick; whereas, on the contrary, instead of those thousand and one propensities, in which my nonage indulged, and which, according to this maxim, would give promise of a changeful course of life, my disposition has become as intolerant of variety, as it would have been, had I never possessed those early peculiarities of genius.

In consequence of the exceeding merit of the "Lines on a deceased canary bird," mentioned in my last chapter, the interesting fact of the existence and name of their author, soon became known to all the spinsters in the village. As I was the only person in this community known actually to have written poetry, I soon became something of a lion. It is true that Doctor Quipes was suspected of having, in the exuberance of his passion for a certain damsel, once perpetrated some rhymes; but the fact was never positively proven: indeed, the only evidence against the doctor, was a couple of lines, supposed to be the beginning or end of an effusion, in praise of the divine charms of Miss Letitia Scriggins, the amiable object of his adorations. Mistress Scriggins was somewhat of a lean, and rather antiquated appearance, the delicate yellow of whose complexion, coupled with the ruby hue of a tolerably prominent nose, and enlivened by the oblique glances of two very terrible eyes, set the heart of the amorous doctor into such a state of palpitation, as gave me to suppose that the poetic spirit might for a moment have titillated the fancy of the lover into the commission of the lines referred to. Miss Scriggins was unfortunately subject to a depression of mind; common, I believe, to antiquated maidens—a disease which has received the classical appellation of "the blues." It was during a violent attack of this complaint, that the inspiration of the doctor was supposed to have taken place. To show the deep feeling and the sympathetic soul of the poet, I have preserved the couplet to this time. It ran thus—

"Alas! how would this bosom miss ye,
If death should take you off, Letitia!"

This being the only probable case of poetry that had ever excited the admiration of the *litterati* of B——, I was of course an object of wonder, and was soon pressed on all hands for a copy of the verses; among others, the village apothecary, who was something of a dilettante and editor of the newspaper, (a periodical not exactly literary) called and urged the favor of a copy for publication. In less than a week "Lines on a deceased canary bird" appeared in tolerably legible print, on the first page of the *Banner of Independence*. On this proud day, and for some time after, I do not think I once condescended to direct my eyes upon any object under an angle of forty-five degrees; indeed, so high did I hold my head, that upon the very next sabbath I was made to feel the truth of the maxim which declares that "pride will have a fall." I was on my way to church, dressed in a very fashionable suit of yellow nankeens, and had nearly reached the house of worship—the doors of which were already filled with the congregation—when, thinking of nothing but myself, and the envy that I imagined I was creating in the hearts of all who saw me, I slipped plump into an old coal-pit, and suddenly found myself up to the chin in its black muddy contents!

"Oh world, thy slippery turns!"

I should certainly have been drowned in this filthy abyss, had it not been for the lucky appearance of Doctor Quipes, whose memory for this one act I shall ever respect. The learned gentleman was on his way to church, and had been behind me for some distance, admiring, no doubt, my very dignified strut, when this lamentable accident occurred. Seeing my plight, his first idea was, as he afterwards observed, that the earth had swallowed me in judgment for my pride; but, soon satisfying himself that this was not the case, he proceeded with what I then thought very easy liberation, to consider on the means of effecting my release from durance. How to accomplish this seemed with him a matter of question. The top of the pit was at least three feet from the surface of the water, in which I was thus unexpectedly immersed, and of course nearly that distance from my head, which was hardly above the surface; this made it impossible for the good doctor to reach me with his hands, even should he condescend to place his lengthy limbs in a horizontal position. There was no ladder handy, nor did any person appear disposed to assist the doctor in the work of liberation. He thought for a moment, a Yankee seldom thinks longer, and then divesting himself of his coat, he proceeded to put his ingenuity to the trial. He seated himself on the brink of the pit, with his feet over the water; then, with his hands stretched over his head, he took a fast grip upon a sapling that grew nigh; then, gently sliding off the brink, he let out his full length into the pit; his legs, of course, were immersed to the thigh; he soon bent them up, and turned in his knees against the side of the vault, making a sort of step, by leaping upon which I reached the edge of the pit, and by another spring from the good doctor's convenient knees, accomplished my liberation. Most forcibly was I reminded of this trite maxim,

"A friend in need, is a friend indeed."

My nankins were in a terrible plight, my coat was a very Joseph, by virtue of its divers colors, and my dignified feelings of self-satisfaction, considerably "below par." My appearance was such that I have been told some of the spectators actually *laughed!* My amiable deliverer having effected a safe lodgment on the dry sand, "wrapped me up" in a plaid cloak, and I rode home considerably chop-fallen. This mishap was doubly unfortunate, inasmuch as it not only damped the ardor of my poetic soul, but had likewise the regretted effect of depriving the world of some most exquisite sparkles from the exuberant fount of my imagination. Time, however, soothed my wounded pride, and I again favored the Banner of Independence with the outpourings of my muse, in the shape of "verses on a withered rose-bud;" a subject so perfectly original, and so delicately applicable to what was considered my "withered hopes," that my fame was thereby prodigiously increased. I was beset on all hands with albums, and polite requests; but I soon grew tired of these things. I considered within myself that I was born for greater deeds than poetizing for albums, or flourishing in one corner of the Banner of Independence. It might do very well for "moon-struck" young gentlemen, and that sort of genius, but something whispered me that it was immeasurably beneath the gifted soul, whose aspirations even then were for immortality. I decided on some great effort. I would do something that should make me known beyond the narrow precincts of B—; something that should give me a niche in the temple of fame. Not Julius Cæsar in the capitol, surrounded with the greatness and majesty of the world; not Alexander of Macedon, after his first conquest; nay, not even the glorious John Dryden, after penning an immortal dedication, felt that swelling consciousness of a spirit within that "passeth show," more vividly than at this conclusion, did I, Roley McPherson, the humble laureate of B—. The question whether this great effort should be a tragedy or an epic, now occupied all my thoughts, and was the pleasing subject of my dreams. For a week I gave it my serious, close, and undivided attention. I absented myself from all company, and avoided my most intimate friends. At one time, when I had nearly made up my mind, I arose from my bed in the middle of the night, with the intent of taking a stroll in the woods, thinking thereby to have that perfect seclusion so necessary to the great object of my thoughts. As the night, however, was rather cold, and something moist withal, I did not venture farther than the door; here I stood gazing upon the void and double-distilled darkness around me. Sadly and dismally the wind groaned through an avenue of chestnuts, that led from the house. There was no sound to break the deep and dreary moaning of the breeze, except ever and anon a heavy rain-drop, that fell pattering upon the leaves. As I looked upon the black vacancy around me, I thought it no unapt emblem of the future. That, too, was covered with an impenetrable obscurity; and, even as my eye sought to pierce the blackness before me, I found nothing beyond the fringes of the eyelid; even so in my endeavors to look into futurity was I baffled in the attempt. Here a most horrible yell, bursting like the crash of ruin upon my ear, dispersed my thick coming fancies, and some object, with the quickness of light, glided past me. I had but a glimpse; the figure was white, and from the celerity of its motions, left an impression upon my mind that it must be in a hurry. I did not pursue it, but waited in a sort of chilly perspiration of wonder, (not fear,) for the issue. Another moment and again a terrible crash, attended by a scream that pierced into my very soul, (and I had on a great-coat at the time,) came from the suspicious quarter. I seized an umbrella that stood in the hall, determined—not exactly to rush out into the midst of the *melée*—for that would have been presumption; but to place it across the door-way, as a barrier between me and the devil, or whatever evil spirit might take it into his head to enter. At this instant a second figure, of apparently a darker shade than the first, passed with the like speed, which gave me to think it was probably in pursuit of the other. I raised the umbrella, to fix it across the door-way; but, just at the moment, the white figure darted something quicker than a full-charged flash of lightning, bolt into my face! What I did at this awful moment I know not, neither have I the shadow of a recollection thereof. The next morning I was found lying against the door-post, my face very considerably scratched, and a white cat—the identical assassin of my poor canary—transfixed with the ferule of an umbrella, dead beside me!

I would make no comments on this catastrophe, I would not excite the tender sympathies of the sensitive, or draw salt tears adown the rough cheek of manhood—but the thought *has* crossed me since, in my daily business; it has haunted me in sleep; it has beset me in my hours of gaiety and sorrow—that the unfortunate animal whose mangled corse was that morning found at my side, the cat whose murderous propensities shortened the days of my canary, met her death at my hands! The thought is horrible—but the cat is dead. "Requiescat in pace."

THE SMALL POX.—Dr. Picton, of New-Orleans, recommends the exclusion of light as a means of preventing the pitting in small-pox. He states that, two years ago, a number of patients were admitted into the charity hospital at New-Orleans, laboring under the small-pox. The room was so constructed, that while air was freely admitted, the light was carefully excluded. Not a patient had a pit in any part of the body.

LONDON PRESS.—The number of new works, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, and periodicals, published in London last year, was eleven hundred.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1832.

Agents, distant subscribers and others indebted to this establishment, will confer a favor by making an immediate settlement of their accounts.

Close of the volume.—We cannot close the present volume without respectfully offering our acknowledgments to correspondents, to our editorial brethren in all parts of the country, and to the public. Of the first, many have contributed their productions to this journal from motives of personal friendship, and many from a laudable wish to assist the work. Several, whose pens betray a ready power, are unknown to us; others, writing in the leisure intervals of professional life, feel a delicacy in publishing their names, although they cheerfully lend their aid. More than one individual, whose names would add much reputation to the paper, are thus in the habit of appearing in these pages *incognito*. To each and all of these our thanks are due, and we earnestly solicit a continuance of their favors. We wish to render this work a *melange*, from as many various writers as possible; and we feel assured, that there is about us sufficient literary talent to surprise as well as delight all readers, if properly called into operation.

To our editorial brethren we also owe much for their favors in noticing our labors. The kind encouragements received in this way, have been cheering evidences that amid their various other calls and the din and clash of political warfare, our claims upon our countrymen have not been overlooked. Lastly, to the public we have to offer our warmest thanks; to their indulgence and liberality we owe more than we can express. Our subscription list is ample, and is ever on the increase. It embraces names dear to science and fame; and letters are frequently received, filled with encouragement and proffers of assistance. Whatever may be the intrinsic excellence of any journal, it can never succeed unless it reposes confidence in a steady patronage. In this way, and when it feels that it is treading on firm ground, it develops its resources, and forms new plans of improvement. We wish this to be impressed on the minds of all readers. We have said the same thing before; and the promises then made have never been broken. We appeal to the last volume of the work itself, whether we have not added to its value, as means have been placed in our possession, by the regular increase of subscribers? This we shall continue to do. The progress of a literary periodical to excellence must be, especially in this country, slow, and for a long period uncertain. It must also depend as much on the faithful adherence of old subscribers and the addition of new, as upon the talent, industry, perseverance, and skill of its conductors and contributors. It has been justly said, that a man may discover patriotism as well in cherishing the literature and arts of his country as in defending its rights. We may, with equal propriety, add, that the best journal, without the efficient support of the public, is no better than the best general without the co-operation of his men. We earnestly trust, therefore, that the fickleness which has been charged upon our reading community will not be verified in relation to this work, thereby not only stripping us of the power to improve, but taking from us the harvest of past labors. We respectfully solicit the continued support of friends, and all their influence in extending our circulation, great as it already is. We have enlarged our expenditures in proportion to the increase of our income, and shall continue to do so. Our associate, Mr. Willis, is industriously occupied in collecting materials in various parts of France and Italy; and from his prolific pen we anticipate an abundance of interest and amusement. We are pleased to state, that his "first impressions" are popular even beyond our hope. They are copied and commented on very favorably by the most authentic journals. Arrangements have been effected with Mr. Cox, for occasional communications from Great Britain. This is our old and favorite correspondent C. The musical department has been put altogether on a new footing. It has been assigned to the direct and efficient superintendence of the distinguished amateur to whom the public are indebted for, among others, the valuable operas of the Caliph of Bagdad, Cinderella, and the White Lady. We can, therefore, promise our musical readers numerous choice *morceaux*, not to be obtained elsewhere this side the water, as well as the rare and sweet airs from new operas.

Every thing promised in the prospectus may be strictly depended on. We conclude these brief remarks by the following extract from it:

From the commencement of this paper, our humble endeavors have been unceasingly exerted to *elevate the character of American periodical literature*, and we trust we have not been altogether unsuccessful.

Our columns have been, and will continue to be, principally filled with ORIGINAL matter.

Besides the writings of the editors, we are honored with occasional contributions from a list of NEARLY TWO HUNDRED NATIVE AUTHORS, which embraces many of the most distinguished and highly gifted literary men of the land.

In addition to our FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, important sources are open to us for selections.

The flattering and general testimonials of writers, scholars, and contemporary journals, on both sides of the Atlantic, warrant the assertion that there is *no work which gives such valuable equivalents for the amount of subscription*, or which possesses more strong and undeniable claims to the efficient support of the American people.

Its steady and marked improvement furnishes a satisfactory pledge that its progress, in every department, will continue to keep pace with the increase of its already extensive circulation. We have received the certain and gratifying evidence that it is read and approved by the most intelligent classes throughout the United States.

ENGRAVINGS.—The EMBELLISHMENTS for the TENTH VOLUME will be of the most COSTLY and BEAUTIFUL kind, consisting of FULL SIZED SUPER-ROYAL QUARTO PLATES, executed expressly for the work, by the best artists. Besides the VIGNETTE, there will be FOUR SUPERB ENGRAVINGS issued during the year, which, if published separately, would alone equal the amount of subscription to the *Mirror*. As a guarantee for the excellence of this department, it has been placed under the direction of Mr. R. W. Weir.

In addition to the above, there will be published a number of finely executed ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, also drawn and engraved for the work, and illustrative of curious and interesting subjects.

MUSIC.—Each number of the ensuing volume will contain a popular piece of MUSIC, arranged with accompaniments for the piano-forte, harp, guitar, &c. At the expiration of the year, these form a VALUABLE COLLECTION OF THE MOST CHOICE AND RARE PIECES, which, although occupying little more than one sixteenth part of the work, could not be purchased in any other way, except at a cost far greater than that of the entire journal.

LITERARY CONTENTS.—Among a variety of other subjects, the work is devoted to critical notices of new publications; the arts and sciences; scientific intelligence; the fine arts—music, poetry, and painting; original tales and essays; first impressions of Europe; reminiscences of old times in New-York; the Little Genius—satirical, humorous, and pathetic; American scenery, biography, education and character; strictures on the drama, and other amusements; translations from the German, French and Spanish; occasional selections from late publications; record of passing events; original miscellany; anecdotes—historical, literary, humorous, etc.; varieties, etc. etc.

In short, every thing which can enhance the value of the paper, and render it agreeable, instructive and interesting. By the above enumeration it will be perceived that the plan of the *Mirror* embraces every subject within the range of the *fine arts* and the *belles-lettres*, and no expense will be spared to render it equal to any other publication extant.

Important—but not pleasant.—We must respectfully protest against the course pursued by several individuals at the close of the last year. Before they sent in their notice of discontinuance, they received two or three impressions of the present volume, which were never returned; thereby breaking the files, rendering the sets incomplete, and greatly confusing our books. By sending in their names previously to the publication of the next number, they who mean to discontinue at this period, will, in some degree, mitigate the evil to us. Such as, neglecting this, may receive any superfluous numbers, will please return them as soon and as little injured as possible. This notice is not given merely for the worth of the individual copies thus deficient, (although the first one of the succeeding volume will contain one of the most valuable plates ever published in the work, and also a beautiful vignette title-page) but, during the past twelve months, new applications have been repeatedly made for the back numbers, and, finding them incomplete, the applicants have almost invariably deferred subscribing till the subsequent volume. All the entire sets of the past volume have been sold long since, and every number which has been detained, as above mentioned, actually costs us a year's subscription. This remonstrance is given from our extreme reluctance to hold such as casually receive the first number, answerable for an entire volume. We shall, however, certainly be compelled to do this where it is not immediately returned uninjured.

Achille Murat.—From a personal acquaintance with this amiable and accomplished foreigner, we can testify to his ability to produce a valuable work, and also his kind feelings towards this country. We recommend some of our friends among the publishers to re-print, forthwith, the small volume, entitled "A Moral and Political Sketch of the United States of North America," which he has recently issued in Paris. If we do not mistake greatly, it will present a striking contrast to the malignant and worthless works of other travelers, who have been disappointed in finding that they were as neglected here as at home.

A pleasant companion.—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging; alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

Exchange papers.—Notice was some time since given, that a curtailment of our list would be necessary at the close of the present volume; those, therefore, who do not receive our future numbers will please consider the exchange at an end. We sincerely regret the necessity of this step; but we really cannot afford to continue the list as it is at present. Those among our editorial brethren, to whose attentive kindness in publishing the prospectus, and extending towards us other acts of editorial courtesy, (thereby laying us under obligations which we cannot forget,) we are so greatly indebted, will of course receive the paper as usual.

Subscribers can have their volumes handsomely bound, by sending the numbers to the office of publication.

Correspondents must indulge us for a week or two.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME NINE.

This volume is embellished with four beautiful engravings on steel, and one on copper; seven ornamental wood-cuts, and fifty pieces of popular music.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Engravings on Steel and Copper.

1. VIGNETTE TITLE-PAGE. Painted by Weir, engraved by Durand..... 1
2. VIEW OF THE OLD FEDERAL-HALL, in WALL-STREET. Painted by Weir, engraved by Hatch and Smillie..... 153
3. VIEW OF WALL-STREET. No. 2. Drawn by Burton, engraved by Hoagland..... 225
4. PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IRVING.—Painted by Leslie, engraved by Hatch and Smillie..... 273
5. PORTRAIT OF MR. HACKETT the comedian. Painted by Inman, engraved by Durand 377

Engravings on Wood.

1. THE OLD JAIL. Drawn by Davis, engraved by Anderson..... 73
2. HALL OF RECORD. Drawn by Davis, engraved by Anderson..... 81
3. GROTON MONUMENT..... 89
4. Representation of the countenance of CHARLES THE FIRST..... 121
5. GERMAN CHURCH, FRANKFORT-STREET. Drawn by Davis, engraved by Mason..... 161
6. THE OLD STUYVESANT MANSION. Drawn by Davis, engraved by Mason..... 201
7. THE WALTON MANSION-HOUSE. Drawn by Davis, engraved by Mason..... 289

MUSIC.

- 1 Here do we meet again..... 8
- 2 O, there's a mountain palm..... 16
- 3 Fly away, pretty moth..... 24
- 4 Young Lubin loved the fair Lisette..... 32
- 5 He pass'd as if he knew me not..... 40
- 6 Pity the poor Yourakee..... 48
- 7 She's all my fancy painted her..... 56
- 8 My early love, I think of thee..... 64
- 9 Slowly wears the day, love, (arranged for the guitar)..... 72
- 10 Araby's daughter (with variations for the flute)..... 80
- 11 Rise, gentle moon, and light me to my lover..... 88
- 12 Oh! where shall I find me a lover?..... 96
- 13 Oh name him not (composed for the Mirror, by T. Comer)..... 104
- 14 The hunter's horn the dogs are cheering..... 112
- 15 Beethoven's celebrated grand waltz, for the piano-forte..... 120
- 16 Taglioni's shawl dance..... 128
- 17 Are you angry, mother?..... 136
- 18 Ah, county guy, (presented to the Mirror by the author)..... 144
- 19 O leave the gay and festive scene..... 152
- 20 Arietta (for one or two voices, with a guitar accompaniment)..... 160
- 21 I'll bid this heart be still..... 168
- 22 Grand waltz by Rossini..... 176
- 23 The forest leaf (composed for the Mirror)..... 184
- 24 My sister dear..... 192
- 25 Cries William, when just come from sea..... 200
- 26 If you knew the rich pleasure I feel in my tears..... 208
- 28 Come, tell me, Rosa (composed for the Mirror, by Mr. Jones)..... 224
- 29 William was holding in his hand (composed for the Mirror, by T. Comer)..... 232
- 30 This world is all a fleeting show (arranged for the guitar)..... 240
- 31 The crystal tear-drop fills mine e'e..... 248
- 32 Cristiani's celebrated Italian waltz..... 256
- 33 From the ruin's topmost tower..... 264
- 34 Who are the free?—A Polish melody..... 272
- 35 Though 'tis lovely to see the year waking (original, by John Howard Payne)..... 280
- 36 Where is the tree the prophet threw (a sacred song)..... 288
- 37 Here's a health to thee, Mary..... 296
- 38 I've sworn he shall not perish..... 304
- 39 My fondest! my fairest! (arranged for the guitar)..... 312
- 40 There is a thrilling word (composed for the Mirror, by O. Shaw)..... 320
- 41 I've seen and kiss'd that crimson lip..... 328
- 42 Adieu, my happy home—adieu my lowly dwelling..... 336
- 43 I am twining—I am twining, (arranged for the guitar)..... 344
- 44 They say, while thou art sleeping..... 352
- 45 Where is my hunter boy?..... 360
- 46 Garde à vous..... 368
- 47 She is far from the land, (for the guitar)..... 376
- 48 La Plaisanterie..... 384
- 49 I saw the glow of her beauty had faded..... 392
- 50 I'll only hear the word farewell..... 400
- 51 March, from the ballet of Zeila..... 408

PROSE.

- An original stanza of Lord Byron..... 7
- An excellent speech..... 8
- A whispering gallery..... 11
- Arts and sciences..... 11, 19, 43
- A Moorish beauty..... 23
- A recluse..... 27
- American scenery..... 52
- Address to the public, by the editors..... 79
- Address to the American people. J. F. Cooper..... 79
- An inkling of an adventure. N. P. Willis..... 113
- An honest face..... 115
- Anecdotes of Russia..... 123
- An estate not to be taken away..... 128
- A night at the ragged staff. A naval sketch. William Leggett..... 156
- Affection..... 161
- Advertising for a wife..... 172
- An hour's talk about poetry..... 177, 185
- Archbishop Cranmer..... 194
- A happy instance of presence of mind..... 194
- A Chinese dinner party..... 194
- A dramatic incident..... 194
- Another anecdote of Dr. Johnson..... 195
- An ill omen explained..... 196
- An inquiry concerning Aaron's beard..... 198
- A highland anecdote of Sir Walter Scott..... 206
- Anti-innovator..... 217
- A desperate kidnapper..... 243
- A cure for gallantry..... 243
- A drawing-room scene..... 245
- A literary gem..... 253
- Alice. W. P. Palmer..... 257
- A by-stander's power of regulating dreams..... 266
- Anecdotes of animals..... 266
- A mistake of courtship..... 267
- An essay on cookery..... 285
- An account of the old Walton mansion. John Pintard..... 289
- A smart saying of the young Duc de Bordeaux..... 294
- A literary butcher..... 294
- A leaf from a journal of a student at law..... 294
- An attempt to poison Washington..... 302
- American literature..... 311
- Agle..... 314
- American lake poetry..... 293, 318
- A modern Timon..... 342
- Anatomy of a bail..... 350
- Advice to a bride..... 385, 393
- Benefits bestowed and benefits received..... 8
- Bad habits..... 12
- Bulwer's opinion of the Dutchman's Fireside..... 55
- Biographical notice of Mr. Webster..... 99
- Baron Von Raffleoff, the pedler. N. P. Willis..... 133
- Biography of Chancellor Livingston. J. W. Francis, M.D..... 138
- Bayley's songs of Almack's..... 195
- Burning the dead..... 211
- Buonaparte's marriage with Marie Louisa..... 218
- Biographical sketch of Mirabeau..... 229
- Bachelor's ball..... 255
- Basil Hall's account of the American Drury..... 270
- Beaumont & Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess..... 277
- Biography of a contented man..... 292
- Bacchanalian scene..... 366
- Biographical sketch of Mr. Hackett..... 377
- Brevities from Bulwer..... 384
- Brief extracts from Washington Irving..... 410
- Burr's new map of the city of New-York..... 414
- College reminiscences..... 6
- Conversations of the week, 15, 23, 39, 47, 63, 71..... 37
- Curious anecdote..... 49
- Consumption. Sedley..... 60
- Criticism. Sedley..... 67
- Croakings of a dowager beauty..... 71
- Commerce and revenue..... 82
- Critical notice of the poetry of Keats..... 98
- Captain Thompson, or stage-coach companions. N. P. Willis..... 99
- Conversation. N. P. Willis..... 108
- Curiosity..... 114
- Cowardice..... 121
- Charles I. in the vault of Henry VIII..... 128
- Curious ceremonies..... 128
- Cinderella in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston. F. H. F. Berkeley..... 179, 219, 298
- Courtship. Sedley..... 180
- Chapter of an unfinished novel..... 181
- Curious mode of travelling..... 195
- Chapter not to be found in Coke upon Littleton..... 227
- Charles Brockden Brown..... 241
- Consequence of giving advice..... 243
- Content and Pleasure. A fable..... 295
- Chatterton—notice of his life and writings..... 305
- City of the cholera. William Coz..... 316
- City of New-York..... 330
- Captain Peter Powers, and his wife..... 339
- City rambles..... 358
- Confessions of a deformed lunatic..... 372
- Campbell and Bryant..... 383
- Curious anecdote of a dog..... 406
- Chanting cherubs..... 411

- Drama—the New-York stage, etc. 11, 19, 31, 35, 43, 55, 62, 70, 78, 83, 95, 103, 110, 115, 126, 134, 142, 171, 179, 181, 206, 219, 225, 263, 267, 278, 286, 295, 299, 318, 323, 335, 342, 351, 359, 367, 375, 379, 391, 394, 406
- Death and memoir of Mrs. Siddons..... 34
- Death of the Gentle Usher. N. P. Willis..... 180
- Drummed out..... 194
- Danger of beauty..... 243
- Dramatic improbabilities. Sedley..... 334
- Death of Mr. Slosson..... 359
- Extraordinary triumph of eloquence..... 8
- Edward, by the author of Ourika..... 12, 17
- Extract of a letter from a French artist..... 24
- Extract from a late discourse..... 38
- Extracts from the journal of a naturalist..... 49
- Edinburgh Review..... 53, 165
- Extracts from the journal of a student at law..... 72
- Editor's study, 95, 103, 111, 127, 143, 151, 159, 167, 175, 183, 207, 215, 222, 231, 238, 247, 271, 278, 303, 336, 328, 343.
- Extracts from Cobbett's advice to a father..... 218
- Extracts from a modern dictionary, 232, 240, 248, 256, 264, 272, 280, 296, 320
- Extract from an unpublished work..... 237
- Errors of mankind..... 264
- Excerpts from the novel of Eugene Aram..... 267
- Early productions of a famous novelist..... 348
- England and the United States..... 351
- Extract from Paulding's tale of the Politician..... 352
- Extraordinary answers of the deaf and dumb..... 352
- Emperor Nicholas of Russia..... 371
- Fine Arts, 31, 35, 51, 79, 86, 91, 110, 122, 147, 155, 163, 171, 225, 254, 299, 310, 322, 373, 382, 391, 394, 404
- Foreign and domestic theatricals..... 35
- From the manuscript of a murderer. H. Plunkett..... 45
- Free admission..... 85
- First and second husband..... 145
- Forty years ago, or recollections of the man on horseback. J. K. Paulding..... 153
- Family troubles..... 158
- Female education. Mrs. Emma C. Embury..... 181
- Fulton and the first steam-boat..... 219
- First impressions of Europe, 220, 228, 236, 244, 252, 260, 268, 276, 300, 308, 324, 332, 340, 348, 356, 360, 368, 369, 396, 404, 412
- Fly-market loafer..... 253, 269
- Fragment of a letter..... 270
- Family government. Sedley..... 308
- Fashionable friendship..... 333
- Feline sagacity..... 335
- Female heroism..... 355
- First of May..... 359
- Granting more than is asked..... 8
- Galvanic application..... 11
- Genuine love scene..... 128
- German church, Frankfort-at. S. Woodworth..... 161
- Gleanings from Brewster's Life of Newton..... 216
- Great coats and hats. Sedley..... 220
- Glances at the drama. Sedley..... 356, 374
- Good pilotage..... 360
- Gleanings from the works of Rev. Rob. Hall..... 376
- History of hats..... 11
- Hope, an allegory. Sedley..... 33
- History of the alphabet..... 69
- History of the old jail. John Pintard..... 71
- Haschbasch, the pearl diver. J. K. Paulding..... 98
- Herrick the poet..... 187
- High voices..... 194
- History of the old Stuyvesant mansion..... 201
- History of a very clever fellow..... 206
- Hints for lovers..... 219
- History of the iron mask..... 238
- History of a man of liberal notions..... 259
- Humors of a young man about town, 286, 293, 306, 317, 365, 371, 381, 397.
- Humility and perseverance. A fable..... 328
- Hints for editors..... 378
- Improvement in theatricals..... 7
- Iron stockings, or the village gazette..... 96
- Intercepted letter from Saratoga. N. P. Willis..... 76
- Incidents in the life of a quiet man. ditto..... 124
- Industry of great painters..... 128
- Introductory lecture. Guilian C. Verplanck..... 169
- Inconsistencies of Milton..... 192
- Italian literature—Spencer, Ariosto, Tasso, Machiavelli..... 205, 212
- Intelligence of birds. Mrs. Hall..... 221
- Instinct in sheep..... 243
- Irving's dedication of Bryant's poems..... 343
- Imprisonment of Dr. Howe..... 359
- Importance of example in educating children..... 367
- Johnson and Shakspeare..... 330
- Jean Jaques Tardee..... 393
- Korner's tragedy of Rosamond..... 187
- Keeper of the prison-ship Jersey..... 332

- Literary Notices.—Familiar Lectures on Botany; Narrative of a War in Greece and Germany, 2—Discourse of Dr. John W. Francis, 5—New-England Magazine, 9—Haverhill; Clark's Commentary; Persian Adventures; Plays of Massinger; Life of Burns; Domestic Happiness Portrayed, 22—Life of Burns, s. n. 29—Young Duke, 31—Journal of a Naturalist; Cabinet History; Life of Wesley, 38—Classical Family Library; Adolph, and other poems, 46—Young Ladies' Class-Book; View of Ancient and Modern Egypt; Mosaic History, 53—Eugene Aram, 58—History of Poland, 59—Ruins of Athens; Academical Speaker; the Tuilleries, 66—Anastasis; Moore's Life of Fitzgerald, 78—Miss Oram's First Lessons, 83—Festivals, Games, and Amusements; Dr. Bird's Tragedy of the Gladiator, 92—Atlantic Souvenir; Encyclopædia Americana, 94—History of France; Hints to a fashionable Lady, 102—Introduction to the study of the Greek classic poets, 117—Remains of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin, 118—Philip Augustus, 119—Autobiography of Sir Walter Scott, 125—Knowledge of the People; Little Merchant, 126—Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative; the Token, 135—Memoir of Sebastian Cabot, 137—Address of Dr. J. W. Francis, s. n.; Museum of Foreign Literature; Lord Edward Fitzgerald, s. n. 138—Specimens of the Novelists and Romancers, 149—Demosthenes; Study of Natural Philosophy; Geographi Classica; Life and Writings of Daniel Webster; Jacqueline, of Holland, 150—Everett's Address, 159—Fall of the Indian; Views of New-York, 166—Club-Book, 173—Cobbett's Advice, 174—Roxobel, 182—Life and Character of S. L. Mitchell; Address at Princeton college, 190—the Buckwheat Cake; Diary of a Physician; Fashionable Satires, 191—Dutchman's Fireside, 197—Bryant's Poems, 226—the Year, with other poems, 224—Polish Chiefs; Ruins of Athens; Robert of Paris; Last Night of Pompeii, 250—Eugene Aram, 263—Literary Remains of Jos. B. Ladd; the Forsaken, 275—Eugene Aram; Cabinet Cyclopædia; Songs of the Ettrick Shepherd; French Grammar, 291—Moore's New Poems, 298—Hall's works; Davies's Treatise; North American Review, 322—Cox's Adventures; Renwick's Elements of Mechanics; the Camelion, 343—Works of Robert Hall, 347—Natural History of Selborne; the Omnibus; Cobbett's French Grammar, 354—Pitcairn's Island and Otaheite, 366—Dunlap's History of the American stage, 373—American Quarterly Review; Wood's Treatise on Railroads; the tragedy of Giordano, 397—Memoirs of the Dutchess D'Abantes, 398—Journal of a Naturalist; the Cook's own Book, 399—the Alhambra, 401.
- Lyrical drama..... 3
- Little Genius..... 3, 14, 20, 44, 75, 133, 364
- Letters from London..... 7, 74, 132
- Letters from correspondents, 21, 59, 67, 86, 115, 123, 140, 278, 283, 336, 399.
- La Parisienne, 65.
- Last of the cocked hats..... 139
- Late emperor Paul of Russia..... 200
- Love and authorship..... 209
- Love of praise..... 221
- Letter from a revived mummy..... 227
- Letters from Washington, 228, 236, 244, 252, 260, 268
- Letter from a correspondent on the subject of quotations..... 264
- Letter from Count Pulaski to Dr. Franklin..... 262
- Late Mrs. S. Louisa P. Smith, S. L. Knapp..... 265
- Letter from Dr. Rush to John Adams..... 303
- Late fancy ball at the city of Washington..... 309
- Lord Byron's letter to a young author..... 342
- Letter from Sedley..... 364
- Law case..... 405
- Lazarilla, or the gipsy girl..... 407
- Mr. Monroe, late president of the U. S..... 7
- Mexican domestic bees..... 19
- Mythology. S. Woodworth, 34, 80, 110, 142, 175, 179
- Marveille de Paganini..... 35
- Meeting of American citizens in Paris on behalf of the Poles..... 79
- Morals and manners. J. K. Paulding..... 81
- Meade's collection of paintings..... 86
- Miss Albina M. Lush. N. P. Willis..... 90
- Milton's prose works..... 109
- My cousin Lucy. James Hall..... 129
- Minute philosophies. N. P. Willis..... 137
- Mrs. Norton, from the Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters..... 138
- Mrs. Sherwood, and religious novelists..... 138
- Mr. P. Calamus. N. P. Willis..... 172
- My first duel..... 264
- Method of preventing steam explosion..... 274

Musical test of the female voice.....	320	Scenes on the Mississippi. <i>By an officer in the U. S. army.</i>	140	Varieties, 8, 16, 24, 56, 96, 102, 104, 107, 112, 115, 120, 128, 152, 160, 191, 194, 195, 199, 232, 238, 240, 256, 272, 280, 288, 296, 304, 320, 344, 352, 355, 360, 368, 400.		Mysterious power! where is thy delphic, etc. 136	
Matrimonial felicity.....	339	Scraps from D'Israeli.....	176	Washington Irving. <i>By Timothy Riggs,</i>		My aunt has many queer notions..... 179	
Mr. Lightfoot Lee's manner of boiling eggs.....	344	Successive changes of wind.....	195	counsellor at law.....	11	My childhood has been happy. <i>N. P. Willis</i> 189	
Madame Vestris an oddity.....	351	Southern states. <i>Judge Brackenbridge.</i>	196	William Wirt's description of James Monroe.....	33	My life has been a rapid stream..... 190	
Musical authorship.....	355	Some account of the pleasure islands, not hitherto described by any traveler.....	198	Wandering to the west. <i>N. P. Willis.</i>	91	My hand is on the trusty rein. <i>G. D. Strong</i> 198	
Marcus Tullius Cicero in the dungeons of the inquisition.....	370	Substance of a diary of sickness. <i>N. P. Willis</i>	201	Writing an article. <i>By a contributor.</i>	141	March forward! march forward..... 331	
Moral emblems.....	408	Style.....	213	Windsor castle.....	218	My dear, do pull the bell..... 344	
Notes upon a ramble. <i>N. P. Willis.</i>	148	Story of gratitude.....	217	Wall-street. <i>S. Woodworth.</i>	225	My native hills, far, far away..... 399	
Notes of a traveller. <i>Sedley.</i>	164	Specimen of the moral sublime.....	237	Washington Irving, brief biographical notice.....	373	Ne'er waved beneath the golden sun..... 39	
New custom-house.....	167	Samuel Rogers.....	242	Who's the thief? or a woman outwitted!.....	313	New scenes round me. <i>Miss Bogart.</i> 52	
Notices of antiquity, apothegms, customs, anecdotes.....	187	Slanders against human nature.....	248	Who could he be?.....	405	Night in Arabia. <i>N. P. Willis.</i> 54	
Notes of a ramble. <i>N. P. Willis.</i>	212	Sketches of a briefless lawyer, 276, 283, 292, 305, 324, 334, 338, 349, 357, 404, 412		Young in heart, of spirit free.....	160	Nay, think not, sweet, to read my heart..... 65	
Natural history—the weather.....	221	Superstition. <i>Sedley.</i>	284			Night in a city, still and vast..... 238	
Nannie.....	301	Solitary confinement.....	353			Not in the land where beauty loves to dwell..... 259	
Names—Luther Cæsar Smith.....	274	State of Europe.....	367			Oh scenes there are of beauty. <i>W. P. Palmer</i> 17	
Newspapers.....	275	St. Vitus's dance.....	371			Oh, I could weep, to think how soon..... 40	
New-York marble cemetery.....	367	Singular prediction of Dr. Gall.....	377			O love is a comical rogue. <i>W. P. Palmer.</i> 88	
Origin of the veil.....	23	Some passages in the life of a genius..... 394, 413				Often when my ardent gaze..... 144	
Old Federal-hall. <i>John Pintard.</i>	153	Some loose remarks on a delicate subject.....	405			Our band is few. <i>William C. Bryant.</i> 153	
Oratorio of the Messiah.....	163	Spanish proverbs.....	408			Oh, 'twas a brilliant ball last night..... 168	
Old Robin Bird's story.....	261					On the cross-beam. <i>N. P. Willis.</i> 212	
Occupation and duration of life.....	267					O, it is life! departed days. <i>Charles Sprague</i> 279	
One of the cognoscenti. <i>Sedley.</i>	325					Of an heroic empire. <i>James Mack.</i> 283	
Old jokes.....	343					Oh, where art thou dreaming?..... 298	
Obituary notice of the late Mr. Slosson. <i>Judge Irving.</i>	366					Oh, ever since that hour of glee..... 304	
						Oh! tell me not of other days..... 323	
						Oh give me not the myrtle spray..... 347	
Pain of living creatures.....	7					Poets, they say, are privileged..... 16	
Popping the question.....	22					Pensive within her lonely bower..... 60	
Power of musical intonation.....	35						
Polish ladies.....	38					She calls me father. <i>James Mack.</i> 55	
Passages from the journal of a poor author. <i>Sedley.</i>	52					Success attend ye in each fight..... 59	
Politeness to females.....	56					She rose from her delicious sleep. <i>N. P. Willis</i> 84	
Persuading servants from their places.....	57					Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove, do..... 124	
Passages from intercepted letters.....	84					Some mortals there be, so wise and so fine..... 298	
Pencilings by the way. <i>N. P. Willis,</i> 92, 100, 157						Smoothly flowing through verdant vales..... 344	
Philip Massinger and his works.....	116					Scorn not the fragrant myrtle bough..... 347	
Powers of the flea.....	128					She had a form, but I might talk till eve..... 347	
Prison scenes. <i>Sedley.</i>	130					She ope's her eyes. <i>Robert M. Bird.</i> 360	
Presidential inaugurations—Washington—Adams.....	134					Singing Tom fell in love with a maid..... 371	
Philosophy of bowling.....	193					'Twas some few hours past noon..... 32	
Pope Gregory and the pear-tree.....	193					Their parents had been, etc. <i>W. P. Palmer</i> 33	
Pressure at great depths in the sea.....	195					Tell me a story, please. <i>Mrs. Sigourney.</i> 35	
Pleasure of being an emperor.....	195					Thou never shalt forget me..... 41	
Precocious talent.....	211					The golden light into the, etc. <i>N. P. Willis</i> 53	
Petrarch's library.....	218					'Twas in the prime of autumn time..... 59	
Peculiar habits of musical composers.....	238					They are going, one by one..... 64	
Petty superstitions.....	256					The night-wind with a desolate. <i>N. P. Willis</i> 68	
Princess Victoria, helless presumptive to the British crown.....	307					'Tis midnight deep. <i>N. P. Willis.</i> 84	
Poverty and wealth.....	337					Thou, busy in the "cotton trade."..... 87	
Public exhibition of infants under six years of age.....	355					These summer flowers! <i>Mrs. Muzzy.</i> 103	
Proceedings at the Irving dinner.....	386					The ship's bell tolled. <i>Mrs. Sigourney.</i> 103	
						The viewless spirit of the mountain wind..... 103	
						To the old days. <i>Prosper M. Welmore.</i> 111	
						There are tears for every passion..... 153	
Quotations.....	230					The melancholy days are come. <i>W. C. Bryant</i> 153	
						The wing of my spirit is broken. <i>G. P. Morris</i> 157	
Royal Geographical society.....	11					The crowded stars are out. <i>T. S. Fay.</i> 143	
Reveries of a bachelor.....	116					'Tis difficult to feel. <i>N. P. Willis.</i> 172	
Relics and souvenirs. <i>Sedley.</i>	125					There are some things I cannot bear..... 189	
Reveries of a student. <i>Sedley.</i>	148					That solemn chime tells of the, etc. <i>Mrs. Ware</i> 206	
Reveries of a roud.....	176					'Twas kind, my pretty little maid. <i>N. Greene.</i> 212	
Reward of virtue.....	184					Time trips forward with, etc. <i>S. Woodworth</i> 216	
Revenge of St. Nicholas. A holiday tale. <i>J. K. Paulding.</i>	204					'Twas sunset, and high above Jerusalem..... 233	
Recollections of the recent campaigns in Poland.....	242					Three strapping clowns were seen one day..... 249	
Reading aloud.....	248					The song that o'er me hovered. <i>F. G. Halleck</i> 257	
Reminiscences of the American revolution.....	249					Through Warsaw there is, etc. <i>Mrs. Smith</i> 255	
Removal of Washington's bones.....	287					There was a mansion of the olden style..... 291	
Reading proof.....	375					The mountain-tops are bright above..... 306	
Ridicule.....	380					The day was almost spent, when through, etc. 313	
						The proud Philistine lay upon the earth..... 353	
						The trump that tells of triumphs. <i>Mrs. Smith</i> 379	
Sketch.....	3, 25					Where mid the crowded city glide..... 8	
Selfishness, or the hunchback.....	28					Why should I blush and hang my head?... 41	
Sketches of Rogers, Campbell, Crabbe, Moore, Millman, Byron, Shelley, Matthias. <i>S. L. Knapp.</i>	41					What, thou, with thy genius, thy youth..... 71	
Spirit of the foreign journals.....	42					What is ambition? <i>N. P. Willis.</i> 92	
Speech of Eugene Aram.....	57					Where dwells. <i>F. G. Halleck.</i> 167	
Sad recollections. <i>Sedley.</i>	68					Why thus with tearful eyes repining?... 184	
Sketches by an editor. <i>Sedley.</i>	85					What dost thou here, thou lovely flower?... 251	
Singular and plural. <i>Noah Webster.</i>	87					Who'll buy, 'tis folly's shop; who'll buy?... 298	
Sketches of Groton monument.....	89					Would they swept cleaner. <i>Mrs. Sigourney</i> 323	
Sketch of Dr. Channing.....	91					We watched her breathing through the night..... 360	
Strange grounds of divorce.....	107					Would that I in words could render..... 371	
Solomon and Queen Sheba.....	107					Why dip thy shafts in poison, god of love?... 392	
Striking reflections, ending with a beautiful image.....	107					With my glittering helm and my corslet, etc. 405	
Siddonia.....	115					We have met in peace together. <i>W. G. Clarke</i> 407	
Some account of the Anderson row.....	127						
						Years, years ago, ere yet my dreams..... 243	
						Ye dead! a gentle feeling pure I deem..... 271	
						Yes, faint was my applause. <i>John R. Drake</i> 273	
						Yes, I know that a shadow is over my eyes..... 307	

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